

The Penny Magazine Vol. 14

Sas.
Librarian

Itarpara Joykrishna Public Library
Govt. of West Bengal

THE PENNY MAGAZINE

OF THE

Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.



[Hereford Cathedral.]

•HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

HEREFORD Cathedral is situated on the south side of the city of Hereford, not far from the river Wye. Like most of our cathedrals and great abbey, it has been erected at successive times and in different styles of architecture. It consists of a nave and choir, with aisles to each, a central transept with a tower above the intersection, a smaller transept to the east, and a Lady-Chapel, which forms the east end of the Cathedral. There was also a tower at the west end, but on Easter Monday, 1786, it fell down, and not only crushed the west front beneath it, but broke down a considerable part of the adjoining nave. The west end was rebuilt by Wyatt, in a style unlike the previous architecture, little in accordance with the rest of the structure, and little creditable to himself as an architect. The western tower has not been rebuilt, and the nave has been deprived of fifteen feet of its length. A better taste has, however, prevailed in the more recent alterations.

The former west front, eighty feet wide, was early Norman work. Several series of small columns, supporting semicircular intersecting arches, extended horizontally over the whole front, each series being divided from those above and below by a different moulding—billet, embattled, fret, nail-head, and zig-zag. The columns, base, shaft, and capital, were plain, but some of the arches were ornamented with the nail-head and zig-zag, which also gave richness of decoration to other parts of the front. The entrance was under a semicircular arch supported by five plain columns on each side, which were successively reduced to produce an effect of perspective. The windows had semicircular arches, and were nearly as wide as they were high. The western tower was of pointed archi-

ture, and rose to the height of a hundred and thirty feet from the ground.

At the time of the rebuilding of the west front other alterations were made: a spire, formed of timber, but cased with lead, rose to the height of ninety-two feet from the top of the central tower; this spire was taken down to relieve the tower from its weight, and an appearance of additional height was given to the tower by flattening the angle of the roofs of the nave and central transept, the battlements were raised somewhat higher, and crocketed pinnacles were added at the corners. The central tower is one hundred and thirty-eight feet high to the bottom of the battlements, so that the entire height to the top of this spire was two hundred and thirty feet.

The central tower is square and exceedingly massive. It is ornamented with a profusion of nail-head or bulb ornaments, besides the triangular fret and zig-zag, all of early character, but arranged in the pointed style, each side of the tower having two ranges of lancet-formed windows, four in each range.

The present western entrance to the nave is beneath an obtuse-angled arch, over which is an embattled parapet flanked by two small crocketed pinnacles. There is a smaller door of entrance to each aisle beneath an arch similar to that of the entrance to the nave. The great western window is divided by mullions into six principal lights under cinquefoil arches. The head of the window consists of a cinquefoil circle at top and two quatrefoil circles below, the spaces beneath terminating in trefoil arches.

The nave is divided from the aisles by a double range of exceedingly thick plain round columns, which support highly decorated semicircular arches, above which, on each side, is a row of arcades with pointed arches.

The most beautiful portion of the whole structure is undoubtedly the Lady-Chapel at the east end, now converted into a library. Bold angular buttresses rise from massy bases, and numerous large mouldings run round the walls the end is an embattled pediment. The windows are tall and lancet-shaped, separated from each other by clusters of small columns receding respectively, and supporting arches with foliage and open-work of singular lightness and elegance. Pointed arches and lozenge-shaped pannels give fullness of ornament to the whole of the exterior. Both without and within the Lady-Chapel is distinguished by simplicity of outline and beauty and richness of detail.

A small chapel, built by Bishop Audley about 1496, projects on the south side of the Lady-Chapel. There is a small entrance porch, of beautiful architecture on the north side of the Cathedral.

There are fifty stalls under ornamented Gothic canopies of wood painted in imitation of stone. Under the seats of the stalls various figures and devices are carved in wood, most of which are grotesque and ludicrous.

The entire length of the cathedral is 335 feet; the entire width is 174 feet. The nave is 126 feet long, and 70 feet high from the floor to the vaulting, or 90 feet to the roof, the width of the nave and aisles is 68 feet; the length of the choir is 46 feet.

The Bishop's Cloisters, as they are called, on the south side of the nave, consist at present of only two covered walks. The west walk was removed to make room for a brick building appropriated to the grammar-school, and the north side, next the Cathedral, seems never to have had a walk.

There are several monuments of high antiquity in Hereford Cathedral, especially of the higher clergy, though many were destroyed at the Reformation and by the Puritans. One of the most interesting is that of Bishop Canteloupe, in the east aisle of the central north transept. The foliated arches and capitals of the columns are admirably executed, as well as the armed figures and the animals under their feet. The material seems to be Purbeck marble but it has been coated with white paint. Another interesting monument, attributed to Humphrey de Bohun, earl of Hereford, consists of an effigy in armour recumbent on a ledge in a square recess in the north wall of the Lady-Chapel. It is surmounted in front by an architectural Gothic canopy or screen of exceedingly beautiful design and execution.

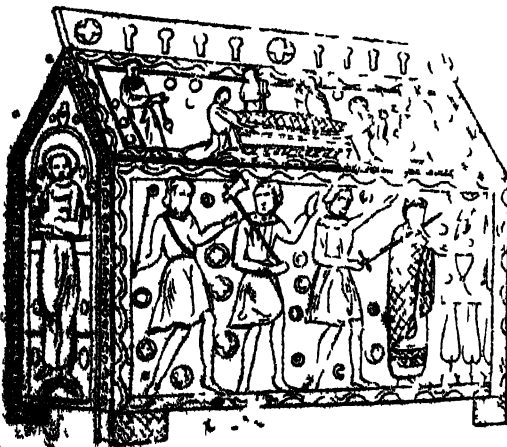
A pyx, or portable shrine, of great antiquity and very curious workmanship, formerly stood on the high altar, and was venerated as the shrine of Ethelbert,

not in the Cathedral. It is eight and a half inches high, seven inches long, and three and a half inches wide. It is formed of oak, and covered with copper highly ornamented with gilding and enamel. The figures are engraved, but the heads are in relief. These portable shrines were the work of Greek artists, who, having migrated from Constantinople to Rome, were induced by Bishop Ware to visit England in the reign of Henry III. They engraved and enamelled pyxes, chalices for the altar, and covered cups for banquets. Pietro Cavallini, who executed the shrine of Edward the Confessor and the tomb of Henry III. in Westminster Abbey, was then settled in England. The portable shrines were carried in processions on the anniversary of the saint for whom they were made.

Hereford is stated to have had a large church, chiefly however of wood, as early as 750, in the reign of Offa, king of Mercia. Offa invited Ethelbert, king of the East Angles, to his court at Sutton Walls, near Hereford, caused him to be murdered there, and usurped his kingdom. The body of Ethelbert was interred in the church at Hereford, and so numerous were the miracles stated to be performed over his grave, that Offa himself became repentant, and, to expiate his remorse and palliate his guilt, went on a pilgrimage to Rome, subjected his kingdom to the payment of Peter's Pence, built a magnificent tomb over the body of Ethelbert, and bestowed a tenth of all his possessions on the church, which afterwards rapidly increased its wealth and extended its reputation for sanctity. In the reign of Egbert, about the year 825, a new church of stone was erected in the place of the former one of wood. In about two hundred years, however, this church was so much decayed that Bishop Athelstan, who was appointed to the see in 1012, rebuilt the whole probably about 1030.

In the year 1055 a large army of Welsh, headed by Gryffyth, a prince of Wales, and Algar, earl of Chester, attacked the city of Hereford, which they plundered and laid in ruins. The Cathedral was burnt and demolished, and continued in that state till 1079, when Robert de Lozinga, having been appointed bishop by William the Conqueror, commenced a new structure which was completed by Bishop Raynclm who succeeded Lozinga in 1107. This forms the body of the present church. The central tower was built by Bishop Blas, whose bishopric extended from 1200 to 1216. It is presumed that the tower at the west end, which from its style of architecture is supposed to have been erected in the reign of Edward III, formed no part of the original design, nor was the extent of the ground-plan precisely the same as that of the previous church, for Silas Taylor, in his researches about 1650, found "beyond the limits of the present building, and particularly towards the east, near the cloisters of the college, such stupendous foundations, such capitals and pedestals and well-wrought bases and arches, and such rare engravings and mouldings," as left little doubt that they were the foundations and ruins of the church which was destroyed by the Welsh in 1055.

The net yearly revenue of the Bishop of Hereford is 4200*l*. The corporation of the Cathedral is composed of a dean and five residentiary prebendaries, whose average net revenue amounts to 3247*l*. There are also twenty-two other prebendaries not residentiary. There is a college of twelve vicars choral, who have rooms allotted to them in the college, a gloomy building at the east end of the Cathedral. The dean and the bishop's prebendary alone have houses belonging to their dignities, in which they reside, and which they are bound to keep in repair.



[Shrine of Ethelbert.]

king of the East Angles. It is still in existence, but

ON THE CALCULATION OF EASTER.

THE year 1845 is one of those remarkable years in which, to all appearance, the Calendar is wrong: and in which the British version of it certainly contradicts itself. If, say the instructions given in the prayer-books to find Easter, the full moon that comes next after the 21st of March fall upon a Sunday, Easter Sunday shall not be that Sunday, but the one after it. Now in 1845, the full moon that comes next after the 21st of March is on Sunday the 23rd, at some minutes past eight in the evening: and yet that same Sunday the 23rd is Easter Sunday, though according to the rules laid down it should be Sunday the 30th.

In looking at the explanations of the Calendar which are accessible to readers in general, we do not find one which combines a description of what is astronomical with a proper indication of what is matter of convention: and we need hardly tell our readers that the definition laid down in the act of parliament is adopted in every book published in Britain, and is the one inserted in the prayer-books of the Established Church. When astronomers write about the Calendar, they blame its complexity, and what they call its astronomical errors; and they very frequently mistake its construction: when theologians, who are not astronomers, do the same, they treat the Calendar with a degree of respect, as an astronomical production, which it does not deserve; or else, if informed of its departures from astronomical correctness, they treat those departures as errors to be deplored and corrected.

The subject having recently caused some public discussion, we extract the following summary from a long and able article on the 'Ecclesiastical Calendar' in the 'Companion to the Almanac for 1845,' by Mr. A. De Morgan, which sufficiently explains the apparent discrepancy.

1. The law which regulates Easter in Great Britain declares that whenever the full moon on or next after March 21 falls on a Sunday, that Sunday is not Easter Sunday, but the next: it also prescribes rules for determining Easter.

2. In defiance of the precept, though in accordance with the rules, the Easter Sunday of 1845 is on the very day of the full moon next following March 21.

3. One part of the reason of this is, that the British legislature misunderstood the definition of Easter, used in the rules which they adopted, thinking that it depended upon the *full moon*, whereas it depends upon the *fourteenth day* of the moon, the day of new moon being counted as the *first*. Now full moon never happens before the *fifteenth* day of this reckoning.

4. The other part of the reason of this discrepancy is that the legislature supposed the moon of the calendar to be the same as the moon of the heavens, which neither is nor was intended to be the case: the moon of the calendar being not only made to vary from the moon of the heavens for convenience of calculation, but also to prevent Easter Day from falling on the day of the Jewish Passover.

5. These two errors very often compensate one another, for though the fourteenth day is very often a day behind the calendar full moon, yet the calendar moon is also very often a day before the real moon, so that the fourteenth day of the calendar moon is frequently the day of the real full moon. But they do not always do so; and it should never be matter of surprise if Easter fall on the Sunday of the full moon, whether real or calendar.

6. It is not correct to say that Easter is made to fall wrongly in 1845: it falls where the legislators, who correctly copied the rule of the Roman Church, intended it should fall, though they did not correctly give the explanation of the rule they intended to use.

The last time that Easter Sunday fell on the day of the full moon was in 1818, in which year both the festival and the full moon were on the 22nd of March, the earliest possible day. It excited some stir that the definition of Easter, as contained in the Act, should so palpably be violated, and an Oxford clergyman publicly protested against the observance of Easter on the, as he thought it, wrong day. More than one writer discussed the matter on the supposition that the parliamentary definition was correct, and also that the extreme of astronomical correctness had been always sought after and considered essential to the due observance of the day. No person who had ever examined the volume of Clavius, the only authority on the subject, appears to have taken any part in the discussion. It seems even to have been supposed that the proceedings of the courts of law might possibly be called in question, since an error in Easter would occasion a corresponding error in the commencement of Easter term. A lawyer would no doubt answer that a positive enacted rule is law, even though the grounds of that rule were incorrectly stated, or though there were no grounds at all. But it is desirable that those who like discussions upon this and similar subjects should not be allowed, in mere ignorance of existing facts, and without any opportunity of knowing what they are doing, to agitate for the reconsideration of what with all its defects is a *fixed rule*, the thing most wanted.

The advantages of the present system are as follows:—

1. There is a fixed rule which prevails throughout the Roman, English, and Scottish churches, and from which the remaining Protestant churches vary but little.

2. The general desire of the Christian world, namely, to make Easter an anniversary of the last days of Christ, is substantially satisfied, since it always must come close upon the full moon which comes next after the vernal equinox. No one can know how Easter is kept without attending to the chronological connexion of the death of Christ with the Passover, and of the resurrection with the first day of the week following.

3. All necessary warning against the mere observance of days for the sake of the days is given by the very nature of the rule which determines Easter, when known. There is no answer to any manifestation of superstitious feeling on the subject which can be so good as a reference to Calvius putting the moon backwards or forwards a day to suit convenience of calculation.

The disadvantages of any alteration of the rule will be as follows:—

1. The advantages stated in the first and third reasons preceding are destroyed, and the contrary disadvantages introduced.

2. Unless astronomical tables could be rendered absolutely perfect, there must be, as Calvius remarks, the substitution of a fictitious for a real moon.

3. Any change must introduce an inconvenient schism, since it is certain that all Roman Catholics must adhere to the present system. It is hardly to be supposed that the papal see will acquiesce in any alteration.

4. An astronomical Easter is impossible, unless the festival be sometimes kept on one day on the east of a *variable meridian*, and on another day on the west; the difference being a week. It might happen, for instance, that those on one side of the meridian of London should have to keep Easter a Sunday after those on the other side: nay, astronomical tables are exact enough to make it possible that a true astronomical Easter, according to a definition drawn from the real moon, should be observed on one Sunday in St. Paul's, and on another in Westminster Abbey; and

as astronomy advances, it is perfectly conceivable that the true astronomical Easter should be one Sunday or another in St. Paul's only, according as it is to be solemnized at one end or other of the building.

As we are satisfied that there are persons who really have a lurking religious veneration for the ceremonial part of Easter, and for the apparently astronomical definition from which it is drawn, we will demonstrate the assertion about Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's.

The difference of longitude of the two cathedrals is about seven seconds, say six to make sure of the argument; that is, the clock of St. Paul's, the more eastward of the two, ought to be more than six seconds faster than that of the Abbey. Hence Sunday morning begins at St. Paul's six seconds before it begins at Westminster Abbey. Now suppose Easter regulated strictly by the paschal full moon, as implied in the Act of Parliament, and suppose that on a Saturday evening (at the Abbey) the paschal full moon happens at three seconds before midnight. Then at St. Paul's it will happen three seconds after midnight, on Sunday morning. That is, the Sunday just named is the next after the paschal full moon at the Abbey, and is Easter Sunday. But at St. Paul's the paschal full moon falls on the Sunday, and Easter Sunday is the next Sunday.

But it will be said this is trifling with the subject; nobody means to stand out about a few seconds. We answer, that whoever gives up a few seconds gives up the principle on which the discussion to which we have alluded was raised, and adopts that of Clavius, namely, that perfect astronomical accuracy must, at some point give way to convenience. Again, in the time of Clavius, from the less amount of accuracy then existing, there was as little disposition to stand out about a day as there now is about six seconds; the time will come when more will be thought, astronomically, of the tenth part of a second than now of six seconds. If it were granted that the astronomical definition should be used, without minding four hours, still Easter cannot be always kept on the same Sunday in Calcutta and London, or in Montreal and London; carry the love of astronomical truth so far as not to reject ten minutes, and Exeter and London cannot always keep Easter on the same Sunday.

5. It can only happen very rarely that Easter is a perfect anniversary of the events which it commemorates. The Passover (fourteenth of the moon) took place on Thursday evening, the Crucifixion on Friday, the Resurrection on Sunday. The observance of the Friday and Sunday is properly anniversary, but it only happens now and then that the fourteenth of the moon is on Thursday. Since, then, in the nature of things, the moon's appearance can but seldom lead to a true recurrence of the chronological character of the circumstances commemorated, it matters little that the connexion of the moon with Easter, arbitrary as it must be in some respects, should be a little more arbitrary still.

6. Every alteration of the calendar is an additional trouble and risk of error in questions of history; the Gregorian reformation has done much in this way, another attempt would be near to render the chronology of the country in which it was made an unfathomable mystery.

There is but one reformation of the British calendar which we should wish to see. It is not desirable that a statute should exist which contains a complete misunderstanding of its own provisions, however little the legal force of those provisions may be thereby affected. A short act of parliament, repealing the words about the full moon in 24 Geo. II. cap. 23, and substituting a definition which should not lead to mistake, would be

of service; it being remembered that the erroneous words are not merely buried in the statute-book, but are directed to be attached to all the prayer-books used in the service of the Established Church.

Objects of Knowledge.—The object of the general diffusion of knowledge is not to render men discontented with their lot—to make the peasant yearn to become an artisan, or the artisan dream of the honours and riches of a profession—but to give the means of content to those who, for the most part, must necessarily remain in that station which requires great self-denial and great endurance; but which is capable of becoming not only a condition of comfort, but of enjoyment, through the exercise of these very virtues, in connection with a desire for that improvement of the understanding which, to a large extent, is independent of rank and riches. It is a most fortunate circumstance, and one which seems especially ordained by Him who wills the happiness of his creatures, that the highest and the purest, and the most lasting sources of enjoyment are the most accessible to all. The great distinction that has hitherto prevailed in the world is this—that those who have the command of riches and of leisure have alone been able, in any considerable degree, to cultivate the tastes that open these common sources of enjoyment. The first desire of every man is, no doubt, to secure a sufficiency for the supply of the physical necessities of our nature; but in the equal dispensations of Providence it is not any especial portion of the state even of the humblest among us who labours with his hands to earn his daily bread, that his mind should be shut out from the gratifications which belong to the exercise of our observing and reflecting faculties. In this exercise all men may be, to a certain extent, equal.—*William Carton: a Biography, by Charles Knight.*

Old England.—When King Henry the Eighth (A.D. 1548), made his progress to York. Dr. Tonstall, Bishop of Durham, then attending on him, shewed the king a valley (being then some few miles north of Doncaster), which the bishop avowed to be the richest that ever he found in all his travels through Europe. For within ten miles of Hasselwood, the seat of the Vavasours, there were 165 manor houses of lords, knights, and gentlemen of the best quality; 275 several woods, whereof some of them contain five hundred acres; 32 parks, and two chases of deer; 120 rivers and brooks, whereof five were navigable, well stored with salmon and other fish; 76 water mills, for the grinding of corn on the aforesaid rivers; 25 coal mines, which yield an abundance of fuel for the whole country; three forges for the making of iron, and stone enough for the same. And within the same limits as much sport and pleasure for hunting, hawking, fishing, and fowling, as in any place of England besides.—*Fletcher's Worthies.*

Slavery in the Desert.—Shortly before my arrival at Jerusalem, a Mr. G., an English traveller, had joined himself to one of these pilgrimages to the Jordan for the sake of security, as well as of curiosity. When about half-way to Jericho, he happened to linger behind the caravan, and was cantering along the lonely road to overtake it. Suddenly his horse was checked by a resistless grasp, and himself thrown to the ground. The moment before there was no living creature visible in that wild glen; now, on recovering from the shock, he saw an Arab bending over him, with his spear pointing to his bosom; two other Bedouins stood by, and his horse had disappeared. Not understanding the menacing injunction to lie still, he tried to rise, and was instantly pinned to the ground by the Arab's lance. Seeing that resistance was hopeless, he submitted to his fate, and the two Bedouins approached with the request, "Cousin, undress, thy aunt is without a garment." This is the usual form in the desert, in whose slang the word "aunt" seems to figure somewhat of the same capacity that "uncle" does in ours; but the "balls" are in lead, not brass. As Mr. G. displayed considerable reluctance in assisting the wants of his unknown relative, the Bedouins stripped him with wonderful despatch. They soon left him in a state of utter nudity, and in reply to all his remonstrances only returned him his hat, which they looked upon with contempt, and useless even to his unscrupulous "aunt." They even took away the hat-band, and then left him to return as best he might, to the crowded metropolis, clothed only in a parrow-brimmed hat.—*The Crescent and the Cross, by Eliot Warburton.*



[Tom Coryat.]

TOM CORYAT.

THE Odcombe leg-stretcher, as he delighted to call himself, attained a good deal of notoriety in his own day; nor ~~is he quite forgotten in ours.~~ If not witty himself, he was the cause of much wit in others; and this has given a kind of vitality to a name that might else have long since perished. As Coryat is often mentioned in books of some two centuries ago, and sometimes even in our current literature, in a manner rather puzzling to a reader who is not tolerably conversant with the obscurer authors of bygone times, a slight sketch of him may not be unacceptable. He was the son of the Rev. George Coryat, rector of Odcombe, in Somersetshire, the holder of a prebend in the Cathedral of York and some other ecclesiastical preferment, and, further, the author of some Latin poetry, that obtained for him a fair share of praise from his contemporaries, and a place among the 'Worthies' of Thomas Fuller. In the parsonage-house of Odcombe Tom was born, in the year 1577. He was educated first at Westminster School, and afterwards became a commoner of Gloucester Hall, Oxford, where he continued three years, and attained some skill in logic, and more in Latin and Greek—"by mere dint of memory," as Chalmers gratuitously observes. About the year 1600 he was launched into the great world with his logic and language, gotten by mere memory or however else, as his freightage to turn to such account as he could. Tom was probably a humourist, after his fashion, before this: for he appears soon to have been received into the household of Prince Henry, son of James I., as a sort of court-jester: an unpromising start in life; and poor Tom was doomed, like many a wiser man, to feel till his death how surely the beginning of life imparts its colouring to every succeeding portion of it. Fuller, of all who have noticed him, took his measure most accurately, and he has shown us what use he was put to in his new occupation:—"Prince Henry allowed him a pension, and kept him for his servant. Sweetmeats and Coriat made up the last course at all court entertainments. Indeed he was the courtiers' anvil to try their wits upon; and sometimes this anvil returned the hammers as hard knocks as it received, his bluntness repaying their abusiveness."

It was no doubt necessity that led him to accept such a post, and an insatiable craving for excitement and notice that enabled him to continue in it, as he appears to have done for some years. Be that as it may, he most likely quitted it as soon as his circumstances allowed him. His father died in 1608, and Tom from some strange whim kept his body above-ground for

several months. There had long "itched a very burning desire in him, to survey and contemplate some of the choicest parts of this goodly fabric of the world;" and having probably obtained some addition to his means by the death of his father, he determined to gratify this desire to some extent by a continental tour. Accordingly he "embarked at Dover on the 14th day of May, about 10 of the clock in the morning, being Saturday and Whitsun-eve, anno 1608." He was gone five months, during which time he went through France and as far as Venice, and returned by way of Germany. "The number of cities," he says, "that I saw in these five months are five and forty. Whereof in France five. In Savoy one. In Italy thirteen. In Rhetia one. In Helvetia three. In some parts of High Germany fifteen. In the Netherlands seven." The number of miles he passed over he reckons to be one thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven, for the most part too on foot; and, what shows the honesty of his Crispin, he went nine hundred miles on one pair of soles, and the shoes he set out in brought him safely home. He hung them up on his return, as they well deserved, for a memorial in Odcombe Church, where they remained till 1702. For a while he was content with talking over his travels, or reading the notes he had accumulated "with incessant labour and Herculean toil" to a chosen few; but at length he let himself be persuaded to publish them, which he did—at his own cost—in 1611, in a bulky quarto volume, with this not inapt title:—"Coryat's Crudities, hastily gobbled up in five months' Travels in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, commonly called the Grisons country, Helvetia alias Switzerland, some parts of High Germany, and the Netherlands; newly digested in the hungry air of Odcombe in the County of Somerset, and now dispersed to the nourishment of the travelling members of this kingdom." Appended to it were some sixty copies of verses by several of the most eminent wits of the day: among others Ben Jonson, Sir John Harrington, Chapman, Donne, Drayton, Inigo Jones, Lawrence Whitaker, &c. They are written in Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, Welsh, Irish, 'Macaronic,' and even Utopian tongue, as well as in English. Of course they are all in a mock laudatory strain, almost all excessively quizzical—some rather too much so; but there is little real humour in them, and, what we should hardly expect, they are dismally dull, or at least seem so now. Walpole said truly enough, while they all try to make the book appear foolish, it is certainly not so foolish as their verses. It may appear singular that Coryat should have printed them, but it is not likely, as some have supposed, that he was deceived by them; indeed he expressly says that he did

not print them by his own wish, but was commanded to do so by the prince; and although he swallows their praise without wry faces, he adds—"Many of them are disposed to glance at me with their free and merry jests, for which I desire thee (courteous reader) to suspend thy censure of me till thou hast read over my whole book." As might be supposed, these verses were far more attractive than the remainder of the work, and they were soon republished separate from it under the title of the 'Odcombian Banquet,' with a prose 'Advertisement' affixed, which the writer of Coryat's Life in Chalmers' 'Biographical Dictionary' has "transcribed as a specimen of Coryat's style;" an unfortunate selection, for not only did Coryat not write it, but in the 'Second Course' of his Crudities, his 'Cramb, or Colwort twice sodden,' he attacks it in set phrase, in a passage which is really a good specimen of his manner. He thinks it needful, he says, to "advertise the gentle reader of a book printed in huggermugger, intitled the Odcombian Banquet . . . because it doth not a little concern my credit to clear myself of two very scandalous imputations laid upon me by that virulent and rancorous peasant, some base lurking pedantical tenebrious Lucifuga, that set forth the book." Which two very scandalous imputations are the motto on the title-page and the passage which Chalmers transcribed as a specimen of his style. In this Advertisement it is hinted that "there could not be four pages worth the reading melted out of the lump of the book;" whereas Tom affirms, "by way of opposition against the malicious censure of that hypercritical Moins, that of the six hundred fifty and four pages (for indeed so many are in the book) he shall find at the least five hundred worth the reading. . . . This also I will say further for the confirmation of the sufficiency of my historical notes (seeing they are so severely chastised by the censorious rod of this malevolent traducer, that biteth my work with his Theonine teeth), and yet without any vain-glorious ostentation: that let him, or any other whatsoever in our whole kingdom of Great Britain, show both larger annotations for quantity and better for quality, gathered in five months' travels by any Englishman since the incarnation of Christ, I will be rather contented to consecrate all the books that remain now in my hands either to god Vulcan or goddess Thetis, than to present one more to any gentleman that favours wit and learning." Thus can Tom, as he elsewhere says, "with all perspicuity and plainness, overthrow, pessundate, and annihilate all fained objections."

And now, if it be asked what is the value of these 'Crudities,' we are compelled to reply, very little. Thomas, it must be confessed, is grievously prolix, which, as he describes buildings and counts antiquities rather than paints manners—which we can find plenty to do over the same ground in our own day, with equal fullness and choice of rhetoric—makes him rather a wearisome companion. Yet his notes are not quite without value—if only as showing how much less foolish than wise men reckon, even a not wise man may be. If it were not so long, his book might be accounted interesting. Coryat was deficient in most of the essentials of a traveller, or rather of one who can both observe for himself and impart to others the real characteristics of the people whom he visits; but he was an honest describer of what he did notice, and scrupulously mentions when he repeats anything from hearsay—of which things some are strange enough, and were probably fabricated for the purpose of imposing upon him. He was possessed with a genuine love of travelling; so that he could boldly set out alone and with little money in his pocket, not only on a continental trip, but as we shall see, to walk overland to India; accounting "of all pleasures in the world travelling to be the sweetest

and most delightful." He could, moreover, in the true spirit of a pedestrian, bear rough lodging and poor provender without lamentation. If he is forced to make his bed in a coach in the inn-yard (at Lodi), the inn being full; or (at Strasburgh) "in a boat *sub dio* upon a wad of straw, with the cold open air for a coverlet;" or even (as at Bergamo) with the horses in the stable; like the philosopher he does not

"Whine, put finger i' the eye, or sob,
Because he 'as ne'er another tub,"

but bears it patiently, or, perhaps, puts a picture of himself at the horses' heels in his frontispiece. Nay, if he has companions in misfortune, he is ever ready to comfort them. Thus he and two others reached Rees, on the Rhine, after the gates of the town were locked for the night, and though they "made all the means that might be to be admitted into the town, it was absolutely denied them." Whereupon, he continues, we "went into one of the ships that lay at the quay, determining to take a hard lodging there all night upon the bare boards. No sooner were we in the ship but I began to cheer my company as well as I could with consolatory terms, and pronounced a few verses out of Virgil, tending to an exhortation to patience in calamities. But at last the Burgomaster of the town, being touched with a certain sympathy of our misery (having himself, belike at some time tasted of the like 'bitter pills of adverse fortune'), was contented that the gates should be opened to admit us into the town . . . to our infinite comfort; for we were all most miserably weather-beaten and very cold, especially I for mine own part, who was almost ready to give up the ghost through cold."

We shall not inflict upon the reader an account of the contents of these "six hundred, fifty and four pages," in which the verses and orations are not included; but offer merely a few samples of the ware. Tom, as we have hinted, is laboriously full in his descriptions of buildings, and we shall therefore pass them over—which he never does: only giving, in that line, his notice of the Place of St. Mark's, at Venice, which has, at least, its brevity to recommend it:—

"The fairest place of all the city (which is indeed of that admirable and incomparable beauty that I think no place whatsoever, either in Christendom or Paganism, may compare with it) is the Piazza, that is, the market-place of St. Mark. Truly such is the stupendious (to use a strange epithet for so strange and rare a place as this) glory of it, that at my first entrance thereof, it did even amaze, or rather ravish my senses. For here is the greatest magnificence of architecture to be seen that any place under the sun doth yield. Here you may see both all manner of fashions of attire, and hear all the languages of Christendom, besides those that are spoken by the barbarous Ethnicks; the frequency of people being so great twice a day, between six of the clock in the morning and eleven, and again betwixt five in the afternoon, and eight, that, as an elegant writer saith of it, a man may very properly call it rather *orbis* than *urbis forum*, that is, a market-place of the world, not of the city."

While he so carefully notes all the buildings he sees, he does not neglect other "signs of civilization;" he generally, for example, mentions a gibbet whenever he meets with one. Thus, "a little on this side of Paris there is the fairest gallows that ever I saw, built upon a little hillock called Mount Falcon." Near Moulins he observed "one very rueful and tragical object, ten men hanging in their clothes upon a goodly gallows made of freestone, whose bodies were consumed to nothing, only their bones and the ragged fitters of their clothes remaining." Not unlike which was "a very doleful and lamentable spectacle I saw a little on

this side Montargis: the bones and ragged fragments of clothes of a certain murderer remaining on a wheel, whereon most murderers are executed: the bones were miserably broken asunder, and disposed abroad upon the wheel in divers places."

Like all Italian travellers he is eloquent about the pictures he sees, and if his taste be not as orthodox, his admiration is at least as genuine as that of more recent tourists. In the "Podessa of Padua are many curious pictures, in one whereof there is the exquisite conveyance that ever I saw, which is a pretty little picture drawn in the form of an handkerchief with four corners, and inserted into another very large and fair picture. The lesser picture is so passingly cunningly handled, that the lower corners of it seem either to hang loose, and to be a pretty way from the ground of the main picture, or to be pinned upon the other. And so will any stranger whatsoever conceive at the first sight thereof, as indeed I did, insomuch that I durst have laid a great wager, even ten to one, that the lower corners of it had been loose or pinned on. But such is the admirable, and methinks infinitable curiosity of the work, that it is all wrought upon the ground of the picture as the other several parts thereof are." We will give one example of his mode of describing natural scenery:—"The swiftest and violentest lake that ever I saw is that which runneth through Savoy, called Lezere [Isère], which is much swifter than the Rhodanus at Lyons, that by the poets is called *rapidissimus amnis*. For this is so extremely swift that no fish can possibly live in it, by reason that it will be carried away by the most violent course of the torrent, and dashed against huge stones, which are in most places of the lake. Yea, there are many thousand stones in that lake much bigger than the stones of Stoneage by the town of Amesbury in Wiltshire, or the exceeding great stone upon Hamdon-hill in Somersetshire, so famous for the quarry, which is within a mile of the parish of Odcombe, my dear natal place. These stones fell into this river, being broken from the high rocks of the Alps, which are on both sides of it. The cause of the extraordinary swiftness of this lake is the continual flux of the snow water descending from those mountains, which doth augment and multiply the lake in a thousand places. There is another thing also to be observed in this lake, the horrible and hideous noise thereof; for I think it keepeth almost as terrible a noise as the river Cocytus in hell, which the poets do extol for the murmuring thereof."

[To be continued.]

SUPPLY OF WATER IN SCOTCH TOWNS.

A REMARKABLE proposal recently made, for employing the agency of a railway in conducting a supply of water into Edinburgh, leads us to notice the present means of supply. Previously, however, it may be well to say a few words respecting the water-system followed elsewhere in Scotland.

The town of Greenock possesses one of the finest system of water-works to be found in the kingdom; since there is an abundant supply of water for domestic purposes, and water-power to work a number of mills, both provided by the same agency. From the 'Gazetteer of Scotland' we learn that this work was accomplished in 1827, by an association called the 'Shaw's Water-Company,' constituted by act of parliament in 1825. The work consists of an immense artificial lake or reservoir, situated in the bosom of the hills behind the town. The town itself lies on a flat strip of land between the Clyde and these hills; and as the water of the river is not here fit for drinking, the hills behind the town were looked to as the source of supply. Into the reservoir has been made to flow all the streams

having an available altitude, including that called Shaw's Water, which used formerly to flow into the Clyde, and which has given name to the company. From this reservoir an aqueduct passes along the mountain-range, running for several miles at an elevation of five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The whole length of the aqueduct is six miles and a half. The reservoir has an area of three hundred acres; besides which is a compensation reservoir of forty acres, and other smaller basins. Self-acting sluices, of very ingenious construction, prevent the danger of any overflow, and completely preserve the water during even the greatest flood. There are two extensive filters. In the vicinity of the town it pours down a current of water in successive falls, which impel two grist-mills, a mill for cleaning rice and coffee, a paper-mill, a sail-cloth and cordage factory, a factory for spinning wool, and a large cotton-mill—all erected on the course of the aqueduct. The water-wheel of the cotton factory, supplied wholly by this singular aqueduct, is the largest and most magnificent in the world; it is seventy feet in diameter; it is capable of giving power equal to that of two hundred horse; the axle of the wheel weighs eleven tons, and the wheel itself nearly a hundred and twenty tons; round the circumference are ranged a hundred and sixty buckets, each capable of holding a hundred gallons, and by the falling of the water into these buckets the ponderous wheel is made to rotate once in a minute. There seems a probability that many parts of this water-course will thus be rented by the owners of mills; so that the water will serve a double duty, first setting machinery in motion, and then supplying pure water to the town of Greenock.

Glasgow, being situated sufficiently high up the Clyde to have fresh water passing through it, is supplied with water from that source; but this was not the case until about forty years ago. Until the latter end of the last century the inhabitants obtained their supply from about thirty public and a few private wells. In 1770 the magistrates caused plans to be made for a supply from the inland districts, but the scheme fell to the ground; and so did another which was brought forward in 1794. At length a single individual did that which the corporation had been so long trying to do. In 1804 Mr. William Harley, who had leased the lands of Willowbank, constructed a reservoir in the upper part of the city, and conducted thither the water from springs in the land which he had leased; this water he sold to the inhabitants by means of huge cisterns placed in carriages, drawn through the streets. The partial success of this enterprise induced a number of individuals to form themselves into a company for supplying the city with filtered water from the Clyde. In 1806 they obtained an act of parliament, and erected water-works about two miles above Glasgow; in 1808 another company was formed for a similar object at a different spot; and within a few years past the two companies have combined. Eight million gallons of water per day are supplied by these works.

The city of Edinburgh derives its supply of water from the Pentland Hills, which form a ridge a few miles to the south; and it is from the same source that the proposed supply per railway is to be obtained. Like most other places, the Scottish metropolis obtained by very slow degrees such an arrangement as would afford an adequate supply of this most valuable commodity. In the year 1621 the magistrates obtained an act of parliament empowering them to cast 'seuchas and ditches' in the land between the city and the Pentland, and to construct means of bringing water; but during half a century they seem to have found no engineer to carry out the plans, or else they themselves

wanted the necessary resources. In 1674 they paid Peter Bruschi, a German, about three thousand pounds for laying down a leaden pipe three inches in diameter, from a place named Corniston, about four miles west of the city, to a reservoir on the Castle Hill. Soon after this, new or additional springs were made to contribute to the supply; and as the quantity of water thus procured was more than the pipe could convey, a new pipe four inches and a half in diameter was gradually laid down in lieu of it. At a later period a new act of parliament was obtained, more extensive in its provisions than the former; for by it the corporation was empowered to obtain a supply of water from any lands whatever within three miles of the original fountain at Corniston. In 1787 a cast-iron pipe, five inches in diameter, was laid as an additional medium of supply. Three years afterwards another pipe, seven inches in diameter, was laid from springs on the lands of Swanston. But the supply from all these sources being found inadequate to the increased demand of the city, a joint-stock company was formed in 1810, and incorporated in 1819, to carry pipes from two great springs eight miles distant, at Crawley and Glenclise.

In the map of the 'Environs of Edinburgh,' published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the course of these two aqueducts or water-courses is marked by dotted lines. Of the general nature of the undertaking Mr. Buchanan remarks, while speaking of the modern substitution of pipes for the expensive arcades on the Roman system:—"The most complete and perfect works of the kind are those some time ago undertaken for the supply of Edinburgh, which, by the contrivance and direction of Mr. Jardine, the company's engineer, have been executed in a style quite worthy of the city, as well as of the present advanced state of science and the arts; offering, both in the general design and in all the details, a model of propriety and skill in this species of hydraulic architecture." The following are the chief noticeable points in this system, as described by this engineer in the 'Encyclop. Britannica.'

The Crawley spring, from which the new supply has been derived, issues from the side of a rising ground on the southern base of one of the Pentland hills. It is scarcely seven miles distant from Edinburgh in a straight line, but nearly nine miles in the line of the pipes, these having been carried round a considerable way to the eastward to avoid the Pentland ridge. The spring is elevated about five hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea, and three hundred and sixty above the level of Princes Street, Edinburgh; there is, therefore, ample height to carry it over the highest parts of the town, the source being much higher than any of the houses. The original issue of the spring was greatly increased by a drain, which was carried for about half a mile above the spring, in the valley in which it is situated. The soil of this valley, consisting of an immense bed of gravel having a thickness in some places of forty feet, constitutes a vast natural filter, through which the water, descending from the high grounds on each side of the valley, percolates in a high degree of purity; and being all intercepted by the drain, it is conducted, along with all the original discharge of the spring, into a reservoir or water-house. From this reservoir the pipes take their rise which convey the water to the city. In the first three miles these pipes vary from eighteen to twenty inches in diameter, and descend sixty-five feet in a pretty regular series; in the remainder of the course they are fifteen inches in diameter, and descend nearly three hundred feet. The descent is not perfectly regular, being in some parts steeper than in others, according to the natural delivery of the country. In one or

two instances, also, they undulate slightly; near Burdie-house, four miles from the city, they ascend a little; and after descending rapidly to Libberton Dams they again ascend twenty or thirty feet to the high ground on the north side of the Meadows. There are, however, no sudden inequalities, all such having been carefully avoided by levelling, for which purpose considerable embankments and cuttings of the ground were made. As it approaches the city the pipe is carried through a tunnel more than two thousand feet long and eighty feet below the surface.

When the water arrives at the city it is distributed in different directions, to supply different parts. One branch leads to a reservoir near Heriot's Hospital, to supply the south-west; another branch supplies the south-east; a third branch is carried up to a reservoir on the top of the Castle Hill, to supply the central parts of the old town; while the main body is carried by a tunnel pierced through the solid rock on which the Castle stands, to the southern or new town, where it ramifies through all the principal streets. These main channels are formed of iron-pipe half an inch thick, in lengths of nine feet each, securely joined end to end. The supply of water conveyed by this means amounts to about two hundred cubic feet per minute, on an average; this is about five times the quantity formerly delivered into the town by all the different ponds and reservoirs from which it was then supplied, and which was besides often of a very impure and unwholesome quality. The expense of the whole undertaking was about a hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and the inhabitants pay for the accommodation by a rate equal to about five per cent. on the annual rental of the houses.

It is to render the springs of the Pentland Hills still more available for the supply of Edinburgh, that the recent project, brought forward within the last few weeks, has been planned. The general character of it is this:—Those who have paid any attention to the present turmoil in railway schemes are aware that there are two rival projects for carrying a railway from Carlisle northward into the heart of Scotland. One of these is the Carlisle and Dumfries line, communicating with Glasgow by way of Kilmarnock and Paisley; while the other is the Caledonian, proceeding northward from Carlisle to Lanark, and there diverging north-west to Glasgow and north-east to Edinburgh. This north-east branch crosses the Pentland Hills in its way to Edinburgh, and a provisional arrangement has been made between the railway company and a water company, whereby a range of pipes is to be laid along the line of railway itself, from the hills to the city, capable of conveying an immense quantity of water. The project evidently opens up a subject likely to prove of great importance; and the admirable facilities of railways seem to give some probability to the surmise that the day is not far distant when passengers, goods, water, gas, and telegraphic intelligence, will all travel per railway. Of this water-project the 'Railway Chronicle' justly observes:—"At a moment when the condition and morals of our labouring population occupy so large a portion of public sympathy and attention—when sanitary arrangements of government are about to be extended to the construction of dwellings for our industrious poor—when the means of personal cleanliness are about to be provided for those who have not hitherto enjoyed them—a new plan which will convert any railway, without impeding its primary object, into a channel for pouring into the streets of a populous town or a crowded city copious supplies of a refreshing element so necessary to the comforts of life, is an application of these great public works devoutly to be wished."



Bagdad.—From a Sketch by
Col. Chesney.]

BAGDAD.

The external appearance of Bagdad does not disappoint the expectations which may have been formed from Eastern history and romance. It stands in a forest of date-trees, which conceal the meanness of its buildings from the approaching stranger, but allow such glimpses of its splendid minarets and domes as prevent him from suspecting that the ancient glory of Bagdad has entirely departed.

Bagdad is divided into two parts by the Tigris, and is in $33^{\circ} 20'$ N. lat. and $41^{\circ} 24'$ E. long., on the banks of the Tigris, about two hundred miles, in a direct line, above the junction of that river with the Euphrates, and three hundred miles above the point where the united stream enters the Persian Gulf. It was originally built on the western bank of that noble stream; but the court having been removed, in the latter part of the eleventh century, to the opposite side, the more respectable part of the population gradually followed, and the original site became a sort of suburb, inhabited chiefly by the poor. This is the present state of the town, the whole of which, on both sides of the river, is surrounded by a high and thick wall of brick and mud, which is flanked at regular distances with round embattled towers. Some of these were constructed in the time of the caliphs, and in workmanship and size greatly exceed those of more modern date, and are now mounted with cannon in no very serviceable condition. The citadel is on the eastern bank of the Tigris, at the point within the wall where it abuts on the river, to the north of the city. It commands the communication across the river, but it is not of great extent, nor are its fortifications much above the general level of the ramparts of the city. It serves as an arsenal and barrack. The whole city wall on both sides of the river is about five miles in circumference; but a large portion of the area which it encloses is laid out in gardens and plantations of date-trees.

Under the wall there is a dry ditch of considerable depth, which may, when occasion requires, be filled from the river.

The interior of Bagdad miserably disappoints the expectations which the exterior view may have raised. It is built on no regular plan, and there are few towns, even in Asia, the streets of which are so narrow and tortuous. They are not paved; they are full of inequalities, occasioned by deposits of rubbish, and rendered disgusting by dead carcasses and all manner of filth, which would endanger the public health, were not the most noxious part speedily removed by the numbers of unowned and half-savage dogs.

In general, the houses do not, as in Western Turkey, present any windows to the street. Instead of a regular front with windows, there are high walls pierced by low and mean-looking doors, but in some of the better streets, the Turkish *kiosk*, or large projecting window, or else the Persian lattice, occasionally occur. The houses are mostly built of kiln-burnt bricks, which are not, when new, much unlike those employed in London, either in shape or colour: but new bricks are rarely employed unless in public buildings, as old ones can easily be obtained by turning up the ground in almost any direction around the city. The walls are, to appearance, of very great solidity and thickness; but they are only faced with brick, the space between being filled up with earth and rubbish. The houses are much higher than those in Persia. The latter have seldom more than one floor, with perhaps a cellar for lumber; but the houses at Bagdad have two floors besides the habitable cellars. The ground-floor is occupied with baths, store-rooms, and servants' offices. The first floor contains the state and family rooms. The great height of the apartments on this floor makes the house as high as one of two stories in this country. The splendid and often elegant appearance of these rooms presents a striking contrast to the filthy and beggarly aspect of the streets. The rooms have often

vaulted ceilings, which are decorated with chequered-work and mouldings in very good taste. They are amply provided with windows of coloured glass, and the walls are so profusely ornamented with gilding, painting, and inlaid mirrors, as to make a stronger impression on a stranger than a detailed examination will, perhaps, be found to confirm. The buildings of a house in Bagdad commonly occupy two or three sides of the interior of a square court. In this court, which is paved with squared stones, some date-trees are usually planted; and there is frequently a fountain in the centre. Access to the first floor is afforded by external stairs of stone, which conduct to the verandah, into which all the doors of that floor open. This verandah, which is supported by the walls of the ground-floor, is generally wide, and paved with squared stones, and its boarded covering and carved screen are supported by pillars of wood, the capitals of which are often very curious.

In Bagdad, as in all other Turkish cities, the only public buildings of note are the mosques, the khans or caravanserais, and the bazaars. There are said to be about one hundred mosques in the town; but not more than thirty are distinguished, in a general view of the city, by domes and minarets. The domes are remarkable not less for their unusual height than for being covered with glazed tiles, of various colours, chiefly green, blue, black, and white, disposed with considerable taste. The minarets, which are more massive in their structure than those of Constantinople, and are without the conical termination which the latter exhibit, are also glazed, but in better taste than the domes, the colour being of a light brown, with a different colour to mark the lines formed by the junction of the bricks. These lofty minarets and beautifully shaped domes reflect the rays of the sun with very brilliant effect. Some of the more ancient towers are surrounded by the nests of storks, the diameter of which nearly corresponds with that of the structure.

The bazaars of Bagdad are numerous and extensive, but are in appearance much inferior to those of some other Oriental cities of less note. Many of the streets of shops which compose them are long, tolerably wide and straight, and vaulted in the usual manner with brickwork; many others are narrow, and covered only with a roof of straw, dried leaves, or branches of trees, supported on flat beams laid across. The bazaars are, in ordinary times, well supplied with Oriental produce and manufactures. The baths, as in all other Oriental towns, are numerous. The khans, or caravanserais, which amount to about thirty, do not demand particular notice: they are inferior to those of some other Turkish towns, and do not admit of the least comparison with those of Persia.

The communication between the two parts of the city divided by the Tigris is by means of a bridge of thirty pontoons. Another mode of communication is by means of large round baskets, coated with bitumen, which are the wherries of the Tigris, Euphrates, and Dialah. The river is about seven hundred and fifty feet wide, in full stream, at Bagdad, and the rapidity of its course varies with the season. Its waters are very turbid, although perfectly clear at Mosul, and until the Great Zab enters the Tigris.

The existing ancient remains in Bagdad are very few; but these few far exceed any of the modern structures in solidity and elegance. There are three or four mosques, the oldest of which was built by Mansur's successor in the year 763, and has now only remaining a minaret which is said to be the highest in the city, near the centre of which it stands. It commands a most extensive view over the town and adjacent country, and on a clear day the Tauk Kerra at Ctesiphon can be distinctly perceived from it. Of the mosques of

more modern date, that of Abdul Kadder, although rivalled by two or three others, is the largest and finest. Underneath its lofty and beautiful dome are deposited the bones of a famous Sonni doctor of the above name, who lived at the latter end of the twelfth century, and who is considered the patron saint of Bagdad. This mosque is well supplied with water by a canal from the river, and the court is furnished with a vast number of cells for the accommodation of three hundred devotees, who are supported from the funds of the establishment. Bagdad was at one time the Athens of Mohammedan Asia, and the seat of, perhaps, more science than at that time existed in any other part of the world. The college, founded in the year 1233 by the Caliph Moostanser Billah, acquired great fame in the East: it still exists, as a building, near the bridge of boats, but it has been transformed into a khan, and the old kitchen is now the custom-house. There are six gates in the entire wall; three to each portion of the city, as divided by the Tigris. The largest and finest is the Talism gate, which, according to an Oriental custom, was walled up when Sultan Murad IV. had passed through it on his return to Constantinople, after he had recovered Bagdad from the Persians. It has never since been opened. Outside the walls, on the eastern side of the town, there is a large burial-ground, in the midst of which is a tomb erected to the memory of the wife of the Caliph Harun al Raschid, the famous Zobeide of the 'Thousand and One Nights.' It was erected by the caliph's second son Abdallah al Mamoon, and is an octangular structure, capped by a cone which much resembles a pine-apple in shape. The ruins and foundations of old buildings, and even the lines of streets, may be traced to a great distance beyond the present walls of the town. On the western side these remains extend nearly to Agerkuf, or the 'Mound of Nimrod,' as it is called by the natives. This structure must originally have stood at no great distance from the gates of the ancient city. It is now reduced by time to a shapeless mass of brickwork about one hundred and twenty-six feet in height, one hundred feet in diameter, and three hundred feet in circumference at the lower part, which, however, is much above the real base.

The climate of Bagdad is salubrious, but intensely hot in summer. A drop of rain rarely falls at Bagdad later than the beginning of May, or earlier than towards the end of September. After the end of September, the rains are copious for a time, but the winter is, on the whole, dry. Nevertheless, the autumnal rains at Bagdad and other parts of the country are so heavy, that the Tigris, which sinks greatly during the summer months, again fills its channel and becomes a powerful and majestic stream. This occurs again in the spring, when the snows dissolve on the distant mountains. The low lands on both sides of this river and the Euphrates are then inundated; and when the fall of snow has been very great in the preceding winter, the country between and beyond the two rivers, in the lower part of their course, assumes the appearance of a vast lake, in which the elevated grounds look like islands, and the towns and villages are also insulated. The plague occasionally visits Bagdad, and in No. 106 we have given an account, by a survivor, of that of 1831.

The population of Bagdad is exceedingly mixed; and the very distinctive dresses of each people clearly indicate the component parts of the population. The Osmanli Turks scarcely ever wear at Bagdad the embroidered jacket, capacious trousers, and close cap so common in the neighbourhood of the capital; the civil dress prevails—the long loose gowns of cotton, muslin, or silk, with wide shapeless cloaks of broadcloth or shalloon; while the red cap, with its blue tassel, instead of fitting close to the head, hangs loosely back-

ward, and is wound about with white muslin, flowered with gold. Christians dress much in the same manner. They are not, as in many other towns, restricted from light colours in their dress, or from wearing yellow slippers; but they are expected to abstain altogether from green colours and from white turbans. The Jews are generally distinguished by having their red caps fitting close to the head, with only a yellow handkerchief tied around them. The Arabs form a very important part of the resident population, besides a large number from the desert as occasional sojourners. They are distinguished chiefly by their head-dress, which consists of a coarse shawl of silk and cotton, with wide stripes of red and yellow; this is folded triangularly, and laid upon the head, around which a thick roller of brown worsted is then passed. The ends of the shawl cover the neck and shoulders; and as it is also furnished with a fringe of knotted strings which hang down the back, it helps to give a wild appearance to the Arab countenance. They are also distinguished by their wide sleeveless cloaks, which are wholly black, or white with a wide stripe of blue, brown, or red. This cloak (*abba*) is made of hair and wool, and when confined at the waist by a leathern belt, it generally, with a coarse shirt underneath, forms the entire dress of an Arab. His turban also distinguishes the Koord: it is frequently of silk, with stripes of blue, red, and white; and its fringe of knotted strings, though not so long as in the Arab turban, which is also differently worn, excellently sets off the bold, grave, and strongly marked countenance of the pure Koord. Then there are, in considerable numbers, the active and animated subjects of the Persian king, in their curly, black, and conical caps, high-heeled slippers, and gowns of green or blue, which are distinguished from those of other Eastern people by their tightness in the body and the sleeves. Such are the figures which, on horseback or on foot, appear in the streets of Bagdad, or sit smoking by the way-side. It would be incorrect and impossible to comprehend these various masses of people under one general character. They can only be spoken of in the mass with a reference to their knowledge; and it may be said that they are prejudiced, self-conceited, and bigoted, because they are profoundly ignorant. There is not among them that due proportion of informed and educated men which redeems the character of a people. In those countries, two-thirds of the small amount of knowledge which is the object of the education afforded to the higher classes, is not worth knowing. The Armenians are decidedly the best-informed people in the city. Many of them have been in India, and several have spent much of their lives in that country. They have thus become acquainted with English manners, institutions, and modes of government; and through them much information is communicated to their countrymen who have not enjoyed a similar advantage. They, and the more respectable Moslem merchants in the town, long for such security of property and person as is enjoyed under the British government in India.

The only women in Bagdad who exhibit any part of the face in the streets are the Arab females. Their dress consists in general of an exceedingly wide chemise of red or blue cotton, to which in winter is added one of the same cloaks that are worn by the men. They seldom wear shoes, and never stockings; but about the head they wear a mass of black cotton or silk stuff, which is rather gracefully disposed. It is brought round so as to cover the neck and throat and the lower part of the face. This head-dress is often profusely ornamented with beads, shells, and current and ancient coins. They are also fond of wearing anklets and bracelets of silver, which are generally

more than an inch in diameter, and suggest the idea of shackles rather than ornaments. But their most whimsical decoration is worn on one side of the nose, which is bored for the purpose: it consists of a gold or gilt button, about the size of a halfpenny, in the centre of which a small turquoise stone or a blue bead is inserted. Their faces, arms, and other parts of their bodies are also decorated with stars, flowers, and other figures, stained on the skin with a blue colour, and the effect of which is exceedingly displeasing to a European eye. The Turkish and other women so muffle themselves up when they go out, as to appear the most shapeless masses imaginable. They are enveloped in large sheets of checked blue linen, which cover them from head to foot. These sheets are sometimes of crimson silk, striped with white. Their legs are inclosed in formidable jack-boots of yellow leather; and their faces are covered with a stiff and thick black horse-hair veil, through which they can see perfectly, although it appears to the spectator like painted tin. Ladies of any consideration generally ride out astride on the backs of mares or asses,—most generally the latter, which are fine large animals, and in many parts of the town are kept standing, ready saddled, for hire. Asses of a white colour are common, and are preferred for this service; but the unfortunate taste of the people requires their appearance to be improved by stains of a dusty orange colour.

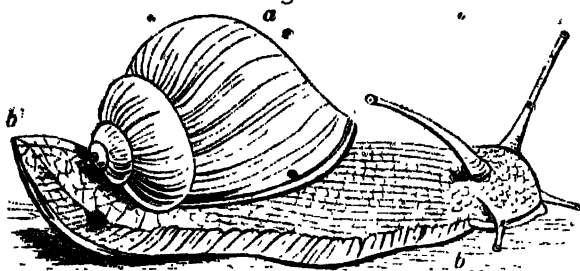
The manufactures of Bagdad are not very numerous or extensive. The red and yellow leathers are excellent, and are held in high estimation throughout Turkey. Another principal manufacture consists of pieces of a sort of plush, in shawl patterns, often very rich and beautiful, and used by the Turks for covering the cushions which form their divans or sofas. The Arabian "abba" or cloak, which we have already mentioned, is rather extensively manufactured at Bagdad: some of the qualities are very fine, and the use of the article is not at all confined to the Arabs, to whom it properly belongs. If we add to this some stuffs of silk and cotton, the list of the principal manufactures of the place is completed.

Bagdad was founded by the Caliph Abu Jaafer al Mansur, in the year 763 A.D., whether on the site of a former city or not, is unknown; but it is agreed that the materials were drawn from Ctesiphon and Seleucia. The town was much improved by Harun al Raschid, who is said to have been the first who built on the eastern bank of the Tigris, connecting the two parts by a bridge of boats. It remained a most flourishing metropolitan city until the year 1259, when the town was taken by storm by Hulaku, a grandson of Ghengiz Khan, and the dynasty of the caliphs was extinguished. Bagdad remained under the Tartars until the year 1393, when it was taken by Timur Beg (Tamerlane), on whose approach the Sultan, Ahmed, fled, and for several subsequent years it was alternately in his possession, in that of the deposed Sultan, or of the Turkoman Kara Yusef. The last of these princes ultimately remained in undisturbed possession of the place, and it continued with his descendants until 1470 A.D., when they were driven out by Ussam Cassim, whose family reigned thirty-nine years in Bagdad, when Shah Ismael, the founder of the Suffide dynasty in Persia, made himself master of it. From that time to the present the town has been an object of occasional contention between the Persians and the Turks. It was retaken by the Turkish sultan, Solyman the Magnificent; and it was regained by Shah Abbas the Great of Persia; but the Persians were ultimately obliged to surrender the place to the Sultan Murad IV., by whom it was besieged with an army of three hundred thousand men, in the year 1638 A.D. It has since been nominally subject to the Porte.

LOCOMOTION OF ANIMALS.—No. XII.

In descending the scale of organized beings we shall pass from Ophidian reptiles to the Gasteropodes, such as the *Helices* or snails, and the *Limaces* or slugs. The movements of these animals are well known to be exceedingly slow. The snail, after creeping from its shell *a*, expands its body in such a manner that the shell lies poised upon its back (as in *Fig. 1*).

Fig. 1.



The shell is carried with the animal in all its perambulations, and the body is withdrawn into it on the slightest alarm, or when in a state of repose, leaving the foot *b*, *b* only, which is in contact with the surface on which it treads, without the shell.

The single foot of the snail is moved by numerous muscular fibres, by means of which it is successively expanded and contracted at various portions of its disc; so that when one portion of it has advanced, and laid hold of an object on the plane of its motion, the next is drawn forward, and so on in succession, until every portion of the foot has advanced; but the length of each step is so small, that the snail takes a long time to walk over a path not more than a foot in length. The movements of slugs are performed in a similar manner, and although they have no house to carry on the back, their progression is also very slow. They appear to move with greatest freedom over vegetable substances, but cannot easily traverse fine, loose soils; because the segments of the foot cannot find on such moveable surfaces the requisite fulcrum whereby to drag the body along. Gardeners avail themselves of this peculiarity to preserve tender plants from their ravages, by strewing loose ashes, or, what is still better, dry sawdust, over the beds. These gasteropods secrete a viscid fluid on their track, which enables them to climb the walls of houses in a vertical path. The adhesive fluid, when dry, reflects the light, so as to present a shining, silvery appearance, with which most persons (at least, those who live in the country) are familiar.

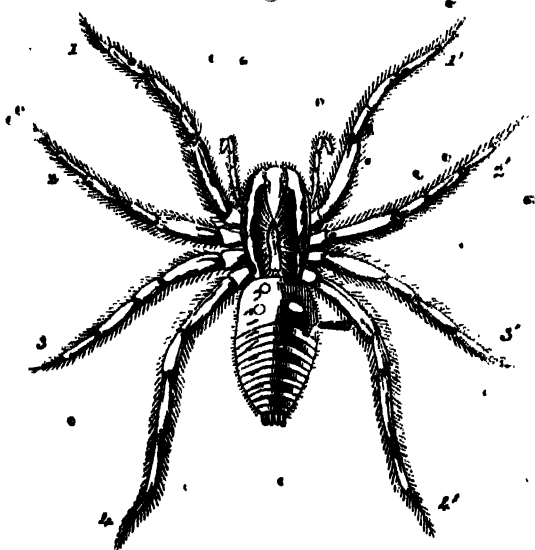
Crabs.—These animals are, it is well known, enclosed in a solid case, or shell. The body is usually either nearly square or a pear-shaped figure, and the tail is not so long and flexible as in the lobsters. They are furnished with five pairs of legs, which are attached to the under side of the trunk, in that portion of it termed the cephalo-thorax. The hinge-like joints of the legs not having their axes of motion perpendicular, but either parallel, or oblique to the mesial axis of the trunk, they are unable to walk directly forwards, but move on solids either in a lateral or in a retrograde direction. Some species, such as the land-crab, or *Cancer cursor*, run with considerable rapidity. It is even said that they are capable of running with such speed that a man on horseback has great difficulty in keeping pace with them. According to Labat, "These animals not only live in a kind of orderly society in their retreats in the mountains, but regularly once a year march down to the sea-side in a body of some millions at a time. The sea is their destination, and

to that they direct their march with right-lined precision. No geometrician could send them to their destined station by a shorter course: they neither turn to the right nor to the left. They will attempt to scale walls to keep the unbroken tenor of their way. They are commonly divided into three battalions, of which the first consists of the boldest and strongest males. These are pioneers, who march forward to clear the route, and to face the greatest dangers. The main body is composed of females, which never leave the mountains till the rain has set in for some time; they then descend in columns of fifty paces broad and three miles deep. Three or four days after this, the rear-guard follows, consisting of males and females, neither so robust nor so numerous as the former. The night is the chief time of proceeding; but if it rains by day, they do not fail to profit by the occasion. When the sun is hot, they make a universal halt, and wait till the cool of the evening. They are sometimes three months in getting to the shore." The order in which the five pairs of legs of the crabs move in walking and running does not appear to have been accurately observed.

Spiders.—The Arachnidæ, or spiders, are furnished with four pairs of legs (the female being provided with an additional pair for the purpose of carrying her eggs). The legs of the different species of spiders vary considerably with regard to length, but the order in which they move appears to be the same. The joint which connects the legs to the body is a kind of ball-and-socket joint, which gives the animal the power of turning the limbs in various directions, but all the other joints of the legs are on the principle of the hinge-joint, thus securing firmness and precision in movement. The extremities terminate in either a single or double hook for the purpose of prehension.

The apparent complexity of the motions of the limbs of these animals is dissipated by first investigating the order in which they move the legs on one side, and afterwards that of those on the opposite side. By this means it will be found that the spider advances first the fore leg, then the fourth, then the third, and lastly the second leg; that is, in the order 1, 4, 3, 2. (*Fig. 2*.)

Fig. 2.

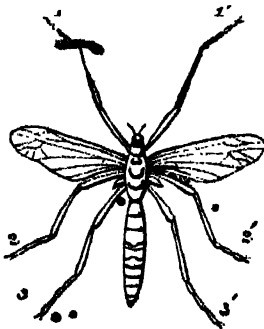


By comparing this order with that of the legs on the opposite side, when acting simultaneously, it will be found that they begin by moving the first right leg, then the fourth left; then follow the first left, and the fourth right; then the third right, and the second left.

The first two sets of legs are thus moved consecutively in the order 1, 4, 1, 4, a mode of progression which resembles that of quadrupeds: the remaining legs move in pairs simultaneously, namely, 3, 2, and then 3, 2; and thus it is found that whilst the legs of one side of the animal are moving consecutively, in the order 1, 2, 3, 4, the legs of the other side are moving in pairs, in the order 4, 1, 2, 3. Most persons are aware of the facility with which spiders spin the beautiful but fragile cord, by means of which they safely descend from heights that would be fatal to larger animals unprovided with some means of breaking the shock which would result from a fall from such elevations. In descending their newly-spun thread, they suspend the body to it by one of the hind legs: on returning by the same thread, they make use of three legs, the two first on one side, and the first or second on the other. The spider is endowed with the power of running with considerable speed on its web, in the chase and capture of its insect prey; and is capable of leaping a considerable distance, many times its own length. It throws its thread across chasms, and thereby forms for itself a suspension-bridge in an incredibly shorter period of time than our most celebrated engineers are capable of accomplishing; thus showing that, inferior as the spider is to man in strength and organization, it has yet been amply provided by an all watchful and omnipotent Creator with the means of transporting itself from place to place, and of procuring its sustenance. The same cordage which serves to give it a ready passage across cavities which could not otherwise be traversed without great labour and expenditure of time, serves also as the best material with which to weave its net for entrapping its prey.

Insects.—Many insects are endowed with the triple powers of walking, running, and leaping on solids; of flying in the air like birds; and of swimming in water like fishes. For these manifold purposes it is obvious that they must possess a peculiar organization. To enable them to move on solids, they are furnished with six legs: the first pair is attached to that part of the trunk called the prothorax; the second pair to the mesothorax; and the third pair to the metathorax, which is the last segment of the thorax. In some insects the legs are articulated to the trunk by a ball-and-socket joint; in others by a hinge-joint: the succeeding portions of the limbs are linked together by hinge-joints. The axes of these joints are turned at right angles to each other, so that they have the power of executing movements in different planes, some in a vertical, and others in a horizontal direction. When the perfect insect walks, it is observed to move three of its legs simultaneously, whilst the other three remain on the ground, supporting the body and urging it forwards. The feet which move simultaneously are the fore and hindermost feet on one side, and the

Fig. 3.



middle foot on the opposite side; consequently, the whole of the six feet are moved to accomplish two steps. In the first movement the legs 1, 2, 3 (Fig. 3)

remain on the ground, whilst those marked 1, 2, 3 are raised and advanced, to take a new position on the plane of support: afterwards, whilst the legs 1, 2, 3 support the body in a similar manner to those which preceded them in that office, the legs 1, 2, 3 are raised, and again advanced; and by the alternate action of the six legs in the order just described, the progression of the insect when walking is accomplished. The extraordinary power with which insects are endowed of walking with perfect ease and security up the smooth polished surface of glass, and in an inverted position on the ceilings of rooms, for a long time excited much surprise and speculation as to the means by which these feats were performed; but at length, on minutely inspecting the structure of their feet, a curious pneumatic apparatus was detected, which fully accounts for the phenomenon in question. The feet of the house-fly are found to be furnished with two membranous suckers, as seen in Fig. 4; and in the *Bibio febrilis* there are three of these suckers, as shown in Fig. 5



Fig. 4.

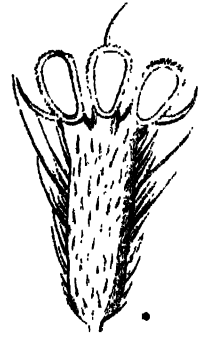


Fig. 5.

These suckers are membranous sacs, which are acted on by numerous muscles, so that when the foot is placed on a smooth surface, the suckers become enlarged by means of their muscles, and a vacuum is produced. The pressure of the air without becomes, by this means, sufficient to keep the foot firmly pressed on the surface to which it is applied. We here see the reason why the house-fly chooses the smoothest surfaces of an apartment to walk upon, unless it happens to be moving horizontally; for if the surfaces were rough, the vacuum under the feet would not be perfect, and it would fall. Many insects, as the fly, are in the larva state destitute of legs, but even these contrive to drag themselves along by the alternate expansion and contraction of their body. We are familiar with an instance of this kind of movement in the maggot commonly found in the hazel-nut. As soon as it is out of the shell, it strides along; but, its trunk being cylindrical, it frequently rolls over in its course. Other larvae not content with the slow progress made by the method above mentioned, raise the central portions of the body high above the plane of support, and by means of alternately extending and contracting the body, take steps of considerable length. This kind of movement is shown in Fig. 6. The trunk



Fig. 6.

is first drawn forward from *a* to *b*, and the head is then extended from *c* to *d*: and thus at each step these larvae pass over a space equal to *a b* or *c d*. During

this process many larvæ, such as the *Geometra*, spin a silken thread, the length of which is, consequently, the measure of their progress made in walking.

Leaping.—Many insects, such as the flea, the grasshopper, and the cricket, are capable of performing extraordinary leaps compared with their bulk. In all the leaping insects the hinder legs greatly exceed the rest in length and strength, and it is in consequence of the length and power of this pair that insects are capable of projecting themselves to the great distances they are known to traverse. The legs are first bent as much as possible, and then suddenly expanded with great force, so as to propel the body through the air. As the grasshopper resides amongst the long grass of meadows, such a mode of progression is requisite to enable it to pass over the rugged surfaces surrounding it on all sides; and we well know with what ease and unerring precision this little creature leaps from point to point.

Worms.—Amongst the *Annelidæ*, or worms, we find a great diversity of form, and of locomotive organs, suited to the habits and economy of each animal. Some live entirely on land, others reside in water, and are excellent swimmers. The *Lumbrici*, or earth-worms, being those with which people generally are most familiar, will be selected to give an idea of their mode of progression. The body of the earth-worm is cylindrical, and nearly of equal diameter from head to tail. It is supported by numerous rings encircling the long axis of the trunk throughout, and each ring is furnished with eight conical spines, which are called into action when the animal walks. Between these rings two sets of muscular fibres pass from ring to ring, one set of muscles passing longitudinally, and the other set obliquely. By the aid of these fibres the body of the animal can be either lengthened or contracted, as also twisted in various directions. When touched, the worm immediately assumes the form of the letter S. In walking it expands one portion of the body, and contracts the next successively, so that it requires a series of expansions and contractions throughout its entire length to accomplish a single step. For this reason the progress of the worm is very slow, not being capable of effecting more than about the rate of thirty feet per hour.

There are many other animals, still lower in the scale of the animal kingdom than the *Annelidæ*, well deserving attention, but we must refer those who wish to investigate them to the article "Motion" in the 'Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology,' in order that we may pass to the consideration of the movements of animals by swimming.

TOM CORYAT.

[Continued from p. 7.]

THE observations of Coryat on the people and their manners, which would now be interesting for the purpose of comparison, are but brief and few. We select two or three: the first will show his manner of "taking notes."—"In Lasneburg, situate under the foot of that exceeding high mountain Senis, I observed these three things. First, the shortness of the women's waists, not naturally, but artificially. For all women both of that town and all other places besides betwixt that and Novalaise, a town of Piedmont, at the descent of the mountain Senis, on the other side, some twelve miles off, did gird themselves so high that the distance betwixt their shoulders and their girdles seemed to be but a little handful. Secondly, the height of their beds: for they were so high that a man could hardly get into his bed without some kind of climbing, so that a man needed a ladder to get up, as we say here in England. Thirdly, the strangeness and quaintness of the women's head

attire: for they wrap and fold together, after a very unseemly fashion, almost as much linen upon their heads as the Turks do in those linen caps they wear, which are called turbants."

We may mention by the way that Thomas is, very properly, most attentive to the ladies; often describing their dress, though sometimes without praising it. The ladies of Venice especially displease him in that matter, for which he censures them in terms that might almost be taken for those of a puritan of a generation or two later on the costume of our countrywomen. He particularly dislikes their 'chapineys,' which some wear "even half a yard high," so that when they walk out they are obliged to be held up "most commonly by the left arm, otherwise they might quickly take a fall." One, indeed, he did see "take a very dangerous fall;" but our hard-hearted traveller "did nothing pity her, because she wore such frivolous and (as I may well term them) ridiculous instruments which were the occasion thereof." If this has lost him any favour, another extract will, we hope, set him right with the fairer portion of our readers. At Basil he "observed many women of this city to be as beautiful and fair as any I saw in all my travels; but I will not attribute so much to them as to compare them with our English women, whom I justly prefer, and that without any partiality of affection, before any women that I saw in my travels, for an elegant and most attractive natural beauty."

The following is curious as an illustration of the rudeness of our domestic habits at that period. "I observed," he says, "a custom in all those Italian towns through the which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither do I think that any other nation of Christendom doth use it, but only Italy. The Italians, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, do always at their meals use a little fork when they cut their meat: for while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meat out of the dish, they fasten their fork, which they hold in their other hand, upon the same dish; so that whosoever he be that, sitting in the company of any others at meals, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meat with his fingers from which all at table do cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the laws of good manners, inasmuch he shall be at the least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in words. This form of feeding I understand is generally used in all places of Italy, their forks being for the most part made of iron or steel, and some of silver, but these are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike clean. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meat not only when I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home: being once quipped for that frequent using of my fork by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one Mr. Lawrence Whitaker, who in his merry humour doubted not to call me at table *furcifer*, only for using a fork at feeding, but for no other cause." He observes also that the horsemen in Italy carry umbrellas in order to shade themselves from the heat of the sun.

Of all the places he visits he is most delighted with "the most glorious, peerless, and maiden city of Venice." But the cities and edifices of Italy generally "drive him into great admiration;" and he finds the "Italians passing kind and courteous to strangers." The Germans he scarcely likes so well, though he does not think them so much given to drinking as they are reported to be—not much more certainly than his own countrymen. Switzerland he likes, and the Swiss too, and finds their "diet passing good in most places;

for they bring great variety of dishes to the table, both of roast and sod meats: and the charge is something reasonable; for my Spanish shilling did most commonly discharge my shot when I spent most." We must notice, out of justice to Tom's credit as a traveller, that he always pays a due regard to the *cuisine*.

Our traveller's adventures are not very remarkable, yet we must not pass them by, such as they are. Ever on the watch to pick up all kinds of notabilities, he goes on Bartholomew's day into a chapel in Brixia to witness "a most solemn and ceremonious dedication of a new image of the Virgin Mary with Christ in her arms." Here his curiosity leads him into a little peccadillo, which, as he says, might, if it had been discovered, have cost him rather dearly. There was, it seems, "a great multitude of little waxen idols brought to the chapel, whereof some were only arms, some thighs, some presented all the parts of a man's body." These little idols moved him in a most unexpected manner—even incited in him "a marvellous itching desire to finger one of them, only to this end, to bring it home into England to show it to my friends as a token of their idolatry: but I saw there was some difficulty in the matter. Howbeit, I gave the venture upon it in this manner: I stood at one corner of the chapel while many women were at their divine oraisons, prostrate before the image, and very secretly conveyed my fingers into a little basket (nobody taking notice thereof) where the images were laid, and so purloined one of them out, and brought him home to England; which had it been at that time perceived, perhaps it might have cost me the lying in the Inquisition longer than I would willingly have endured it." This little adventure reminds us of some other of his fingerings, told with the like naïveté. See how certainly and on what grounds he can pronounce on the quality of the grapes of Italy. "There was, alongside the roads, a great abundance of goodly vineyards, which at that time yielded ripe grapes passing fair and sweet: for I did oftentimes borrow a point of the law in going into their vineyards without leave to refresh myself with some of their grapes; which the Italians, like very good fellows, did wink at." He did not, unfortunately, find the same good fellowship among the Germans; for, going into a vineyard near Worms to refresh himself, a sturdy peasant set upon him, and though Tom tried his best in a Latin oration to appease him, matters began to look rather serious; Tom cannot tell how serious they might have become, had not one chanced to pass by who interfered to make peace, and succeeded so far "that at length the controversy was compounded betwixt the cullian and myself, and my hat (which had been seized in the struggle) restored for a small price of redemption, which was twelve of their little coins called fennies, which countervails twenty pence of our English money."

Tom's adventures, we hinted, were not very remarkable; he did not like fighting, and he passed peaceably enough throughout his journey. Probably, if he had not been so peaceable, he might have found cause enough for quarrel with those fiery Italian tempers. Sometimes he was pretty close to a sample of such temper. At Bergamo, we said, he was glad to make his bed at the horses' heels, and for such stable-bed he was "indebted to the courtesy of an honest Italian priest," to whose courtesy he expected to be indebted still further; for "he promised to revisit me the next morning, to the end to show me the antiquities of the city. But he was prevented, to my great grief, by the villainy of a certain bloodthirsty Italian, who, for an old grudge he bore to him, shot him through the body in his lodging with a pewterne!" When danger appears nigh, Tom shows himself no bad hand at a stratagem. On the road to Baden he sees a

couple of ill-clad, but armed peasants approaching, and he has heard a good deal about their fierceness as well as their disregard of the rights of property, so that he is in fear lest they should both "cut his throat and rob him of his gold that is quilted in his jerkin." An awkward position, but he must make the best of it. Fighting is not to be thought of, and his clothes are shabby—for he has but the suit he started in, and he is now on his way homeward. His resolution is formed. Taking his bonnet in his hand some time before they reach him; with low bows and expressive signs, backed with much Latin speech, he pleads so successfully, that, instead of looking after the "gold that is quilted in his jerkin," they give him "as much of their tin money, called fennies (poor as they were), as paid for half my supper that night at Baden, even four pence halfpenny."

Whatever some might say of these 'Crudities,' Tom was satisfied of their value. He had, he knew, collected them not without labour, and he not unnaturally thought that what had so interested himself would interest others. To collect his observations and then speedily to note them down, he tells Sir Michael Hixes, in a letter requesting him to use his influence with the Lord Treasurer to license his book, "I took intolerable pains in my travels both by day and night; scarce affording myself two hours' rest sometimes of the whole twenty-four, in the city of Venice, by reason of my continual writing; whereupon divers Englishmen that lay in the same house with me, observing my extreme watchings wherewith I did grievously excruciate my body, instantly desired me to pity myself, and not to kill myself with my inordinate labours." He is afraid that the world will suffer from his book, not being written in the "universal language;" but at the close of his epistle to the reader, he warns all against translating it while he shall be abroad in his next travels, unless it shall be understood by credible report that he has miscarried, because after his return from that voyage he fully intends to "translate both these and my future observations into Latin, for the benefit not only of my own country, but also of those countries where I have already travelled, or hereafter resolve to travel."

[To be continued.]

Farmers in India.—Nine-tenths of the immediate cultivators of the soil in India are little farmers, who hold a lease for one or more years, as the case may be, of their lands, which they cultivate with their own stock. One of these cultivators, with a good plough and bullocks, and a good character, can always get lands on moderate terms from holders of villages. Those cultivators are, I think, the best who learn to depend upon their stock and character for favourable terms, hold themselves free to change their holdings when their leases expire, and pretend not to any hereditary right of property in the soil. The lands are, I think, best cultivated, and the society best constituted in India, where the holders of *estates of villages* have a feeling of permanent interest in them, an assurance of an hereditary right of property which is liable only to the payment of a moderate government demand, descends undivided by the law of primogeniture, and is unaffected by the common law, which prescribes the equal subdivision among children of landed as well as other private property among the Hindus and Mohammedans; and where the immediate cultivators hold the lands they till by no other law than that of common specific contract.—*Recollections of India*, by Lt.-Col. Sleeman.

* Baden, he says, is "certainly the sweetest place for baths that ever I saw, by many degrees excelling our English baths both for quantity and quality," and he proceeds to give an account of these baths, which for piquancy far surpasses any we have had in our own day.

† Published in Sir Egerton Brydges's '*Censura Literaria*,' vol. x.

Holland in the Fifteenth Century.—But besides the greater lines of their commerce, every harbour, bight, and bay of Holland was studded with ships, every rivulet and canal was covered with boats: as many, it was commonly said, lived on the water as on the land. With zealous competition there was a prudent division of trade. Particular towns, as well as particular merchants and companies, applied themselves in preference to some one line of business. Thus Middleburgh was occupied with the wine trade, Swaardam with ship-building, Sluys with the herring-fishery, Amsterdam with the Spanish and Mediterranean trades. We shall notice presently their Indian and American stations and colonies; these were, commercially, gigantic offsets from the main stem; but the stem had attained colossal dimensions before the offsets were planted. The character of the people was in itself a source and condition of prosperity. Probity and punctuality in their dealings were dictates of self-interest; but their social and private habits were equally upright and methodical. The rich were moderate and frugal: many a man who sold the finest cloth wore himself a coarse coat: their charitable institutions were numerous; and the people of all orders were better educated than in any other nation in Europe. Few houses were without maps or charts; and acquaintance with at least the rudiments of geography, astronomy, and mathematics was nearly as common as reading and writing. Their numerous corporations accustomed the middle class to the business of law and police; and in a population where no one was idle, few lost the feeling of self-respect.—*British and Foreign Review.*

Transformation of the Locust.—In the summer, towards evening, it is common to see on the trunks of trees, reeds, or any upright thing, a heavy looking, hump-backed, brown beetle, an inch and a half long, with a scaly coat; clawed, lobster-like legs, and a somewhat dirty aspect, which is easily accounted for, when at the foot of the tree a little hole is visible in the turf, whence he has lately crept. I have sometimes carefully carried these home, and watched with great interest the poor locust "shuffle out his mortal," or rather earthly coil, and emerge into a new world. The first symptom is the opening of a small slit which appears in the back of his coat, between the shoulders, through which, as it slowly gapes wider, a pale, soft, silky-looking texture is seen below, throbbing and heaving backwards and forwards. Presently a fine square head, with two light red eyes, has disengaged itself, and in process of time (for the transformation goes on almost imperceptibly) this is followed by the liberation of a portly body and a conclusion; after which the brown leggings are pulled off like boots, and a pale, cream-coloured, weak, soft creature very slowly and very tenderly walks away from his former self, which remains standing entire, like the coat of mail of a warrior of old, ready to be encased in the cabinets of the curious; the shelly plates of the eyes that are gone, looking after their lost contents with a sad lack of "speculation" in them. On the back of the new-born creature lie two small bits of membrane, doubled and crumpled up in a thousand puckers, like a Limerick glove in a walnut-shell. These begin to unfold themselves, and gradually spread smoothly out into two large, beautiful, opal-coloured wings, which by the following morning have become clearly transparent, whilst the body has acquired its proper hard consistency and dark colour; and when placed on a gum-tree, the happy thing soon begins its whirring, creaking, chirruping song, which continues, with little intermission, as long as its happy hairless life.—*Notes and Sketches of New South Wales, by Mrs. Charles Meredith.*

Patron and Client.—The words Patron and Client are now used by us, but, like many other Roman terms, not in the original or proper sense. Dominus and Servus, Master and Slave, were terms placed in opposition to one another, like Patron and Client, Patronus and Client. A master who manumitted his slave became his Patronus, a kind of father (for Patronus is derived from Pater, father): the slave was called the Patron's Libertus, freed-man; and all Liberti were included in the class Libertini. Libertinus is another example of a word which we use (libertine), though not in the Roman sense. But the old Roman relation of Patron and Client was not this. Originally the heads of distinguished families had a number of retainers or followers who were called their Clients, a word which perhaps originally meant those who were bound to hear and to obey a common head. It was a tradition that when Atta Claudius, the head of the great Claudian Genus, who were Sabines, was admitted among the Ro-

man Patricians, he brought with him a large body of clients to whom land was given north of the Anio, now the Teverone. (Livius, 2, c. 16; Suetonius, *Tiberius*, c. 1.) The precise relation of the early clients to their leaders is one of the most difficult questions in Roman History, and much too extensive to be discussed here. It was the Patron's duty to protect his clients and to give them his aid and advice in all matters that required it: the clients owed to the Patron respect and obedience and many duties which are tolerably well ascertained. Long after the strictness of the old relation had been relaxed, the name continued and some of the duties, as we see in this sentence of Marius, where the Patron claimed to be exempted from giving evidence against his client. In the last periods of the Republic and under the Empire, Patron was sometimes simply used as Protector, adviser, defender, and Client to express one who looked up to another as his friend and adviser, particularly in all matters where his legal rights were concerned. Great men under the later Republic sometimes became the Patrons of particular states or cities, and looked after their interests at Rome. We have adopted the word Client in the sense of one who goes to an attorney or solicitor for his legal advice, but with us the client pays for the advice, and the attorney is not called his patron. A modern patron is one who patronizes, protects, gives his countenance to an individual, or to some association of individuals, but frequently he merely gives his countenance or his name, that being as much as can be asked from him or as much as he will give.—*Note by G. Long, in the Civil Wars of Rome, &c., in Knight's Weekly Volume.*

Soil indicated by Vegetation.—In the general examination of the land, the growth of the trees and copses, if there be any on the land, their species, their soundness, the elevation of their branches, and the cleanness of their bark, are among the surest marks of the quality of the soil. The plants which grow spontaneously there, even those that are injurious, afford also a valuable indication; but it is not sufficient that they grow isolated and slowly, but, on the contrary, their increase should be rapid and abundant. Thus the corn, or *field-grass* (*serratula arvensis*), indicates a rich and productive soil; the butter-bur, or great petasites (*tussilago petasites*), an argillaceous soil; the coltsfoot (*tussilago farfara*), and the bramble, a marly soil; the common chickweed and pimpernel (*abime media*), the common sow-thistle (*sonchus oleraceus*), the charlock (*sinapis arvensis*), grow on soft and tenacious lands; while the wild radish (*raphanus raphanistrum*) grows in dry and poor lands. The black medick, or nonsuch (*medicago lupulina*), is a sure sign of the marly quality of the soil in which it is found.—*Von Thuer's System of Agriculture.*

Effects of Cold in Russia.—I have witnessed the effects of cold too long endured upon the little postillions who are barbarously exposed to it in the winter season at St. Petersburg. The lads bear it for a time, as they sit on their horses, clapping their hands and singing to keep up their courage; but this fails them by degrees, and finally, benumbed, they fall from their saddles in a state of torpor, which nothing but rolling them in the snow will overcome. There is seldom a *fiel* given at St. Petersburg in the extreme cold weather that occurrences of this sort are not recorded. In very cold nights the sentries are frequently frozen to death, if not relieved at short intervals. As long as nervous excitement can be kept up, the resistance of cold is very great. General Pirofsky informed me, that in the expedition to Khiva, notwithstanding the intenseness of the cold, the soldiers marched along singing, with the breasts of their coats open, but only as long as they were flushed with the hopes of success. Where there is nothing to excite, and where exposure to cold takes place under the common routine of parade, its depressing effects are lamentably felt by those long exposed to it. In the time of the Grand-Duke Constantine, a regiment of horse was marched from Strelna to St. Petersburg, a distance of twelve miles and upwards. He marched at their head at a foot pace all the way. He had well wadded himself, and smeared his face over with oil. It was the gratification of a whim to expose the soldiers to a great degree of cold. They arrived at the square before the palace, and were dismissed to their barracks. The following day one-third of the regiment was in the hospital, attacked by nervous fever, of which many died. There was no stimulus of necessity in this case; but the moral feeling aggravated the physical suffering.—*Sir George Lefevre's Apology for the Nerves.*



NO. I.—INTRODUCTION.

THE influences of Nature have materials to work upon in all human hearts. In some, they suddenly light up feelings of love and joy, by the force of vicissitude and contrast. MILTON'S dweller in the populous city goes into its suburbs, and rejoices in a new life:

"As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick, and sewers, annoy the air,

Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms,
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, the tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound."

GRAY'S sick man rises from his bed, and finds "paradise" in the familiar things which he once pass'd unheeded:

"See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again :
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise."

The influences which are accidentally called forth by change of circumstances in some men, may, by cultivation of the right kind, become abiding principles in many, making them wiser and happier. CAMPBELL truly says—

"God has not given
This passion to the heart of man in vain,
For earth's green face, th' untainted air of heaven,
And all the bliss of Nature's rustic reign."

COLERIDGE, dramatically painting a prisoner in his dungeon, who is mournfully describing the process by which we seek to cure our offending brothers, makes him exclaim,

"With other ministrations thou, O Nature!
Healest thy wandering and distempered child :
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets ;
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters !
Till he relent and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty."

And so it is with those who cultivate these "soft influences," and desire to be purified under the "touch of love and beauty." More and more do they become happy in their subjection to Nature's "ministrations," till at last they reach that state, which, although best described, because most frequently realized, by the true poet, is not confined to those who have "the vision and the faculty divine :"

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sleep ; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms.
And such, too, is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead :
All lovely tales that we have heard or read :
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink."

KEATS.

And yet how many, in whom these pure and gentle joys might be awakened, pass through the world and know them not!

"At noon, when, by the forest's edge,
He lay between the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart,—he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky."

So Wordsworth describes one whom "Nature could

not touch," though he and Nature "had often been together." How is this coldness and deadness to be remedied?

First, we would say, learn to observe. The habit of observation, even in its humblest form of exercise, is a power and a pleasure. He who can distinguish a lime-tree from an elm, has learnt something more than he who has marked no differences in branch or leaf. We become naturalists in a large sense of the word—we do not mean collectors, or classifiers, but having some exact acquaintance with the manifold works and workings of Nature—by slow degrees, almost imperceptibly. We become so chiefly through ASSOCIATION. When we have reached that condition of feeling and of knowledge in which no "thing of beauty" can pass unheeded without calling up some association; then we are learning truly to commune with Nature, suffering her to find her way into our hearts. Who are the best guides to this true knowledge of Nature? Who are to make us the wiser and happier in our knowledge of Nature? We answer, unhesitatingly, the lay-priests of Nature—the Poets.

The Poets, as a class, are the truest naturalists. They teach us nothing of nomenclature and classification; but they teach us something far higher—the relations of the material world to the spiritual. They cannot do this effectually without being the most accurate of observers; for we should otherwise see that their images were not true. Seeing this, their analogies would fall dead upon our minds. Nor will mere generalizations satisfy us, such as we find in those half-poets who have dwelt not in fields and solitary places, but who attempt to describe through the aid of what has been described by others—book-images. Take an example of laboured and classical generalization, as compared with precise and original observation. GRAY, in many respects a real poet, thus describes the Spring, with an ode of Horace in his mind :—

"Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year."

SHAKSPERE, with the most minute accuracy, raised into the highest beauty by the power of association, groups the spring-flowers ;—

"Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

Shakspeare was a poet-naturalist. So Chaucer. So Spenser. So, especially, those who have taken the highest rank in our own generation.

We propose to walk forth, in all seasons, with these interpreters of Nature. They, for the most part, look upon this fair earth with a healthy spirit of gladness. If sometimes they have mournful notes, they are still such as Nature mingles with her happiest moods, and therefore are they not painful. We will look, too, with these companions, upon man in his holiday hours—"few and far between,"—but still not to be wholly counted amongst the glad things that are past. One of the poets of gladness, happy ROBERT HERRICK, says—

"I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers ;
I sing of may-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes."

This is, in the spirit of poetry, which is that of love, to unite the merry heart of man with the all-gushing gladness of birds and flowers. May their union be deeper and closer! May the sphere of human gladness be extended far and wide, in the awakening feeling of Love which has too long slept! In the noble words of a revered living poet, who has done more than any man

to teach us how the ministrations of Nature lead us to a deep sympathy for all our fellows, we invite the young and the old,—those to whom the face of creation is ever open, and those who seldom look upon the smiling aspect of field and forest and river,—to go forth, or to prepare themselves to go forth, to look upon Nature as the poets have looked upon her

“Then trust yourselves abroad
To range her blooming bowers and spacious fields,
Where on the labours of the happy throng
She smiles, including in her wide embrace
City, and town, and tower,—and sea with ships
Sprinkled,—be our companions while we track
Her rivers populous with gliding life;
White, free as air, o’er printless sands we march,
Or pierce the gloom of her majestic woods;
Roaming or resting under grateful shade,
In peace and meditative cheerfulness;
Where living things, and things inanimate,
Do speak, at Heaven’s command, to eye and ear,
And speak to social Reason’s inner sense,
With inarticulate language.

For the Man
Who, in this spirit, communes with the Forms
Of Nature, who with understanding heart
Duth know and love such objects as excite
No morbid passions, no disquietude,
No vengeance, and no hatred, needs must feel
The joy of that pure principle of Love
So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
But seek for objects of a kindred love
In fellow-natures and a kindred joy.
Accordingly he by degrees perceives
His feelings of aversion softened down,
A holy tenderness pervade his frame,
His sanity of reason not impaired,
Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,
From a clear fountain flowing, he looks round
And seeks for good; and finds the good he seeks:
Until abhorrence and contempt are things
He only knows by name; and if he hear,
From other mouths, the language which they speak,
He is compassionate, and has no thought,
No feeling, which can overcome his love.”

WORDSWORTH.



W.F. 20

Means for securing the Public Credit in the Sixteenth Century.
—At last, after much toil and many mortifications, Gresham got his government to agree to a plan of punctual payment, which would keep up their credit and save them from the heavy penny in future. “If this be followed up,” said he, “I do not

doubt but in two years to bring the king’s majesty wholly out of debt: which I pray God to send me life to see!” To accomplish this blessed end he proposed that the government should pay him weekly 1200*l.* or 1300*l.*, to be secretly received by one individual, so that it might be kept secret, and he might trust therein. Having this money punctually paid, he would take up at Antwerp, every day, 200*l.* or 300*l.* by exchange. “And thus doing,” he continues, “it shall not be perceived, nor shall it be an occasion to make the exchange fall, for that the money shall be taken up in my name. And so by these means, in working by deliberation and time, the merchants’ turn also shall be served. As also this should bring all merchants out of suspicion; who do nothing to payment of the king’s debts, and will not stick to say that ere the payment of the king’s debts be made it will bring down the exchange to 13*s.* 3*d.*, which I trust never to see that day. So that by this you may perceive, if that I do take up every day but 200*l.* sterling, it will amount in one year to 72,000*l.*; and the king’s majesty oweth here at this present 108,000*l.*, with the interest money that was prolonged afore this time. So that by these means, in two years, things will be compassed accordingly to my purpose set forth; as also by this means you shall neither trouble merchant-adventurer, nor stapler, nor merchant-stranger.” (*Strype.*) But as a supplement to this thing, Gresham, in the same letter to the Duke of Northumberland, passionately recommended a measure which must have troubled the merchants, and which can be considered only as a gross error in public economy. This recommendation was to seize instantly all the lead in the kingdom, to make a staple of it, and prohibit the exportation of any lead for five years to come. This, thought and said Gresham, would make the price of the commodity rise at Antwerp, and the king might feed that market with lead as it was needed from time to time, and at his own price. It was a suggestion worthy of a Turkish pasha; yet it has been applauded by a recent biographer: and Gresham (whose ignorance is more excusable) dwelt upon it with a sort of rapture, telling the Duke of Northumberland that by these combined means, or by the daily payment of 200*l.* and the seizure and monopoly of all lead, he would keep the money of England within the realm, and extricate the king from the debts in which his father and the Duke of Somerset had involved him; and that his grace would do his majesty such service as never duke did in England, to the removal of his house for ever. Northumberland, high-handed as he was, shrank from the daring and unpopular step of seizing and monopolizing the lead; but he adopted Gresham’s advice as to the payments of the money, and Sir Edmund Peckham, treasurer of the mint, had orders to pay weekly to Thomas Gresham 1052*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.* This, however, lasted for only eight weeks, or rather less, and then, according to the council-book, Gresham was given to understand that the payment (stated here not at 1052*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*, but at 1200*l.*) which he was wont to receive weekly was stopped, because that manner of exchange was not profitable for the king’s majesty. Yet, by means which have not (all) been very clearly shown, Gresham succeeded in raising the rate of exchange in favour of England, and in making the pound sterling, which had passed there for 16*s.*, rise on the Bourse or exchange of Antwerp to 18*s.* 8*d.* This he brought about in less than nine months after writing the letter to the Duke of Northumberland in which he recommended his grace to seize the lead. He congratulated himself on his great success; but still the greatest benefit he saw in it was that this rising of the exchange would occasion all our gold and silver to remain within the realm. Yet some of the means which he says himself he recommended and got adopted for the obtaining of this desirable end are as objectionable in principle, and almost as tyrannical, as the lead project could have been. Twice during the remainder of the short reign of Edward the Sixth the English merchant-fleet bound for Antwerp, which always sailed at fixed periods of the year, was detained in port when on the point of sailing, and the proprietors of the merchandise compelled to engage, on their arrival at Antwerp, to furnish the state with certain sums of money, to be repaid within three months in London, at a rate of exchange which the government itself fixed, and which it made as high as it possibly could. By this most irregular and oppressive process a loan of 40,000*l.* was obtained of the merchant-adventurers in 1552; and in 1553 it should appear that the lords of the council were “through with the staplers” for 25,000*l.*, and with the merchant-adventurers for 36,164*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*; while by the same compulsory process the exchange-value of the pound sterling was raised at Antwerp.
—*Life of Sir T. Gresham, in Knight’s Weekly Volume.*



[Hudibras and Siddrophel.]

HUDIBRAS.—No. X.

ASTROLOGY, in Butler's time, was a flourishing science: it had been so for a long period before, and continued so in spite of the castigation administered by him to its then most eminent professors. Dr. Dee, the astrologer, had been the friend and counsellor of Queen Elizabeth, who indeed gave him a sort of ecclesiastical preferment, making him warden of Manchester College. Under James, the believer in witchcraft, there was a succession of astrologers; but during the stormy times which followed there was a galaxy—Gadbury, Wharton, Vincent Wing (whose almanac was continued to a very recent period), and William Lilly, all violent opponents of each other. Lilly was a partisan of the king's at first, and his opinion was sought, with a fee of 20*l.*, as to the propriety of agreeing to the propositions of the Parliament, while the Parliamentarians employed him to furnish them with "perfect knowledge of the chiefest concerns of France," a service for which a payment of 50*l.* in cash and 100*l.* per annum can be considered only a very moderate remuneration. With the ruin of the king's cause he became a decided anti-royalist, and pretended to have foretold the battle of Naseby, having written under June, 1645, "If now we fight, victory steals upon us;" a not very definite or unsafe prediction. His chief business, however, was the calculation of nativities

and the recovery of stolen goods. He lived till the restoration, and solicited to be again employed as a prophet, but was rejected, more from political motives probably than from disbelief in his pretensions. He died in 1681, and was buried at Walton-upon-Thames. Such a character could not but form a capital subject for Butler's satirical powers, and he has accordingly treated it with consummate skill and vigour, but still taking infinite pains that the entire should not be individual, but general lashing—the dupes as well as the practisers.

"Doubtless the pleasure is great
Of being cheated, as to cheat;
As lookers on feel most delight,
That least perceive a juggler's slight;
And still, the less they understand,
The more th' admire his slight of hand.

* * * * *
Others still gape t' anticipate
The cabinet-designs of Fate,
Apply to wizards, to foresee
What shall, and what shall never be.
And as those vultures do forebode,
Believe events prove bad or good.
A flam more senseless than the rog'ry
Of old aruspicy and aug'ry,
That out of garbages of cattle
Presag'd th' events of truce or battle:

From flight of birds, or chickens-pecking,
Success of great 'st attempts wou'd reckon :
Tho' cheats, yet more intelligible,
Than those that with the stars do fribble."

In this, the third Canto of Part II., Hudibras begins to revolve the determination to which he had come respecting his self-inflicted punishment in the last canto, and is fearful of the consequences "if she [the widow] should find he swore untrue;" "for," says he to Ralpho—

"—— if in our account we vary,
Or put in circumstance miscarry;
Or if she put me to strict proof,
And make me pull my doublet off,
To show, by evident record
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having deferr'd unto her favour;
But faith, and love, and honour lost,
Shall be reduc'd t' a knight o' th' post?"

He wishes to

"find by necromantic art
How far the destinies take my part;"

and then Ralpho informs him of the character and skill of Sidrophel.

"Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, high Sidrophel,
That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells;
To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair;
When brass and pewter hap to stray,
And linen slinks out of the way;
When geese and pullets are seduc'd,
And sows of sucking pigs are chow'd;
When cattle feel indisposition,
And need th' opinion of physician;
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
And chickens languish of the pip;
When yeast and outward means do fail,
And have no pow'r to work on ale;
When butter does refuse to come,
And love proves cross and humoursome."

Hudibras declares his liking for the proposition, but doubts whether "saints have freedom" to make such use of sorcerers. These scruples Ralpho removes by a long detail of ridiculous wonders, and urges—

"Do not our great reformers use
This Sidrophel to forebode news?"

which quiets the knight's conscience, and he resolves to pay the astrologer a visit.

The astrologer himself is then described at full length:

"He had been long t'wards mathematics,
Optics, philosophy, and statics,
Magic, horoscopy, astrology;
And was old dog at physiology;
But, as a dog that turns the spit,
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again:
And still he's in the selfsame place
Where at his setting out he was:
So in the circle of the arts,
Did he advance his natural parts;
Till falling back still for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:
For as those fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but smatter;
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His understanding still was clear.
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Since old Hodge Bacon and Bob Grosted.
Th' intelligible world he knew,
And all men dreamt on 't to be true:

That in this world there's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart;
Nor can there on the face of ground
An individual beard be found,
That has not in that foreign nation
A fellow of the selfsame fashion;
So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,
As those are in th' inferior world.
H' had read Dee's Prefaces before,
The Dev'l and Euclid o'er and o'er;
And all th' intrigue 'twixt him and Kelly,
Lescus and th' Emperor wou'd tell ye;
But with the moon was more familiar
Than e'er was almanac well-willer;
Her secrets understood so clear,
That some believed he had been there;
Knew when she was in fittest mood
For cutting corns, on letting blood;
When for anointing scabs or itches,
Or to the bum applying leeches;
When sows and bitches may be spay'd,
And in what sign best cyder's made:
Whether the wane be, or increase,
Best to set garlic, or sow pease:
Who first found out the man i' th' moon,
That to the ancients was unknown;
How many dukes, and earls, and peers
Are in the planetary spheres;
Their airy empire, and command,
Their several strengths by sea and land;
What factions th' have, and what they drive at
In public vogue, or what in private;
With what designs and interests
Each party manages contests.
He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full or no;
That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
Whether 't were day or night demonstrate;
Tell what her d'meter t' an inch is,
And prove that she's not made of green-cheese.
It would demonstrate that the Man in
The Moon's a sea Mediterranean;
And that it is no dog or bitch,
That stands behind him at his breech;
But a huge Caspian Sea, or lake
With arms, which men for legs mistake;
How large a gulf his tail composes,
And what a goodly bay his nose is;
How many German leagues by th' scale
Cape Suout's from Promontory Tail.
He made a planetary gin,
Which rats wou'd run their own heads in,
And come on purpose to be taken,
Without th' expense of cheese or bacon;
With lute-strings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on dish or meat:
Quote moles and spots on any place
O' th' body, by the index face:

* * * * *
Cure warts and corns, with application
Of medicines to th' imagination;
Fright agues into dogs, and scare
With rhymes the tooth-ache and catarrh:
Chase evil spirits away by dint
Of sickle, horse-shoe, hollow-flint;
Spit fire out of a walnut shell,
Which made the Roman slaves rebel;
And fire a mine in China here,
With sympathetic gunpowder.
He knew what's ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own."

After a few more lines devoted to the ridicule of the newly established Royal Society, he proceeds with the character of the astrologer's assistant "high Whachum." Under this character, as we have already remarked, he chastises the person who published a parody imitation of his poem, but we only give that part here which completes the 'Astrologer':

"His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,
And men with their own keys unriddle,
To make them to themselves give answers,
For which they pay the necromancers;
To fetch and carry intelligence,
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all discoveries disperse
'Mong the whole pack of conjurers;
What cut-purses have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem:
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themselves and th' art repute;
Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,
Of thieves ascendant in the cart;
And find out all by rules of art:
Which way a serving-man, that's ran
With cloths or money away, is gone;
Who pick'd a sob at holding-forth,
And where a watch for half the worth
May be redeem'd; or stolen plate
Restor'd at considerable rate.
Beside all this, he serv'd his master
In quality of poetaster,
And rhymes appropriate could make
To ev'ry month i' th' almanac;
When terms begin and end could tell,
With their returns, in doggerel
When the exchequer opes and shuts,
And sowgelder with safety cuts;
When men may eat and drink their fill,
And when be temp'rate if they will,
When use, and when abstain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.
And as in prisons mean rogues beat
Hemp for the service of the great;
So Whachum beat his dirty brains
T' advance his master's fame and gains;
And like the devil's oracles,
Put into dogg'rel rhymes his spells,
Which over ev'ry month's blank-page
I' th' almanac strange bilks presage."

Many of these characteristics were preserved in almanacs till within a few years, and some, we believe, yet exist.

The Knight and Squire now turn their steeds towards the mansion of the astrologer, who perceives them coming, and addresses his satellite:

"Whachum (quoth he), look yonder, some
To try or use our art are come:
The one 's the learned knight; seek out
And pump 'em what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd with all submissions
T' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness:
He held a stirrup while the knight
From leather Barebones did alight;
And taking from his hand the bridle,
Approach'd the dark squire to unriddle:
He gave him first the time o' day,
And welcom'd him, as he might say:
He ask'd him whence they came, and whither
Their bus'ness lay? Quoth Ralpho, Hither.
Did you not lose? — Quoth Ralpho, Nay;
Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way!
Your knight — quoth Ralpho, Is a lover,
And pains intol'able doth suffer:
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lunge, and so forth downwards.
What time? — Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung —
Quoth he, I mean what time o' the day 't is;
Quoth Ralpho, between seven and eight 't is.
Why then (quoth Whachum) my small art
Tells me the flame has a hard heart;
Or great estate — Quoth Ralpho, a jointure,
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her."

The Knight, on being admitted, is kept "at bay" until the astrologer has the knowledge acquired by his

assistant imparted to him; he then addresses his visitor:—

"Sir, you'll excuse
This rudeness I am forc'd to use,
It is a scheme and face of heaven,
As th' aspects are dispos'd this even,
I was contemplating upon
When you arriv'd, but now I've done."

The dialogue of this worthy pair, and its consequences, we reserve for the next paper.

TOM CORYAT.

[Concluded from p. 15.]

CORYAT published his 'Crudities' in 1611, and in the next year "He undertook to travel," as Fuller has it, "unto the East Indies by land, mounted on an horse with ten toes, being excellently qualified for such a journey, for his rare dexterity (so properly as consisting most in manual signs) in interpreting and answering the dumb tokens of nations whose language he did not understand. Besides, such his patience in all distresses, that in some sort he might seem cooled with heat, fed with fasting, and refreshed with weariness. All expecting his return with more knowledge (though not more wisdom), he ended his earthly pilgrimage in the midst of his Indian travel, about as I collect the year of our Lord 1616."

Although he did not return to publish his Eastern journal, he transmitted "from the Mogul's court" some short notices of what he had seen, and some others have been preserved by Purchas in his 'Pilgrims.' In this second journey he abates nothing of his inquisitiveness. At Constantinople he sees as much as he can of the religious practices of the Turks; at "the dancing of the Darvishes," he says, "I could not chuse but admire;" and he describes it also. He manages, too, to get admitted to witness many of the Jewish ceremonies, which he likewise admires. He went also on the day before Good Friday to the monastery of the Franciscan friars in the same town, "where at midnight I saw certain fellows prostrate themselves in the middle of the choir, directly before the high altar, and there, for at least an hour and a half, whip themselves very cruelly; so bitter chastisement did they endure that I could scarce behold them with 'dry eyes.' They lashed their naked shoulders and backs with "certain napkins, at the end whereof were sitters, and again at the end of those were enclosed certain little sharp pieces of iron, made like the straight part of the rowels of a spur, which at the very first blow that it laid upon the skin did easily draw blood." These lashes they laid on "in a certain order," and with good effect, while "a certain fellow, with a cloth steeped in vinegar, wiped away the blood that it should not rankle." Coryat at first supposed they were some of the friars themselves, "but therein I erred, for they love to spare the flesh, though it be otherwise reported of them." These flagellants were in fact galley-slaves, who thus stood proxy for the friars, on condition of having their legal punishment remitted. Our author somewhat irreverently suggests whether the friars must not "go to heaven by proxy too." While he was at Constantinople a fire broke out, at which "the hurt was not so great as it was feared to have been, for there was not above fifty houses burnt;" and he notices that "it is the custom, whenever any fire riseth in the city, to hang up him in whose house it beginneth; as now a cook, in whose house it began, was hanged presently after the fire began."

From Constantinople he visited various parts of Greece, and went to see what remained of Troy, of which he gives a long account; and relates too how Master Robert Ruggie, observing with what diligence he had been engaged from his first arrival in examin-

ing all the remains of antiquity, resolved to create him the "first English knight of Troy." Whereat the "two poor Turks that stood but a little way from us when he drew his naked sword, thought verily he meant to have cut off my head for some notorious villainy that I had perpetrated." He also gives "the witty extempore verses of Master Rugge," and his own in reply, with "an extemporal oration he delivered standing upon a high stone;" all which honest Purchas has printed because they may "serve to resolve and thaw the most frozen spirit of severe gravity or stupider stoic; melting some delight, if not extorting laughter from him." He was so delighted with his visit to Troy's ruins that he declares on leaving them "these notable things that I have seen in Troy are so worthy the observation, that I would not for five hundred pounds but I had seen them; and had I not seen them now, I think I should have taken a journey out of England to see the same. Therefore let me advise all my countrymen that mean to travel into the world for observation, to see this famous place in their travels, as being far the most worthiest of all the ruined places in the world that are not inhabited." He visited Jerusalem, where he received with as much faith as Chateaubriand all the monks' tales about the sacred localities. Thence he went to all he could find of the Seven Churches, and various other places in the Holy Land. After he had seen as much as he could, he turned his face towards India. When at Asinere, and afterwards at Agra, at the court of the Great Mogul, he wrote letters home which were published in England. When he wrote, he had been three years and some odd days from home, during which time he had learned four languages more—Italian, Arabic, Turkish, and Persian. "I spent in my journey betwixt Jerusalem and this Mogul's court fifteen months and odd days; all which way I traversed afoot, but with divers pairs of shoes, having been such a peripatetic as I doubt whether you ever heard of the like in your life; for the total way betwixt Jerusalem and the Mogul's court containeth two thousand and seven hundred English miles." And he only expended, "in all his ten months' travels betwixt Aleppo and the Mogul's court, but three pounds sterling, yet fared reasonable well every day;" and of these three pounds he "was cozened of no less than ten shillings sterling, by certain lewd Christians of the Armenian nation." He is full of admiration of the splendour of the Mogul's court and at his own treatment there. "I have rid too upon an elephant since I came here, and am determined (by God's leave) to have my picture expressed in my next book, sitting upon an elephant;" which was done for him as a frontispiece to the Letters. His acquirements in the languages he did not suffer to be useless. Having made sufficient progress in Persian, he composed in it an oration which he delivered to the Mogul, who, having listened to it from a window, presented him with a gratuity "which counterbalanced ten pounds of our English money;" and he adds, "never had I more need of money in all my life than at that time, for in truth I had but twenty shillings sterling left in my purse." Rather a poor prospect in the midst of India; but Thomas is, after all, a prudent man in pecuniary matters: see, in writing to his mother, what a business-like survey he takes of his finances: "Since I came into this country I have received benefvolences twenty marks sterling, saving two shillings eight-pence;" and he has "at this present, in the city of Agra, about twelve pounds sterling, which, according to my manner of living by the way, at twopence sterling a day (for with that proportion I can live pretty well, such is the cheapness of all eatable things in Asia—drinkable things costing nothing, for seldom do I drink in my pilgrimage any other liquor than pure water), will

maintain me very completely three years in my travels with meat, drink, and clothes." Being so well provided for, he tells her he proposes to remain out on his pilgrimage four years longer, when he "hopes to kneel before her with effusions of tears for joy." "Sweet mother," he goes on in his high-flown way, "pray let not this wound your heart that I say four years hence, and not before; I humbly beseech you, even upon the knees of my heart, with all submissive supplications, to pardon me for my long absence."

Among his letters from the Mogul's court is one of special note: it is addressed "to the Right Generous, Jovial, and Mercurial Sireniacks that meet the first Friday of every month, at the sign of the Mermaid, in Bread-street, in London"—the Olympus of clubs. The letter is in the highest strain of Ruphuism: and is most memorable for its tail, wherein he desires them to "remember the recommendation of my dutiful respects to all those whose names I have here expressed," among which are "that famous antiquary Sir Thomas Cotton; Mr. John Donne; Mr. John Hoskins, alias Equinoctial Pasty-crust Counsellor, at his chamber in the Middle Temple; Master Benjamin Jonson, poet, at his chamber at the Black-friars; Mr. Samuel Purkas, the great collector of the lucubrations of sundry classical authors; Mr. Inigo Jones;" and lastly, "all the booksellers in Paul's Church-yard." We are tempted by its straightforwardness to extract a curious passage out of his letter to Lawrence Whitaker. After requesting him to convey a letter he encloses "to mine uncle Williams," he added, "You may do me a kind office to desire him (with such convenient terms and pathetical persuasions as your discretion shall dictate and suggest unto you) to remember me as his poor industrious peregrinating kinsman, nearest unto him in blood of all the people in the world; to remember me, I say, with some competent gratuity, if God should call him out of the world before I return into my native country."

But the time was at hand when no gratuity of man would be needed by him. He had nearly reached the end of all his peregrinations. In the 'Voyage of the Reverend Thomas Terry, Chaplain to the Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas Rowe, Lord Ambassador to the Great Mogul,' we have a rather minute account of his last days. Coryat was, while at the Mogul's court, says Terry, "for some months with my Lord Ambassador, during which time he was either my chamber-fellow or tent-mate, which gave me full acquaintance of him;" and accordingly he enlarges more than enough about some of his doings, all of which we will leave except a little circumstance that will serve as a pendant to that Mogul oration of his. That was in Persian, the language of the court; but he had also acquired "a great mastery in the Indostan, or more vulgar language," and must try his skill in it. Now, says Terry, "there was a woman, a laundress, belonging to my Lord Ambassador's house, who had such a freedom and liberty of speech, that she would sometimes scold, brawl, and rail from the sun-rising to the sun-set; one day he undertook her in her own language, and by eight of the clock in the morning so silenced her that she had not one word more to speak."

But he began to think it time he should leave this too tempting court: "he told us there were great expectations in England of the large accounts he should give of his travels after his return;" and he had much work before him. For it seems "he had resolved (if God had spared his life) to have wandered up and down the world, as sometime Ulysses did, and though not so long as he, yet ten full years at least, before his return home, in which time he resolved to see Tartaria in the vast parts thereof, with as much as he could of China, and those other large places and provinces

interposed betwixt East India and China whose true names we might have had from him, but yet have not. He had a purpose after this to have visited the court of Prester John, in Ethiopia, who is there called by his own people *Ho Biot*, the king, and after this it was in his thoughts to have cast his eyes upon many other places; which if he had done, and lived to write those relations," the Reverend Thomas Terry thinks "they must needs have swollen into so many huge volumes as would have prevented the perishing of paper." Before he could set out, however, he fell sick, and, as often happens when ill and far from home, hope failed him, and he frequently expressed his fears that he should die in his way towards Surat, and none of his friends know what became of him; "he travelling now, as he usually did, alone." Yet did he not for a moment waver in his purpose of journeying onwards; but "thankfully refusing my Lord's invitation to stay longer with him," he bent his steps towards Surat—three hundred miles distant. He lived to reach it, but sick in body and sick at heart. By some of the English there "who used him over-kindly," he was "invited to partake of some sack they had brought from England." At the well-known sound, visions of home and happy days, and of

"The things he had seen
Done at the Mermaid,"

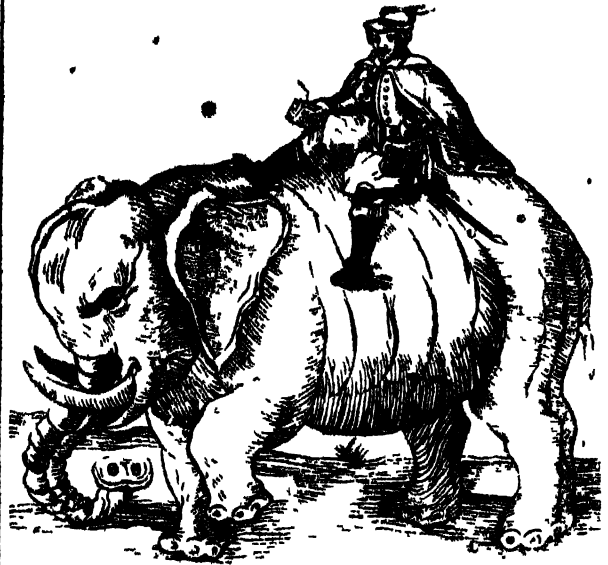
fitted before him. "Sack, sack!" he exclaimed in words that sound to us singularly pathetic, "is there any such thing as sack? I pray you bring me some sack." "The drinking of it," says Terry, "though moderately (for he was a very temperate man), increased the dysentery so much that in a few days he died. This was in December, 1617; and he was buried under a little monument, like one of those which are usually made in our churchyards." Whereon Master Terry thus moralizeth:—"Sic exit Coryatus. Hence he went off the stage, and so must all after him, how long soever their parts seem to be: for if one should go to the extremest part of the world east, another west, another north, and another south, they must all meet together in the Field of Bones, wherein our traveller hath now taken up his lodging."

There need little be added to what we have already said of Coryat. That he was not without considerable shrewdness is evident: Ben Jonson calls him "a great and bold carpenter of words, or (to express him in one like his own) a Logodædale;" and his carpentry often conceals his better parts: but as Fuller truly said, "few would call him a fool, might none do it save such who had as much learning as himself." To his good qualities his contemporaries were mole-eyed, his faults they saw plainly enough—not the less so perhaps that they afforded plentiful employment both for those who had wit and those who fancied folly had it. As a traveller, his perseverance, his anxiety to obtain what he considered to be important information, his patience under fatigue, and his thorough honesty:—as a man, his singular kind-heartedness, as well as extreme simplicity, are everywhere conspicuous; unfortunately his tediousness and vanity are equally so. Fuller has spoken of his person in a manner that may serve as a study to the phrenologists:—"He carried folly (which the charitable call merriment) in his very face. The shape of his head had no promising form, being like a sugar-loaf inverted, with the little end before, as composed of fancy and memory, without any common sense."

Our portrait of him is taken from the frontispiece to his 'Cradities,' where it is supported by three gaily dressed ladies, the representatives of France, Italy, and Germany, the latter of whom yields occasion for a little merriment from Ben Jonson. Whitaker says of the portrait,

"This should be his picture, 'tis rather his emblem,
For by it it notes him, though, 't little resemble him."

But Tom adds in a note, "You differ in opinion (Mr. Lawrence) from all my other friends that have compared together the counterfeited and the living figure." Jonson says nothing about the likeness, but quizzes his "starved beard and pointed ruff;" while Whitaker laughs at his traveller's air. The engraving of Coryat on an elephant is a reduced copy of the cut before referred to.



The Albatross.—It soars along with widely expanded wings that often measure fifteen or eighteen feet between the tips, with an even, solemn flight, rarely seeming to stir but as if merely floating along. Now and then a slow flapping motion serves to raise him higher in the air, but the swift movement and blay flutter of other birds seem beneath his dignity. He sails almost close to you, like a silent spectre. Nothing of life appears in his still, motionless form, but his keen piercing eye, except that occasionally his head turns slightly, and betrays a sharp, prying expression, that somewhat shakes your belief in the lordly indifference he would fain assume; and if you fling overboard a piece of rusty pork, the disenchantment is complete, and you see that long curiously-crooked beak exercising its enormous strength in an employment so spectral a personage could scarcely be suspected of indulging.—*Mrs. Merdeth's Sketches of New South Wales.*

Labour.—Although labour is one of the most important items in agriculture, much too little attention has frequently been paid to taking notes of it, and calculating the expense. Even, if a general estimate be made of the cost of ploughing executed by the servants and teams belonging to the estate, as well as by day-labourers and task-workers, and the whole amount of these expenses be obtained by adding together the wages and food of the servants, the value of fodder consumed by the beasts of draught, and finally the amount of pecuniary disbursements, still the portion of these expenses which appertains to each object, product, and field, is rarely ascertained with any precision; nevertheless, such knowledge is of the utmost importance, since it affords the only means by which certain results respecting the profit and loss of each department of the cultivation, or system of operations in general, can be obtained. Again, it is in this way alone that it is possible to ascertain whether the resources which have been expended on labour have been employed to the greatest advantage, or whether they might not be better applied. The method of which we are speaking would, likewise, tend to give a greater degree of control over labour than could be obtained by any other means, and to furnish data for making valuations and far more certain principles than could be derived even from the most incessant and careful superintendence and inspection of the different branches of labour.—*For Thaw, by Shaw and Johnson, vol. i. p. 130.*



THE YEAR OF THE POETS.

NO. II.—THE FIRST STEPS OF SPRING.

IN the northern clime, the clime of Sweden and Norway, "there is no long and lingering Spring unfolding leaf and blossom one by one;—no long and lingering Autumn, pompous with many coloured leaves and the glow of Indian Summers. But Winter and Summer are wonderful, and pass into each other." So writes, from actual observation, Longfellow, the chief of American poets. Long and lingering Spring, long and lingering Autumn, of our own capricious skies, blessed be the great Source of life and beauty who has given you to us! If Winter had leapt into the arms of Summer, many a poet of England might have sung the glories of their bridal day; but where would have been the thousand delicious foot-prints of the upward and downward march of the Year, which the poets have waited upon in all love and joyfulness!

Eternal Spring!—it is a dream of the poets, but not of the poet-naturalists. They dutifully watch all the slow changes of the seasons. Spring mounting into Summer, Summer ripening into Autumn, Autumn declining into Winter, Winter melting into Spring;—Childhood, Manhood, Age, Death, ye have your types in the ever varying year. The Spring of the Fortunate Isles has no variety in its sweets. Hear how a true poet sung the Spring of the Bermudas in his Song of the Pilgrims who fled from our shores in search of freedom and toleration:—

"Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied:
From a small boat that row'd along
The list'ning winds receiv'd this song.

No. 822.

What should we do but sing his praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge sea-monsters wrack's,
That lift the deep upon their backs.
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelates' rage.
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels everything;
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits thro' the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night;
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet,
But apples plants of such a price,
No trees could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon he stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.
Oh! let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.

Thus sung they, in the English boat,
An holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time."

ANDREW MARVELL.

VOL. XIV.—E

Beautiful as this charming lyric is, we cannot feel its truth, as we feel the Sonnet of the Ayrshire Ploughman, "On hearing a Thrush sing in a Morning Walk in January:"—

"Sing on, sweet Thrush, upon the leafless bough;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain;
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.
So in lone Poverty's dominion drear
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.
I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds the orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!
Yet come, thou child of poverty and care;
The mite high Heav'n bestowed, that mite with thee
I'll share."

BURNS.

Spring in the lap of Winter is very beautiful. February smiles and pouts like a self-willed child. We are gladdened by the flower-buds of the elder, and the long flowers of the hazel. The crocuses and the snow-drop timidly lift up their heads. Mosses, the verdure of winter, that rejoice in moisture and defy cold, luxuriate amidst the general barrenness. The mole is busy in his burrowed galleries. There are clear mornings, not unmusical with the voices of more birds than the thrush of Burns:—

"The mist still hovers round the distant hill;
But the blue sky above us has a clear
And heavenly softness; not a white speck lies
Upon its breast: it is a crystal dome.
There is a quiet charm about this morn
Which sinks into the soul. No gorgeous colours
Has the undraped earth, but yet she shows
A vestal brightness: not the voice is heard
Of sylvan melody, whether of birds
Intent on song, or bees mingling their music
With their keen labour; but the twittering voice
Of chaffinch, or the wild, unfrequent note
Of the lone woodlark, or the minstrelsy
Of the blest robin, have a potent spell
Chirping away the silence: not the perfume
Of violet scents the gale, nor apple-blossom,
Nor antiating bean-flower; the fresh breeze
Itself is purest fragrance. Light and air
Are ministers of gladness; where these spread
Beauty abides and joy: wherever Life is
There is no melancholy."

ANON.

There was more approach to Poetry in our calendar when the year commenced in March. We opened our year with the early Spring, and not in the mid-Winter. It is in one of his lively poems on Spring that Wordsworth makes his year begin with "The first mild day of March:"—

"It is the first mild day of March:
Each minute sweeter than before,
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountainous bare,
And grass in the green field.

My sister! (it is a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign;
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you; and pray
Put on with speed your woodland dress:
And bring no book; for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living Calendar:
We from to-day, my friend, will date
The opening of the year.

Love, now an universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth;
—It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
Than fifty years of reason:
Our minds will drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey:
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls:
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister! come, I pray,
With speed put on your woodland dress:
—And bring no book; for this one day
We'll give to idleness."

—WORDSWORTH.

Glorious is the song which the same poet of Nature raises when the snow has left the mountains:—

"The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plough-boy is whooping—anon—anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!"

WORDSWORTH.

This is painting from Nature. "The poet sits with his pencil under the blue sky. He delineates what is before him; and there is a picture which wants no heightening. One of our elder bards touches the same scenes with the gayer colours of Fancy:—

"Sweetly breathing Vernal Air,
That with kind warmth dost repair
Winter's ruins, from whose breast
All the gums and spices of the east
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Glides the morn, and clears the sky;
Whose dishevel'd tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet bed;
On whose brow, with calm smiles drest,
The halcyon sits, and builds her nest;
Beauty, youth, and endless spring,
Dwell upon thy rosy wing!

Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant flowery birth
Canst refresh the teeming earth.
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's fair or good,
If he scatter our choice flowers,
We'll shake our hall or bowers

If his rude breath threaten us,
Thou canst stroke great Æolus,
And from him the grace obtain
To bind him in an iron chain."

THOMAS CAREW.

SPENSER, the most imaginative of poets, in his 'Shepherd's Calendar,' tells us of the opening Spring-time with an antique simplicity in a dialogue between:—

"The joyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall alegee this bitter blast,
And slake the Winter sorrow.
Thou, Sicker, Willye, thou warnest well;
For Winter's wrath begins to quell,
And pleasant Spring appeareth:
The grass now 'gins to be refresh'd,
The swallow peeps out of her nest,
And cloudy welkin cleareth.
Will. Seest not thilke same Hawthorn stud,
How bragly it begins to bud,
And utter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth each flower
And bids make ready Maids' bower."

SPENSER.

More gorgeous is his personation of the Months, of which March leads the train:—

"First; sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he streyed as he went,
And fill'd her womb with fruitful hope of nourishment."

SPENSER.

The second is April:—

"Next came fresh April, full of lusty head,
And wanton as a kid whose horn new buds;
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through th' Argolic floods:
His horns were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlands goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds
Which the earth brings forth; and wet he seem'd in sight
With waves, through which he waded for his Love's delight."

SPENSER.



[Proud pied April.]

Shakspeare personifies April in four charming lines:—

"From you have I been absent in the Spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him."

SONNET XCIII.

After these mighty masters we may still listen with delight to the simple April song of the old lyrist of Scotland, honest Allan Ramsay:—

"In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And Summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.
There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sang his loves ev'ning and morn;
He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
That silvans and fairies unseen danc'd around."

RAMSAY.

Nor may we hesitate to take as a companion in our early Spring walks an unpretending poet, who was scarcely appreciated in his own day, and is now neglected:—

"Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The fleet storm retreating still,
The morning hoar, and evening chill,
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee with airy wing
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound:
Scarce a sickly straggling flower
Decks the rough castle's rifted tower:
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps:
O'er the field of waving broom,
Slowly shoots the golden bloom:
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale.
While from the shrubbery's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,
Every chequered charm is flown;
Saye that the lilac hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters blue."

Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand;
The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades;
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge;
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skins in haste the village green;
From the grey moor on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring:
The butterfly, gay-painted soon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon;
And fondly trusts its tender dyes
To sickle suns and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark;
But when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery veil
Looks through the thin-descending hail;
She mounts, and lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues
Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks enclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with amorous call;
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreath their capacious nests anew."

THOMAS WARTON.

[To be continued.]



[Giulio Romano.]

ESSAYS ON THE LIVES OF REMARKABLE PAINTERS.—No. XXXV.

THE SCHOLARS OF RAPHAEL.

WE have already had occasion to observe the great number of scholars, some of them older than himself, who had assembled round Raphael, and the unusual harmony in which they lived together. Vasari relates that when he went to court, a train of fifty painters attended on him from his own house to the Vatican. They came from every part of Italy;—from Florence, Milan, Venice, Bologna, Ferrara, Naples, and even from beyond the Alps, to study under the great Roman master; many of them assisted, with more or less skill, in the execution of his great works in fresco; some imitated him in one thing, some in another; but the unrivalled charm of Raphael's productions lies in the impress of the mind which produced them. This he could not impart to others. Those who followed servilely a particular manner of conception and drawing which they called, 'Raphael's style,' sunk into insipidity and littleness. Those who had original power deviated into exaggerations and perversities. Not one among them approached him. Some caught a faint reflection of his grace, some of his power: but they turned it to other purposes; they worked in a different spirit:

they followed the fashion of the hour. While he lived, his noble aims elevated them, but when he died they fell away one after another. The lavish and magnificent Pope Leo X. was succeeded in 1521 by Adrian VI., a man conscientious even to severity, sparing even to asceticism, and without any sympathies either for art or artists; during his short pontificate of two years all the works in the Vatican and St. Peter's were suspended; the poor painters were starving; the dreadful pestilence which raged in 1523 drove many from the city. Under Clement VII., one of the Medici, and nephew of Leo X., the arts for a time revived; but the sack of Rome by the barbarous soldiery of Bourbon in 1527 completed the dispersion of the artists who had flocked to the capital, each returning to his native country or city, became also a teacher, and thus what was called 'Raphael's School' or the 'Roman School' was spread from one end of Italy to the other.

Raphael had left by his will his two favourite scholars, Gian Francesco Penni and Giulio Romano, as executors, and to them he bequeathed the task of completing his unfinished works.

GIAN FRANCESCO PENNI, called Il Fattore, was his beloved and confidential pupil, and had assisted him much, particularly in preparing his cartoons; but everything he executed from his own mind and after Raphael's death has, with much tenderness and Raf-

faeques grace, a sort of feebleness more of mind than hand: his pictures are very rare. He died in 1528.

His brother LUCA PENNI was in England for some years in the service of Henry VIII., and employed by Wolsey in decorating his palace at Hampton Court; some remains of his performances there were still to be seen in the middle of the last century; but Horace Walpole's notion that Luca Penni executed those three singular pictures, the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the Battle of the Spurs, and the Embarkation of Henry VIII., appears to be quite unfounded.

Giulio Pippi, surnamed from the place of his birth Il Romano, and generally styled GIULIO ROMANO, was also much beloved by Raphael, and of all his scholars the most distinguished for original power. While under the influence of Raphael's mind, he imitated his manner and copied his pictures so successfully, that it is sometimes difficult for the best judges to distinguish the difference of hand. After Raphael's death he abandoned himself to his own luxuriant genius. He lost the simplicity, the grace, the chaste and elevated feeling which had characterised his master. He became strongly imbued with the then reigning taste for classical and mythological subjects, which he treated not exactly in a classical spirit, but with great boldness and fire, both in conception and execution. He did not excel in religious subjects: if he had to paint the Virgin, he gave her the air and form of a commanding Juno; if a Saviour, he was like a Roman emperor; the apostles in his pictures are like heathen philosophers; but when he had to deal with gods and Titans he was in his element.

For four years after the death of Raphael he was chiefly occupied in completing his master's unfinished works; at the end of that time he went to Mantua and entered the service of the Duke Gonzaga, as painter and architect. He designed for him a splendid palace called the Palazzo del Te, which he decorated with frescoes in a grand but coarse style. In one saloon he represented Jupiter vanquishing the giants; in another, the history of Psyche; everywhere we see great luxuriance of fancy, wonderful power of drawing, and a bold large style of treatment; but great coarseness of imagination, red heavy colouring, a pagan rather than a classical taste.

In character Giulio Romano was a man of generous mind; princely in his style of living; an accomplished courtier, yet commanding respect by a lofty sense of his own dignity as an artist. He amassed great riches in the service of the Duke Gonzaga, and spent his life at Mantua: his most important works are to be found in the palaces and churches of that city.

When Charles I. purchased the entire collection of the Dukes of Mantua in 1629, there were among them many pictures by Giulio Romano; one of these was the admirable copy of Raphael's fresco of the battle between Constantine and Maxentius, now in the guard-room at Hampton Court; in the same gallery are seven others, all mythological, and characteristic certainly, but by no means favourable specimens of his genius. The most important picture which came into the possession of King Charles was a Nativity, a large altar-piece, which after the king's death was sold into France: it is now in the Louvre (1075). A very pretty little picture is the Venus persuading Vulcan to forge the arrows of Cupid—also in the Louvre (1077), from which the group of Cupids in the illustration has been taken. Engravings after Giulio Romano are very commonly met with.

Giulio Romano was invited by Francis I. to undertake the decoration of his palace at Fontainebleau, but not being able to leave Mantua, he sent his pupil Primaticcio, who covered the walls with frescoes and arabesques, much in the manner of those in the Palazzo del Te, that is to say, with gods and goddesses, fauns,

satyrs, nymphs, Cupids, Cyclops, Titans, in a style as remote from that of Raphael as can well be imagined, and yet not destitute of a certain grandeur



From the Woman taken in Adultery, by G. Rom

THE FOUNTAINS AND WATER-SELLERS OF TURKEY.

In a recent article (No. 812), we gave a few details concerning the Turkish arrangements for supplying Constantinople with water; by means of bejds or reservoirs, aqueducts, hydraulic pillars, and immense cisterns in different parts of the city. These may be termed the engineering portion of the arrangements; and we have yet to notice what may perhaps be deemed the *retail* distribution of water within the city itself.

Dr. Walsh observes:—"As there is no object of consumption in life so precious to a Turk as water, so there is none which he takes such care to provide, not only for himself, but for all other animals. Before his door he always places a vessel filled with water for the dogs of the street; he excavates stones into shallow cups, to catch rain for the little birds; and wherever a stream runs or a rill trickles, he builds a fountain for his fellow-creature, to arrest and catch the vagrant current, that not a drop of the fluid should be wasted. These small fountains are numerous, and frequently executed with care and skill. They are usually parted or backed with a slab of marble, ornamented with Turkish sculpture, and inscribed with some sentence

from the Koran, inculcating practical charity and benevolence. The beneficent man, at whose expense this is done, never allows his own name to make part of the inscription. A Turk has no ostentation in his charity; his favourite proverb is, 'Do good, and throw it into the sea; and if the fish do not see it, Allah will!'

Some of the fountains which adorn Constantinople are very magnificent; two especially, one near the great gate of the Seraglio, and the other in Pera, near Tophana. They are beautiful specimens of the arabesque, highly decorated. The Pera Fountain is in the midst of a busy market-place, where its value is more fully appreciated than it would be at any other spot. Here are in one place dealers in melons and gourds, and in others dealers in the countless articles of eastern luxury—such of them, at least, as are not sold in the covered bazaars. The fountain, in the middle of the open area, is a square edifice with four projecting cornices, surmounted by a balustrade along the four façades. These last are covered over with a profusion of sculpture; and every compartment, formed by the moulding, is filled with sentences from the Koran, and poetical quotations from Turkish, Persian, and Arabic authors. The following is a translation given by Dr. Walsh of some of the inscriptions:—

"This fountain descended from Heaven—erected in this suitable place, dispenses its salutary waters on every side by ten thousand channels."

"Its pure and lucid streams attest its salubrity, and its transparent current has acquired for it an universal celebrity."

"As long as Allah causes a drop of rain to descend into its reservoir, the happy people who participate in its inestimable benefits shall waft praises of its virtue to that sky from whence it came down."

"It should be our prayer that the justice of a merciful God should reward with happiness the author of this benevolent undertaking, and have his deed handed down to a never-ending posterity."

"This exquisite work is before Allah a deed of high merit, and indicates the piety of the Sultan Mahmoud."

The arrangements for supplying this so highly-prized beverage to the inhabitants are as follow:—The whole of the water department is under the direction of the *Sou Nazir*, a 'president of water,' who has under him two sub-corps, the *Sou Toldgi*, or 'water engineers,' and the *Saryees*, or 'water-carriers.' The business of the first of these corps is to watch that the beudits, &c. receive no damage, and are in constant repair; while the second distribute the water over the city. They are supplied with leathern sacks, broad at one end and narrow at the other, somewhat like chums, and closed at the mouth with a leather strap. When one of these bags has been filled at the fountain, the saggie throws it across his back, with the broad end resting on his hip and the narrow end on his shoulder; when he empties it he opens the flap, stoops his head, and the water is discharged into some recipient.

Another of these busy fountains, in the suburb called Galata, is considered one of the most beautiful specimens of Moorish architecture which the city exhibits. Four small domes form the roof, circled by a net-work of dentated sculpture, which gives them a light and pretty appearance. The face of the fountain is profusely painted with arabesques. Five slender pillars of white marble divide the principal front into four equal compartments, which are covered to about mid-height with gilded lattice work. Within is a range of brass vessels, occupying the lip of a reservoir, containing a constant supply of cool water for the use of the thirsty passenger; while on either side of this principal front are exterior basins fed with a constant flow of water, from which vessels are filled by all comers free of charge.

So much do the Turks delight in drinking the clear produce of their beudits and fountains, that they often make a holiday to a pretty country spot for this purpose: about midway along the Bosphorus is a delightful place called the "Valley of the Sweet Waters," where a small stream flows into the Bosphorus. On Fridays (the Mahommedan Sabbath), the valley is thronged with holiday-keeping idlers; and a Frank or European has then a better opportunity of seeing Turkish women than under any other circumstances, for there is somewhat of an unbending from that rigid discipline which is observed within the capital itself. Miss Pardoe has given a graphic description of this scene. "All ranks alike frequent this sweet and balmy spot. The sultanas move along in quiet stateliness over the green sward in their gilded arabas, drawn by oxen glittering with foil and covered with awnings of velvet, heavy with gold embroidery and fringes; the light carriages of the pashas' harems roll rapidly past, decorated with flashing draperies, the horses gaily caparisoned, and the young beauties within pillowed on satins and velvets, and frequently screened by shawls of immense value; while the wives of many of the beys, the effendis, and the emins, leave their arabas, and seated on Persian carpets under the leafy canopy of the superb maple-trees which abound in the valley, amuse themselves for hours, the elder ladies with their pipes and the younger ones with their hand-mirrors; greetings innumerable take place on all sides, and the itinerant confectioners and water-vendors reap a rich harvest. The fountain of Guyuk Suy stands in the midst of a double avenue of trees, which fringe the border of the Bosphorus. It is built of delicate white marble, is extremely elegant in design, and elaborately ornamented with arabesques. The spot which it adorns is a point of re-union for the fair idlers of the valley, when the evening breeze upon the channel renders this portion of the glen more cool and delicious than that in which they pass the earlier hours of the day, and is only separated from it by the stream already named, which is traversed by a heavy wooden bridge. The whole *coup d'œil* is charming. Slaves hurry hither and thither carrying water from the fountain to their respective mistresses, in covered crystal goblets, or vases of wrought silver; fruit merchants pass and repass with amber-coloured grapes and golden melons; Slavonian musicians collect a crowd about them, which disperses the next moment to throng round a gang of Bedouin tumblers; serudjes gallop over the soft grass in pursuit of their employers; carriages come and go noiselessly along the turf at the beck of their fair occupants; a fleet of caïques dance upon the ripple, ready to convey a portion of the revelers to their homes on the European shore; and the beams of the bright sun fall full on the turreted towers of the castles of Europe on the opposite side of the channel, touching them with gold, and contrasting yet more powerfully their long and graceful shadows upon the water."

In most of the Oriental countries this practice of bringing water from fountains in earthen bottles or stone vessels is followed; and the water itself is much more highly valued as a drink than in England. Mr. Lane states that water is almost the only beverage taken by the Egyptians at their meals. The water of the Nile is said to be remarkably good, and this water is drunk at table either from an earthen bottle or from a brass cup. The water bottles are of two kinds; the one with a narrow and the other with a wide mouth. They are made of a greyish, porous earth, which gives a delicious coolness to the water by evaporation; and they are generally placed in a current of air for this purpose. The Egyptians contrive to give a sort of perfume to the water by blacking the interior of the

bottle with the smoke of some resinous kind of wood, then perfuming it with a fragrant smoke from another kind of wood, and then with the smoke of mastic. To effect this, the burning ingredients are put into a curiously formed earthen vessel, called a *mi'khar'ah*, having a very narrow mouth; and the water-vessel, by being inverted over this, becomes coated by the perfumed smoke. The flavour of the water is also sometimes modified by putting a little orange-flower water into the bottle. The bottles have stoppers of silver, brass, tin, wood, or palm-leaves; and are generally placed in a tray of tinned-copper, which receives the water that exudes from them. In cold weather china bottles are used in many houses instead of these, in order that the water might not be rendered too cold.

There are many countries, such as the sandy desert of Arabia, in which water-bottles made of skin or leather are constantly used. Some of these roving tribes have water-bags made of tanned camel-skin; some of goat or of kid skin; the buckets for dipping from the wells are of leather. Sometimes the whole skin of a he goat is made up into a large water-bag; while smaller ones, made from kid-skin, are used in travelling, and are attached to the saddle. These skin bags, which present rather an odd appearance when full of water, are made without seam; by cutting off the head and feet of the animals, and emptying the skin of its entire contents without cutting open the skin itself, except at the parts where the head and feet have been severed.

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

In the fifteenth century chivalry was fast declining; but it seemed as though it were necessary that it should exhibit before its final disappearance one almost perfect embodiment of the chivalric character. Lofty courage united with all soldierly accomplishments, tempered by prudence, and adorned with generosity, courtesy, humility, and all other knightly graces, gained for Bayard by common consent the title of the 'Good Knight without fear and without reproach'; and seldom has an honourable title been better earned or more worthily bestowed. Fortunately he found a fitting biographer. One of the most interesting books of its class is 'The right joyous and pleasant History of the Feats, Gests, Triumphs, and Provinces of the Chevalier Bayard the Good Knight without Fear and without Reproach.' Its author, 'the Loyal Servant,' as he styles himself, was Bayard's secretary, and he cherished his master's memory with an ardent devotion. His situation afforded him favourable opportunities for acquiring authentic information, while his own tastes led him to detail with a hearty relish all deeds of arms and martial adventure; and hence there are an earnestness, a simplicity, and a liveliness in his relations that at once attest their reality and enforce attention. A better portraiture of military life at that period does not exist. Though belonging to the next century, and more limited in its range as confined to the history of one knight, it is an admirable companion to Froissart. It is written in French, and was originally published at Paris in 1527, in a thin quarto black-letter volume. An excellent translation of it was published in England about twenty years back. With this work as our guide, aided by occasional reference to other authorities, we shall briefly sketch the life of the 'Good Knight.'

His real name was Pierre Terrail, Bayard being derived from his family estates. "'Tis a scurvy custom," says Montaigne, "and of very ill consequence, that we have in our kingdom of France to call every one by the name of his manor or seignury." He was born at the Château de Bayard in Dauphiny, in the

year 1475. He came of a noble and warlike race; several of his immediate ancestors were slain in battle, one at Poitiers, another at Agincourt, and another at Montlhéry; and his father received such severe wounds at the skirmish at Guinegast that he was never afterwards able to leave his house, although he lived to be fourscore. Shortly before his death he called his sons into his chamber and directed them to tell him what professions they wished to follow. The eldest replied that he desired nothing better than to remain at home. "Do so, George," said his father, "and look after the bears." Another fixed on the monastery; another, the more active clerical life. These also had their wishes gratified: the one in time became an abbot, the other a bishop. But when it was Pierre's turn to choose he declared he would be a soldier, as his father and grandfather had been, whose good name he trusted never to disgrace. When the old man heard these words he wept aloud for joy, crying, "May God give you grace so to do, my son! Thou art like thy grandfather both in face and mien, and he in his time was one of the best knights in Christendom." Thereupon he sent for his friends, and having informed them of his son's choice, he consulted with them in what prince's house it were best to place the boy in order to receive his military education; and it was decided to send him, under the care of his uncle, the Bishop of Grenoble, to the Duke of Savoy, who had ever been a friend to their family. Then they sent to the next town for a tailor, who brought with him satin and velvet to make him a handsome presentation suit, which was got ready by the following morning, when he departed with his uncle. But first his mother called him to her, and with many tears charged him to love God and serve him faithfully, to be loyal in word and deed, to be gentle and courteous to all persons, kind to widows and orphans, and bountiful to the poor: a charge by him never to be forgotten.

Bayard was thirteen years old when he was presented to the Duke of Savoy; but he was already so skillful an equestrian, a most important attainment in a knight, as to excite the surprise of the duke; for, as the loyal servant tells us, he managed his horse with as much ease as a man of thirty. The duke soon perceived the high promise of his page, and resolved to place him where his powers would have most room for their development. For this purpose, six months after he had received him he presented him to the King Charles VIII. On this occasion, being ordered to show his ability in riding, he made his horse curvet so much to the delight of the monarch that he called out to him to repeat the feat, *picquez, picquez*, from which Bayard was long known by the name of Picquet. Charles directed the Lord of Bigny to take charge of the youth, and in his house he remained as page nearly five years, when he was enrolled in his company. Soon after this he went with his lord to Lyons, and while there, Claude de Vauldré, a fierce and famous knight, hung up his shields as a challenge to all adventurers to try their prowess either on horseback or a-foot. Now Bayard longed to try a joust, but he had not a suit of mail, and while he stood before the shields in a solemn mood, a certain companion of his named Bellabre, observing him lost in thought, asked him upon what he was meditating. Then he told him all that was in his heart, whereon the other reminded him that his uncle, the Abbot of Esnay, was a wealthy man, and would doubtless furnish him with horse and apparel that he might do honour to his family. So Bayard advanced and touched the shields. But the herald who stood by to record the names of all appellants bade him remember that De Vauldré was one of the fiercest knights known, while his beard had scarcely begun to grow and besought him not to be so rash;

to which the other replied that what he did was not out of vainglory, but that he might learn the use of arms from one so well fitted to teach him, and in the hope that he might do something to please the ladies. Both the king and the Lord of Ligny were well pleased when they heard of the daring of their young knight. Not so the Abbot of Esnay, who quickly guessed he should have to bear the cost. How Picquet and his friend contrived to cozen him out of the necessary gold wherewith to purchase his attire we have not room to tell, though the loyal servant relates it with great glee. Nor can we describe the tournament; suffice it that to Picquet the prize was awarded as having done best where all had done well. The loyal servant hints that his success perhaps was partly owing to De Vauldré, from a generous feeling, not caring to exert his utmost skill against a stripling. Be that as it may, he was the theme of general praise from the king, the Lord of Ligny, and all the ladies; and all admired the meekness wherewith he bore his honours. Soon after this he went to Aire, where he proclaimed a tourney on his own account, at which he was again pronounced the victor on both the days; but he would not receive the prizes, which he gave to David the Scot and his friend Bellabre. And now, says the loyal servant, none could praise the good knight enough, and henceforth no one else was so much spoken of by the ladies. Many other tournaments followed, but we must leave them all.

Bayard was little more than eighteen when he entered on actual service. His first campaign was with the troops of Charles VIII. against Naples. This part of his history is passed rapidly over by his biographer as being too well known to need recapitulation. The romantic contempt of danger which distinguished him throughout his career was strikingly shown in this commencement of it. At the battle of Fornova, where he had two horses killed under him, he took a standard from the enemy, for which the king presented him with five hundred crowns. Charles was at first everywhere victorious, but his Italian conquests were lost as rapidly as they had been acquired; so that at his death little was left to the French in Italy. Louis XII. immediately on his accession to the throne determined to enforce his hereditary claim to the duchy of Milan, of which he readily obtained possession. But Ludovico Sforza, who had fled into Germany, soon returned with a German force, and quickly recovered his domains. In this war Bayard fell into the hands of the enemy; he had been placed in command of a small garrison near Milan, and having been informed by his spies that three hundred horsemen would leave that city on a certain day, he led his companions out against them. They met at Binasco, and the loyal servant says, "whoever had seen the good knight doing martial deeds, cutting off heads, and hewing arms and legs, would have sooner taken him for a furious lion than for an amorous young gentleman." Bayard speedily compelled the Italians to fly, and pursued them eagerly. His companions wisely gave up the chase at the gates of the city; but heedless of them, he followed his foes alone even to the market-place, where he was surrounded and taken prisoner. He was carried before Sforza, who, moved by his bravery and noble bearing, gave him his liberty, and commanded his horse and arms to be restored to him. On another occasion he gave a still more remarkable proof of his courage by keeping a bridge single-handed against a party of two hundred of the enemy, and thus enabling his own friends to make good their retreat. But as we cannot follow him through all his services, we must be content to notice only a few of the more important or characteristic adventures of the remainder of his life. We mentioned his employment of spies. This was a

very common practice in those days, and the same men often served each party, and sometimes cheated each. Bayard was liberal in his payment of them, and they were generally faithful to him; indeed, if he had reason to believe them otherwise he made short work with them. And very properly, says the loyal servant, "for spies, as every one knows, are created by dame Avarice alone, and therefore, if out of six that are taken, one escape, he hath reason to thank God; seeing that the true remedy for the disease they are cursed with is an halter." During the war in Naples in the year 1511, his spies having informed him that the pope (Julius) was going to leave Santo Felice for Mirandola, Bayard conceived a project to surprise him. Accordingly, having arranged with the Duke of Ferrara to be ready to succour him in case of a mishap, and having had his horses well fed during the night, he took an hundred chosen men, and, when all were in readiness to encounter the shock of battle, went with his spy in a leisurely manner straight to that little village. He was fortunate enough to meet no one, man or woman, who might discover him, and settled himself in his post about an hour before day. The pope, being an early riser, was already up, and, when he saw it grew light, got into his litter that he might proceed. Prothonotaries, clerks, and officers of all sorts went on before to take lodgings, and set out upon their way unwitting of what was to happen. As soon as the good knight heard them he tarried not, but issued from his ambuscade, and fell upon the country people, who, much daunted, returned at full speed to the place they had come from, crying "Alarm! Alarm!" But all that would not have prevented the pope, with his bishops and cardinals, from being taken, had it not been for an accident, very opportune for his holiness, and equally unfortunate for the good knight. Which was this: when the pope had got into his litter, and quitted the road of Santo Felice, he had not proceeded a stone's throw ere there fell the most sharp and violent storm of snow that had been beheld for an hundred years; so that the travellers could not see one another by reason of the impetuosity thereof. The cardinal of Pavia, who at that time entirely governed the pope, then said to him, "Pater sancte, it is impossible to go on while this lasts; indeed there is no necessity for it; methinks you should return without attempting to proceed further." The pope assented, though not aware of the ambuscade. And as ill luck would have it, when the fugitives returned, the good knight pursued them at full speed without stopping to take any one, that not being the point he aimed at. Just as he reached Santo Felice the pope was about to enter the castle, and was so terror-stricken at the cry he heard that, leaping suddenly from his litter without assistance, he helped to raise the bridge himself, which was wisely done, for had he delayed while one might say a *Pater noster*, he would assuredly have been snapped." And so the good knight returned very much disconcerted, and his companions had much difficulty in comforting him; while the poor "pope remained in the castle of Santo Felice the whole day, shaking as in an ague." But though the good knight would have rejoiced thus to snap the pope, he rejected with horror a proposal soon after made to him by the Duke of Ferrara to have him poisoned; notwithstanding that the duke at the same time revealed to him a scheme which the unscrupulous pontiff had contrived for the slaughter of the whole of the French serving with him—not one of them was to escape. Bayard, indeed, when he found that the duke had actually suborned one of the pope's own spies to administer the poison, vowed, if the order were not instantly countermanded, he "would apprise the pope thereof before night."

[To be continued.]

THE BRITISH VALHALLA.—No. I.



WAITING the time when the work shall be done, on a magnificent scale, in stone, marble, and bronze, upon fresco cement, and upon glowing canvas, let us endeavour to construct, upon paper, a national Valhalla, or Temple of British Worthies, wherein shall be embodied or indicated such of the great events of our national history as are most proper for the hands of the painter or of the sculptor. It appears to have been generally considered that the subjects of the cartoons sent in as designs for fresco paintings in the new Houses of Parliament, and exhibited in Westminster Hall in the year 1843, were, in many instances, not very happily chosen, being deficient in high national interest, or confined to incidents which were not the most honourable to the national character. Yet our artists had not far to seek for noble and elevating subjects. The history of their country lay before them, and no history is fuller of



subjects that are at once picturesque or proper for the pencil, and striking and elevating in the facts.

•We would begin to furnish our Valhalla with things taken from the earliest times. The history of every modern European country divides itself into three great eras:—1. The purely fabulous and traditional; 2. The traditional and legendary mixed with the real, or that in which the annalists and chroniclers were simple-minded and superstitious monks, who related what they saw or knew, and what reached them traditionally, without much aid from documentary evidence, and without a thought about what is called the Philosophy of History. 3. The documentary and posi-

ment, and exhibited in Westminster Hall in the year 1843, were, in many instances, not very happily chosen, being deficient in high national interest, or confined to incidents which were not the most honourable to the national character. Yet our artists had not far to seek for noble and elevating subjects. The history of their country lay before them, and no history is fuller of

tive; or that part of history which followed the dimness of the middle ages, when historians began to be men of the world rather than men of the cloisters; when the marvellous was set aside for the true; when writers began to collect and compare written documents and the other materials of history, and to seek to mingle a philosophical spirit with their accuracy of detail.

Strictly speaking, it is only in the third of these stages that history can be looked upon as a thoroughly authentic record. Yet the other two stages are not to be discarded or slighted. Ingenuity and speculation and research have been and still are advantageously employed in separating the true and positive from the vague and traditional; but happily no one has yet thought of setting aside the second or monkish era. To do so would be to blot out the most picturesque and most captivating part of the annals of every European nation, wherein the manners of the times in which the old chroniclers lived are faithfully depicted even where the facts they relate are most apocryphal. Nor was it until a comparatively recent date that a sentence of interdict was put upon the first, or the purely fabulous and traditional era. Our old historians or annalists of the times of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and James I., although they had begun to feel the value of documentary evidence, and the necessity of careful research, did not scorn to give the earliest part of the history of their country just as it had come down to them. With a happy credulity, or an indifference to everything except to the beauty of the story, and to the indisputable fact that their ancestors had believed in it, they gave nearly all the fables and legends without query or hesitation. They would no more have doubted of the existence of King Arthur, or of his high enterprises, and of the exploits of his Knights of the Round Table, than they would have doubted of the existence of Adam or of Noah, of Abraham or of Moses. They always loved to begin at the beginning, and to trace that beginning to the remotest and dimmest period. Richard Grafton opens his 'Chronicle at large, and Mere History of the Affairs of England, and Kings of the same,' with the creation of the world, and makes Brutus, the grandson of the Trojan Æneas, the first colonizer of England, the founder of the city of London, and the first of our long line of kings. He gives regular successions, and describes many events which were said to have taken place in this island in the days when King David or King Solomon reigned in Jerusalem. John Speed, who had more learning than Grafton, and who lived at a later date, dismisses the story of Brutus as a "vulgar received opinion, held on with four hundred years' continuance;" but he says that it is not to be doubted but that this island was "replenished with people" long before the Flood of Noah; and that after the Flood the island was re-peopled by one of Noah's grandsons. Honest John Stow, who begins the 'Historical Preface' to his 'Annals, or a General Chronicle of England,' by solemnly and devoutly saying—"The law of God forbiddeth us to receive a false report, and the law of histories is, that we ought to publish no falsehood nor dissemble any truth," clings fondly to King Brutus, or Brute, as the founder of the English monarchy, although he will not precisely affirm that this Brute was descended from Æneas, and came hither by oracle accompanied by Trojans. He also gives a regular succession of kings descending from this Brute, and records events said to have happened more than a thousand years before the Christian era. Both Speed and Stow, in common with nearly all our historians of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, treat of King Arthur as an indisputable historical personage—the national hero, whose reign and exploits admit of no doubt. They describe

and give something like dates to his birth and parentage, his battles against the Saxons, his benefactions to Glastonbury Abbey, his death and burial, and the monument that was made to his memory. But a writer far more illustrious than these—the immortal author of 'Paradise Lost'—who wrote the History of England during the ancient British, the Roman, and the Saxon periods, with great learning and much philosophy, but also with the feeling of a poet, and the apparent conviction that the traditional and legendary ought not, on any account, to be omitted, has left us a full and most animated narrative of the remote and fabulous times. Milton's history is a book for the poet, and a book for the artists who would decorate our Valhalla with the most ancient heroes and deeds of our country's history. After passing over still more remote legends, Milton says, in his style of latinized English:—"But of Brutus or Brute and his line, with the whole progeny of kings, to the entrance of Julius Cæsar, we cannot so easily be discharged; descents, of ancestry, long-continued laws and exploits, not plainly seeming to be borrowed or devised, which on the common belief have wrought no small impression: defended by many, denied utterly by few. For what though Brutus and the whole Trojan pretence were yielded up (seeing they who first devised to bring us from some noble ancestor were content at first with Brutus the consul; till better invention, although not willing to forego the name, taught them to remove it higher into a more fabulous age, and by the same remove lighting on the Trojan tales, in affectation to make the Briton of one original with the Roman, pitched there), yet those old and inborn names of successive kings, never any to have been real persons, or done in their lives at least some part of what so long hath been remembered, cannot be thought without too strict an incredulity."* Our great poet, who breathed the true Anglo-Saxon spirit, and who felt that the liberty he so passionately loved, and the mixed but well-amalgamated race to which he belonged, owed most to the Saxon part of our ancestry, dwelt with a national and patriotic fondness upon the heroes and exploits of even the most obscure part of the Saxon period. Milton found the inspirations of poetry and nationality in them; and he has made some of these Saxon wars and battles almost as vivid and interesting as the war poetry of Homer. With him the visionary part of the character is entirely lost, and the early Saxon kings stand out as living and most real personages.

That which has once, and for long ages, been believed by a nation, ought always to be allowed to form a small part of that nation's history. The legends themselves are a sort of index to the national character, and a part of the materials out of which that character has been formed. History has not gained much by the rampant spirit of scepticism, by the rejection of the books of many writers who had thought it essential to repeat the fabulous and traditional tales of old; but poetry has lost a good deal by this spirit and by this process of rejection. These portions of our annals, which ought always to be kept, have been given by another immortal poet, and not in prose, but in melodious verse. Spenser's sketch of the early periods of our history may be taken as a beautiful specimen of legendary narrative, and may serve as the decoration for the porch and entrance to our Valhalla, the interior of which will be peopled by more essentially historical and indisputable personages. The opening is a continuous picture or series of pictures. Spenser had the portico of a Valhalla in his eye when he wrote it.

After leading her guests, the two noble and valorous knights, through another apartment, the sober Lady

* 'The History of England to the Norman Conquest,' by Mr John Milton, Book I.

Alma conducts them to the second room, whose walls—

"Were painted fair with memorable
Of famous wizards; and with picturals
Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of commonwealths, of states, of policy,
Of laws, of judgements; and of decretais,
All arts, all science, all philosophy,
And all that in the world was e'er thought wittily.

Of those that room was full; and them among
There sat a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long,
That through continual practice and usage
He now was grown right wise and wondrous sage:
Great pleasure had those stranger knights to see
His goodly reason and grave personage,
That his disciples both desired to be:
But Alma thence them led to th' hindmost room of three.

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was removed far behind,
Yet were the walls, that did the same uphold,
Right firm and strong, though somewhat they declin'd;
And therein sat an old old man, half blind,
And all decrepid in his feeble corse,
Yet lively vigour rested in his mind
And recompens'd him with a better scorse;
Weak body well is changed for mind's redoubled force.

This man of infinite remembrance was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded still as they did pass,
Ne suiler'd them to perish through long eld,
As all things else the which this world doth weld;
But laid them up in his immortal scrine,
Where they for ever incorrupted dwell'd:
The wars he well remembered of King Nine,
Of old Assaracus and Inachus divine.

The years of Nestor nothing were to his,
Ne yet Methusalem, though longest liv'd;
For he remember'd both their infancie:
Ne wonder then if that he were depriv'd
Of native strength now that he them surviv'd.
His chamber all was hang'd about with rolls
And old records from ancient times deriv'd,
Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolls,
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes.

"Amidst them all he in a chair was set,
Tossing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was unable them to fet,
A little boy did on him still attend,
To reach, whenever he for aught did send;
And oft when things were lost, or laid amiss,
That boy them sought and unto him did lend:
Therefore he Ammonestes cleped is;
And that old man Eumnestes, by their propriety."

The two knights, after paying due reverence to this
old man of infinite remembrance, look round his
library, and espy two ancient books, the one called
'Briton Monuments,' the other 'Antiquity of Faery
Land.' The two contain the Chronicle of British
Kings from Brute to King Uther Pendragon, the sire
of King Arthur, and the rolls of the elfin emperors
down to the time of Gloriana. The knights

"Turning both with fervent fire
Their country's ancestry to understand,
Crav'd leave of Alma and that aged sire
To read those books; who gladly granted their desire."

Beginning a new canto, and paying some high-flown
compliments to Elizabeth the queen regnant, who was
but an indifferent patron, Spenser continues with de-
scribing what the knights read in the two books:—

Exchange.

"The land which warlike Britons now possess,
And therein have their mighty empire rais'd,
In antique times was savage wilderness,
Un-peop'l'd, un-manur'd, unprov'd, un-prais'd;
Ne was it island then, ne was it pays'd
Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought
Of merchants far, for profits therein prais'd;
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to have been from the Celtic mainland brought.

Ne did it then a name deserve to have,
Till that the venturous mariner that way
Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,
Which all along the southern sea-coast lay
Threatening unheedy wreck and rash decay,
For safety that same his sea-mark made,
And nam'd it Albion: but later day
Finding in it fit ports for fishers' trade,
Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.

But far in-land a savage nation dwelt
Of hideous giants, and half-beastly men,
That never tasted grace, nor goodness felt;
But wild like beasts lurking in loathsome den,
And flying fast as roebuck through the fen,
All naked without shame or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling livened;
Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,
That sons of men amaz'd their sternness to behold.

But whence they sprung, or how they were begot,
Uneath is to assure; uneath to wene
That monstrous error which doth some asort,
That Dioclesian's fifty daughters shew
Into this land by chance have driven been;
Where companying with fiends and filthy sprites
Through vain illusion of their lust unclean,
They brought forth giants, and such dreadful wights
As far exceeded men in their immeasur'd might.

They held this land, and with their filthiness
Polluted this same gentle soil long time;
That their own mother loath'd their beastliness,
And gan abhor her brood's unkindly crime,
All were they born of her own native slime:
Until that Brutus, anciently deriv'd
From royal stock of old Assarac's line,
Driven by fatal error here arriv'd,
And them of their unjust possession depriv'd.

But ere he had established his throne,
And spread his empire to the utmost shore,
He fought great battles with his savage force;
In which he them defeated evermore,
And many giants left on groaning floor:
That well can witness yet unto this day
The western Hagh, besprinkled with the gore
Of mighty Goemot, whom in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

And eke that ample pit, yet far renown'd
For the large leap which Debon did compel
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of ground,
Into the which returning back he fell:
But those three monstrous stones do most excel,
Which that huge son of hideous Albion,
Whose father Hercules in France did quell,
Great Godmer threw in fierce contention,
At bold Canutus; but of him was slain anon.

In meed of these great conquests by them got,
Corineus had that province utmost west
To him assigned for his worthy lot,
Which of his name and memorable gust
He called Cornuaille, yet so called best:
And Debon's share was, that is Devonshire.
But Canute had his portion from the rest,
The which he called Cantium for his hive;
Now Cantium, which Kent we commonly inquire."

After this long war against the hideous giants and
half-beastly men, the far descending Brute had sovereignty
over the whole of this island, and reigned long
in great felicity, loved by his subjects and feared by his

foes. Spenser, following the oldest legends, gives King Brute an Italian wife and three sons by her:—

"He left three sons, his famous progeny,
Born of fair Imogene of Italy;
Mongst whom he parted his imperial state,
And Locrine left chief lord of Britany.

Locrine was left the sovereign lord of all;
But Albanact had all the northern part,
Which of himself Albania he did call;
And Camber did possess the western quart,
Which Severne now from Logris doth de-part:
And each his portion peaceably enjoy'd,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in heart,
That once their quiet government annoy'd,
But each his pains to other's profit still employ'd."

All goes well with the sons of King Brute, until "a nation strange with visage swart," the wandering Huns, under their great king *Humber*, invade Britain with a great fleet. Locrine, however, goes bravely forth to battle and encounters the invaders in the north on the banks of Abus; and King Humber being defeated, gets drowned in the river, which from that time forward bore his name. After this great success Locrine falls into "vain voluptuous disease," and by living with a mistress provokes his wife to rebel and make war upon him. The queen is victorious; Locrine is defeated and slain by an arrow, and his illegitimate daughter, the fair Sabrina "innocent of all," is thrown by the jealous and implacable queen into a river, which has thenceforth been called after the damsel's name Sabrina or Severn. Madun, the son of Locrine, succeeds to the throne, and is in his turn succeeded by his son Memprice. After two more reigns Brute the Second, surnamed "the Green-Shield," ascends the throne by regular hereditary succession, and raises the fame of the nation by his great victories in the countries which we now call France and Belgium:—

"He with his victor sword first opened
The bowels of wide France, a forlorn dame,
And taught her first how to be conquered."

Scill, the son of Brutus the Second,

"Enjoy'd an heritage of lasting peace,
And built Carlisle, and built Caerleon strong."

Hudibras succeeds his father Scill, and teaches the land to live at peace. Bladud, the son of the pacific Hudibras, follows his father's footsteps, and becomes surpassingly learned in all the arts of Greece. He discovers the mineral-waters at Bath,

"Which seeth with secret fire eternally,"

and builds baths and a city there, in order that the diseases of his subjects may be cured, and health imparted to every foreign nation. But, unfortunately, King Bladud is a necromancer, and must needs fly through air and far over earth, like the son of Dædalus; and he thus falls into "fond mischief." [According to our prose legends his wings failed him, and he fell upon the temple of Apollo in Trinobant, or London, and there died, after reigning twenty years.] Bladud is succeeded by his son Lear, to whom the genius of Shakspeare has given an imperishable life and unquestionable reality, and whose dramatic history is of more value than half of the authentic annals that are extant. Spenser's tale differs only in one capital circumstance from Shakspeare's play: the fair and generous Cordelia does not die during the struggle with her unnatural sisters; she lives to triumph over Goneril and Regan, and to replace her father on the throne, on which Lear dies, after many happy years. As there is no successor in the male line, Cordelia succeeds her father as queen of the island, and for a long time reigns in peace, with all her subjects obedient to her:—

"Till that her sisters children waxen strong,
Through proud ambition against her rebell'd,
And overcome kept in prison long,
Till weary of that wretched life herself she hang."

"The bloody brethren," the sons of Goneril and Regan, now divide the island between them. After sundry other successions of kings whom he does little more than name, Spenser makes a halt at the fearful tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex. These two princes, the last of the line of the Trojan Brute, slay their father to get his dominions, and then make war upon one another. Ferrex, the elder, assembles a foreign army, but is defeated and slain by his brother. To avenge the death of her elder and favourite son, Wyden "most merciless of women," murders her other son Porrex while sleeping in his bed:—

"Here ended Brutus sacred progeny,
Which had seven hundred years this sceptre borne,
With high renown and great felicity;
The noble branch from th' antique stock was torn
Through discord and the royal throne forlorn.
Thenceforth this realm was into factions rent,
Whilst each of Brutus boasted to be born,
That in the end was left no monument
Of Brutus nor of Briton's glory ancient."

This long anarchy is brightened, and in the end dissipated, by Donwallo, the son of Cloten, king of Cornwall, "a man of matchless might, and wondrous wit," who subdues all his rivals, restores tranquillity and good government, and is the first king of Britain that ever wore a crown of gold. This Donwallo is the Numa Pompilius of our island, or the Alfred of an earlier age:—

"Then made he sacred laws, which some men say
Were unto him reveal'd in vision:
By which he freed the traveller's high-way,
The church's part, and ploughman's portion,
Restraining stealth and strong extortion;
The gracious Numa of great Britany:
For, till his days, the chief dominion
By strength was wielded without policy;
Therefore he first wore crown of gold for dignity."

Donwallo is succeeded by his two sons Brennus and Belinus, who ransack Greece, subject France and Germany, and threaten the city of Rome with destruction: for the Gaul Brennus of the Roman historians becomes Brennus the Briton in the hands of our poet, who does but follow Geoffrey of Monmouth and one or two other chroniclers of the oldest age.

Next reigns Gurgunt, son of the great Belinus, who subdues Easterland, wins Denmark, makes both these countries pay homage and tribute to him, and settles a colony of Spanish fugitives in Ireland, the said Spaniards engaging to hold that island as subject to Britain. Many kings of the same lineage reign in due succession, until we come to the comparatively modern days of King Lud, whose name is preserved (and long will be) in the name of Ludgate Street. As Spenser has it, he (Lud)

"Left of his life most famous memory
And endless monuments of his great good:
The ruin'd walls he did re-edify
Of Troynovant, 'gainst force of enemy,
And built that gate which of his name is hight,
By which he lies entombed solemnly."

We are now near the eve of the first Roman invasion of our island. King Lud leaves two young and incompetent sons, Androgeus and Tenantius, whom the people set aside, in order to place their maternal uncle Cassibalane, a brave warrior, upon the throne. Cassibalane governs the land with great credit, until Julius Cæsar is tempted hither by the famed beauty of the country, and by "hunger of dominion." The Romans came:—

"Yet twice they were repulsed back again,
And twice reforc'd back to their ships to fly ;
The whites with blood they all the shores did stain,
And the grey ocean into purple dye :
Ne had they footing found at last perdie,
Had not Androgeus, false to native soil,
And envious of uncle's sovereignty,
Betray'd his country unto foreign spoil,
Nodight else but treason from the first this land did foil.

So by him Caesar got the victory,
Through great bloodshed and many a sad assay,
In which himself was charged heavily
Of hardy Nennius, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seen this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributary made
To ambitious Rome, and did their rule obey,
Till Arthur all that reckoning defray'd :

Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly sway'd."

Such is a part of the almost purely legendary history which Spenser makes his two knights peruse in the ancient book called 'Briton Moniments,' found in the library of the "man of infinite remembrance." Milton's narrative in prose is almost a counterpart of this relation in verse; but Milton, in detailing the Roman conquest, dwells upon those more positively historical facts which Spenser altogether omits as unsuited to the fairy tissue of his imaginative poem. The author of the 'Fairy Queen' does not even mention the names of those strictly historical personages; but Milton, with the Roman historians for his guide, gives full and most animated accounts of the adventurous and patriotic struggles of Caractacus, Togodumnus, and Boadicea. Here we have a fine series of national pictures which may be correctly termed historical. Milton fights the last great battle of Caractacus in the noblest style. The British hero, knowing his inferiority in strength, selects for the seat of his war a mountainous country (on the borders of Wales), where all the odds are to his own party, all the difficulties to his enemy. The hills and every access he fortifies with heaps of stones and guards of men; to come at whom, a river of unsafe passage must be first waded. He himself continually goes up and down, telling his people and their leaders that this is the day, this the field, either to defend their liberty or to die free; and calling to mind the names of his glorious ancestors, who drove Cæsar the Dictator out of Britain, whose valour hitherto hath preserved them from bondage, their wives and children from dishonour. The Britons on the hill tops all vow to do their utmost, and show such undaunted resolution as amazes Ostorius, the Roman general. But after wary circumspections, Ostorius bids the Romans pass the river. The Britons no sooner have them within reach of their arrows, darts, and stones, than they slay and wound largely of the Romans. They on the other side serry their ranks, close their targets over their heads, throw down the loose ramparts of the British, and pursue them up the hills, both light armed and legions, till, what with galling darts and heavy strokes, the Britons, who wear neither helmet nor cuirass to defend them, are at last overcome. Then we have the indomitable Caractacus in chains, led with his wife and family across the Alps and through the cities of Italy even unto Rome. We see him marching triumphant in the triumphal procession; as if he yet remembered his nine years of resistance and victory and glory. We see him stand unmoved on the Capitol before the Emperor Claudius, and hear the magnanimous speech he delivers to the Roman tyrant, raising his manacled right arm, and rattling his chains as he speaks. The heart of Claudius is touched at such a spectacle of fortune, but especially at the nobleness of his bearing; and he gives a pardon to Caractacus and to all the rest. The chains drop from the free-born Bri-

tish warrior; his wife, his children, and his friends and companions in captivity are all unbound; and instead of being condemned to a perpetual prison, like other barbarian kings and warriors, Caractacus lives at liberty and in high honour; for all Rome, all Italy have heard of his long resistance and of his greatness of soul under adversity.*

Boadicea is driven into wars and fearful massacres by Roman tyranny and oppression, and by the unutterable wrongs done to herself and her daughters by a lawless soldiery who couple lust with cruelty. The slaughter of seventy thousand Romans is foretold by many dismal omens. The image of victory in the Roman temple at Camulodunum falls down of itself with its face turned to the Britons; certain women, in a kind of ecstasy, tell of calamities to come; in the council-house barbarous noises are heard by night; in the theatre, hideous howlings; in the creek are horrid sights, betokening the destruction of that colony; the waters of the sea seem of a bloody hue, and at the ebb of tide human shapes are imprinted upon the sands. Then comes the massacre, and after that the battle between the British queen and the great Roman general Suetonius. A vast and open plain is covered with the combatants, and across it are dashing the war-chariots of the British. The natives are a countless multitude, but disorderly and furious: it is not difficult to see that they are commanded not by an experienced and skilful leader like Caractacus, but by an infuriated woman. The Romans are few in number, but calm and collected, and perfect in discipline. Suetonius is at the head of a legion, and commanding the unruly noises and fierce looks of the mad crew, he heartens his men to stand close awhile, and strike manfully the headless rabble nearest to them—the rest will be a purchase rather than a toil. Queen Boadicea, with her dishonoured and weeping daughters sitting by her side, with their hands covering their faces to dash away their tears or to conceal their shame, stands erect in her war-chariot with a spear in her hand, with her long yellow hair streaming to her feet; and she harangues the nations, or tribes, each in its urn. On the skirts of the plain, on the flanks and in the rear of the Britons, are placed their carts and waggons, filled, say some, with their wives and children, who are there to behold the extermination of the Romans. The Roman legion moves, the battle joins, and presently it falls out just as Suetonius has predicted; for the legion, when they see their time, burst out like a violent wedge, and quickly break and dissipate what opposes them. All else only hold out their spears to the sword, for their own carts and waggons have been so placed by themselves as to leave them but little room to escape between. The Romans slay all. Men, women, children, and the very drawing horses lie heaped along the field, in a gory mixture of slaughter. Four score thousand Britons perish on the field. Boadicea flies, takes poison, and dies.

Milton, closely following Tacitus, gives a spirited description of the conquest of the island of Mona, or Anglesey, the chief seat of the Druids, and the refuge-place of the defeated British warriors. The stern and awful genius of Michael Angelo might have taken inspiration from this brief and terrible narrative. The Roman general makes him boats with flat bottoms, fitted to the shallows which he expects to find in the narrow frith that separates the Isle from the mainland of Wales. His foot so pass over; his horse wade or swim. Thick upon the shore stand several great bands of men well weaponed, many women like furies running to and fro in dismal habit, with hair loose about their shoulders, with torches in their hands. The Druids, with hands lifted up to heaven, are utter-

* Milton, Hist. Eng.

ing direful prayers and astounding the Romans, who, at so strange a sight, stand in amaze, though wounded. At length awakening, and encouraged by their general not to fear a barbarous and lunatic rout, the Romans fall on, and beat them down, scorched and rolling, into their own fires. Then they are yoked with garrisons, and the places consecrate to their bloody superstitions destroyed. For whomsoever they took in war they held it lawful to sacrifice; and by the entrails of men they used divination.*

England may be said to have had two fabulous and traditional eras; the one which preceded the Roman Conquest, and another which followed the departure of those conquerors. During the Roman occupation of the island, the principal events which happened within it were pretty faithfully recorded by Roman writers, and by Greeks that were subjects of Rome; but from the middle of the fifth century down to the middle of the seventh century no reliable annals were written; and fable, traditions, and legends (some of them exceedingly striking and beautiful) took the place of sober matter-of-fact records. It was during this long period that the Saxons achieved the conquest of England, which was not entirely subdued until the Britons had struggled and fought for good two hundred years. It is to this period that King Arthur and his exploits belong.

As the simple truth has been so mixed and overlaid with fiction, not a few of our modern writers have leaped to the conclusion that no such king or person as Arthur ever existed. Even Milton, with all his fondness for the legendary and more poetical parts of history, seems to take this view of

"what resonands

In fable or romance of Uther's son."

A modern writer of much learning and ingenuity suspects that instead of being a real, Arthur was only a mythological personage, or the chief divinity of that system of revived Druidism which appears to have arisen in the unconquered parts of the west of Britain after the departure of the Romans, the name of Arthur being often used in the poetry of the bards as the hieroglyphical representative of the system.†

It is more generally admitted, however, that there really was a valiant prince of the old British race who fought many battles, and was finally slain in battle by the Saxon invaders, who were gradually and very slowly extending their dominion from the east and the south over the west and the north. It does not consist with the object we have in hand to enter into the discussion of this historical doubt. We have started with assuming that subjects taken from the purely fabulous and traditional history of our country ought not to be excluded from our national Valhalla; and that what a nation has once and for long ages believed, ought always to be allowed a place in that people's history. The belief may have been weakened or destroyed, but the name of the great Arthur, and the tales relating to him, are indestructible: they are thoroughly interwoven in our literature; they decorate some of our best poetry; they are among the first names and stories we listen to and learn in our infancy. The name of Arthur is one of the most national and endearing of our names; and it still, in common acceptance, if not etymologically, means WARRIOR and HERO. That politic king, our Henry VII., who prided himself in his ancient British or Welsh descent, conferred the name on his first-born son, who unfortunately died in early life, and made room in the succession for his younger brother, Henry VIII. "The queen," says the great Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, in his 'Life and Reign of King Henry VII.,' "was delivered of her first

son, whom the king (in honour of the British race, of which himself was) named ARTHUR, according to the name of that ancient worthy king of the Britons, in whose acts there is truth enough to make him famous, besides that which is fabulous."

The circumstances connected with this ancient and worthy king, which have generally been accepted as facts, are soon told.

He was a prince of the north-western tribe of Britons, called by the Roman writers Silures, and the son of King Uther, named Pendragon, or Dragon's Head, a title given to an elective sovereign who was nominally paramount over the many kings of the island. The Pendragon was, in short, among British kings and princes, what the Bretwalda was among the Saxons; and his authority or supremacy over the confederation was greater or less, according to his valour, ability, and good fortune. Arthur succeeded his father Uther, and was raised to the Pendragonship in the first quarter of the sixth century. He owed his elevation to his valour and success in war, and after he had attained to it he gained more victories over the Saxons. He began his career in the north-western corners of the island, into which the Britons had been driven by the invaders. Lancashire, and the regions still farther to the north, are supposed to have been the scene of his exploits, and of eleven out of twelve of his great victories; but he advanced to the more fertile regions of the south, driving back Cedric the Saxon, and maintaining himself for a while in Hampshire, and even in Berkshire. His declining age was embittered by popular ingratitude and domestic treason. His nephew Modred confederated with the Saxon king and conqueror Cedric, and this led to the fatal battle of Camlan, in Cornwall, which is supposed to have been fought about the year 542. Arthur, being mortally wounded, was conveyed by sea to Glastonbury, where he died and was buried. A popular tradition (which may, however, have arisen some centuries after his decease) was long entertained among the people that he was not dead, but had been carried off to be healed of his wounds in Fairy-land, and that he would some day reappear to avenge his countrymen.

But very different and far more poetical than this is the legendary history of the ancient hero. Here his exploits are extended with a boldly poetical disregard to time and place, and the incidents of his life are related with minute particularity. He owes his birth to magic, and retains through life the character and qualities of an Elfin king. He unites in his person the graces of Apollo and the terrors of Mars. He has an enchanted sword called Caliburn, and a lance called Rou, which none can resist: he flies from the mountains in the north of Scotland to the southern plains of England with the swiftness of an eagle: he not only defeats the Scots and Picts and the Saxons in many battles, but fairly drives the Saxons out of the island: he is the devoutest of all living Christians, the destroyer of the pagan temples of the Saxons, and the restorer of the Christian churches everywhere. The conquest of Ireland is but as a meal to him. He traverses the black waves of the Northern Ocean, and subdues Iceland, the head-quarters of devils and evil spirits. Norway and France are more difficult conquests, but he completes them both in ten years. As the Romans dispute his possession of Gaul, he marches against them and defeats them; and he is on the point of thundering through the passes of the Alps, in order to invade Italy, when he is recalled to England by the foul intelligence that his nephew Modred has revolted, and has allied himself with the Saxons, Scots, and Picts. Anon the good sword Caliburn flashes on the English shore. He gains a great victory on the coast of Kent, and another in Hampshire; he drives the

* Milton, Hist

† Britannia after the Romans.

traitor Modred into Cornwall, and there slays him in a great battle fought on the river Camlan; but in this last affair Arthur is mortally wounded.

Thus much is related as legendary history, yet seriously, by Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welsh chronicler who wrote about the year 1128. But Geoffrey is a sober, dry, and unimaginative biographer of Arthur, compared with the poets and romance writers who treated of the same subject in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. The subject indeed took a wonderful hold of the imagination of all Europe during the ages of chivalry. Nearly every nation that had a literature took Arthur for a favourite hero, and added something to the glittering and stupendous pile of the romance. The people of Bretagne, who had an affinity in race and language with at least a portion of the ancient inhabitants of Britain, and at times a close intercourse and political connection with them, contributed much more than the English, or even than the Welsh, to the construction of these fables; and King Arthur is still the favourite hero of the primitive peasantry of that most Celtic country. At a later period, the French took up the tale, and infused into it their own notions of gallantry and amorous intrigue, making Arthur's wife, the fair Guinever, a somewhat disreputable personage, and converting the Round Table into an assemblage of gallants, who, though sworn foes to pagans and idolaters, and champions of the Christian faith, have a sovereign contempt for the seventh and tenth commandments. All the famed romances, as 'Merlin,' 'Morte Arthur,' 'Lancelot of the Lake,' 'Tristan,' 'Le Roman du Roy Artus, et des Compagnons de la Table Ronde,' &c. &c., savour of the licentiousness of a more southern climate than that of England, and of the manners of an age at least six or seven centuries removed from that in which Arthur must have flourished, if he flourished at all.

In the 'Roman du Roy Artus,' &c., we have whole slices of heraldry. The Knights of the Round Table have each of them an armorial bearing, a peculiar device and motto of his own. Arthur carries for his arms thirteen golden crowns, with the motto "*Mout de couronnes plus de vertus*." Lancelot of the Lake has six bends of or and azure, with the motto "*Haut en naissance en vaillance en amour*." Lancelot's brother Hector has a golden star, with the motto "*Pour estre heureux un bel astre suffit*." King Pharamond bears the fleur-de-lis &c. In other respects, the story of the sixth century is modernized so as to bring it down to the manners and customs of the fourteenth century. The original type is almost wholly lost in these romances, in which the nationality of the subject disappears entirely, Arthur being as alien to England as is the Man in the Moon. It is not easy to give unto each the honours which might have been originally intended for him: but Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, and Charlemagne and his Paladins, become, under the hands of these romance and ballad writers, almost identical in many particulars. The tales of both, written long after the death of Charlemagne, are cast in the same mould. Both, as Gibbon remarks, were faithfully copied from the manners of chivalry as they reigned at the time when the romance-writers lived. Both felt the deep impress of the adventures of an age posterior in date to either of them. "Pilgrimage and the Holy wars introduced into Europe the specious miracles of Arabian magic. Fairies and giants, flying dragons, and enchanted palaces, were blended with the more simple fictions of the West; and the fate of Britain depended on the art or the predictions of a Merlin. Every nation embraced and adorned the popular romance of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table: their names were celebrated in Greece and Italy; and the voluminous tales of Sir Lancelot and Sir Tristram were devoutly studied by the princes

and nobles, who disregarded the genuine heroes and historians of antiquity.* But not for this would we discard, or exclude from our Valhalla, the high enterprises, or even all the fabulous exploits of the immortal son of Uther Pendragon—for immortal he is, unless we destroy a great part of our own literature and of the literature of Europe, and unless we enforce a change in the topical dictionary of our country. And who has given names to so many places and great natural objects as King Arthur? Have we not Arthur's Seat, overhanging the antique city of Edinburgh? Have we not Arthur's Round Table in many parts of the island, and Arthur's Castle, and Palaces of Arthur in various districts of the kingdom? Not satisfied with mere earth, and the coignes of vantage that are upon it, the Welsh have fixed his name in the high heavens, calling the constellation Lyra by the name of "Arthur's Harp."

According to some traditions, Arthur, after receiving his deadly hurt on the banks of the river Camlan, in Cornwall, assumed the shape of a raven, a bird which it became a capital crime in Wales to destroy. In the reading of other traditions, after his disappearance from this world, he drove through the air in a chariot, with a prodigious noise and velocity.† But the more generally received opinion was that his bones rested in Glastonbury Abbey, awaiting the return of the spirit. In the year 1171, when Henry II. was in Wales, on the eve of embarking for Ireland to complete the conquest of that country, which had been commenced a short time before by some of his adventurous barons and knights, he was entertained by some Welsh harpers, or bards, who, among other things, sang a song or ode about King Arthur, who, according to the tradition, had subdued Ireland more than six hundred years before. It is a contemporary and a *Welshman* that relates what follows:—

[Giraldus Cambrensis, or Gerald the Welshman, even tells us that he was an eye-witness.] Some time after his return from Ireland into England, Henry, eager to discover the relics of the ancient British hero, went to Glastonbury Abbey. The king told the Lord Abbot of Glastonbury that he had heard from some Welsh harpers that the body of King Arthur was buried between two stone pillars in the churchyard of the Abbey. The Abbot called people to dig, and when they had dug about seven feet deep into the earth they found a great stone with a leaden cross fastened to that part which lay downwards; and on this rude leaden cross was inscribed in very rude letters—"HIC JACET SEPULTUS INCLYTUS REX ARTHURUS IN INSULA AVALLONIA."‡ When they had dug nine feet deeper they found, within a great tree made hollow like a trough, bones of great bigness, and a large skull marked with ten wounds, one of these fractures being of great size, and looking like a mortal hurt. Arthur's queen, Guinever, was said to have been buried with him, and they found lying by his side a female skeleton, whose tresses of hair finely plaited, and in colour like gold, seemed perfect and sound until touched, when they fell to dust. The inscription on the leaden cross is said to have been copied and carefully preserved.

More than a century after this exhumation, Edward I. and his queen, Eleanor, visited the relics of King Arthur, which were carefully kept within a marble tomb in the Treasury of Glastonbury Abbey, until the

* Gibbon, Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

† Dunlop, History of Fiction.

‡ "Here lies buried the famous King Arthur, in the Isle of Avalon."

The eminence on which Glastonbury stands is, even now, almost insulated by the surrounding marshy flats. The ancient Britons called the isle by the name of "*Ynnytryn*," or "the glassy island." It afterwards got the name of *Avalon*.

suppression of that house by Henry VIII., when the Reformers destroyed them or scattered them about.

The first opening of the grave by Henry II., surrounded by his knights and barons, and by the abbot, prior, and monks of Glastonbury, would make a picture fit for our Valhalla; and would be a proper close to the legendary part of our picture history.

Warton, who had within him the genius of a true poet, although it was repressed by the conventionalities, prettinesses, and affectations of the day in which he lived, has left a faulty, but still admirable passage, descriptive of some of the traditions connected with the son of Uther Pendragon.

The Welsh bards have gathered from far and near to rejoice at the visit of Henry II. to Wales, and to do the king honour:—

"Then gifted bards, a rival throng,
From distant Mona, nurse of song,
From Teivi fringed with umbrage brown,
From Elvy's vale and Cader's crown,
From many a sunless solitude
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,
From many a shaggy precipice
That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of British glory chose.

"O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roared,
High the screaming seamew soared,
On Tintagel's topmost tower
Darksome fell the sleety shower,
When Arthur ranged his red-cross ranks
On conscious Camlan's crimsoned banks,
By Modred's faithless guile decreed
Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed!
Yet, in vain, a Paynim foe
Aimed with fate the mighty blow;
For when he fell, an Elfin Queen,
All secret and unseen,
O'er the fainting hero threw
Her mantle of ambrosial blue;
And bade her spirits bear him far,
In Merlin's *agate-axled* car,
To her green isles enamelled steep,
Far in the navel of the deep.
O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew,
From flowers that in Arabia grew
On a rich enchanted bed
She pillowed his majestic head;
O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
Thrice she waved an *opiate wand*;
And to soft music's airy sound,
Her magic curtains closed around:
There, renew'd the vital spring,
Again he reigns a mighty king;
And many a fair and fragrant clime,
Blooming in immortal prime,
By gales of Eden ever fanned,
Owns the monarch's high command:
Thence to Britain shall return,
If right prophetic rolls I learn,
Borne on victory's spreading plume,
His ancient sceptre to resume;
Once more in old heroic pride,
His barbed courser to bestride;
His knightly table to restore,
And brave the tournaments of yore."

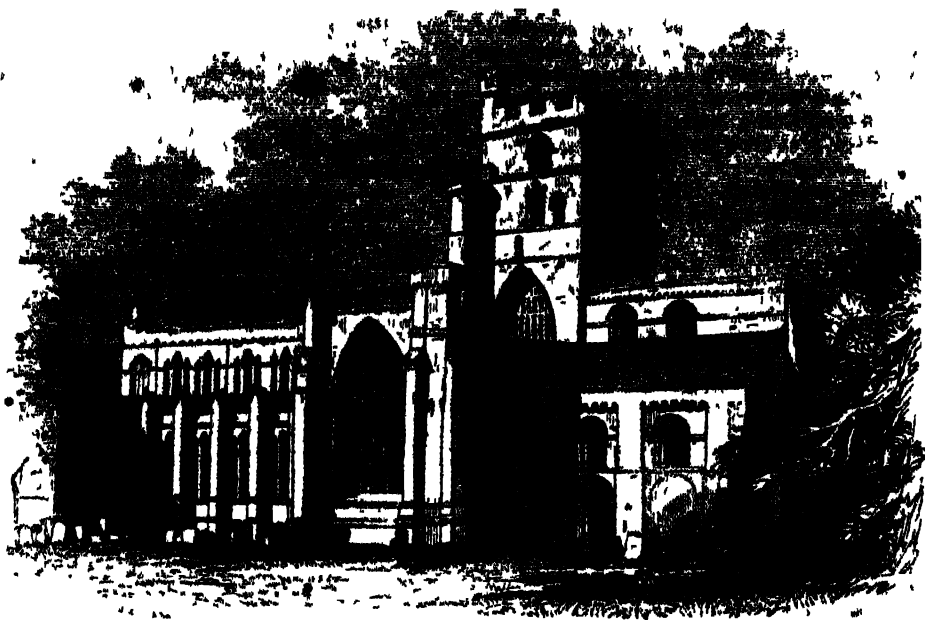
He ceased: when on the tuneful stage
Advanced a bard of aspect sage.

"When Arthur bowed his haughty crest,
No princess veiled in *azure vest*
Snatched him by Merlin's potent spell,
In groves of golden bliss to dwell;

Where, crowned with wreaths of mistletoe,
Slaughtered kings in glory go.
But when he fell, with winged speed
His champions on a milk-white steed,
From the battle's hurricane,
Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,*
In the fair vale of Avalon:
There, with chaunted orison
And the long blaze of tapers clear,
The stoled fathers met the bier;
Through the dim aisles in order dread
Of martial woe the chief they led,
And deep entombed in holy ground
Before the altar's solemn bound:
Around no dusky banners wave,
No mouldering trophies mark his grave;
The faded tomb, with honour due,
'Tis thine, O Henry! to renew.
There shall thine eye, with wild amazé,
On his gigantic stature gaze;
There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
All in warrior weeds arrayed,
Wearing in death his helmet crown,
And weapons huge of old renown:—
Martial prince, 'tis thine to save
From dark oblivion ARTHUR'S GRAVE."

* According to the Welsh legends, the church at Glastonbury (the first Christian church erected in this island of Great Britain) was founded by Joseph of Arimathea.



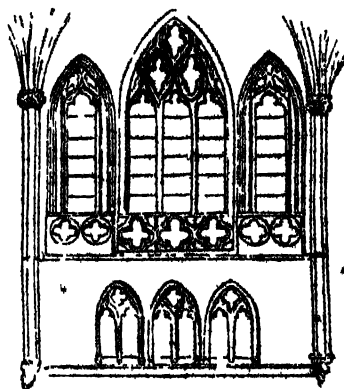


[Carlisle Cathedral, from the North]

CARLISLE CATHEDRAL.

CARLISLE is situated on an elevation which rises from the banks of the Eden and its affluents the Caldew and the Peteril; and as the cathedral occupies the highest ground near the centre of the city, it is conspicuous many a mile from the comparatively level but rich and beautiful country around it. The entire structure is of red freestone, coarse but very durable. The original form was, as usual, a cross, but upwards of ninety feet of the nave, or west end, were pulled down by the adherents of Cromwell, and the materials used to repair the walls and castle, and to build a guard-house. The opening was walled up, and the part of the nave which remained was converted into the parish church of St. Mary. This part of the structure is of early Norman architecture, and exceedingly massive, with semicircular arches resting on pillars only fourteen feet-two inches in height, and nearly six feet in diameter. The choir, where the cathedral service is performed, is of Gothic architecture. The annexed cut exhibits the top of the east end, which is

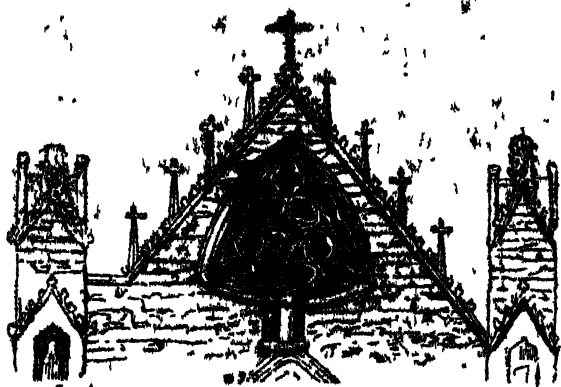
are pointed and highly ornamented; the columns are clustered, and the capitals adorned with figures and flowers in open carved work; the ceiling, originally of timber, is now of stucco, in imitation of groined vaulting. The stalls are of rich tabernacle work. The tracery of the upper part of the east window, which is forty-eight feet high by thirty feet wide, is filled with stained glass. The following cut exhibits



one of the side windows of the choir: the choir altogether is a work of great elegance and magnificence.

The tower, which rises above the centre of the transepts, is square and embattled, with a small turret at the north-east angle. It was originally surmounted by a spire, fourteen feet high, covered with lead, which, being found in a state of decay, was taken down after the Restoration.

The choir is one hundred and thirty-seven feet long, seventy-one feet wide, including the aisles, and seventy-five feet high. The transepts are one hundred and twenty-four feet long, and twenty-eight feet wide. The portion of the nave which constitutes St. Mary's Church is forty-three feet long. The entire length of the nave was about one hundred and thirty feet, so that the entire length of the cathedral was originally about three hundred feet. The height of the tower



a gable with a turret on each side, and ornamented with pinnacles, each of which is surmounted by a cross. A small window of Gothic tracery fills the centre of the gable above the great east window. The arches

is one hundred and thirty feet from the floor of the cathedral.

Carlisle was originally included in the bishopric of Lindisfarne, which, in consequence of the attacks of the Danes, was removed to Durham in 995, when the bishopric of Lindisfarne became the bishopric of Durham. In the reign of William Rufus, Walter, a Norman, began to build a priory at Carlisle, which was completed and endowed in 1101 by Henry I., who made his son-in-law Athelwald the first prior, as the head of a body of regular canons of the order of St. Augustine. It is probable that the cathedral was originally built as the church of the priory. The bishopric of Carlisle was established by Henry I. in 1133, Athelwald was made the first bishop as well as the first prior, and Carlisle became independent of the see of Durham to which it had, up to that time, continued to belong. Disputes afterwards arose between the prior and bishop as to the property of the two foundations. On their mutual petition, however, a division was made by Gallo, the pope's legate, and the disputes then ceased. In 1220 the manor of Dalston was granted to the bishopric of Carlisle, and Rose Castle, appurtenant to the manor, has from that time been the residence of the bishops, who do not appear to have ever had an episcopal residence at Carlisle.

In 1292 the cathedral was burnt, but the fire does not seem to have destroyed the heavy pillars, walls, and arches of the nave, which are obviously the work of the earliest Norman architects, if they do not belong to some church of even earlier date of which all record has been lost. Considerable grants were made by Edward I. in 1294 and again in 1304 in consideration of the great injury which the bishop, prior, and convent had sustained "by the burning of their houses and churches, and divers depredations of the Scots." The injury done to the nave was soon repaired, but the present choir was not built till the reign of Edward III. It was begun by Bishop Walton, whose bishopric extended from 1352 to 1363, and completed by his successor Bishop Appleby, whose bishopric extended to 1396. The tower was built by Bishop Strickland, whose bishopric extended from 1400 to 1419. These great architectural works were not accomplished without a large expenditure of money, which was partly obtained by subscriptions and partly by the sale of indulgences and remissions of penance to such of the laity as by money, materials, or labour, assisted in the accomplishment of the pious work.

The priory was resigned to Henry VIII. Jan. 9, 1540, and the corporation of dean and chapter established in 1542, Lancelot Salkeld, the last prior, being appointed the first dean. The clear yearly revenue of the priory was valued at 418*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*; that of the bishopric, at the same time, being valued at 531*l.* 4*s.* 11*d.*

Most of the conventual buildings were taken down in Cromwell's time, as well as the greater part of the nave, and were employed in repairing the walls and castle. The cloisters and chapter house were destroyed, except a very small part of the cloisters. The deanery however is a part of the monastic buildings, and the refectory, now called the Fraternity, has become the chapter-house.

On the south side of the choir, adjoining the transept, is a small chapel, which was erected by John de Causton, a citizen of Carlisle, and dedicated to St. Catherine.

In the piers of the choir are a series of curious legendary paintings illustrative of the lives and miracles of St. Anthony, St. Cuthbert, and St. Augustine; they are painted in the pannels of the screens, and over each is a distich in rhyme, explanatory of the circumstance represented. The figures and devices

are exceedingly rude, and later ecclesiastics, instead of the works of their predecessors, had covered them with whitewash, in consequence of which they have been much more impaired and obscured than they otherwise would have been. Some of the figures indeed are ridiculous enough, such as the devil with a bull's head and a long tail; but they embody the popular superstitions of those days, and are worth preserving as memorials of the barbarism which has passed away. The verses are even more uncouth than the paintings, and are probably a genuine specimen of the language of the border counties about the time when the choir was built.

There is also a curious painted ceiling in one of the rooms of the deanery. It is in many compartments, and consists of angels holding shields of arms, with labels inscribed with sentences of pety or supplication, and ornamented with roses, birds, scallop-shells, &c. On the sides of the cross-beams are several rude couplets. It was the work of Symon Senns (Simon Sennhouse), who became prior about 1507; it has the following inscription:—

Symon Senns, Prior, sette yis roofe and scallops here,
To the intent wythin thys place they shall have prayers every
daye in the year.
Lofe God and thy pryncce, and you neydis not deid thy enemy.

There are a few monuments of early bishops in the cathedral. Bishop Bell, who died in 1478, has a monumental brass, with his effigy, in the middle of the choir; but the most interesting monument is the brass plate on the north side of the choir, to the memory of Bishop Robinson, who was born in Carlisle about 1556; he was sent to Queen's College, Oxford, at first as "a poor serving child," where he received his education, and of which he became provost. The brass plate is full of figures, devices, and Latin inscriptions, and is very elaborately engraved. The bishop is represented kneeling in his episcopal robes, holding the crosier in one hand and a lighted candle in the other, together with a cord, to which are attached three dogs guarding three shepherds from the attacks of wolves. Beneath the candle is a group of figures, with implements of industry, and near them a wolf playing with a lamb. Behind the bishop is a building round the sides of a quadrangular court, apparently intended for Queen's College; and over this is a cathedral, with a group of figures on the steps, one of whom is kneeling and receiving a benediction. Near the top of the plate is an angel bearing a label inscribed in Greek, "To the Bishops." There are several Latin inscriptions referring to the different representations, besides the inscription in Latin at the bottom, "To Henry Robinson, D.D., a most careful provost of Queen's College, Oxford, and afterwards a watchful bishop of this church for eighteen years, who, on the 13th of July, in the year from the delivery of the Virgin 1616, and of his age 64, devoutly resigned his spirit to the Lord. Bernard Robinson, his brother and heir, had this memorial placed here as a testimony of his love."

The choir was repaired in 1764, and was then wainscoted with oak, from a design by Lord Camelford, nephew of Bishop Lyttleton, who then held the see. The removal of the timber roof at the same time has before been mentioned.

The bishopric of Carlisle was united by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in 1834, at 2213*l.* net yearly income, or about 3000*l.* gross; there is a temporary charge on the income for repairing and partly rebuilding Rose Castle, which will cease in 1858. The bishopric was extended by an Act of William IV., so as to include those parts of Cumberland and Westmoreland which had previously belonged to the bishopric of Chester, and also the deanery of Furness and

General in Lancashire, and the parish of Alderton in the county of Northampton. By the same act the income was increased to 4500*l.* per annum.

The corporation of dean and chapter consists of a dean, four canons, six minor canons, and other officers. The average net income was estimated in 1835 at 5818*l.*

Scenery of South Africa.—At every step we take," says he, "what thousands and tens of thousands of gay flowers rear their lovely heads around us! Of the beauty and enthusiasm of the botanist has not testified the wisdom of these regions in golden more brilliant than they deserve; for Africa is the mother of the most magnificent exotics that grace the green-house of Europe. Take where we will; some new plant discovers itself to the admiring gaze, and every flower, and being decked with some large and showy bloom, seems to be no exaggeration to compare the country to a botanical garden left in a state of nature. The regal *Palms*, for whose beauties we have from childhood entertained an almost instinctive respect, here blossom spontaneously on every side, the buzzing host of bees, beetles, and other parasites by which its choice sweets are surrounded, being often joined by the tiny humming-bird, herself scarcely larger than a butterfly, who perches on the edge of a broad flower, and darts her tubular tongue into the chalice. But the bulbous plants must be considered to form the most characteristic class; and in no region of the globe are they to be found so numerous, so varied, or so beautiful. To the brilliant and sweet-smelling *Iris*, and to the superb species of the *Iris*, there is no end; the mowell, the corn-flag, the *amaryllis*, the *hamanthus*, and *periclitum*, being countless as the sands upon the sea-shore. After the autumnal rains their gaudy flowers, mixed with those of the brilliant orchids, impart life and beauty, for a brief season, to the most sandy wastes, and covering alike the meadows and the foot of the mountains, are succeeded by the *gnaphalium*, the *xeranthemum*, and a whole train of everlasting, which display their red, blue, or silky white flowers among a host of scented geraniums, flourishing like so many weeds. Even in the midst of stony deserts arise a variety of aloes and other fleshy plants—the *stapelia*, or carrion flower, with square, scabulous, leafless stems, and flowers resembling star-fish, forming a numerous and highly eccentric genus, in colour so nearly allied to putrescent animal matter, that insects are induced to deposit their larvae thereon. The brilliant *meibomianum*, or fig marigold, comprising another genus almost peculiar to South Africa, extends to nearly three hundred species, and whilst they possess a unguine of juices, which enables them to bear without shrinking a long privation of moisture, their roots are admirably calculated to fix the loose shifting sands which form the superficies of so large a portion of the soil. Piff amid this gay and motley assemblage, the heaths, whether in number or in beauty, stand confessedly unrivalled. Nature has extended that elegant shrub to almost every soil and situation—the marsh, the river bank, the richest loam, and the barest mural cliff, being alike

"Empurpled with the heather's dye."

"Upwards of three hundred and fifty distinct species exist, nor is the form of their flowers less diversified than are their varied hues. Cup-shaped, globular, and bell-shaped, some exhibit the figure of a cone, others that of a cylinder; some are contracted at the base, others in the middle, and still more are belged out like the mouth of a trumpet. Whilst many are smooth and glossy, some are covered with down, and others, again, are encrusted with mucilage. Red is every variety and depth of shade, from black to the brightest crimson, in their prevailing complexion; but green, yellow, and purple are scarcely less abundant, and blue is almost the only colour whose absence can be remarked.

"In emerald tufts, flowers purple, pink, and white,

Like sapphires, pearls, and rich embroidery

Buckled below the mountain's base, the heath

Fairies use flowers for their carpeting."

—*Mr. W. C. Murray's Portraits, &c., of the Wild Animals of Southern Africa.*

The Robin of New South Wales.—Very few birds came near our house, but a noisy Robin few was the robin (Petrochelidon) since 7), as much more beautiful in plumage as he is inferior in

note to our winter darling in England, but with exactly the same jaunty air, and brisk, quick manner. His attire is, I really think, the most exquisite of all the feathered creatures here: the breast is the most vivid geranium-colour, softening to a paler shade towards the wings, which are glossy black, with clear white markings across them; the back is also black, with a white spot on the crown of the head, and the tail-feathers are also barred with white. The colours are so clear and distinct as almost to convey the idea of different garments put on and fitted with the most exquisite taste; whilst the gay, frolicsome air, and intelligent, bright, black eyes of the little beast, tell you that he is by no means unconscious of the very favourable impression his appearance must create. He hops about sings a few notes of a soft, lively little song; flies to a tall or low tree, and arranges some fancied impropriety in a wing-feather; then surveys the glossy spread of his tail as he preps over his shoulder; and after a few more hops, and another small warble, very sweet and very low—a passing glance, like the flash of a tiny lightning, and he is gone.—*Notes and Sketches of New South Wales, by Mrs. Charles Meredith.*

Sports of Bokhara.—Among the tribes who possess large herds of horses, such as the *Naiman*, *Khitai*, and others, there exists a game among the young people called *kuk-bari*, which may be described as follows:—A hundred or more riders assemble together; and having chosen one from their party, they send him to fetch a kil out of the flock belonging to the master whose guests they happen to be. The messenger, on fulfilling his errand, onto the throat of the kil, and, grasping it firmly with his right hand by the two hind-legs, hastens to join the party. The latter, as soon as they spy him returning from a distance, press forward to meet him, and endeavour to wrest the slaughtered animal from his grasp. Whenever any one obtains the rare success of snatching away the whole carcass, or even only a limb or fragment of it, he sets off in his turn, pursued by eight of his companions as are desirous of securing the spoil. The game lasts until one of the party succeeds in carrying off a large slice of the meat to his home, and in securing himself from further pursuit. The excitement of the game is carried to such an excess, that murders are not seldom committed. Custom, which has acquired in this instance the force of law, forbids the relations of the murderer to seek redress at the hands of the murderers, if it can be proved that the deceased was killed at the game of *kuk-bari*. I have been told that even the *Amir*, when he visits Samarkand in autumn, takes part in these games, and is not offended if pushed by any one, or if he happens to receive a lash with a whip, as the latter can hardly be avoided at the first scramble for the slaughtered kil; because all the riders get jammed together, and then each with his kameluk deals blows right and left, endeavouring to clear the way for his horse.—*Bokhara: its Amir and its People; by the Baron C. de Bode.*

Avalanches of the Alps.—You hear the thunder of the unseen avalanches among the recesses of the mountains, and the conviction that you are close to the unmelting miracle which defies the scorching yet becomes yet more intense;—but it shall be disturbed—how? By the sight of that which, unseen, was so terrible! From some jutting knob, of the size of a cricket ball, a handful of snow is puffed into the air, and lower down—on the neighbouring slant—you observe veins of white substance streaming down the crevices—like the tinsel streams in the distance of a pretty scene in an Eastern melo-drama quickened by a touch of magic wand—and then a little cloud of snow, as from pelting fairies, rises from the frostwork basin—and then a sound as of a thunder-clap—all is still and silent—and this is an avalanche! If you can believe this—can realize the truths that snow and ice have been just dislodged in power to crush a human village—you may believe in the distance at which you stand from the scene, and that your eye is master of icy precipices stratacing ten miles perpendicular ascent; but it is a difficult lesson; and the disproportion between the awful sound and the pretty sight renders it harder. We saw two avalanches during the hour and a half which we spent in front of the cottage;—and learned two other illustrations of the truth that, amidst the grandeur of the universe, "nothing is not always believing."—*Mr. Serj. Telford's Pictorial Rambles.*



[Primiticcio]

ESSAYS ON THE LIVES OF REMARKABLE PAINTERS—No. XXXVI.

SCHOLARS OF RAPHAEL—*continued.*

PRIMATICCIO, NICCOLÒ DEL ARATE, ROSSO, and others who worked with them, are designated in the history of art as the 'Fontainebleau School,' of which Primiticcio is considered the chief.

GIOVANNI DA UDINE, who excelled in painting animals, flowers, and still life, was Raphael's chief assistant in the famous arabesques of the Vatican.

PERRINO DEL VAGA, another of Raphael's scholars, carried his style to Genoa, where he was chiefly employed; and ANDREA DI SALERNO, a far more charming painter, who was at Rome but a short time, has left many pictures at Naples, nearest to Raphael in point of feeling than those of other scholars who had studied under his eye for years: Andrea seems also to have been allied to his master in mind and character, for Raphael parted from him with deep regret.

POLIDORO CARAVAGGIO, called from the place of his birth Polidoro da Caravaggio, was a poor boy who had been employed by the fresco painters in the Vatican to carry the wet mortar and afterwards to grind their colours: he learned to admire, then to emulate what he saw, and Raphael encouraged and aided him by his instructions. The heat of Polidoro's genius as it developed itself was a curious and interesting compound of his two vocations. He had been a mason, or what we should call a bricklayer's boy, for the first twenty

years of his life. From building houses he took to decorating them, and from an early familiarity with the remains of antiquity lying around him, the mind of the uneducated mechanic became unconsciously imbued with the very spirit of antiquity; not one of Raphael's scholars was so distinguished for a classical purity of taste as Polidoro. He painted chiefly in chiaro-scuro (that is, in two colours, light and shade), friezes, composed of processions of figures, such as we see in the ancient bas-reliefs, sea and river gods, tritons, bacchantes, fawns, satyrs, cupids. At Hampton Court there are six pieces of a small narrow frieze, representing boys and animals, which apparently formed the top of a bedstead or some other piece of furniture; these will give some faint idea of the decorative style of Polidoro. This painter was much employed at Naples and afterwards at Messina, where he was assassinated by one of his servants for the sake of his money.

PELLEGRINO DA MODENA, an excellent painter, and one of Raphael's most valuable assistants in his sculpture subjects, carried the 'Roman school' to Modena.

At this time there was in Ferrara a school of painters very peculiar in style, distinguished chiefly by extreme elegance of execution, a miniature-like neatness in the details, and deep, vigorous, contrasted colours—as intense crimson, vivid green, brilliant white, approximated—a little grotesque in point of taste, and rather like the very early German school in feeling and treatment, but with more grace and ideality. There is

a picture in our National Gallery by Mazzolino da Ferrara (No. 82), which will give a very good idea of this style, both in its beauties and its singularities.



[From the Rape of the Sabines, by Polidori.]

CHEVALIER BAYARD.

(Continued from page 32)

Next year Bayard was present at the taking of Brescia, where he gave an eminent example of the noble generosity of a true knight. He was the first to enter the town, but in doing so was wounded in the thigh by a pike, which broke and left the head hanging in the wound. As soon as the place was taken Bayard was laid on a door torn from the nearest house and carried to a large mansion close by. The master of this mansion had fled for refuge to a monastery; leaving his wife and daughters "in the Lord's keeping." When the soldiers knocked at the door the mother, putting her trust in God, opened it herself; and when the good knight was carried inside she cast herself at his feet and besought him to spare and protect her daughters and herself. Madam, he replied, I may not recover from this wound, but while I live no wrong shall be done to you or your daughters, only let them keep in their chambers and not suffer themselves to be seen by the soldiers. Then he placed some of his own men at the door of the house as a guard and that it might be known who was within; and having learnt where the Master of the house might be found, he sent an escort to bring him safely home to his family. Great was the joy of all of them at such treatment, but

still "they looked upon themselves as his prisoners, and all they possessed as his property, this being the case with the other houses which had fallen into the hands of the French." But seeing his generous temper, they trusted he would not enforce a ruinous ransom; and so on the day he was about to depart, having recovered from his wound sufficiently to rejoin the army, his hostess entered his room and fell on "both her knees before him, but he immediately raised her up, and would not suffer her to say a word till she was seated by his side." Then, with many acknowledgments of his kindness, and entreating his further compassion, she offered to him a little steel box full of ducats, saying, "here is a little present which we have made for you, be pleased to take it in good part." Bayard, laughing, inquired how many ducats it contained; she, fearing he was offended at the smallness of the present, replied, only two thousand five hundred, but if he was not content therewith, they would procure a larger number. But he refused to take any, saying, "On my honour, madam, had you given me an hundred thousand crowns, I should not stand so much beholden to you as I do for the good entertainment and careful attendance I have received at your hands; be assured that wherever I may be, you shall have a gentleman at your service as long as God permits me to live." However, she the more earnestly pressed him to accept that small gift as a tribute of their esteem, till at length he took the box and sent her for her daughters, who were very fair and gentle maidens, and used to play cunningly on the lute and the virginals, singing very sweetly at the same time, wherewith they greatly solaced the good knight during his sickness. When they came he told them that their mother had constrained him to accept so many ducats, which he divided into three parts, giving to each of them one thousand of the ducats as a marriage portion: the five hundred he placed in the hands of his hostess, requesting her to distribute them on his behalf among the nuns whose convents had been pillaged. So great was the gratitude of this family that it moved the good knight to tears. "As he quitted his chamber to get on horseback the two fair damsels of the house came down, and each made him a present, which they had made during his illness. One of these gifts was a pretty neat pair of bracelets, delicately composed of fine gold and silver threads; the other a purse of crimson satin, most curiously wrought. He gave them many thanks, and said the presents came from such good hands that he should value them at ten thousand crowns. And to honour them more, he had the bracelets put upon his arms, and placed the purse in his sleeve, declaring that he would wear them as long as they lasted for their sakes." When he rejoined the army, says his loyal servant, "he was welcomed with such demonstrations of joy that it seemed as if, at his coming, the army had received a reinforcement of ten thousand men."

What else remains to be told of the good knight we must relate more summarily. He was present at the battle of Ravenna, where he greatly distinguished himself. When the French forces retreated after that event he was wounded in the neck; he being, as was usual on such occasions, in the rear. Foremost in a charge, last in a retreat, indeed came to be his established place, and if his valour in advancing often contributed greatly to a victory, his equanimity in retiring not seldom tended mainly to preserve the army from destruction. Thus at the battle of Terouanne, in 1513, known as the battle of Spurs, from the eagerness the French showed to escape from the field, owing, as the loyal servant says, to mistaken orders, when the panic seized the gendarmes, Bayard with fourteen of his

followers (and never had commander more devoted ones) determined to make a stand at a narrow pass where a bridge crossed a brook, and so give time to the French cavalry to rally or to secure their retreat. "Go and tell them," he said to one of his men, "that the enemy will be half-an-hour gaining this bridge." He thus saved the French army, but was himself made prisoner. When taken to the English camp Maximilian, who was serving with the English king, said tauntingly, "I thought Bayard never fled." "Had I fled, sire," he answered, "I should not be here now." The youthful Francis I. had no sooner been proclaimed king than, athirst for martial glory, he led an army across the Alps, resolved to attempt the recovery of the duchy of Milan; but a powerful combination had been formed against him, and a large army was already afield. The hostile forces met at Marignano (Sept. 13, 1515). Opposed to the French were the Spanish and Italian troops, aided by a considerable body of Swiss infantry. The encounter was terrible, making all other battles in which the veterans present had before engaged "appear but childish sport in the comparison." The battle lasted two days, and the carnage was shocking. Of the Swiss alone upwards of ten thousand, or, as some averred, nearly fifteen thousand perished. The French were victorious, and Francis, who had beheld the prodigies of valour the good knight accomplished, requested and received the honour of knighthood from him upon the field.

The death of Bayard occurred in 1524. He was with the army sent to oppose the Spanish forces under the celebrated Constable Bourbon. The French commander Bonnivet was quite unequal to the difficulties of his position, and Bayard in vain remonstrated with him on the imprudence of his course. After various successes the French were compelled to retreat, but were overtaken near the Scvia by the Imperialists, who attacked them with great fury. Bonnivet was wounded, and he consigned the direction of the army to Bayard, who received the charge sorrowfully, remarking, "It is too late." While conducting the rear and exhorting his men-at-arms to retreat as orderly as if they were marching in their own country, he was struck by a stone from a harquebus, which fractured his spine, and feeling that his wound was mortal, he exclaimed, "O God, I am slain." His steward, Jacques Jouffroy, assisted him to dismount, and the good knight said to him, "Let me be laid down at the foot of this tree, and place me that I may face the enemy," adding that he had never turned his back to him yet, and would not begin now he was dying. Then he addressed himself to the offices of religion: holding the cross of his sword before him he confessed to his steward; there being no priest at hand. A Swiss captain proposed to carry him off upon pikes, but he would not allow it; his life, he said, was fast ebbing away, and he entreated to be permitted to employ the little that remained of it in thinking about his soul. Nor would he allow his friends to remain with him, as they would gladly have done, but besought them to care for themselves, charging them at the same time with salutations for his noble friends in France: Jouffroy alone he permitted to stay. When the Marquis of Pescara, who commanded a part of the pursuing army, reached the spot where Bayard lay, he directed a tent to be pitched for him, and all possible care bestowed upon him. At the same time he pronounced over him a lofty eulogium in the Spanish language, declaring that "though his master had no more formidable adversary in his wars," he would gladly "part with a quart of his own blood (could that be done without loss of life), and abstain from flesh for two years, or give the half of all he possessed in the world," rather than "all knighthood should sustain so heavy a loss."

So died Bayard, like his ancestors, on the field of battle. When the news of his death arrived the lamentation was universal, not only throughout France, but wherever knighthood was held in estimation. The honours paid to his remains were proportionable to the regret for his loss. The Spanish general directed his body to be embalmed and sent home. The Duke of Savoy, through whose domains it was to pass, commanded that the same observances should be shown to it as if it were that of his own brother. When it arrived at Grenoble, his native place, the magistrates, the nobles of the surrounding country, and most of the inhabitants, went out in solemn procession to meet it, and conducted it to a convent, founded by his uncle the Bishop of Grenoble, at Minims, about half a mile from the city, where it was finally deposited.

Our outline of the good knight's life is slight, but sufficient, perhaps, to exhibit some of the more prominent features of his character. In the pages of his biographer he may be seen at full length. His valour reads like that of the Homeric heroes; and his judgment in counsel was held in equal estimation with his courage. His personal disposition, the loyal servant, who had the best means of judging, declares was no less admirable than either: indeed he passionately expresses his belief, "that since the creation of the world, neither among Christians nor Heathens, hath any human being appeared that hath done less that is dishonourable or more that is honourable than he." During his life he maintained many families whose circumstances had become reduced, though his benevolence was not known till after his death. The instances we have given of his humanity and generosity were by no means uncommon ones. In speaking, however, of the humanity of Bayard, the times in which he lived must be borne in mind or a false impression may be conveyed. He was more humane than his contemporaries, but not more than his time or his order. Chivalry was an institution for the noble; it stooped not to the lowly; and Bayard's courtesy ranged only within the same limits. Accordingly his biographer, while he tells how knights are succoured and though made prisoners, treated with all honour, says also, "the country soldiers" are "killed like cattle;" not, we may hope by Bayard's will, though he does not appear ever to have thought about them. Again, while gentlemen are commended for making a gallant defence, when some country-people, who have stood out stoutly, are taken, it is tried "whether their necks are strong enough to carry a battlement." His well-known aversion to gunpowder, which was coming into pretty general use towards the end of his career, arose mainly from its leveling character, "it being a great heart sore to him that a valiant man should be slain by a paltry pitiful ragamuffin;" and hence he never gave quarter to a harquebussier. Not the least noticeable of his excellences was his entire freedom from selfishness. He never dispraised a rival nor ever praised himself; and while all others were eager after the spoil he never sought for any, replying to those who blamed him for not enriching himself, "Gentlemen, I do my duty; God hath not sent me into the world to live upon plunder and rapine." But "of worldly pelf he took no thought at all, as he clearly proved, being at his death little richer than at his birth hour." When asked "What goods ought the noble man to leave to his children?" his answer was, "Those which fear neither rain nor storm, nor the power of man, nor human justice—wisdom and virtue." His whole life is a proof that he took upon himself the calling of a knight with no ignoble or selfish aim. He embraced it in truth and honour, and truly and honourably cherished it. To us such a vocation seems not the noblest, but it was otherwise

thought in his time; and his whole life was an earnest hopeful endeavour to live up to its highest requirements. A true man deserves honour and acknowledgment when he is recognised, whatever be his calling, whatever his purpose; and a truer man than Bayard can hardly be found.

CULTIVATION OF THE NUTMEG IN BRITISH COLONIES.

THERE have been within the last few years some interesting details published respecting the growth of *spices* in some or other of the British colonies. Scarcely any of those commodities which constitute spice are brought from our own territories; and, in order to ascertain whether the difficulties attending their introduction might not be overcome, the Society of Arts has from time to time offered premiums. One of its premiums was to this effect:—"To the person who shall grow the finest sample of *nutmegs*, of good and merchantable quality, not less than twenty pounds weight, in any part of her Majesty's dominions, in the West Indies, or in any British plantation on the coast of Africa, or of the several islands adjacent thereto, or in the island of Singapore, equal to those imported from the islands of the East Indies;—*the gold medal*." In reply to this offer Dr. Montgomerie, of Singapore, sent to the Society, in 1842, a packet of about thirty pounds of nutmegs and six pounds of mace, grown by him in that island. He received the Society's gold medal, and communicated an interesting account of the measures taken to introduce the cultivation of these spices into the extreme corner of British Asia, where Singapore is situated.

Dr. Montgomerie states, that so long back as 1821 some young nutmeg and clove plants were carried by Sir Stamford Raffles from Bencoolen to Singapore, and placed under the charge of Mr. John Dunn, a gentleman who had some experience in the cultivation of spices at Bencoolen; and who had also some men placed under him who were accustomed to the work. A plantation was formed on the eastern slope of a hill, where there was a deep soil of ferruginous clay and sand. Both nutmeg and clove plants thrived very well, and commenced to bear in 1825. From this time the plantation was placed under the charge of different persons, and several small plantations were commenced by private persons in other situations near the town; the seed having been procured from Penang.

Dr. Montgomerie left Singapore in 1827, and on returning to it in 1835, he found that neglect and blight had destroyed most of the clove-plants; but the nutmeg-trees had presented so favourable an appearance that he was induced to commence a plantation on a piece of ground belonging to himself. The ground consisted of a low round hill with a little level land at its base; the hill being sixty or seventy feet high, and the whole about fifteen acres in extent, sheltered from the east wind by higher hills; the soil on the hill was a sandy clay, and on the level base principally blue clay. A supply of nuts was procured from Penang, the nuts being packed carefully in a box, with layers of earth alternately between each two layers of nuts.

A bed for a nursery was prepared with burnt earth and buffalo-dung manure, on the red soil of the plantation, and shaded overhead; the seeds or nuts being planted about a foot apart. When they were about a year and a half old the young plants were carefully separated and dug up, each one surrounded at the root with a ball of earth about a foot in diameter. They were planted in places prepared for their reception, in holes which had been dug about two feet wide by one and a half deep; a little soil, prepared with burnt

earth and buffalo-dung, was thrown into each hole, the plant was introduced, and the hole was filled with the same kind of soil pressed firmly round the plant. The plant was then shaded from the sun by placing four posts, two on each side, about four feet from the plant, with the tops inclined inwards; and on the tops of these awnings were spread. The awning was made of the same material as that employed by the Malays in thatching their huts, being made of the leaves of the *neessak* folded and tied on laths of the *Nebong* palm. The trees required to be shaded for three or four years, and provision was made for shifting the awnings higher and higher, to suit the growth of the plants. About eighteen months or two years after the ground was planted, additional plants were placed between the former ones, one for each.

In 1838 and 1839 a few trees that were first planted began to show blossoms; and in the following year certain transplantations and re-arrangements were made, to strengthen and improve the whole plantation. Every year a trench about a foot wide by fifteen inches deep was dug round each tree, at about where the roots terminated,—the drop from the extremity of the branches being taken as the guide, going a little wide at first, and digging nearer until the tips of the roots were exposed. The earth from the trench was thrown on the down-hill side of the tree, so as to increase the level, and the trench was filled up with surface soil mixed with burnt earth and manure.

Dr. Montgomerie purchased in 1839 another plantation, bordering on his former one, and of about equal size; it contained about thirty good trees and five or six inferior ones, about twelve years old, which were in very good bearing; the rest of the ground had been also recently planted out; and there was also a nursery of young plants, which served to replace inferior ones in both plantations. From the thirty-five trees of the new plantation there were obtained, between June 1839 and June 1840, about eighteen thousand nutmegs, varying from six hundred to twenty-four hundred in each month, according to the weather. The average, take the good and bad together, was about five hundred nutmegs from each tree.

The nuts (for the nutmegs constitute the nuts of the tree) burst when ripe. They are then plucked by means of a sharp hook fixed on the end of a long bamboo. There are many persons, perhaps, who use spice to whom the fact is not known that *mace* and *nutmeg* are parts of the same fruit, mace being the shell of the nut whose kernel constitutes nutmeg. The fruit as it hangs on the tree has an external envelope of a soft pulpy substance, then the shell or mace, and then the kernel or nutmeg. In the Spice Islands, whence this produce is chiefly obtained, the people who collect the nutmeg-fruit, cut it open, and throw away the pulpy substance or external coat. The mace beneath is a thick membrane rather than a shell, and is carefully taken off and dried.

But to proceed with the Singapore system. The mace was removed with a small circular gouge, and dried in the sun for a day; but before it got quite hard, it was laid between planks covered with linen cloth, and pressed flat under a wooden screw, so as to keep it in shape, and prevent it from getting broken in packing. It was afterwards thoroughly dried in the sun. The nutmegs themselves were dried in the sun until they shook in their shells, a period of about six or eight days; and they were then put into a basket and hung in the smoke of a wooden fire for a month or two. When about to be shipped off, the nuts were cracked, and assorted in three parcels; the first quality consisting of the large, plump, and heavy nuts; the second, of the small heavy ones; and the third, of the shrivelled light nuts.

The cultivator of these interesting plantations states that there are about three hundred and fifty or four hundred acres of ground planted with nutmegs on the island of Singapore, one half of which will be in good bearing in 1840, and the whole in full bearing in 1850, and may be expected to produce between six and seven hundred cwt. of nutmeg annually.

Mr. Macgregor mentions certain points connected with the culture of land in that island, which would prevent the nutmeg cultivation from reaching that point of profit and excellence to which it might otherwise attain. "The forest-land, except a few original grants of small extent, is now only given on leases of twenty years, renewable at the end of that period, for forty years more. These would doubtless be very favourable terms for a farmer in England to enter upon an improveable farm, if on the condition of compensation being made to the farmer, at the end of his lease, for all permanent improvements made by him, and for standing crops, &c. But how different is the case here! The whole island in 1820 was covered with a dense forest of large trees, and impervious to man without the aid of a hatchet; it was literally impossible to penetrate without cutting the thorns and smaller shrubs growing around the lofty trees, which also covered the ground to the extent of several hundred trees per acre. The operation of felling, burning, and clearing the ground for cultivation in a moist climate is most troublesome, slow, and expensive; the constant rain prevents the timber from drying until a second undergrowth starts up, fresh and green, so that it has to be cut again and again; and the removal of the enormous roots of hard and old timber is a work of great labour. These preliminary operations are so laborious and expensive that even if the ground were granted in perpetuity, it would be dearly bought; but when there is a quit-rent, small certainly at first, but to be levied before the ground begins to produce as much as will cover the annual outlay, it falls hard; and when the broken ground, at the end of fifty years, reverts, with all its improvements, houses, fences, bridges, fruit-trees, and valuable timber that may have been planted by the tenant, and without any stipulation for remuneration for permanent improvements by him, the terms are so absurdly severe that it requires explanation why people could ever have been induced to cultivate."

These observations, and others of a similar kind, evidently relate to the prospect of profit which a cultivator would have under the existing arrangements at Singapore in respect to the renting of land, and not to the capability of the district for growing nutmegs. The samples sent to England were submitted to a spice-broker, and were found to be of very good quality.

A few years before, the Society of Arts had given a similar prize, i. e. a gold medal, to Mr. Lockhart of Trinidad, for producing nutmegs of a very fair quality in that island. Two plants were first brought to Trinidad from Cayenne in the early part of the present century; but many years elapsed before any favourable results were obtained; for the tree is one requiring much care and attention.

Apprenticeship.—In most professions of the more liberal kind there is in England no contract of apprenticeship; the pupil or learner pays a fee, and has the opportunity of learning his teacher's art or profession if he pleases. Thus a man who intends to be called to the bar pays a fee to a special pleader, a conveyancer, or an equity draftsman, and has the liberty of attending at the chambers of his teacher and learning what he can by talking the business of his house and assisting in it. But he may neglect his studies if he pleases, and this will neither concern

his master, who can pay no wages with the sanction of an ignorant public, and who is bound without giving anything for it, to the public. For though the barrister is admitted by the house of court without any examination, and may be utterly ignorant of his profession, he mischief escapes to the public, because the rules of the profession do not permit him to undertake business without the intervention of an attorney or solicitor, and no one would employ him without such intervention. But the attorney or solicitor is required by act of parliament to serve a five years' apprenticeship, the results for which are much diminished since the institution of all examinations by the Incorporated Law Society in Chancery Lane, London, before he can be admitted to practice. Indeed a part of the time which is now spent in an attorney's office would be much better spent at a good school, and would perhaps cost the parent or guardian as little. There is frequently a fee paid with an apprentice to an attorney or solicitor, and there is a stamp duty of 120l. on his indentures, so that it is probable that the raising of revenue was one object in legislating on this matter. Persons who practise as physicians serve no apprenticeship, but they are subjected to examinations; all persons who practise as apothecaries must serve a five years' apprenticeship. The reasons for this apprenticeship also are much diminished by the institution of examinations, at which persons are rejected who have not the necessary knowledge, though they have served the regular period of apprenticeship. If the examination of the attorney and apothecary is sufficiently strict, that is a better guarantee for their professional competence than the mere fact of having served an apprenticeship. Yet the apprenticeship is some guarantee for the character of the apothecary and solicitor, which the examination alone cannot be, for a youth who has much ruled-conducted himself during his apprenticeship cannot receive the testimonial of his master for good conduct, and he is liable to have his indentures cancelled. The attorney and apothecary belong to two classes whose services are constantly required by the public, who have little or no means of judging of their professional ability. A man can tell if his shoemaker or tailor uses him well, but his health may be ruined by his apothecary, or his affairs damaged by his attorney, without his knowing where the fault lies. There is no objection, therefore to requiring apprenticeship or any other condition from an attorney or apothecary which shall be a guarantee for his professional competence, but nothing more should be required than is necessary, and it is generally agreed that an apprenticeship of five years is not necessary. If, however, the law were altered in this respect, it is very possible that the practice of five years' apprenticeship might still continue, and there would be no good reason for the law interfering if the parties were willing to make such a contract. In all those arts, crafts, trades, and mysteries which a boy is sent to learn at an early age, a relation analogous to that of master and servant, and parent and child, is necessary both for the security of the master and the benefit of the boy. Adam Smith speaks of apprenticeship as if the only question was the length of time necessary to learn the art or mystery in. If parents can keep their children at home or at school until they approach man's estate, the control created by the contract of apprenticeship is less necessary, and the term for serving a master need not be longer than is requisite for the learning of the art. Still, if the contract is left free by the law, it will depend on many circumstances, whether the master will be content with such a period; he may require either more money with the apprentice and less of his service, or less of his money and more of his service. This is a matter that no legislator can usefully interfere with. But when boys leave home at an early age, and are sent to learn an art, it is necessary that they should be subjected to control, and for a considerable period. They must learn to be attentive to their business, methodical, and well-behaved; and if their masters set them a good example, the moral discipline of a boy's apprenticeship is useful. If the master does not set a good example, the effect will be that he will not be so likely to have apprentices, for an apprenticeship partakes of the nature of a school education, an education in an art or mystery, and a preparation for the world; and a master who can best prepare youths in this threefold way is most likely to have the offer of apprenticeship. *English Books of Reference.—The Political Dictionary.*



THE DEAR OF THE POETS.

No. III.—SPRING FLOWERS.

It has been objected to Milton that in his 'Lycidas' he enumerates among "vernal flowers" many of those which are the offspring of Midsummer, and of a still more advanced season. The passage to which the objection applies is the following:—

"Ye Vallies low, where the mild whis-
pers rise
Of shades, and wanton winds, and
gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star
sparsely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint ena-
mel'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied
showers,
And purple all the ground with ver-
nal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken
dies,
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessa-
mine,
The white pink, and the paisy freak'd
with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attitud
woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pen-
sive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery
wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodilbes fill their cups with
tears,
To strow the laurel bier where
Lycid lies."

A little consideration will show that Milton could distin-
guish between the flowers of
Spring and the flowers of
Summer. The "Sici-
lian Muse" is to "call
the vales, and bid them
hither cast their bells,
and flowrets of a thou-
sand hues." There

were not only to be cast the "quaint enamel'd eyes" of "vernal flowers," but "every flower that sad embroidery wears;" or, in the still clearer language of the original manuscript of the poem, "every bud that sorrow's livery wears." The "vernal flowers" were to indicate the youth of Lycidas; the flowers of "sorrow's livery" were emblems of his untimely death. The intention of Milton is distinctly to be traced in his first con-

ception of the passage. After the "rathe [early] primrose," we have,

"And that sad flower that strove
To write his own woes on the vermeil grain."

This is the hyacinth, the same as "the tufted crow-
toe." He proceeds with more of sorrow's livery—

"Next add Narcissus, that still weeps in vain."

Then come "the woodbine," and "the pansy freak'd with jet." In the original passage "the musk-rose" is not found at all. Milton's strewments for the bier of Lycidas, we hold, are not confined to vernal flowers, and therefore it is unnecessary to elevate Shakspeare at the expense of Milton: "While Milton and the other poets had strung together in their descriptions the blossoms of Spring and the flowers of Summer, Shakspeare has placed in one group those only which may be found in bloom at the same time."* The writer alludes to the celebrated passage in the 'Winter's Tale,' where Perdita, at the summer sheep-shearing, bestows the "flowers of middle summer" upon her guests "of middle age," and wishes for "some flowers of the spring" that might become the "time of day" of her fairest virgin friends:

"O, Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath: pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a maulady
Most incident to maids; vould oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O! these I lack,
To make you garlands of."

This is indeed poetry founded upon the most accurate observation—the perfect combination of elegance and truth.

The exquisite simplicity of Chaucer's account of his love for the daisy may well follow Shakspeare's spring-garland.* Rarely could he move from his books; no game could attract him; but when the flowers begin to spring,

"Farewell my book and my devotion."

Above all the flowers in the mead he loved most

"these flow'rs white and red,
Such that men callen Daisies in our town;
To them have I so great affection,
As I said erst, when comen is the May,
That in my bed there daweth me no day
That I n'am up and walking in the mead
To see this flow'r against the sunn's spread,
When it upriseth early by the morrow;
That blissful sight softneth all my sorrow;
So glad am I when that I have presenche
Of it, to doen it all reverence."

Chaucer welcomes the "eye of the day" when "the month of May is comen." Another true poet, BURNS, has immortalized that solitary mountain daisy that he turned down with his plough on a cold April morning:

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem,
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem,
Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east,
Could blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rair'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form."

* Patterson on the Insects mentioned by Shakspeare.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's main shield,
But thou, beneath the random field
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alone.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent love,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To misery's brink,
Till wretch'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!"

This is a beautiful specimen of that poetical power which sees analogies in the natural and moral world, such as present themselves to every imaginative mind, but which few have the ability to translate into the language which all feel and understand.

ROBERT HERRICK is, in his quaint way, a master of this art:—

"Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.
We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again."

HERRICK.

Flowers and love are naturally associated. RALPH thus sings of the violet:—

"Sweet violets, Love's paradise, that spread
Your gracious odours, which you conch'd bear
Within your palie faces,
Upon the gentle wing of some calm-breathing wind,
That plays amidst the plain,
If by the favour of propitious stars you gain
Such grace as in my ladie's bosom place to find,
Be proud to touch those places!
And when her warmth your moisture forth doth wear,
Whereby her dainty parts are sweetly fed,

Your honours of the flowrie meads I pray,
You pretty daughters of the earth and sun,
With mild and sweetly breathing straight display
My bitter sighs, that have my heart undone!"

DRAYTON has a love simile for the small flower
bustling its "frosty prison":—

"All as the hungry winter-starved earth,
Where she by nature labours towards her birth,
Still as the day upon the dark world creeps,
One blossom forth after another peeps,
Till the small flower, whose root is now unbound,
Gets from the frosty prison of the ground,
Spreading the leaves unto the powerful sun,
Deck'd in fresh colours, smiles upon the sun.
Never unquiet care lodge in that breast
Where but one thought of Rosamond did rest."

But there are loftier feelings associated with flowers.
Love, in some poetical minds, rises into devotion to
the Great Source of all beauty and joy. Never were
Spring-flowers the parents of holier thoughts than are
found in this poem of HERBERT:—

"How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! even as the flow'rs in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away like snow in May;
As if there were no such cold thing."

Who would have thought my shivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground, as flow'rs depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they, together, all the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power!
Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell,
And up to heaven, in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amiss, 'This, or that, is,'
Thy word is all: if we could spell.

Oh, that I once past changing were;
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flow'r can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Off'ring at heav'n, growing and growing thither:
Not doth my flower want a spring show'r;
My sins and I joining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline.
What frost to that? What pole is not the zone
Where all things burn, when thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again:
After so many deaths I live and write:
I once more smell the dew and rain;
And relish versing. O my only light,
It cannot be that I am he,
On whom thy tempests fell all night!

These are thy wonders, Lord of love!
To make us see that we are but flow'rs that glide
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide;
Who would be more, swelling through store
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride."

HERBERT.

By the side of our old poet of the English Church
may we worthily place the devotional poem on Flowers
of a Transatlantic bard, whom we have quoted in our
last paper, LONGFELLOW:

"Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine."

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of old;
Yet not so wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they behold.

Wonderous truths, and manifold as wonderous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation
Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same, universal being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining;
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gaily in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain tissues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself, and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born:
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'flowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-embazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield:

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But on old Cathedrals, high and hoary
On the tomb of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral houses, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tells us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land."

Go then into the fields when the snow melts and the
earth is unbound. Pry into the hedges for the first
Primrose; see if there be a Daisy nestling in the short
grass; look for the little Celandine that Wordsworth
has glorified:—

"Ere a leaf is on the bush,
In the time before the Thrush
Has a thought about its nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless Prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we 've little warmth, or none."



BALLO DEGLI ORSI, OR BEAR-DANCING, AT ROME.

WITH a few melancholy exceptions, limited almost entirely, we believe, to what are technically called Caravan bears, or Show or Fair bears—all our members of the ursine family are now confined to our various zoological gardens. Bored he may yet meet in abundance; but a man may now walk every day in the year from Whitechapel Church to Charing Cross, and back from the Cross to the Church, without the remotest chance of meeting with a bear, either walking or dancing. We are men of the last century, and belong not to *New* but to *Old* England (and to us it must be Old England or no England at all); and we can well remember the time when dancing bears were a common sight in the streets of London, and when they shared the popularity and glory of our more than Babylon, in about an equal degree with Punch—whom a utilitarian and timid age, and a heartless legislature, have in vain endeavoured to put down, as a nuisance that caused stoppages, and frightened horses, and made tumble out of their saddles bad riders, who never ought to have been in them.

The bears that danced in London in the time of our childhood (the happiness and excitement of which happy season owed whole elements to the exhibition) were discreet, well-tutored, well-mannered bears; and their leaders were of that gentle and gentlemanly kind that one of the guests of Tony Lumpkin, Esq., at the Three Jolly Pigeons, had in his mind's eye when he said—"What though a man does lead dancing bears about the country, that's no reason why he shouldn't be a gentleman." They were mostly black-eyed, black-haired, picturesque Italians, from the ridges of the Apennines, or gentle Savoyards from the declivities of the Alps. They made their bears dance to pleasant and pastoral music—to the pipe and tabor; and it seems to us that we have never heard, in England, the true legitimate tabor since the days when we saw a huge brown bear dancing to it in the City Road. In Italy, at a much more recent period, we have heard the sounds produced by that happy combination of stick and sheep-skin; but even there it was in conjunction with an interesting member of the hirsute bear family, who was cutting capers in the Campo Vaccino, or Forum of ancient Rome, which—so fleets the glory of the world!—is now little else than a cattle-

market. In our mind the pipe and tabor and the bear are inseparably connected: we can never figure the image of the quadruped without seeing and hearing the two most antique and primitive instruments to which his fore-bears lifted their hind legs, when George the Third was king regnant of these realms. Why are the sounds of pipe and tabor heard no more? Were we to chance to hear them of a sudden in some great thoroughfare, we should certainly turn round into some side street (one of those streets which Punch takes possession of to make people happy without dread of the police or an indictment, for nuisance) in the entire expectation of seeing a bear dance. To us those dancing bears were, and for that matter still are, full of fun and of terror, of laughter and of awe. It was an exhibition wherein the sublime and ridiculous were not separated by even the single step, but where they met hand-in-hand and reigned conjointly; and absolute was the dominion of either in turns—each reign being a tyranny whilst it lasted. The monster frisked and gambolled in the most grotesque manner, the leader occasionally touching him in his nether or more fleshy parts with a little goad. We hope the point of the goad was not too sharp. We think it was not and never could have been, for those bear-leaders were so gentle and so funny themselves. And how could they have been otherwise leading a life of pipe and tabor and dance? And when the slender goad touched the bear, and the pipe played out more shrilly, and the rat-tat-tat of the tabor went quicker, how did the heavy gentleman in the rough brown coat, with a rope to his snout, lump and caper round the little circle of which the leader and chief was the centre and the happy laughing spectators the edges! Was there ever anything so cumbersome as the bear's lightness or so solemn as his frisks? The obese German that went to Paris late in life for a French education, and that danced on a drawing-room table—*pour se faire vif* (to make himself lively) was but a type of this dancing bear. There was or is no equivalent for him except the dull matter-of-fact man that tried or tries to be witty, or the punster that puns with a solemn immovable face. And then for the terrible, that highest part of the sublime. When the bear had done dancing he stalked round the circle—being still on his hind legs—with a little tin dish in his mouth, to collect the contributions of the spectators; and he would come close up to you, breathing and puffing in your face, and when

halfpennies or pennies rattled into the dish he would growl a complacent growl, and would make a most dismal and terrific noise, expressive of his disappointment when the coin fell short or was slow in coming. At the time we speak of, as being part and parcel of our own experience, bruin's fore-paws reached much higher than our head; and in our eyes his proportions were altogether monstrous and gigantic. Doctor Buckland may bury his fossil bones: his monsters of flood and field are pigmies to us now, to what the bear was then. And then the true nursery stories we knew about bears and their doings, and their never-to-be-satisfied voracity! How many mariners did we know of, that had been eaten on the lonely shore by brown bears, or on icebergs or in whaling-boats by white bears? As for the dark old man with a long tail and a wide bag that came to carry off naughty children, we had ceased to believe in him, for we had never seen him with our waking eyes, or heard him with our waking ears; but the bear we had seen many a time and often; we had even touched his rough coat towards that part which is farthest from the mouth, and when his mouth was in another direction and his head held tightly up by that most fearless and wondrous of men, the bear-ward or leader; and as for his voice, had we not heard the bear growl, and roar, and grunt, and yell? Many a time have we wakened from our sleep, when a foot perchance had got beyond the warm, protecting bed-clothes, and fancied that the cold nose of a hungry bear was close to us. These were visionary terrors, but they came from what we had seen and heard when awake. In this philosophic age no child feels such a night dread of an ichthyosaurus: he has never seen the monster in the flesh, and (which is very comforting), never will see it. The dancing bear was muzzled, and was held by a strong rope; but the ponderous strength of the muzzle spoke of the terrible strength that was in the bear's jaws and of the necessity of putting an iron stopper upon his appetite and man-eating propensities. Terrible, in short, was the dancing bear of our childish days; terrible was he and funny, and the more terrible from being so droll. Let metaphysicians say what they will, children have a strong sense of the force of contrast, and let those who doubt it see them take sugar first and senna afterwards, and then sugar after that. Generally, but not always, the dancing bear was accompanied by a monkey or a dancing dog, or a leash of monkeys. [We believe that the legitimate bear drama was a monologue, and severely repudiated the adjunct of dogs and monkeys.] We confess we loved to see the monkey with the bear; the light roguery of the one showed off so well by the side of the heavy pranks of the other—the force of contrast could no further go. At times the monkey would dance a pas seul on the shoulders of the bear; at other times he would with many antics and grimaces hunt the bear's head for that little creature which has been too exclusively described as being familiar to man. At other seasons the bear would stretch himself at his full length upon the ground, and shut his eyes as if he were fast asleep, or even stone dead; and thereupon jacko would dance upon his body from snout to tail, playing all manner of tricks and taking all sorts of liberties with the great monster, indeed to the opening of his heavy eyelids with his impertinent little fingers. To this last trick the monkey tribe in their intercourse with the bear family are said to be particularly addicted. We mention the fact as suggestive of reflection and experiment to zoologists, ideologists, and other philosophers. Our own dear and ingenious and very learned friend, the late W. S. R., Esq., who was bow-bearer to the sovereign for the New Forest, and as such was sworn to be of good and kindly behaviour to all her majesty's wild beasts, who relieved his more

serious studies and high official duties with investigating the characters and habits of various four-footed and four-handed animals, and whose conversation, never

"tuned to one key,

Ran on chace, race, horse, mare, fair, bear, and monkey,"

related a very striking anecdote to illustrate the habits of a bruin and the spirit of philosophical inquiry that was in a certain jacko. This bear and monkey were fellow-passengers on board of ship, or rather they were kept voyage after voyage on board of a man-of-war to amuse the sailors when they were home-sick or otherwise out of spirits. Being of the sluggish nature of his race, the bear would lie for whole hours together upon deck, sleeping or dozing in the shadow of the bulwark nearest the sun; and as he slept or dozed he would frequently pass his paw over his closed eyes, or twitch it up or down his rough face. This was carefully observed by the monkey, whose post, for the most part, was in the shrouds or up in the tops (whither he was often driven by the sailors for some mischievous prank or other, or by the younger midshipmen, who are apt to be rather more mischievous than monkeys), whence he had a fine bird's-eye view of all that was doing upon deck. One day jacko was seen to descend from the tops, creep quietly up to the bear, and open one of his eyes, into which he peeped with a very inquisitive and knowing look. As there was a standing feud between the two, or as the monkey's chief occupation consisted of teasing the bear, the thing at first attracted no extraordinary degree of attention. But when it was seen day after day that jacko did the same thing, and was much excited whenever the bear passed his paw over his dreamy eyes, or was uneasy in his sleep, the captain and the surgeon began to consider of it, and, being by birth Scotchmen and consequently metaphysicians, they soon came to the conclusion that the monkey lifted up the bear's eyelids and peeped into his eyes—to see what he was dreaming about.†

For all that we know to the contrary, dancing bears may have become as rare a sight in the streets of Rome as they are in the streets of London. But when we first knew the Eternal City (we speak of rather more than a quarter of a century ago), it was not so. One or two dancing bears were then to be seen every common working-day of the week, and more on Sundays and Saints' days, and other high festivals. Punch too at that time flourished amazingly in the city of the Cæsars. You could not walk from the Piazza di Spagna to St. Peter's, or the Vatican, or the Coliseum, or the Capitol, without hearing his shrill crowing voice. This made a considerate friend and countryman of ours say to another traveller who was complaining of the dearth of amusements, or lamenting that after one had seen the ancient buildings and churches and the galleries of pictures and statues, Rome was rather a dull place—My dear fellow, have we not dancing bears? Have we not Punch? Then how can you be dull here?

The leaders or bear-wards that we were acquainted with at Rome and in other ancient and venerable cities of Italy came chiefly from the most mountainous regions of the Duchy of Parma. In an early part of the 'Penny Magazine' we have given some account of this country and of its primitive and wandering inhabitants.‡ In the same paper we have also described

* Epistle from W. S. R., at Brighton, to the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere, in Malta.

† For some variations to this good story we beg to refer our reader to 'Apology addressed to the Travellers' Club,' or

'Anecdotes of Monkeys,' a little book which will much amuse him if he can only find a copy of it.

‡ Penny Mag. Vol. ii. 1st Series.

the Proveditori, or the men of capital who provide the monkeys, bears, or other animals for their poorer and perambulating countrymen, as well as the curious co-operation of capital or labour which is, or was, not uncommon amongst these mountaineers and showmen. We have there shown that four of these poor fellows would buy one bear among them, and hold the property on the tenure of what they called "a paw a-piece" (una zampa per uno): and how two of them, leading the bear from country to country, and showing it together, would divide the profits equally, and then save or remit given proportions of the profits to the two co-proprietors who had stayed quietly at home, and who had contributed capital, but no labour. We have also given to fame the name and character of Rossi of Compiano, one of the greatest speculators in the bear and monkey line, who, after wandering through the world on foot, acquired much money, became a considerable landed proprietor in his native Apennines, and imported his wild animals direct from Africa.* When we wrote that notice—twelve years ago—the great Rossi of Compiano was flourishing in his affluence, and we believe that he is still living, though he has long ceased to attend his beasts, or (in the phraseology of his countrymen) to go about the world with the comedy.*

[To be continued.]

MUSCARDINE,

A REMARKABLE DISEASE IN SILKWORMS

It is well known that in many parts of the south of France, and in the north of Italy, the silkworm is extensively reared, and constitutes one of the chief sources of industry and prosperity to the people. The mode of treatment is briefly this:—When the eggs are beginning to be hatched, sheets of paper, pierced with small holes, are laid upon them, and through these holes the worms creep, thus extricating themselves the more easily from the eggs, and arriving at a supply of mulberry leaves, which are placed above. They are then transferred to hurdles formed of reeds, which are arranged one above the other, in the manner of shelves; but in order to economise space, these shelves are often placed so close together as to induce disease among the silkworms. The insects pass the whole period of their larva state on these shelves, undergoing the changes of the skin, four in number, which, with the torpor that precedes, and the increased appetite which follows each change, are well known to all who have kept these insects.

The larva state of the silkworm lasts about thirty-four days. At the end of this time the French peasants prepare small twigs of heath and other plants, and hang them over the shelves. The worms cease to eat, and raise themselves up in search of a place in which to spin their cocoon. They readily attach themselves to the plants, and in four days have completely enclosed themselves in their respective balls of silk. With the management of these cocoons we have no present concern; our object being to exhibit the sources of disease arising out of improper treatment.

Silkworms are subject to many diseases, which are for the most part produced by that ignorance of the conditions necessary to the preservation of health (whether in human beings or in silkworms) which prevails to so lamentable an extent in the abodes of poverty in all countries. Count Dandolo states that,

* These simple people of the Apennines give the elevated name of *comedy* to the gambols of monkeys and the dancing of bears. It is almost the only comedy they know, for even Punch and his wife are strangers in these very wild and very poor regions.

for the most part, the rooms appropriated to rearing silkworms among the tenants, farmers, and common cultivators of France and Italy have very much the appearance of catacombs. "I have found," he says, "on entering the rooms in which these insects were reared, that they were damp, ill-lighted by lamps fed with rancid oil, the air corrupt and stagnant to a degree that impeded respiration; the disagreeable effluvia attempted to be disguised by aromatics; the wickers too close together, and covered with fermenting litter, upon which the silkworms were pining. The air was never renewed except by the breaches which time had made in the doors and windows; and what made this the more deplorable was the knowledge of the effect produced on the persons who attended to these insects. However healthy they might have been when they entered on the employment, they soon experienced a melancholy change: their voices became hollow; their complexions pallid; their health was in fact destroyed, so that they appeared as if issuing from the tomb, or recovering from some dreadful illness."

In addition to the general weak and sickly state of the worms consequent on the absence of fresh air and the natural light of day, two active diseases are engendered: the one called the *jaundice*, in consequence of the yellow colour it produces on its victims; the other, *muscardine*, because the body of the dead worm resembles certain sugar-plums manufactured in Provence, and called by that name. In Italy this latter disease is known by the names *calcino*, *calcinetto*, and *calcinaccio*, all of which refer to the chalky appearance of the insect after death. Muscardine is by far the more formidable of these diseases, including in its ravages, at certain periods, the establishments of the careful, as well as of the careless rears of silkworms, and defying for a long time the inquiries of scientific men, who sought to ascertain the real nature of this remarkable malady.

There is no record of the period when this disease first began to display itself; but it has been for many years the scourge of the silkworm districts of Italy and the south of France. No sooner did it appear in any quarter than it extended its ravages with fearful rapidity among the worms of a whole village, and often of a whole district; and what was still more unfortunate, it usually appeared just at the period when the worms had consumed the whole stock of mulberry leaves, and were preparing to spin their cocoons. The evil at length became so manifest as to excite the attention of the French government. In the year 1806 a commission of inquiry was issued; and on two or three subsequent occasions the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris directed certain naturalists to inquire into the circumstances of this malady, and to suggest, if possible, a remedy.

None of these inquiries seem to have led to any very important results, chiefly owing to the difficulty of ascertaining the real nature of the disease; when, in the year 1835, Dr. Bassi of Lodi announced that Muscardine was due to the formation of a minute cryptogamous plant, or, popularly speaking, a *mouldiness*, in the interior of the body of the silkworm. This announcement was received with extreme surprise: Dr. Bassi's statement was scarcely believed. That an animal endowed with life and activity (for it is at the very time when the worm appears to be most vigorous that it is attacked) should furnish nutriment to a vegetable substance; or that there should be, as it were, a conflict between a vegetable and an animal, in which the latter should yield to the former, seemed indeed past belief.

Soon after this announcement was made, M. Audouin, the celebrated naturalist, and editor of the zoological series of the 'Annales des Sciences Naturelles' (from

several of the volumes of which many of the following details are derived), conceiving that so extraordinary a case of *parasitism*, as he calls it, merited the notice of the naturalist, instituted a series of experiments on the subject. His inquiries were commenced on the 21st of June, 1836. He obtained a chrysalis which had died of muscardine, and found the whole surface entirely covered with a white floury efflorescence, one of the most obvious characters of the malady. He also procured upwards of one hundred worms belonging to a very fine variety called *Sina*, which had been hatched at Paris on the 28th of the preceding month. The first individuals operated upon were consequently twenty-four days old; they had cast their skins three times, and were about to change them for the fourth and last time.

It was now to be seen whether healthy worms could be inoculated with the disease; and if so, whether they were equally liable to infection in the three stages of caterpillar, chrysalis, and butterfly. Also, whether the vegetable parasite appeared only after the death of the insect; or whether it vegetated within the body of the living animal. In the latter case the organic changes induced would be matter of interesting inquiry. It was also to be ascertained under what circumstances the parasite appeared on the body of the worm, and what were the characters of this strange vegetation.

On the 21st of June, at five o'clock, the thermometer indicating 79° Fahr., M. Audouin commenced his experiments on ten silkworms. They were lively and vigorous, and about fifteen or sixteen lines long. By means of a needle a minute puncture was made in the side of each worm, so carefully as not to injure any essential organ. A small portion of a limpid yellow liquid escaped, and a minute quantity of the white substance from the diseased worm was introduced under the skin of other worms. These worms appeared agitated during five or six minutes, and then resumed their food as if nothing had happened. The next morning the wound was indicated only by a small black spot. During the day these insects appeared to be as lively and well as ten others which had not been inoculated, but were placed under precisely the same circumstances with respect to temperature, food, &c. On the 23rd and 24th of June they all prepared to cast their skins, and remained immovable, without taking any food. On the 25th they had all cast their skins, and on the following day they took their food as usual, the inoculated worms being even more voracious than the others.

Thus, during five days after being inoculated, these worms exhibited no external change: their skins were sleek and white, and their bodies plump; in short their general appearance was perfectly healthy. But on the 27th, at 5 o'clock A.M., nine of them were struck with paralysis; the anterior portion of the body was elevated; they remained immovable, somewhat in the attitude which is observed when they prepare to cast their skins. Food was offered to them, but nothing seemed capable of disturbing them from this state of somnolency. On the 28th, at 4 A.M., they were dead. Their bodies were soft and flattened in certain places: the teguments were wholly or partly of a pale violet red, but this colour appeared deeper and was even of a brownish red around the part punctured. On the 29th the bodies had a furrowed, or in some cases a twisted appearance, and were much diminished in bulk. On the 30th a light white efflorescence appeared on the upper part of the bodies, and generally near the place of inoculation. At the same time the respiratory orifices were filled with this powder, as it appeared to be. In the course of three days the bodies were entirely covered with it.

The results of this experiment may be thus summed up:—six days after the inoculation of ten worms nine of them appeared sick; and seven days after inoculation they were dead. The one that escaped, together with the ten individuals not inoculated, changed into nymphs and butterflies, as usual. It was likewise found that the inoculation of the nymph and perfect insect was followed by death about the fifth day, and it appeared probable that even the eggs might be infected with the germs of muscardine. In another article will be stated the particulars of several remarkable experiments which determined the nature of this singular malady.

[To be continued.]

ON MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

To those who have not had an opportunity of visiting the mountain scenery of our own and the sister island, it will probably give a new idea of the sources of delight which such scenes present to describe the enchanting effect of mountain echoes, and the way in which such echoes are developed for the pleasure and astonishment of travellers.

There are many natural sounds, such as the rushing of streams and cataracts, the screaming of wild-fowl, &c., which greatly enhance the enjoyment of mountain scenery. Some of these sounds are

——“Inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns;
And only there, please highly for their sake.”

But there are occasionally heard the softer voices of echoes reverberating from hill to hill, and adding greatly to the pleasing impressions conveyed by the scene.

In situations favourable to the production of echoes it is now the common practice to elicit them by means of the powerful yet melodious notes of the key-bugle. Parties of buglemen accompany travellers through the rich and varied scenery of the Lakes of Killarney, and are particularly happy in awakening the echoes of the cliffs and mountains around.

A description of the effects thus produced cannot fail to interest our readers, and accordingly we select one from the report of a judicious and scientific ear-witness of the phenomenon, the Rev. W. Scoresby.

“In the Gap of Dunloe (the wild and celebrated pass between Tomie's Mountain and Macguilley Cuddy's Reeks) the stations for musical echoes are various and interesting; but in front of the remarkable cliff called the ‘Eagle's Nest,’ which is washed by the river communicating between the Upper and Lower Lakes of Killarney, the repercussion of sound is of the most striking and extraordinary description. The manner in which it is elicited is twofold—by the use of a gun and of the bugle. The place selected for the operations has been determined by innumerable experiments; and to any one acquainted with the principles of acoustics it is at once evident, that it affords a combination of favourable circumstances. The cliff is of a peculiar form and vertical position, and is admirably calculated for the repercussion of sound. The gunner and bugleman are stationed on the opposite shore for the purpose of giving the primary sound; the smooth and sheltered surface of the intervening water being well adapted for conducting the reverberations. The auditors are also on the opposite shore at a short distance from the bugleman, at a place called the ‘Station of Audience.’ At this spot the most happy combinations of the direct and the reflected sounds are obtained.

“The surface whence the principal echoes are derived is a rock of a pyramidal form, rising almost per-

pendicularly from the verge of the stream to the height of from twelve to thirteen hundred feet. The base is covered with wood, which, from its general evenness of surface, quickness of repose, and elasticity of foliage, may possibly reflect and modulate, instead of absorbing, the impressions received from the air by the action of the gun and the bugle. A slight concavity was observed in the surface of the rock immediately above the thickest of the wood, by which a concentration of the returning sound might possibly be produced.

"When the gun is fired, the echoes, being given from a variety of surfaces on the cliff called the Eagle's Nest, and more remotely from the distant faces of the majestic mountains 'Mangerton' and 'Turk,' produce not only a return of the sound of the explosion with startling violence, but a protracted reverberation, continuing for a space of nearly thirty seconds, so as to be usually compared, and that without extravagance, to a peal of thunder or the discharge of a train of artillery. But the result of this experiment, which is more astonishing than pleasing, is too common in mountainous countries to justify any more particular description. Not so, however, the effect of the bugle. The first sound consists of one or two liquid notes of a simple air, resolving itself into a swelling burst of sweetly blending harmonies, in a manner altogether novel and enchanting." Mr. Scoresby states, that on the first burst of harmony he was lost in amazement on account of its singular richness and perfection; but the chief properties of sound to which the phenomena were to be referred soon became evident; and these appeared simply to be its repercussion from suitable reflecting objects, and its progression through the air, by which the intervals between the direct and the reflected tones of the bugle are occasioned. Assuming the distance of the bugleman, from the Station of Audience, to be one thousand feet, the distance of the principal reflecting surface on the Eagle's Nest from the same station fifteen hundred feet, and the reflecting surface from the bugleman one thousand feet; then reckoning the velocity of sound, in round numbers, at a thousand feet in a second of time, we perceive that while the direct sound requires one second for its transmission, the reflected sound, having to travel 1000+1500 feet, must require about two seconds and a half before the same note reaches the audience, occasioning an interval of a second and a half. Hence if an air in crotchets were played in which the semibreve should occupy a second and a half of time, then the third crotchet of the direct sound would exactly coincide with the first crotchet of the echo, so as to produce, in many of the national airs of Scotland and Ireland, which are found to be peculiarly fortunate in their harmonies, a series of concords greatly resembling a regularly composed musical "canon." The well known melody 'Robin Adair' is referred to as an example. This air being played at the rate of a crotchet in three-fourths of a second of time, the echo of the first note, *r*, will coincide with the third crotchet, *A*, of the direct sound; the next echo, being *G*, will be simultaneous with *B* flat; the next reflected note, *A*, with *B* flat, passing into *C*; and the next, being *B* flat, will coincide with the *D* of the direct sound, producing thus far, and indeed, with very few exceptions, throughout the air, a series of almost perfect harmonies. The general effect of this singular performance is greatly improved by the concealment of the bugleman. Whilst the audience are stationed in a low situation near the water's edge, the bugleman descends out of sight behind a point of land. Here, in a little sheltered spot close by the river, he executes his simple melodies, which, on their evolutions, produce such wonderful and unexpected combinations. The primary tones which reach the audi-

tory, being those chiefly coming round the point along the smooth surface of the stream (the more direct sounds being, probably, scarcely audible from their being deflected upward into the air by the vertical side of the river's bank), appear to come out of the cliff or in the same direction as the echoes, so as to render the auricular deception complete. The Eagle's Nest, indeed, seems to be the seat of a fairy orchestra; and the performance, modulated by the occasional breeze, varied by the less distinct echoes, and accompanied at the interval of several seconds by the *Æolian* harmonies of the distant mountains, which become audible in the more delicate cadences, altogether produces an effect as novel and wonderful as it is enchanting. It is not to be expected, indeed, that the whole of these accidental combinations form regular concords, yet the dissonances, from the liquid nature of the tones, are far from being disagreeable, while they often serve, like the discords introduced by skilful composers, to heighten the effect of the succeeding harmonies.

The enjoyment, experienced at the Station of Audience is varied by the bugleman repeating a part of his performance at the elevated ground from whence the gun is discharged. The music elicited is pleasing, but the performer being then visible and the deception being consequently taken away, the interest is found to be very greatly diminished.

Such is the account of one of the auxiliary pleasures of a visit to the Lakes of Killarney; and such, though perhaps in a less perfect degree, is the curious phenomenon which so strongly attracts the notice and the wonder of travellers to other mountain districts of our beautiful land.

Saxon Architecture.—Theoretical and fabulous are the tales of those who say that the Saxons had no majestic architecture; that their churches and abbeys and monasteries were built almost entirely of wood, without arches or columns, without aisles or cloisters; and that there was no grandeur or beauty in the edifices of England until after the Norman conquest. The abbey built at Ely in the tenth century by the Saxon bishop Ethelwald was a stately stone edifice, vast in its dimensions, and richly ornamented in its details. Round-headed arches rested upon rows of massive columns; the roof of the church and the roof of the great hall of the abbey were arched and towering; and, high above all, a tower and steeple shot into the air, to serve as a landmark throughout the flat fenmy country, and a guide to such as might lose themselves among the meres and the labyrinth of the willow forests.—*Knight's Weekly Volume—The Camp of Refuge.*

Chinese Stoves and Fuel in 1711.—Stoves are in use in Peking, not, however, such as I have seen in Germany, Holland, and England, standing in the room, like small ovens: here they are placed without the room, and the heat is transmitted to the apartment through pipes, which run completely under the floor. By the European method of warming houses, our heads may be hot while our feet are cold, whereas in Peking the feet are always well warmed, and a moderate heat alike pervades every part of the room. Wood is very scarce, but there are mountains in the neighbourhood which appear entirely composed of coal like that of England; and this is the fuel in general use. While I was living in Peking some Muscovites arrived who had never been there before. They built themselves stoves of the European kind, supposing that they were to be preferred; but soon perceiving their error, they pulled them down, and adopted those of the Chinese. They likewise discovered that the expense of heating their own stoves exceeded that of the Chinese a hundred-fold: for in their own they were obliged to use a great deal of wood, which at Peking is exceedingly dear; whereas the cost of fuel for the Chinese stove is a mere trifle, coals being very cheap, and the chimneys not more than a foot square, and two feet deep. In the southern part of China, the land being universally cultivated, there is but little wood; and as the expense of conveying coals would be very great, dry leaves, grass, weeds, and even the dung of animals, are used for fuel.—*Father Ripa's Residence at the Court of Peking, in Murray's Home and Colonial Library.*



[Combat of Hudibras and Sidrophel.]

HUDIBRAS.—No. XI.

HUDIBRAS and the Astrologer first exchange civilities; but the knight, quack and pretender as he was himself, was an unbeliever in the quackeries and pretensions of astrology, which he very efficiently ridicules, although, in confirmation of the power of his art, the astrologer informs him of the purpose of his visit:—

"You are in love, sir, with a widow,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years sh' has rid your wit
And passion, without drawing bit:
And now your business is to know
If you shall carry her or no."

Quoth Hudibras, "You're in the right,
But how the devil you came by 't
I can't imagine; for the stars
I am sure can tell no more than horse;
Nor can their aspects (though ye pore
Your eyes out on 'em) tell you more
Than th' oracle of sieve and shears,
That turns as certain as the spheres.
But if the Devil's of your council,
Much may be done, my noble Donzel;
And 'tis on this account I come
To know from you my fatal doom."

After some further discussion, the knight remaining unconvinced, Sidrophel endeavours to defend his art by quoting the old and exploded instances of its success, in which the author as ingeniously exposes its weakness as in the attacks of his antagonist:—

"Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part
Of prudence to cry down an art;
And what it may perform, deny
Because you understand not why.
(As Averrhoes play'd but a mean trick,
To damn our whole art for eccentric.)
For who knows all that knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
But on their side, or rising's seat:
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height."

Do not the histories of all ages
Relate miraculous presages
Of strange turns in the world's affairs
Foreseen by astrologers, soothsayers,
Chaldeans, learned Genethliacks,
And some that have writ almanacs?

* * * *

When Cæsar in the senate fell,
Did not the sun eclips'd foretel,
And, in resentment of his slaughter,
Look pale for almost a year after?
Augustus, having b' oversight
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day
By soldiers mutin'ing for pay.
Are there not myriads of this sort,
Which stories of all times report?
Is it not ominous in all countries,
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?
The Roman senate, when within
The city walls an owl was seen,
Did cause their clergy with lustrations
(Our synod calls humiliations)
The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert,
From doing town and country hurt.
And if an owl have so much pow'r,
Why should not planets have much more,
That in a region far above
Inferior fowls of the air move
And should see farther, and foreknow
More than their augury below?
Though that once served the polity
Of mighty states to govern by:
And this is what we take in hand
By pow'rful art to understand;
Which, how we have perform'd, all ages
Can speak th' events of our presages.
Have we not lately in the moon
Found a new world, to th' old unknown?
Discover'd sea and land, Columbus
And Magellan could never compass?
Made mountains with our tubes appear,
And cattle grazing on 'em there?"

The last few lines contain another sneer at the efforts of the Royal Society. Hudibras continues obstinate in his incredulity, and asks, still pursuing the same subject—

"But what, alas! is it to us
Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns?
What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France?
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learnt at Rome?
What politics, or strange opinions,
That are not in our own dominions?
What science can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native regions?
Are sweating-lanterns, or screen-fans,
Made better there than they're in France?
Or do they teach to sing and play
On the guitar a newer way?
Can they make plays there that shall fit
The public humour with less wit?
Write wittier dances, quainter shows,
Or fight with more ingenious blows?
Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig?
Show in his gait or face more tricks
Than our own native lunatics?
But if we out-do him here at home,
What good of your design can come?
As wind i' th' hypocondries pent
Is but a blast if downward sent;
But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new light and prophecy.
So when your speculations tend
Above their just and useful end,
Although they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far fet,
They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And savour strongly of the Ganzas.*
Tell me but what's the nat'ral cause
Why on a sign no painter draws
The full moon ever, but the half;
Resolve that with your Jacob's staff:
Or while wolves raise a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when she shines in water;
And I shall freely give my vote,
You may know something more remote."

The dispute grows hotter. Sidrophel "begins to bluster," and Hudibras retorts with a bitter attack on the practice of casting nativities:—

"Some towns and cities, some for brevity
Have cast the 'versal world's nativity;
And made the infant stars confess,
Like fools or children, what they please.
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats;
Some running-nags, and fighting-cocks,
Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox:
Some take a measure of the lives
Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wiver;
Make opposition, trine and quartile,
Tell who is barren and who fertile;
As if the planet's first aspect
The tender infant did infect
In soul and body, and instil
All future good and future ill:
Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking,
At destin'd periods fall a-working,
And break out, like the hidden seeds
Of long diseases, into deeds,
In friendships, enmities, and strife,
And all th' emergencies of life:

* Gonzago or Domingo Gonsales wrote a Voyage to the Moon, and pretended to be carried thither by geese (in Spanish, *ganzas*).—*Grey*.

No sooner does he peep into
The world but he has done his do,
Catch'd all diseases, took all physic
That cures or kills a man that is sick;
Marry'd his punctual dose of wives,
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war;
A thief and justice, fool and knave,
A huffing officer, and a slave;
A crafty lawyer, and pickpocket,
A great philosopher, and a blockhead;
A formal preacher, and a player,
A learn'd physician, and manslayer.
As if men from the stars did suck
Old age, diseases, and ill luck,
Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice;
And draw with the first air they breathe
Battle and murder, sudden death.
Are not these fine commodities
To be imported from the skies,
And vend'd here among the rabble,
For staple goods and warrantable?
Like money by the Druids borrow'd,
In th' other world to be restor'd."

Sidrophel, thoroughly provoked, as the last and overwhelming proof of his knowledge, now says that by the stars he has become acquainted with Hudibras's previous adventures, and relates some as given in the "paltry story," written in imitation of the original, to which we have alluded, and concludes:—

"Howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whachum shall justify 't' your face,
And prove he was upon the place:
He played the Saltilbancho's part,
Transform'd 't' a Frenchman by my art;
He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
Chous'd and calldes'd ye like a blockhead,
And what you lost I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' house."

Whereupon Hudibras denounces them both as "knaves and cheats," and dispatches Ralpho for a constable, while he "holds 'em at bay."

"But Sidrophel, who from th' aspect
Of Hudibras did now erect
A figure worse portending far
Than that of most malignant star,
Believ'd it now the fittest moment
To shun the danger that might come on 't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum two to one.
This being resolv'd, he spy'd by chance
Behind the door an iron lance,
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd;
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass
To make his way through Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork,
With which he vow'd to do his work.
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
And stoutly stood upon his guard;
He put by Sidrophelo's thrust,
And in right manfully he rush'd:
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.
Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his back to fly;
But Hudibras gave him a twitch
As quick as lightning in the breech;
Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd,
Because a kick in that place more
Hurts honour than deep wounds before.
Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine
You are my prisoners, base vermin!
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know foretel?"

By this what cheats you are we find,
That in your own concerns are blind;
Your lives are now at my dispose,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows;
But who his honour would defile,
To take or sell two lives so vile?
I'll give you quarter: but your pillage,
The conquering warrior's crop and tillage,
Which with his sword he reaps and ploughs,
That's mine; the law of arms allows."

Hudibras proceeds to beat and plunder Sidrophel, who at length pretends to be dead, at which the knight becomes rather alarmed, but resolves to turn the event to the gratification of his revenge upon Ralph, by leaving him to answer for the supposed murder. The glee which he expresses at the contemplated fate of his follower, and the humour of the description of it, are inimitable:—

"He held it now no longer safe
To tarry the return of Ralph,
But rather leave him in the lurch:
Thought he, he has abus'd our church,
Refus'd to give himself one flit
To carry on the public work;
Despis'd our synod-men like dirt,
And made their discipline his sport;
Divulg'd the secrets of their classes,
And their conventions proved high places;
Disparag'd their tithe-pigs, as pagan.
And set at nought their cheese and bacon;
Rail'd at their covenant, and jeer'd
Their rev'rend parsons to my beard;
For all which scandals, to be quit
At once, this juncture falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my fury if he dare;
He must at least hold up his hand
By twelve freeholders to be scann'd;
Who by their skill in palmistry
Will quickly read his destiny!
And make him glad to read his lesson,
Or take a turn for 't at the season:
Unless his light and gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;
For if he scape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do:
And that will disengage my conscience
O' th' obligation, in his own sense;
I'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle means denied,
To give my honour satisfaction,
And right the brethren in the action.
This being resolv'd, with equal speed
And conduct he approach'd his steed,
And with activity unwont
Assay'd the lofty beast to mount;
Which, once achiev'd, he spur'd his palfrey,
To get from th' enemy and Ralph free;
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the wind."

This canto is followed by an Epistle to Sidrophel, published ten years subsequently, which has no real connexion with the poem, and the object of which is, under this name, to ridicule Sir Paul Neal, a member of the Royal Society, who had given offence by denying to Butler the authorship of 'Hudibras.' The satire is sufficiently caustic, but it is not our purpose to notice it here.

Climate of Kordofan.—During the dry season, everything in nature appears desolate and dismal; the plants are burnt up; the trees lose their leaves, and appear like brooms; no bird is heard to sing; no animal dares to disport in the gladness of its existence; every living being creeps towards the forest to secrete itself, seeking shelter from the fearful heat: save that now and then, an ostrich will be seen traversing the desert fields in flying pace, or a giraffe hastening from one oasis to another.

In this season, however, frightful hurricanes occasionally arise, and fill the minds of those who have not been witness of such a phenomenon in nature before, with the utmost consternation. A powerful current of air, of suffocating heat, blows fiercely from one point of the heavens to the other, devastating everything that lies in its course. The atmosphere bears at these times generally a leaden grey appearance, and is impregnated with fine sand; the sun loses its brilliancy, and total darkness envelops the earth, rendering it even difficult to distinguish objects at a few paces distant. The sky changes suddenly, becomes of a yellow colour, then assumes a reddish hue, and the sun appears as a blood-red disk. The wind howls, tears up everything within its reach; houses, fences, and trees by the roots, carrying them away with it; levels mounds of sand, and piles up fresh hills. In short, the devastation caused by a hurricane of this kind is beyond description. Unfortunate, indeed, is he who happens to be overtaken in the desert by one of these storms. There is no course left for him to save himself, but to throw himself with his face on the ground, in order to avoid suffocation by the pressure of the atmosphere. Respiration is totally impeded; all the fibres are tightly contracted; the chest threatens to burst for want of pure air; and a man of rather weak constitution, overtaken by one of these hurricanes in the open air, generally succumbs. But robust men, even those in full vigour of life, feel depressed in every limb for several hours after exposure to these storms, and recover but slowly, and by degrees. Animals fly and endeavour to conceal themselves; every creature, in fact, seeks a place of shelter. The camels on journeys indicate the storm before it breaks forth by an unsteadiness of gait, and by drooping their heads towards the ground. The rains begin in the month of June, and terminate with the month of October. Those who have not spent this season in a tropical country can form no idea of the showers which then drench the earth. The storms generally arise in the east or in the south. A small black cloud is, at first, perceived on the horizon, which increases as it approaches, spreads in a few minutes, with incredible velocity, over the whole region, and then descends. A fearful storm now rages; flash upon flash, and peal succeeding peal, the lightning illumines the whole heavens, and the thunder rolls most fearfully, as if the sky were about to open and the earth to burst; streams of water pour down with violence, which the soil is incapable of imbibing, and torrents are thus formed, destined, however, soon to be lost in the sands. Showers of this description generally last over one quarter of an hour, seldom for a longer period, and very rarely indeed are they repeated on the same day. They remit frequently during two, three, or even six days, and this is the most unhealthy, and even dangerous time both for strangers and natives; but it is admitted by general consent that those of white colour suffer more than the blacks.—*Travels in Kordofan, by Ignatius Pallme.*

Chinese Fireworks.—The grand spectacle commenced with what appeared to be a great fountain of fire rising out of the ground. While this was burning, a great chest was raised into the air to the height of nearly one hundred feet, and from thence it let down a splendid wheel of fire. This was no sooner out than a great column descended from the chest to the earth, consisting of an infinite number of little stars, and accompanied by four other columns formed of paper lanterns, all illuminated within. This beautiful sight lasted a considerable time, when another burning fountain appeared, nearly similar to the last; then a variety of columns of different shapes and colours, which also continued some time, keeping the spectators in a state of enchantment, all the Europeans admitting that they had never seen anything so admirable in their own countries. This part of the spectacle was succeeded by a pyrotechnic exhibition, which the Chinese call *the war*, being a discharge of numberless rockets, which move in opposite directions, and then strike against some boards, producing a noise exactly similar to that of arrows shot from two contending armies. While this was going on, flaming fountains arose out of the earth in various directions, wheels and girandoles of fire were in motion on all sides, and the uproar was completed by continued and powerful reports like volleys of artillery. Fireworks, more or less splendid according to circumstances, are also exhibited on this occasion at the seats of persons of rank, for the amusement and diversion of the ladies, and the lower orders in general are particularly fond of this amusement.—*Father Ripa's Residence at the Court of Peking: in Murray's Home and Colonial Library.*



[Garofalo, and a detail of his Vision of St. Augustine.]

ESSAYS ON THE LIVES OF REMARKABLE PAINTERS.—No. XXXVII.

SCHOLARS OF RAPHAEL—concluded.

ONE of these Ferrarese painters, **BENVENUTO GAROFALO**, studied for some time at Rome in the school of Raphael, but it does not appear that he assisted, like most of the other students, in any of his works. He was older than Raphael, and already advanced in his art before he went to Rome; but while there he knew how to profit by the higher principles which were laid down, studied assiduously; and with a larger, freer style of drawing, and a certain elevation in the expression of his heads, he combined the glowing colour which characterised the first painters of his native city. There is a small picture by Garofalo in our National Gallery (No. 81), which is a very fair example of his style. The subject is a Vision of St. Augustine, rendered still more poetical by the introduction of the Virgin and Child above, and the noble figure of St. Catherine, who stands behind the saint. Garofalo's small pictures are not uncommon; his large pictures are chiefly confined to Ferrara and the churches around it.

TIRALDI of Bologna, **INNOCENZA DA IMOLA**, and **TIMOTEIO DELLA VITE** were also painters of the Roman

school, whose works are very seldom met with in England.

Another painter, who must not be omitted, was **GIULIO CLOVIO**. He was originally a monk, and began by imitating the miniatures in the illuminated missals and psalm-books used in the Church. He then studied at Rome, and was particularly indebted to Michael Angelo and Giulio Romano. His works are a proof that greatness and correctness of style do not depend on size and space; for into a few inches square, into the arabesque ornaments round a page of manuscript, he could throw a feeling of the sublime and beautiful worthy of the great masters of art. The vigour and precision of his drawing in the most diminutive figures, the imaginative beauty of some of his tiny compositions, for Giulio was no copyist, is almost inconceivable. His works were enormously paid, and executed only for sovereign princes and rich prelates. Fifteen years of his life were spent in the service of Pope Paul III. (1534—1549), for whom his finest productions were executed. He died in 1578, at the age of eighty.

Besides the Italians many painters came from beyond the Alps to place themselves under the tuition of Raphael; among these were **Bernard von Orley** from Brussels, **Michael Coxcie** from Mechlin, and **George Penz** from Nuremberg. But the influence of Ra-

phael's mind and style is not very apparent in any of these painters, of whom we shall have more to say hereafter. By George Penz there is a beautiful portrait of Erasmus in the Royal Gallery at Windsor.

PEDRO CAMPANA, who was a great favourite of Charles V., carried the principles of the Roman school into Spain. On the whole we may say that while Michael Angelo and Raphael displayed in all they did the inspiration of genius, their scholars and imitators inundated all Italy with mediocrity:

"Art with hollow forms was fed,
But the *soul* of art lay dead."



[St. Catherine.—From Tibaldi.]

MUSCARDINE,

A REMARKABLE DISEASE IN SILKWORKS.

[Concluded from p. 53.]

THE results of M. Audouin's experiments, as noticed in a former article, had sufficiently proved that muscardine was a contagious malady. His next step in the inquiry was to determine its nature. If muscardine was really a vegetable substance, he was disposed to think that it did not begin to form until after the death of the insect; that the insect was not killed by the germination of the plant within its body, but by some vegetable poison which it contained.

To settle these questions a number of insects were inoculated with muscardine, and then their bodies were from time to time subjected to an anatomical inspection, aided by the microscope: this plan enabled the observer to follow out the changes which took place in the insect from the time of inoculation up to death. On the 16th of July four chrysalides which had recently assumed that form were inoculated, and some hours after one of them was dissected. Under the microscope the inoculating matter was readily distinguished among the fatty substance with which the insect is abundantly provided. It seemed to be composed of

an infinite number of sporules supported by minute stems.

On the 18th a second chrysalis was dissected, when an important change was noticed. The vegetable matter presented certain prolongations resembling rootlets, spreading in all directions, and evidently due to an eccentric growth. The *Thallus** was already evident, and about it were a number of little globules. The extremities of the rootlets appeared to be in immediate contact with the fatty matter of the chrysalis. It was necessary to employ a magnifying power of three or four hundred in order clearly to distinguish these details.

On the 19th a third chrysalis was examined. It exhibited no external marks of disease; but dissection left no doubt as to the prodigious growth of the vegetable matter within the body. The thallus was composed of numerous filaments: from the point at which the insect had been inoculated a multitude of rootlets and branches proceeded in every direction; and their structure was easily ascertained: some were furnished with little buds at their extremities; while others were provided with two, three, or four lobes, the interior of which was filled with granules of an irregular shape. Occasionally the little globules above noticed separated from the thallus, and were conveyed by the surrounding liquid to other places, where they became new centres of vegetation; and thus by degrees the whole of the fatty substance was displaced, and the insect killed.

These experiments were repeated on a number of silkworms in the larva state with precisely similar results, thus proving that the vegetable is parasitically developed during the life of the insect, and is, in fact, the sole cause of its death. But its external appearance is regulated by circumstances. It was found that if, after the death of the insect, its body were kept in a very dry place, the vegetable parasite did not appear on the exterior; and in this way dead worms were preserved for more than a year; but by placing them under a glass upon moist sand, the vegetation appeared in a day or two.

The botanical examination of this minute vegetable was first entered into by M. Balsano, Professor of Natural History at the Lyceum of Milan. He decided that it was a species of *Botrytis*, or mildew, and named it *Botrytis Bassiana*, in honour of Dr. Bassi. It was afterwards examined with greater minuteness by M. Montagne, who named it *B. paradoxa*. He noticed that the branches of the thallus were transparent, and that their interior was filled with granules, which became spores. By placing these spores between two surfaces of glass, with moisture, they were made to germinate, thereby proving that the growth of the vegetable was not exclusively due to insect matter, but to moisture. By placing the sporules on various moist organic substances, an immense number of varieties were obtained. The dead bodies of silkworms were afterwards found to be liable to muscardine if left in a damp place, although they had gone through their regular changes in perfect health, had laid their eggs, and died in the natural manner.

Since the botrytis may be thus developed on inert matter without inoculation by an animal attacked by the malady, an explanation is afforded of the sudden and extensive devastations of this disease in silkworm establishments where it had been previously unknown; and the visitation is not merely explained, but a remedy suggested. Supposing the silkworms to have passed through all their changes, and accomplished the term of their existence, their bodies are thrown

* The thallus is the leafy part in lichens; also the union of stem and leaf in those and some other tribes of imperfect plants.

out of doors, perhaps upon the daughill, or at any rate in some place where warmth, air, and moisture soon produce fermentation. In a short time muscardine is produced on the bodies of the insects, and its minute seed is borne by the winds, and diffused among numerous nurseries, which till then had been celebrated for fine healthy worms. Thus contagion may be spread through a whole village, nay, through a whole district; for a single insect infected with muscardine may produce millions of seeds. Even the eggs may be infected by these seeds; for when some eggs were dusted over with muscardine by way of experiment, two-thirds of the worms died six days after they were hatched. In another case where a dead fly, covered with muscardine, was simply placed near the eggs, above half the worms died in an equal time after being hatched. But in these experiments the dead worms were separated every day from the survivors. The results must be far more fatal in ordinary nurseries, where litter is allowed to remain unchanged during several days, and the dead worms are left in contact with the living.

The remedies, or rather the preventives, to be employed in these cases (as given in a published memoir by M. Johany), are as follows:—Previously to the time of hatching, if the eggs be washed in water containing one-twentieth part of alcohol, or of sulphate of copper, or of nitrate of lead, muscardine will not appear, even if the eggs had previously been dusted over with the powder of muscardine. Indeed it had long been customary with rearers to wash the eggs with wine, under the idea of strengthening the worms, and by so doing they had in many cases preserved the eggs from an unsuspected evil, by washing off or destroying the minute seeds of muscardine.

The results of an extensive series of experiments have established that a solution of sulphate of copper, or of nitrate of lead, employed to wash the walls of the rooms where the silkworms are hatched, as well as the boxes and various utensils employed in nursing them, is almost, if not entirely, effectual in preventing muscardine.

The malady is doubtless developed by contact; that is, by the seeds of the botrytis attaching themselves to the living animal. It is therefore necessary to watch the silkworms, and every day to remove the dead: so also, the moment one of them exhibits a white powder on the surface of the body, it must be taken away, lest the germs of the disease should be diffused by the agitation of the air. By adopting these precautions M. Johany was able to rear silkworms with perfect success in boxes that had been washed in nitrate of lead, &c., although in other boxes, contained in the same room where he conducted all his experiments, the silkworms were dying by hundreds.

The result of one experiment forcibly illustrated the necessity of removing sick and dead worms from the living. On the 12th of June four hundred worms were distributed in two boxes, one of which had been washed with sulphate of copper. In each box were placed some worms dead of muscardine: the dead were not removed, nor was the litter changed until the end of the experiment. On the fourth day, that is, on the 16th, the mortality commenced, and by the 21st all the worms were dead in one box, and only eleven were alive in the other. The survivors were in the box the sides of which had been washed with the solution of copper; but this experiment shows how comparatively useless all preparation is, unless the sick and dead worms are every day removed from the living, and unless the litter be constantly renewed.

At the request of the Royal Academy of Science at Paris, M. Dutrochet prepared a report on the nature

of this disease and the remedies proposed. He states that acid and ammoniacal fumigations are useless; that a solution of corrosive sublimate and fumes of sulphur had been employed with tolerable success; but he recommends rigid cleanliness and good ventilation as the best preservatives.

BALLO DEGLI ORSI, OR BEAR-DANCING, AT ROME.

[Concluded from p. 54.]

A FRENCH dancing-master, on observing the uncouth gambols and gambades of some uninstructed clowns, said with an oracular shrug of the shoulders, and a voice of much pathos—"Poor human nature! it cannot dance of itself: it must be taught!" This is equally true of ursine nature: bears, like men, must be taught ere they can dance. We have explained on a former occasion the first lesson and rudiments of bear-dancing as they used to be taught in the mountains of the duchy of Parma.* A great deal depended upon the bear's *chaussure*. Bruin's fore-legs were left in their natural state, but his hind-legs were protected by a sort of boot or buskin made of leather, and having a wooden sole. Being thus *chaussé*, he was put upon a heated flagstone, with a charcoal fire underneath it: and then bruin naturally raised his unprotected fore-paws in the air, and moved his hind-legs up and down in order to avoid the heat of the flagstone, upon which he was kept by means of ropes and a circle of strong hoops. While he capered, his instructors blew their pipes and beat their drums or their tabors. After a few lessons of this sort Bruin would stand upon his hind-legs and cut capers as soon as ever he heard the music. But to make a Vestris bear it was necessary to take him in hand in his early life. Not only does not human nature dance of itself, but it is scarcely to be taught after it has attained to years of discretion. The Polka-mania which has made the middle-aged and even the old whose education had been neglected in their youth, to think of learning to dance—which has led to the formation of Polka clubs and Polka classes, wherein fathers and grandfathers are toiling two nights a week to master the difficulties of the heel and toe step, hath also demonstrated in a very forcible manner the expediency and, in fact, the indispensable necessity of early tuition. Madame Michaud, that best of teachers for the young, will tell you that she can hardly have her children *too* young. It is just the same with bears.

Some speculators of the Val di Taro once made a great mistake which was attended with very serious consequences. Being at Genoa, they heard of a very fine big bear that was on board a Baltimore schooner. They bargained with the Yankee skipper, who was very glad to get rid of so troublesome a passenger, but who nevertheless made them pay a good price for the monster. It was a beast of the very biggest size, and no doubt would have been very attractive if only he could have been tamed and taught; but he was an old bear, and had lived a long time in the republic of the United States. He had not been a day in the possession of the poor Italians before they wished him down the skipper's throat or back at Baltimore. Great was the toil and trouble they had in getting him across the Apennines from Genoa to their own secluded valley: he was sullen, morose, and at the same time snappish and petulant. But it was not until they tried to give him his first dancing lesson (his education had been entirely neglected all the while he had been living under the Stripes and Stars) that

* Vol. ii. 1st series, No. 51.

they found what an untamable monster they had got. The flagstone being prepared, he was brought forth. With much difficulty and some danger the boots or buskins were put upon his hind-legs; but when they got him upon the stone and stirred up the charcoal beneath, *Misericordia!* there was no holding him. As soon as he felt the heat, instead of lifting his fore-paws up in the air and dancing on his hind ones, he uttered a fearful growl, made a still more fearful spring, and breaking hoops and cordage, and upsetting all the men that opposed him, he burst away and made with all speed for the wooded side of the mountain with some of the broken ropes hanging to him. The poor men, tearing their hair and cursing the day that they had seen him, followed as fast as they could; but though they might have shot him, they found it impossible to capture him alive; which, seeing the price they had paid for him to the Baltimore skipper, they were naturally anxious to do. The monster was thus allowed to gain the covert of the thick wood, where he abided for some time to the great terror of the mountaineers, and to their no small loss, for he killed several of their goats and sheep. It was even said that he killed and ate up a child; while, on the other side of the mountains, it was reported that he had killed and eaten not one child, but a whole family. The magistrates and other local authorities of Borgo Val di Taro, Compiano, Bardi, Bedonia, and all the neighbouring townships and villages, were alarmed by the reports they heard, and in their first anger an order was issued for throwing into prison the unlucky bear-wards who had brought such an undisciplinable, perilous, unmannered, and unmanageable bear into the country. In the end, however, the justices of the peace did what was much better: they sent out a company of soldiers, the whole *Posse Comitatus*, armed as sportsmen, and invited the peasantry to a grand battue. The poor bear-wards received an invitation; but their hearts were sad—they were grieving after the hard dollars which the Yankee skipper had got from them -- and so they declined attending, saying (which was true enough) that they were no sportsmen, and that it was their business not to shoot bears, but to teach bears how to dance. The battue was made, and the bear being surrounded, was finally killed—though not until he had almost as many balls in him as there are stars in the banner under which he had lived and sailed. We believe that since this time none of the *Proveditori* and none of the teachers have ever dealt with an old American bear.

The bears we saw exhibited at Rome and in the other parts of Italy, were all imported from places far abroad, from different foreign countries. Yet there are bears of native growth, bears that are born and that die in mountains not many miles from the Eternal City. Horace was once frightened by finding a wild bear in his path; and the present wild bears of the Italian mountains are no doubt descended from the same stock as the bruin that scared the great Roman poet. Some travellers have laughed at Horace's fright, and have questioned whether he could have met a real wild bear: this scepticism is allied with ignorance. The rugged and lofty summits of the Great Rock of Italy (*Il Grand Sasso d'Italia*), the highest peak in the peninsula, nearly always covered with deep snow: the mountains above *Aquila*; the upper parts of *Monte Majello*, that towers above *Sulmona*; and some other portions of the *Apennines* which lie within the two provinces of the *Abruzzi*—all abound with wolves, and have, though in much smaller numbers, native wild bears. We never saw one, but were told that they were not unfrequently seen by sportsmen; and on crossing *Monte Majello*, which has in its deep crevasses

fields of ice and glaciers, we were shown marks in the snow which our guide confidently declared to be the foot-marks of a bear. They seemed newly made and certainly were not the foot-marks of the wolf or of any of the wild animals usually inhabiting those regions. We were told that this native bear was too shy and wild to be taught dancing; and that, from his interior size, he would be but an unattractive performer and spectacle compared with the big bears brought from foreign parts.

If our memory does not betray us, some few *Abruzzi* bears were however, in former times, caught, taught, and exhibited. However this may be, or whether there were native Italian bears that danced to pipe and tabor in the streets of Rome and all through Europe, it is certain that there have been *Abruzzi* bear-wards—men that have wandered from these mountains with bear and monkey over a good part of the world. One of them found in England a loving Englishwoman who quitted her home and country for him, who crossed the sea with him when he re-crossed the Dover Straits, and who followed him and his bear, on foot, through France and Savoy, across the mighty Alps, over the *Apennines*, and through all Italy until he regained his home in the mountains of the *Abruzzi*. As we were approaching a very small hamlet situated in one of the ruggedest parts of *Monte Majello*, our guide told us that we should there find a countrywoman, the wife of an honest old man who, in his young days, had gone about the world with a dancing bear. We hurried to make this curious acquaintance. The good woman, whose name, Mary, had easily been Italianized into *Maria*, appeared then to be at least sixty years old, though, from her own account, she must have been some ten years younger. She had led a life of hard toil, and the peasantry of these bleak and poor regions are obliged to live very sparingly. She had been more than thirty years in these mountains, and in all that time had never seen a countryman or heard a word of her own language, except some score of words, such as bread, beer, meat, money, &c., which her husband had picked up when strolling from town to town in England with his bear, and which he would repeat now and then, when he was merry, to make her heart glad. She had almost forgotten her own tongue; her vocabulary of English words was not much more copious than her husband's; but still there was no mistaking the country of her birth and parentage. She told us, in very curious Italian, that she came from a small village not far from Manchester; that her family were all poor weavers who worked at home in their own cottage, and that she herself had learned to work a little in that way when the Italian destined to be her husband came to the village: that both man and bear were accommodated with lodging in her father's house or in a shed behind it; that she was mightily afraid of the bear, but became very fond of his keeper, who was very fond of her; that they made love by signs and by an exchange of services and kind deeds; and that so, when he and his bear had perambulated all that district, and had collected all the pennies they could, and were about to take their departure for ever, the man cried, and she cried, and then the man showed that he would stay a little longer; and then, by means of sign-making and other natural explanations, it was agreed and fully settled that they should be man and wife; and as quickly as could be they were married in her own village church, and since her coming into her husband's country, she had been married again by his village priest. She told us with some fond pride, that her *Giovanni* was a bright-eyed handsome young man with long jet-black hair, when she married him and first began to tramp with him and

his bear. He was old now—a good many years older than herself—and his hair was grey and his beard very rough and white; but for the rest he was a hale man, with that honest open countenance which prevails very generally amongst the mountaineers of the Abruzzi. They had had sundry children, of whom some had died in their infancy, and one or two in the French armies, into which they had been forced by Bonaparte's conscription. A daughter and a son were still living; the daughter was out at service in the town of Sulmona; the son was a good shepherd, and out among the mountains with his master's sheep. The matron said she was little more than sixteen when she married. As well as we could make out from her very loose dates and her few and yet confused details of facts, she must have left England in 1792 or 1793, or immediately before this country joined in the first great war of the French Revolution. After staying some time in France, she and her husband, in company with other wandering Italians, set off for Italy, taking their way through Savoy and across Mont Cenis: they were much disturbed, alarmed, and hindered. The fine easy road across the Alps had not yet been made; the ascent to and the descent from the Cenis were then nothing but mule-paths, rough, narrow, and dangerous. All the passes of the Alps they came near unto were occupied by troops, and great batteries, or were daily visited by marching columns. The troops must have been those which belonged on the one side to the French Republic, and on the other to the King of Sardinia and the Emperor of Germany: they were desperately contending for the passes of the Alps and the dominion of Upper Italy; they were engaged in the most momentous of struggles, and the destiny of nations depended upon the result of the long conflict. But all this was as nothing to the poor young Englishwoman and her husband, whose sole care was how to get their dancing bear with safety to the other side of the mountains. If they lost their bear they would lose their little all; if they saved their bear, let French republicans succeed in forcing their way into Italy, or let the armies of the King of Sardinia and the Emperor succeed in keeping them out of it, Giovanni, with his wife and dancing-bear, might jog quietly along from Susa to Turin and from Turin to Rome, living and even saving a little money on the way; and when his long campaign should be ended, Giovanni might sell his well-taught bear for a good price, and carry the money home with him to his mountains. Sad were their fears, exhausting their troubles: at times they gave themselves up to despair and looked upon the bear as no better than dead; for the rude unconscionable soldiers, after making him dance for nothing, would threaten to shoot him for sport; but in the end they got through the Alps, and the armies, and all their troubles. Giovanni sold his bear before he reached Rome, and then going to his own mountains he abandoned that line of life entirely. At the time of our visit (it will soon be twenty years ago) the old couple had a small piece of ground and a stone-built cottage of their own. The woman had never heard from her country since the day she left it. For many a long year the war interrupted all communication, and it is more than probable that her family were not naturally epistolary correspondents. Her own accomplishments included neither reading nor writing; and her husband had never attended any school except the bear's dancing-school. She was evidently glad to see a countryman, and she offered us some bread and milk, which seemed all she had in the house to offer; but when we asked her whether she would not like to see her own country again before she died, she shook her head, and said that it was many a year too late to think of that; that she was very

well where she was; that if she returned nobody would know her and she would know nobody, and that her father and mother must have been dead long since.



Markets of Central Asia.—Manufacturers who work chiefly for the markets of Central Asia must also study more diligently the prevailing taste of the Asiatics. Thus, for instance, muslin turbans with gold borders at both ends, as they are manufactured with us, are more sought after than muslins brought from other quarters. The muslins of Glasgow, for example, which have birds represented on them, cannot be used by Mussulmans in making their namaz, for they represent the figure of a living creature. It was a lucky idea on the part of our Moscow manufacturers, who sent out last year checked turbans; for they not only pleased the Tajiks and Uzbeks, but the Afghans also. Their quick sale shows how advantageous it is to study variety in saleable articles suited to the wants and caprices of one's customers. We have another instance of the truth of this assertion, and that is in sending sugar in small loaves instead of large ones. Asiatics are in the habit of making presents to their friends in sugar; and as it would be reckoned uncivil to send pieces cut from a large loaf of sugar, they would have either to abstain from making such presents on account of the expense, or put themselves to the inconvenience of laying out a considerable sum of money.—*Bokhara: its Amir and its People; by the Baron C. de Bode.*

Chinese Gardening in 1711.—This, as well as the other country residences which I have seen in China, is in a taste quite different from the European; for whereas we seek to exclude nature by art, levelling hills, drying up lakes, felling trees, bringing paths into a straight line, constructing fountains at a great expense, and raising flowers in rows, the Chinese on the contrary, by means of art, endeavour to imitate nature. Thus in these gardens there are labyrinths of artificial hills, intersected with numerous paths and roads, some straight and others undulating; some in the plain and the valley, others carried over bridges and to the summit of the hills by means of rustic work of stones and shells. The lakes are interspersed with islets upon which small pleasure-houses are constructed, and which are reached by means of boats or bridges. To these houses, when fatigued with fishing, the emperor retires accompanied by his ladies. The woods contain hares, deer, and game in great numbers, and a certain animal resembling the deer, which produces musk. Some of the open spaces are sown with grain and vegetables, and are interspersed with plots of fruit-trees and flowers. Wherever a convenient situation offers, lies a house of recreation, or a dwelling for the eunuchs. There is also the seraglio, with a large open space in front, in which once a month a fair is held for the entertainment of the ladies; all the dealers being the eunuchs themselves, who thus dispose of articles of the most valuable and exquisite description.—*Father Ripa's Residence at the Court of Peking; in Murray's Home and Colonial Library.*



CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

I.—THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

Four years ago we commenced in the 'Penny Magazine' a series of articles, under the denomination of 'Chaucer's Portrait Gallery,' which had for their main object the hope of making one of the greatest but most neglected of English poets more familiar to his countrymen. The portion of his writings that then engaged our attention was the Prologue or Introduction to the 'Canterbury Tales,' in which the characters of the pilgrims to Thomas-a-Beckett's shrine are all described, and the plan of the poem explained. We now propose to introduce our readers to some of the Tales told by the different pilgrims on their journey.

In the treatment of the Tales our aim will be, whilst transcribing many passages which may convey to an ordinary reader the worthiest idea of their author, to preserve at the same time most strictly the continuous interest of the story, by making our own connecting prose, as far as possible, a pure reflex, in feeling, thought, and words, of the poetry we omit. Glossarial or slight explanatory and illustrative notes will, as before, be given at the foot of each page. With regard

to the verse, we have only to request the reader's attention to the rule—adopted for the avoidance of unnecessary marks of accentuation—that *when the spelling of a word differs from the ordinary spelling, it will be found in a great number of instances to mark at once the pronunciation required*:—thus, the spelling generally being modernized, we have considered "muste" need not be printed "musté" to show that the word must is to be pronounced as a dissyllable.

The methods of accentuation we have adopted are these:—1. Words in which the accent falls upon a different syllable than the one at present emphasized, are marked with an acute accent, as *honour* for *hónour*. 2. Where additional syllables (exclusive of diphthongs) are to be sounded, without any change in the spelling or in the emphasis, they are pointed out by the grave accent, as *writè*, *morè*. 3. In Chaucer's time the individual sounds of both vowels in diphthongs appear to have been commonly preserved in speech, a custom still lingering in the north of England; and in writing such words therefore as *creature*, *truely*, and *absolution*, they are marked *creàture*, *truely*, and *absolution*, and

must be pronounced accordingly, just as in Leeds to this day bread is continually heard of as bread, and dream as dream.

Following Chaucer's own order, we commence with the magnificent 'KNIGHT'S TALE.' The pilgrims, it will be remembered, in telling their stories, speak in the first person. Thus it is the Knight, of course, that here speaks:—

Whilom,* as olde stories tellen us,
There was a duke that highte Theseus;
Of Athens he was lord and governor,
And in his tyme such a conqueror
That greater was there none under the sun.
Full many a riche country had he won.
What with his wisdom, and his chivalry,
He conquer'd all the regne of Femenie,†
That whilom was ycleped Scythia,
And wedded the fresh queen Hypolita;
And brought her home with him to his country
With muchel glory and great solemnity,
And eke her younge sister, Emily.

And if it were not too long, I would have told you fully the manner of this conquest, and of the great battle fought betwixt the Athenians, and the Amazons, and how Hypolita, had been besieged; also of the feasts that took place at her wedding, and of the temple raised in her honour on her coming to the home of her conqueror and husband. But I must forbear, and so will begin again where I left off. When Theseus was almost come to Athens,

In all his weal, and in his moste pride,
he saw that

— there kneled in the highe way
A company of ladies, tway and tway,
Each after other, clad in clothis black,
But such a cry, and such a woe they make
That in this world n' is creature living
That ever heard such another waimenting;‡
And of this cry he would they never stenten§
Till they the reins of his bridle henten.**

Who are ye, that thus at my coming home disturb so my festival with crying? inquired Theseus. Is it in envy of mine honour, that ye thus complain? Or who hath harmed or offended you? Tell me, if that your wrongs may be mended; and also why ye be thus all clad in black?

The oldest of the ladies then spake:—

She saide, Lord, to whom Fortune hath given
Victory, and as a conqueror to live,
Nought grieveth us your glory and your honour,
But we beseeche you, of mercy and succour,
Have mercy on our woe and our distress,
Some drop of pity through thy gentleness
Upon us wretched women let now fall;
For certes, Lord, there n' is none of us all
That she n' hath been a duchess or a queen:
Now we be caitives,†† as it is well seen;
Thanked be Fortune and her false wheel
That none estate ensurcth to be wele.

And, certes, Lord, abiding your coming, we have waited here in the temple of Clemency all this past fortnight: now, then, help us, since it lies in thy power to do so. I, wretched wight, that weep and wail thus, was wife to King Orpeneus that died at Thebes: cursed be the day! And all those that here join with me in this array and this lamentation, have lost their husbands at that town, when it was besieged. And yet now

* Formerly.

† Was called.

‡ The kingdom, or queenhood as it should rather be called, of the females, or Amazons.

§ Called.

|| Lamentation.

¶ Stint or cease.

†† Wretched.

** Laid hold of.

Creon, the old lord of Thebes, in his ire, and in his iniquity, and in order to dishonour the dead, has caused all the bodies to be thrown on a heap together, and will neither suffer them to be buried nor burnt; but in despite maketh hounds to eat them.*

And then the ladies fell flat upon their faces, and once more cried piteously,

Have on us wretched women some mercy,
And let our sorrow sinken in thine heart.
This gentle duke down from his courser start
With hearte piteous, when he heard them speak;
Him thoughte that his heart would all to-break,†

to see those who were once of such great estate, now cast down so low. He took them up and held them in his arms, whilst he comforted them, swearing as a true knight that he would so take vengeance of Creon, that all Greece should speak of his crimes, and their just punishment.

Theseus would not even enter Athens, that he was so near, and spend there a few hours, but having sent Hypolita his queen, and her sister Emily, into the town, he displayed his banner, and rode forth towards Thebes, with all his host. There he slew Creon, and won the city:

And to the ladies he restored again
The bodies of their husbands that were slain,
To do the obsequies, as was then the guise.

It would occupy too long to describe the great clamour and lamentations which the ladies made at the burning of the bodies of their deceased husbands, or the honourable manner in which Theseus afterwards dismissed them. But I may say, shortly, that when the duke had slain Creon, and won Thebes, as he lay all night in the field, the pillars,‡ as they went about among the heaps of dead searching to see if any wounded men were yet alive and required their care,

they found
Through girt with many a grievous bloody wound
Two younge knightes, liggyn§ by and by,||
Both in one armes,¶ wought full richely,
Of which, two, Arcite hight that one,
And he that other, highte Palamon.
Not fully quick,** nor fully dead they were,
But by their coat-armour, and by their gear
The heralds knew them well in special
As those that weren of the blood real††
Of Thebes, and of sisters two yborn.

The pillars took them out of the heap, and carried them tenderly to the tent of Theseus, who, finally, sent them to Athens, to remain in perpetual captivity. He then rode home to Athens, crowned with laurel as a conqueror, and there lived the remainder of his life in joy and honour. As to Palamon and Arcite, they

* We cannot better illustrate the views of the ancients on the subject of the burial of dead bodies, than by observing that one of the greatest tragedies of one of the greatest of Tragicalians, the Antigone of Sophocles, which at this moment is being represented in a musical shape to an English audience, turns entirely upon the misery and ruin brought on by the refusal of a king of Thebes of the rights of burial to a nephew, because he had been a traitor to his country. That king was Creon; probably the very same man that Chaucer refers to.

† To is frequently used by Chaucer to augment the force of the verb to which it is prefixed. He has To-lewen, To-burst, &c.

‡ Foragers.

§ Our northern readers, about Leeds and elsewhere, will not need to be told that liggyn means lying: many a Leeds man would be more likely to be interested in being told that lying means liggyn; so commonly is the latter word used among the humbler classes there.

|| Side by side.

** Alive.

¶ One kind of armour.

†† Royal.

dwelt, full of anguish, in the tower that was to be their eternal prison: no amount of gold might ransom them.



[To be continued.]

The Art of Writing well.—To the influence of association on language it is necessary for every writer to attend carefully, who wishes to express himself with elegance. For the attainment of correctness and purity in the use of words, the rules of grammarians and critics may be a sufficient guide: but it is not in the works of this class of authors that the higher beauties of style are to be studied. As the air and manner of a gentleman can only be acquired by living habitually in the best society, so grace in composition must be attained by an habitual acquaintance with the classical writers. It is indeed necessary for our information, that we should peruse occasionally many books which have no merit in point of expression; but I believe it to be extremely useful to all literary men, to counteract the effect of this miscellaneous reading by maintaining a constant and familiar acquaintance with a few of the most faultless models which the language affords. For want of some standard of this sort we frequently see an author's taste in writing alter much to the worse in the course of his life, and his later productions fall below the level of his essays.—*Dugald Stewart's Philosophy of the Human Mind.*

Sugar-making in Jamaica.—I saw the whole process of sugar-making this morning. The ripe canes are brought in bundles to the mill, where the cleanest of the women are appointed, one to put them into the machine for crushing them, and another to draw them out, after the juice has been extracted, when she throws them in an opening in the floor close to her: another band of negroes collects them below, when, under the name of *trash*, they are carried away to serve for fuel. The juice, which is itself at first a pale ash-colour, gushes out in great streams, quite white with foam, and passes through a wooden gutter into the boiling-house, where it is received into the siphon, or 'cock-copper,' where fire is applied to it, and it is slaked with lime in order to make it granulate. The feculent parts of it rise to the top, while the purer and more fluid flow through another gutter into the second copper. When little but the impure scum on the surface remains to be drawn off, the first gutter communicating with the copper is stopped, and the grosser parts are obliged to find a new course through another gutter, which conveys them to the distillery, where, being mixed with the molasses, or treacle, they are manufactured into rum. From the second copper they are transmitted into the first, and thence into two others, and in these four latter basins the scum is removed with skimmers pierced with holes, till it becomes sufficiently free from impurities to be shipped off, that is, to be again ladled out of the coppers and spread into the coolers, where it is left to granulate. The sugar is then formed, and is removed into the *curing-house*, where it is put into hogsheds, and left to settle for a certain time, during which those parts which are too poor and too liquid to granulate drip from the casks into vessels placed beneath them: these drippings are the molasses, which, being carried into the distillery,

and mixed with the coarser scum formerly mentioned, form that mixture from which the spirituous liquor of sugar is afterwards produced by fermentation: when but once distilled it is called 'low wine;' and it is not till after it has gone through a second distillation that it acquires the name of rum. The 'trash' used for fuel consists of the empty canes: that which is employed for fodder and for thatching is furnished by the superabundant canetops, after so many are set apart as are required for planting. After these original plants have been cut, their roots throw up suckers, which in time become canes, and are called *ratoons*; they are far inferior in juice to the planted canes; but then, on the other hand, they require much less weeding, and spare the negroes the only laborious part of the business of sugar-making—the digging holes for the plants; therefore although an acre of ratoons will produce but one hogshhead of sugar, while an acre of plants will produce two, the superiority of the ratooned piece is very great, inasmuch as the saving of time and labour will enable the proprietor to cultivate five acres of ratoons in the same time with one of plants. Unluckily, after three crops, or five at the utmost, in general the ratoons are totally exhausted, and you are obliged to have recourse to fresh plants.—*M. G. Lewis's Jamaica:—Murray's Home and Colonial Library.*

Tartar Surgery.—The author had fallen from his horse, and gives the following account of his cure:—When I recovered my senses, I found myself in a house, but every thing appeared dark and indistinct, and I felt as if I had fallen from my horse two months before. The emperor sent me a Tartar surgeon, for he and his court were fully persuaded that for falls Tartar surgeons were better than Europeans. And, to confess the truth, although the mode of treatment was of a barbarous description, and some of the remedies appeared useless, I was cured in a very short time. This surgeon made me sit up in my bed, placing near me a large basin filled with water, in which he put a thick piece of ice, to reduce it to a freezing-point. Then stripping me to the waist, he made me stretch my neck over the basin, and, with a cup, he continued for a good while to pour the water on my neck. The pain caused by this operation upon those nerves which take their rise from the pia-mater was so great and insufferable, that it seemed to me unequalled. The surgeon said that this would staunch the blood and restore me to my senses, which was actually the case; for in a short time my sight became clear, and my mind resumed its powers. He next bound my head with a band, drawn tight by two men, who held the ends, while he struck the intermediate part vigorously with a piece of wood, which shook my head violently, and gave me dreadful pain. This, if I remember rightly, he said was to set the brain, which he supposed had been displaced. It is true, however, that after this second operation my head felt more free. A third operation was now performed, during which he made me, still stripped to the waist, walk in the open air, supported by two persons; and, while thus walking, he unexpectedly threw a bowl of freezing cold water over my breast. As this caused me to draw my breath with great vehemence, and as my chest had been injured by the fall, it may be easily imagined what were my sufferings under this infliction. The surgeon informed me that, if any rib had been dislocated, this sudden and hard breathing would restore it to its natural position. The next proceeding was not less painful and extravagant. The operator made me sit upon the ground; then, assisted by two men, he held a cloth upon my mouth and nose till I was nearly suffocated. "This," said the Chinese Esculapius, "by causing a violent heaving of the chest, will force back any rib that may have been bent inwards." The wound in the head not being deep, he healed it by stuffing it with burnt cotton. He then ordered that I should continue to walk much, supported by two persons; that I should not sit long, nor be allowed to sleep before ten o'clock at night, at which time, and not before, I should take a little hifan, that is, thin rice soup. This continued walking caused me to faint several times; but this had been foreseen by the surgeon, who had warned me not to be alarmed. He assured me that these walks in the open air, while fasting, would prevent the blood from settling on the chest, where it might corrupt. These remedies were barbarous and excruciating; but I am bound in truth to confess that in seven days I was so completely restored as to be able to resume my journey into Tartary.—*Father Ripa's Residence at the Court of Peking, in Murray's Home and Colonial Library.*

LOCOMOTION OF ANIMALS.—No. XIII.

SWIMMING.—There are countless myriads of animals which transmit themselves from place to place by swimming in liquids. But before entering into any of the details of the various organs with which animals are furnished and adapted for swimming, or the manner in which they are employed, it will be necessary to say a few words on the mechanical effects of bodies plunged in water, with respect to their specific gravities.

By the term density we understand the closeness or vicinity of the particles of which the body under consideration is composed; but mechanically it is used as a term of comparison, expressing the proportion of equal molecules, or of the quantity of matter, in one body, to the number of equal molecules in the *same bulk* in another body: density, therefore, varies as the quantity of matter *directly*, and the magnitude of the body *inversely*. The specific gravity of any solid or fluid body is the absolute weight of a certain volume of the solid or fluid, which volume is assumed as the unit of bulk for measuring the specific gravities of all bodies. Density and specific gravity, therefore, appear to express the same thing under different aspects; the former being limited to the greater or less vicinity of the particles; the latter to the greater or less weight in a given volume. As it is often necessary to have recourse to these terms, the reader should clearly understand their import at the outset of this inquiry.

When an animal, or any solid body whatever, is plunged into a fluid, it will lose as much of its weight, that is, so much of it will be counteracted, as is equal to the weight of the fluid it displaces, and if its specific gravity be greater than that of the fluid, it will sink; if less, it will rise to the surface, and float there; but if the specific gravities of the solid and fluid be equal, the body will rest in any part wherever it is placed. From what has been said, we can easily know when the density and specific gravity of any solid are greater than that of a fluid, such as water, by plunging the solid in the liquid; if, for instance, it swims in water, like a cork, we know its specific gravity is less than that of the water; but if it sinks like a stone, then we conclude that its density and specific gravity are greater than that of the water. We hope enough has now been said to enable the reader to comprehend what is meant by the terms density and specific gravity, and under what circumstances any solid body, when left to itself in a fluid, will either float, sink, or remain at rest. On further investigation it will be found that some animals are lighter than water, and can float on its surface without muscular exertion; others are much heavier, and either remain at the bottoms of rivers and seas, or raise themselves by muscular action; whilst a third group are of the same gravity as water, and can remain stationary at any depth at pleasure: in this case, the force of the water in driving the animal upwards is just equal to the force of the earth's gravity in drawing it downwards. Many animals have the power of varying the specific gravity of the body, which they can by this means cause either to sink, remain stationary, or float on the surface of the water.

When we take a view of the variety of forms presented by the locomotive organs of swimming animals, it must be apparent that they perform their movements very differently. All those land animals which constantly breathe the air, especially man and the higher orders, must float on the surface of the water in swimming; they die of suffocation when water chokes up the air-tubes of the lungs, which constitutes drowning. Of all animals, there is perhaps none so helpless in water, without training, as man; and notwithstanding his vast superiority in other respects to other

air-breathing animals, he is inferior to them in the employment of the locomotive organs for the purposes of swimming. Indeed, it is well known that by far the greater number of persons who are precipitated into deep water, if they cannot swim, are drowned. Let us now inquire into the cause. In the first place, the specific gravity of man is very nearly equal to that of water. It is commonly lighter than water when the chest is filled, and often heavier when the chest is emptied of air; but the open end of the respiratory tube, that is, the mouth, or the nostrils at least, must be kept above water in order to breathe. In many of the lower animals, the specific gravity and the length of the neck are such as to enable them to keep the mouth or nostrils far above the surface of the water; but in man the weight of the head, and the greater specific gravity of the body, even when the chest is filled with air, render him barely able to keep his mouth above the surface of the water, when all the rest of the body is below its surface. Still, if a person who cannot swim had sufficient presence of mind to inflate the chest, and prevent the expulsion of a large portion of air on falling into deep water, he would not ultimately sink until exhausted, if the limbs were kept motionless; but the alarm consequent upon a sudden and unexpected immersion, added to the pressure of the water upon the chest, causes the individual not only to expire the air in the lungs, which, as we have seen, should be retained, but also to make use of his limbs in an improper manner. He is involuntarily prone to throw up his arms, as if to seize some object above his head, and this creates an impulse which tends to force him still farther in the opposite direction, that is, downwards, and his struggles, being misdirected, generally tend also to sink him.

The cause of this misapplication of the limbs by man, when immersed in water, is owing to the totally different mode in which they are used in walking and running on land, to that in which they should be exercised in water, as we shall now proceed to demonstrate.

Manner.—In preparing to swim, the limbs should be arranged in such a manner, that they can be made to act favourably as soon as the body is resting, unsupported by other media, in the water.

In order to propel the body there must be some movement of the limbs; and it is by the flexion and adduction of the arms, and by the extension and adduction of the legs, that the process of swimming is performed, which movements must be produced rhythmically. Suppose a person standing up to his breast in water and about to strike off in swimming; the hands are placed close to each other with the palms

Fig. 1.

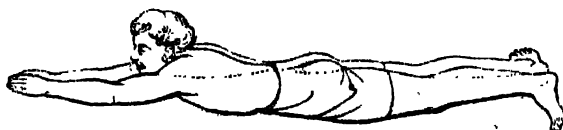
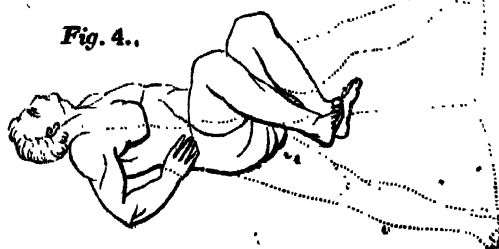


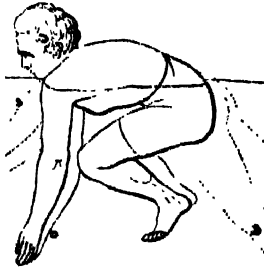
Fig. 4.



undermost near the breast, the body is thrown forward in the water, the hands are thrust out, and when the arms are fully extended as in *Fig. 1*, they diverge horizontally (the backs of the hands being turned towards each other), describing curves until they are brought round under the armpits, and again extended. It should be observed that the arms must always be kept in advance of a line passing through the axes of the shoulder-joints.

Let us now advert to the action of the legs. Whilst the arms are describing their curves the legs are drawn forwards under the body, the knees being separated as much as possible, and the toes turned outwards as in *Fig. 2*, and whilst the arms are regaining

Fig. 2.



their extended position the legs are extended backwards and outwards with a moderate degree of velocity, the soles of the feet being turned outwards, and are then brought together again, simultaneously with the arms, into the attitude shown in *Fig. 1*.*

It will be observed that the arms and legs have each four distinct kinds of motion, namely, extension, abduction, adduction, and flexion, but the effects of these motions are different. The extension of the arms retards the motion of the body, whilst that of the legs accelerates it: the abduction of the arms accelerates, and of the legs slightly retards; the adduction of the arms slightly retards, and of the legs accelerates; and the flexion of both arms and legs retards. The simultaneous performance of these motions is exhibited in the following tabular form:—

Arms.		Legs.
Abduction . . .		Flexion
Adduction . . .		Extension
Flexion . . .		Abduction
Extension . . .		Adduction

It is upon the rhythm with which these periodic movements are performed that the success of swimming depends, the whole being seen in outline in *Figs. 1* and *2*.

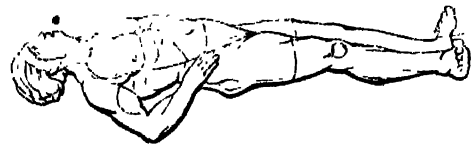
We may also observe, that when the arms are abducted, or drawn outwards and backwards, the legs are drawn forwards; and when the arms are flexed and brought together, the legs are extended outwards; and lastly, when the arms are thrust forwards, the legs are brought close together; so that whilst the force of the arms is positive, that of the legs is negative, and *vice versa*: but it is evident that the effective forces in swimming preponderate, or the body would either remain stationary or move backwards, and this results from the shape of the limbs and the manner in which they can be made to act.

From what has been said, we may easily perceive how differently the limbs act in swimming from what they do in walking, and that the arms and legs interchange their effective strokes alternately. These

movements are not difficult to perform, but it requires some attention and practice in order to accomplish them with precision. Indeed they may be practised out of water, and sufficient habit be obtained to know how to act if by chance a person were suddenly immersed and in danger of being drowned. But it should also never be forgotten that almost all persons will float, if the chest be kept well filled whilst immersed in the water. It however requires great fortitude and self-possession to keep the limbs quiet, and under water, and at the same time to stop the inspiratory movement until the mouth rises above the surface of the water.

Swimming on the back is usually effected by means of the legs alone. The attitude preparatory to this movement is seen in *Fig. 3*. The head is bent backwards

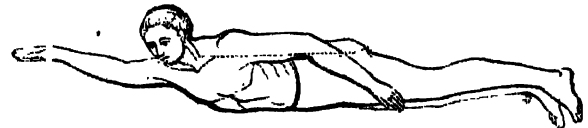
Fig. 3.



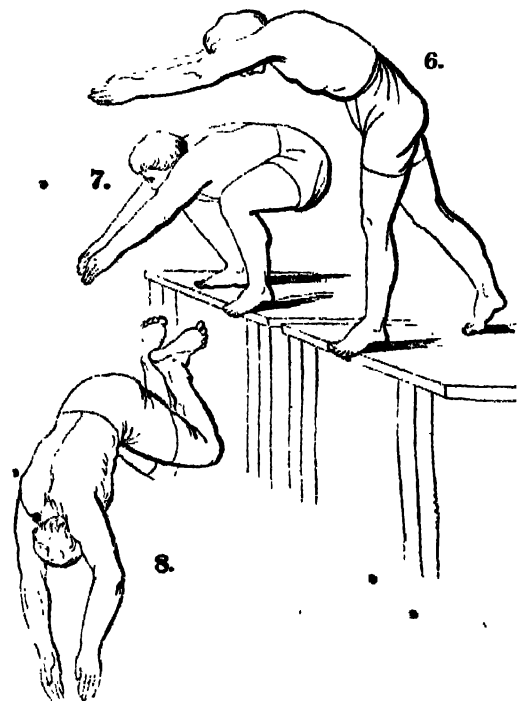
so far that the water may cover the forehead, and reach to the level of the eyes; the chest is elevated, and the hands placed on the hips; the motions of the legs are indicated by the dotted lines in *Fig. 4*, and are the same as those of the legs in swimming on the breast. We may here state that any one who can swim on his breast will experience no more difficulty in turning himself round on his back in the water than in turning himself in his bed.

Some persons can accomplish swimming on the side, and others on the back, without using the legs; and

Fig. 5.



Figs. 6, 7, 8.



* These figures are reduced from the elementary course of *Gymnastic Exercises* by Captain Elias.

many other feats, such as with the arms acting in different directions as seen in *Fig. 5*, and again with one hand alone. In diving, two methods are recommended: one by leaping into the water with the feet downwards, the other head foremost; the former is most desirable in shallow water, the latter when the head is subject to giddiness and fullness of blood.

Figs. 6 and 7 show the attitude preparatory to plunging into the water, and *Fig. 8* the position of the limbs in diving to the bottom of the river.

The position of greatest ease in the water is *floating*. The body lies on the back, with the face only above the water; the limbs are perfectly quiescent, and extended as in *Fig. 9*. This state can only be maintained when the specific gravity of the body is less than that of the water.

Fig. 9.



Sea-water, being heavier than that of rivers, is best calculated to support a person in swimming, and those who are specifically heavier than river-water may be sustained in a floating position in sea-water. It may be observed that man being so nearly of the same specific gravity as water, and air being nearly one thousand times lighter, that a few cubic inches of air in a bag are sufficient to keep one who cannot swim permanently at its surface; or a few pounds of cork fastened to the body will accomplish the same object: and it is astonishing that, notwithstanding the great number of persons who are annually drowned in the Thames alone, no means are adopted to provide some such simple method for sustaining the body in water by boatmen; and still more that we hear of watermen being frequently drowned in consequence of *not having learned to swim*. Swimming ought to form a part of our physical education; all our youth of both sexes may do so with advantage, for the purpose of cleanliness and to increase their health and strength, as well as to provide a safeguard against subsequent accidents. The ancients placed a high value on the art of swimming. Cato taught his son to traverse the most rapid and dangerous gulfs;* the Greeks and Romans attached great importance to it. Julius Cæsar crossed rivers by swimming at the head of his legion. It is said that Charlemagne was one of the best swimmers of his day. It is also well known that Lord Byron swam across the Hellespont several times; and Mr. Smith, an English officer, swam across the Lake of Geneva from Morges to Amphion and back without stopping, being a distance of seven miles and a half. The Caribs swim with the ease of fishes, the women as well as the men. If a canoe overturns, which is a thing of frequent occurrence, their being drowned is never heard of; on these occasions the children may be seen swimming about their mother like so many little fishes, and the mothers are capable of supporting themselves in the water with their children at their breasts, whilst the men are putting the boat to rights. These examples teach us how far safety might be acquired and how many hundreds of lives might be saved if the art of swimming were taught in our schools.

SUPPLY OF WATER IN AMERICAN TOWNS.

THE United States being comparatively a new country, we may naturally expect to find that the modern contrivances and improvements introduced in other countries are more or less adopted there. It will be

* Plutarch's Life of Cato.

interesting to see how far they bear analogy with us in the important matter of the supply of water to their large towns.

From Mr. Stevenson's work on the Civil Engineering of North America, we learn that there are two general modes of ensuring this supply; and, since the publication of that work, a grand undertaking called the Croton Aqueduct has introduced a third method. These three methods are, 1st. Collecting in reservoirs the water of a river passing by or through the town. 2nd. Digging wells into the watery strata beneath the surface of the ground. 3rd. Bringing water in artificial channels from a great distance. It is known to every one who has given common attention to this subject, that all these three methods are adopted in England, with modifications of plan more or less extensive, according to the circumstance.

The largest water-works in America, of that class which derive the water from a river flowing on the spot, are at Philadelphia. The river Schuylkill flows past Philadelphia; and, a short distance before it reaches the city, its waters are so diverted as to flow into or through the water-works established on one bank of the river. In the first place there is a dam thrown obliquely across the river from one shore to the other, excepting openings at the two ends. This dam is formed of solid timber frame-work, filled up with stones and rubble; it is sixteen hundred feet in length, and being formed where the water is twenty-five or thirty feet deep, its construction was a work of some difficulty. The regular flow of the water is checked by this dam, and a consequent stagnation occurs for six miles upwards; but a channel for navigation is formed by a canal with locks at one end of the dam; while a large body of water flows through the opening at the other end of the dam with sufficient force to turn powerful water-wheels. These wheels work pumps, whereby the river-water is pumped up into vast reservoirs above; so that the dam is formed only as a means to obtain power to turn the wheels. There are the means to direct the body of water either into the water-works, or by a sluice into the part of the river below the dam, at pleasure.

The water acts upon eight very large wheels, the rotation of which works eight large pumps, and these pumps raise the river-water into the reservoirs. Each pump raises half a million gallons of water per day, and this vast body of water is forced by the pumps to a height of not less than ninety feet. The pipe through which the flow takes place is made of cast-iron, and is sixteen inches in diameter. The reservoirs provided for the collecting and storing of the water are placed at an elevation of about an hundred feet above the level of the river, and about fifty feet above the highest streets in Philadelphia; they are four in number, and present altogether an area of six acres. The reservoirs are founded on an elevated rock, but the water is retained by means of artificial walls and embankments. These enclosures are of great strength, and the bottom of the reservoirs is well paved with cemented brick. The depth of water, when filled, is about twelve feet; and the amount then contained is more than twenty millions of gallons. The use of having four reservoirs instead of one equal to them in area, is to facilitate the purification of the water; for the water, after being discharged from the force-pumps into one of them, passes through a filter into the second reservoir, then through another filter into the third, and similarly to the fourth; so that it undergoes three filtrations before it enters the pipes which supply the town.

The water is conveyed from the reservoirs, and distributed through the town, by means of about a hundred miles of cast-iron pipe, beginning at two feet in diameter near the reservoirs, and being reduced to

twelve, six, and three inches, according to the streets through which they pass. The water flowing in this way from the reservoirs into the city, varies from about two to four millions of gallons per day, according to the season of the year, averaging more than three millions. In 1836 this supply was distributed by means of private pipes to about seventeen thousand reuters or tenants, and by public pumps to about three thousand more, making twenty thousand families supplied with water from the works. For this quantity the inhabitants paid a water-rate amounting to rather above twenty thousand pounds, or about a guinea per house per year, poor and rich together.

The town of Richmond, in Virginia, is supplied with water from the James river, on a principle analogous to that here explained, but on a smaller scale. The water is raised by means of water-wheels to so great a height as a hundred and sixty feet above the level of the river, into two large reservoirs, and is thence distributed through the town in iron pipes.

Pittsburgh, on the Ohio, is similarly supplied; the water being raised from the river to a height of about a hundred feet and thence distributed. Montreal is in like manner supplied from the river St. Lawrence. Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio, until within a few years was supplied with the water of the Ohio, by having it pumped up by horse-power to reservoirs at a height of a hundred and sixty feet; but as the tanks were only large enough to supply a wooden main-pipe three or four inches in diameter, the increase in the number of inhabitants rendered a change of plan necessary; steam-power was substituted for horse-power to raise the water, and iron pipes of large diameter replaced those of smaller size for the mains.

Many towns are so situated that they have not a fresh-water river passing through or in immediate contiguity; and in such cases other modes of supply are sought. The town of Boston, for example, is almost entirely surrounded by the sea, and hence the inhabitants are supplied from wells. In 1835 there were said to be more than two thousand seven hundred wells in Boston, of which thirty-three were Artesian; only seven, however, of the whole number yielded soft water, the mineral strata through which it flowed having given a hard quality to the water of all the other wells. The digging of some of these Boston wells was attended with effects which illustrate in an instructive manner the elastic force of the water sometimes concealed and accumulated beneath the surface of the ground. Mr. Stevenson quotes the following account of one of these from Dr. Lathrop:—"A few years before, an attempt was made to dig a well a few rods to the east near the sea. Having dug about sixty feet in a body of clay without finding water, preparation was made in the usual way for boring; and, after passing about forty feet in the same body of clay, the augur was impeded by stone. A few strokes with a drill broke through the slate covering, and the water gushed out with such rapidity and force that the workmen with difficulty were saved from death. The water rose to the top of the well, and ran over for some time. The force was such as to bring up a large quantity of fine sand, and all their labour was lost."

New York, beyond all the cities in America, affords the most interesting features in respect to the supply of water. Within the last few years its inhabitants have planned and carried out a project partaking much of the grandeur and magnitude of the ancient aqueducts; and if the expectations of the engineer should prove to be permanently realized, the system will remain as a creditable monument to the skill and commercial liberality of the state.

To understand the nature of these works, it will be necessary to glance at the topographical position of the

city of New York. The river Hudson, after flowing nearly due south for many miles, falls into the Atlantic in a bay or recess; and close to its mouth are three islands—Long Island, Staten Island, and Manhattan Island. The city of New York is situated on the last named of these three; so that it is cut off by salt water from the main-land and from both the other islands. This local position has had a good deal to do with the arrangements for the supply of water. The inhabitants have hence been led to obtain a supply by means of wells, which have been sunk in different parts of the city, and the water was raised from them by steam-power into elevated reservoirs, from whence pipes conveyed it to the various streets. Some belonged to a water-company, and some to the corporation. One of these, after descending rather more than a hundred feet, had three lateral channels branching from it, for the purpose of collecting water from different directions; and the well, thus augmented, yielded twenty thousand gallons per day. Some of the wells, by a more extensive system of these lateral galleries or channels, yielded more than a hundred thousand gallons per day.

But although the wells, simply as such, yielded largely, yet the supply gradually became more and inadequate to the wants of a largely increasing population; and the attention of the corporation has been long directed to the means of ensuring a better supply. Other towns, whether deficient or not in rivers passing through them, have had a supply ensured by laying down pipes from a spring situated on a hilly spot at some distance. Thus Albany, a large town on the Hudson, and the second in importance in the state of New York, is principally supplied with water procured in the high ground in the neighbourhood, and conveyed in a six-inch pipe for a distance of about three miles to a reservoir near the town. Troy, another town on the Hudson, higher up than Albany, is supplied by similar means: there is high ground in the neighbourhood, containing good water; and this water is conveyed into a reservoir capable of holding two million gallons, elevated about seventy feet above the level of the streets, and distant about a third of a mile from the town; and from this reservoir the water is conveyed through a twelve-inch pipe to the streets of the town.

But this source is denied to the inhabitants of New York; and therefore, having no high ground near the city to furnish a supply, having no fresh-water river at hand to supply water-works, and having an insufficiency of wells to ensure a supply, they have been led to exercise their ingenuity in another way.

[To be continued.]

ADULTERATION OF ARTICLES OF CONSUMPTION.

THE selling of unwholesome provisions, as meat or fish, is punishable under most local acts; and is also an offence at common law. In Paris, malpractices connected with the adulteration of food are investigated by the Conseil de Salubrité, acting under the authority of the prefect of police. In this country, where the interests of the revenue are concerned, strict regulations have been resorted to in order to prevent adulteration. It is not, however, heavy customs or Excise-duties alone which encourage adulteration, for the difference in price between the genuine and the spurious ingredient, when both are free from taxation, leads to the practice of adulteration. The following is an abstract of the law respecting the adulteration of some of the principal articles of revenue:—

Tobacco-manufacturers are liable to a penalty of 200*l.* for having in their possession sugar, treacle, molasses, honey, commings or roots of malt, ground or unground roasted grain, ground or unground chicory, lime, unbre, ochre, or other earths, sea-weed, ground or powdered wood, moss or weeds

or any leaves, or any herbs or plants (not being tobacco leaves or plants), respectively, or any substance or material, syrup, liquid, or preparation, matter, or thing, to be used or capable of being used as a substitute for, or to increase the weight of, tobacco or snuff (5 & 6 Vict. c. 93, § 8). Any person engaged in any way in the preparation of articles to imitate or resemble tobacco or snuff, or who shall sell or deliver such articles to any tobacco-manufacturer, is also liable to a penalty of 200*l.* (§ 8). The penalty for adulterating tobacco or snuff is 300*l.* (§ 1); and for having such tobacco or snuff in possession, 200*l.* (§ 3). The Excise-survey on tobacco-manufacturers, abolished by 3 & 4 Vict. c. 18, has been re-established in consequence of the extent to which adulteration was carried.

The ingredients used in the adulteration of beer are enumerated in the following list of articles which brewers or dealers and retailers in ale and beer are prohibited from having in their possession under a penalty of 200*l.* (56 Geo. III. c. 58, § 2). These articles are—molasses, honey, liquorice, vitriol, quassia, cocculus Indicus, grains of Paradise, Guinea pepper, and opium; and preparations from these articles are also prohibited. They are used either as substitutes for hops, or to give a colour to the liquor in imitation of that which it would receive from the use of genuine ingredients. By § 3 of the same act a penalty of 500*l.* is imposed upon any chemist, druggist, or other person, who shall sell the articles mentioned in § 2 to any brewer or dealer in beer. The penalties against dealers in beer in the above act are extended to beer-retailers under 1 Wm. IV. c. 64, and 4 & 5 Wm. IV. c. 85, which acts also contain special provisions against adulteration applicable to this particular class of dealers, and the licence also prohibits the sale of ale, beer, and porter, made otherwise than from malt and hops; or adulterated with drugs; or fraudulently diluted, adulterated, or deteriorated.

Tea, another important article of revenue, is protected from adulteration by several statutes. The act 11 Geo. I. c. 30, § 5, renders a tea-dealer liable to a penalty of 100*l.* who shall counterfeit, adulterate, alter, fabricate, or manufacture any tea, or shall mix with tea any leaves other than leaves of tea (§ 5). Under 4 Geo. IV. c. 14, tea-dealers who dye, fabricate, or manufacture any sloe-leaves, liquorice-leaves, or the leaves of tea that have been used, or any other leaves in imitation of tea; or shall use *terra japonica*, sugar, molasses, clay, logwood, or other ingredients, to colour or dye such leaves; or shall sell or have in their possession such adulterated tea, are liable to a penalty of 10*l.* for every pound of such adulterated tea found in their possession (§ 11). The 17 Geo. III. c. 29, also prohibits adulteration of tea (§ 1).

The adulteration of coffee and cocoa is punished with heavy penalties under 43 Geo. III. c. 129. Any person who manufactures, or has in his possession, or who shall sell, burnt, scorched, or roasted peas, beans, grains, or other grain, or vegetable substance prepared as substitutes for coffee or cocoa, is liable to a penalty of 100*l.* (§ 5). The object of § 9 of 11 Geo. IV. c. 30, is similar. Chicory has been very extensively used in the adulteration of coffee in this country. This root, which possesses a bitter and aromatic flavour, came into use on the Continent in consequence of Bonaparte's decrees excluding colonial produce. Coffee with which a fourth or a fifth part of chicory has been mixed, is by some persons preferred as a beverage to coffee alone; but in England it is used to adulterate coffee in the proportion of one half. The Excise has for some time permitted the mixture of chicory with coffee. In 1832 a duty was laid on chicory, and this duty has been increased: chicory itself is also adulterated. Besides the quantity imported, chicory is also grown in England, and to prevent fraud it will be necessary to place the cultivation under some restriction, or perhaps, as in the case of tobacco, to prohibit the growth of it altogether.

The manufacturer, possessor, or seller of adulterated pepper is liable to a penalty of 100*l.* (59 Geo. III. c. 53, § 22). The act 9 Geo. IV. c. 44, § 4, extends this provision to Ireland.

In the important article of bread there are prohibitions against adulteration, though they are probably of very little practical importance. The act 6 & 7 Wm. IV. c. 37, which repealed the several acts then in force relating to bread sold beyond the city and liberties of London, and ten miles of the Royal Exchange, was also intended to prevent the adulteration of meal, flour, and bread beyond these limits. No other ingredient is to be used in making bread for sale except flour or meal of wheat, barley, rye, oats, buckwheat, Indian corn, peas, beans, rice or potatoes, mixed with common salt, pure

water, eggs, milk, barm, leaven, potato or other yeast, in such proportions as the bakers think fit, (§ 2). Adulterating bread, by mixing other ingredients than those mentioned above, is punishable by a fine of not less than 5*l.* nor above 10*l.*, or imprisonment for a period not exceeding six months; and the names of the offenders are to be published in a local newspaper (§ 8). Adulterating corn, meal, or flour, or selling flour of one sort of corn as flour of another sort, subjects the offender to a penalty not exceeding 20*l.* and not less than 5*l.* (§ 9). The premises of bakers may be searched, and if ingredients for adulterating meal or flour be found, the penalty for the first offence is 10*l.* and not less than 4*l.*; for the second offence 5*l.*, and for every subsequent offence 10*l.*; and the names of offenders are to be published in the newspapers (§ 12). There are penalties for obstructing search (§ 13). Any miller, mealman, or baker acting as a justice under this statute incurs a penalty of 100*l.* (§ 15).

The above act did not apply to Ireland, where the baking trade was regulated by an act (2 Wm. IV. c. 31), the first clause of which, relating to the ingredients to be used, was similar to the English act just quoted. In 1838 another act was passed (1 Vict. c. 28), which repealed all former acts relating to the sale of bread in Ireland. The preamble recited that the act 6 & 7 Wm. IV. c. 37, had been found beneficial in Great Britain; and the clauses respecting adulteration are similar to the English act.

The several acts for regulating the making of bread within ten miles of the Royal Exchange (which district is excluded from the operation of 6 & 7 Wm. IV. c. 37) were consolidated by the act 3 Geo. IV. c. 106. Under this act any baker who uses alum, or any other unwholesome ingredient, is liable to the penalties mentioned in § 12 of 6 & 7 Wm. IV. c. 37. Any ingredient or mixture found within the house, mill, stall, shop, &c. of any miller, mealman, or baker, and which shall appear to have been placed there for the purpose of adulteration, renders him liable to similar penalties.

Other articles besides those which have been mentioned are adulterated to a great extent, and there is scarcely an article, from arrow-root to guano, which escapes; but perhaps the remedy for the evil is not unwisely left to the people themselves, who probably are less likely to be imposed upon when depending on the exercise of their own discrimination, than if a commission of public functionaries were appointed, whose duty should consist in investigating and punishing persons guilty of adulteration. The interference of the government in this country with the practice of adulteration, except in the case of bread and drugs, has evidently had no other object than the improvement of the revenue.

Adulteration and the deceitful making up of commodities appear to have frequently attracted the attention of the legislature in the sixteenth century, and several acts were passed for restraining offences of this nature. The act 23 Eliz. c. 8, prohibits under penalties the practice of mixing bees'-wax with rosin, tallow, turpentine, or other spurious ingredient. The following acts have reference chiefly to frauds in the making up of various manufactured products:—3 Hen. VIII. c. 6; 23 Hen. VIII. c. 17; 1 Eliz. c. 12; 3 & 4 Edw. VI. c. 2; 5 & 6 Edw. VI. c. 6; 5 & 6 Edw. VI. c. 23.—*From the Supplement to the Penny Cyclopædia.*

Physical Effects of Training.—The state of health, or 'condition,' as it is termed, into which a man may be brought by training is often extraordinary. This training, it must be understood, consists in nothing more than regular exercise and living. The most salubrious and retired country places are usually chosen, and there the man, under the guidance of an experienced trainer, performs his systematic duties. He retires early to his bed, which is a mattress, with sufficient covering to ensure a suitable warmth, without encouraging unnecessary perspiration. He rises betimes in the morning, and after a general washing and rubbing, partakes of a slight repast, and commences his day's work by a quick walk of a few miles. He then returns home, and eats with what appetite he can. After a short rest, he is again exercised until his next meal-time, and so on throughout the day. His diet is chiefly confined to the lean of underdone beef and mutton, fowl, and stale bread. He takes two or three glasses of sherry, with, perhaps, a little old ale daily. The distance he is made to walk and run, every day, varies from ten to forty miles. He begins with what he is conveniently able to bear, and increases his exertions in proportion to his increasing strength.—*Medical Times.*

THE BRITISH VALHALLA.—No. II.



the history of the conversion of our Saxon ancestors to Christianity is a grand picture history from beginning to end. No men and incidents have a better claim to a place in our national Valhalla. Of the great actors, in the earliest stage, some are Romans,

or preachers and missionaries from other parts of Italy; but they made themselves the spiritual fathers of the Anglo-Saxon people, and are ever to be considered as a part of our ancestry. It would be most difficult to find such a series of stories beautiful in themselves and suggestive of the highest art. The genius of the great painters of Italy was but too frequently employed

upon inferior legends. They had not in their voluminous hagiology subjects like those we find in our early religious annals, and which we would recommend to the attention of our rising school of art. Instead of the picture of the "old man half blind"—"this man of infinite remembrance"—which Spenser placed at the head of his legendary and fabulous gallery, the picture of Bede "the Venerable" ought to head and open the present series, for it was this rare monk who collected the subjects and materials; and without the writings of Bede we should know next to nothing of the early history of our church or of the first introduction of Christianity into the island.

Bede or Beda was born about the year 675 on the lands which afterwards belonged to the two abbeys

of St. Peter and St. Paul in the bishopric of Durham, near the mouth of the river Tyne. At seven years of age he was taken into the monastery of St. Peter at Jarrow to be educated for a priest. After twelve years of diligent study he took deacon's orders, and eleven years after that period, or when he was in his thirtieth year, he was ordained a priest. His fame now reached Rome, and he was invited by Pope Sergius to repair to that city in order to assist in the promulgation of certain points of ecclesiastical discipline. But Bede, loving study better than travel, and being strongly attached to his own cell and quiet monastery, declined the invitation, and remained at Jarrow to make himself master of all the learning which was then accessible, and to write the ecclesiastical history of the English nation. The materials within his reach consisted of a few chronicles, and a few annals preserved in different religious houses; but he had also access to living prelates and other churchmen, some of whom had been principal actors in a part of the events and scenes he had to describe, while others inherited from their own fathers all the traditionary lore relating to the conversion of the Anglo-Saxon people, and more particularly of that part of the nation which was settled to the north of the Humber. Hence we find that Bede's narrative is fullest when he treats of the introduction and establishment of Christianity in Northumbria. He lived so near to the time that his history has much of the charm of a contemporary narrative. The date of his birth was within eighty years after the first landing of Augustin, and within half a century of the date assigned to the conversion of the Northumbrian King Edwin. He must have known, in his youth, persons who were living at the time of that conversion, and many that were alive when King Oswald revived the Christian faith and brought the monks from Iona to Lindisfarne. He published his ecclesiastical history (if we may apply the term publication to the very limited means which then existed of making a literary work known) about the year 734; but previously to this he had written and put forth many other books and treatises. His whole life indeed appears to have been absorbed by his literary labours. We would paint the monk in his solitary cell overlooking the Tyne and the dark and stormy ocean; or let that latticed window be closed and take him by night, seated at a broad table, surrounded by his antique books and parchments, lighted by a cresset-lamp of the oldest monastic form, or by a torch or thick candle such as King Alfred used after him, and holding in his honest right hand the pen which is writing imperishable words.

Bede's health gave way under his incessant labour; but sickness and pain and the depressing influence of a confirmed asthma could not stop his pen. He died working. And here we have another picture for our Valhalla. He was most anxious to finish two of his incomplete works, the one being a translation of St. John's Gospel into the Saxon language. Stretched on his pallet and unable to write with his own hand, he employed Wilberch, a young monk of the house, to write under his dictation. While thus occupied he grew worse and very weak. The young monk, observing this, said—"There remains now only one chapter to do; but it seems difficult to you to speak." The dying man answered—"It is easy; take your pen, dip it in the ink, and write as fast as you can." About nine o'clock Bede sent for some of his brethren to divide among them a little incense and a few other things of small value which he kept in a chest in his cell. The young man Wilberch then said—"Master, there is now but one sentence wanting." "Write on," said Bede, "and write fast!" The young monk did his best, and soon said—"Now, master, it

is finished."—Bede replied—"Thou hast said the truth—*consummatus est*? No take up my head, for I would sit opposite to the place where I have been wont to pray." Being seated according to his desire upon the floor of his cell, he said—"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost"—and he breathed his last breath with the last of these words. This, according to the most generally received opinion, happened on the 28th day of May in the year 735, when he was in the sixtieth year of his age. The monks buried his body in the church of his own monastery at Jarrow; but long after his death his bones were removed to Durham Cathedral and placed in the same coffin or chest with those of St. Cuthbert. The church of Rome canonized him and conferred on him the name of "The Venerable." The name, at least, has been ratified by all succeeding ages.

Bede's ecclesiastical history contains a long series of striking and picturesque narratives proper for the historical painter.

The first grandly picturesque story is familiar to all, and has often been painted—though never yet as it ought to be painted. Gregory, a Roman monk, of a noble family which traced its origin from the time of the imperial Cæsars, when Rome was mistress of the world, goes one day into the slave-market, which is situated at the end of the ancient Forum. Here he is struck by the sight of some young slaves from Britain, who are publicly exposed for sale, even like the cattle that are selling in another part of the Forum or great market-place. The children have bright complexions and fair long hair; their forms are beautiful, the innocence of their look is most touching. Gregory eagerly asks from what distant country they come, and being told that they are Angles the pious father says they would be Angels if they were but Christians. He throws back his cowl and stands looking at them, and the children look at him, while some slave-dealers close at hand are chaffering with their customers, or inviting purchasers by extolling the fine proportions and the beauty of the young Northern slaves. There is contrast, there is action, there is everything to make a grand and moving picture. The locality and its accessories are sublime. The Capitol of ancient Rome and the Tarpeian Rock are in full sight; the Coliseum shows its lofty walls at a short distance; the magnificent columns of the Temple of Jupiter Stator come within the picture, and there are other ruins of a sublime character. It is but the end of the sixth century, and many ancient buildings are comparatively perfect now, though destined to disappear in the course of succeeding centuries, and to leave it matter of doubt and speculation as to where stood the Temple of Concord, where the Temple of the Penates or Household Gods, where the Temple of Victory, where the arches of Tiberius and Severus, and where the other temples, arches, and columns that are known to have crowded the Forum and the spots surrounding it. As things are, we see the decay of Paganism and the establishment of Christianity upon its ruins. The temples, which are entire, are converted into churches: there is a crucifix on the highest part of the Capitol; there is a procession of monks passing along the edge of the Tarpeian Rock; the firm set columns erected to that Jupiter whose faith could not stand are crowned with crosses—the cross of Christ shows itself everywhere, on the summits of temples, over the crowns of triumphal arches, and upon all of the seven hills that are in sight. The painter cannot paint all this, but he can choose from among these grand and touching objects, and some image of the whole ought to be in his mind ere he begins to work. Gregory quits the slave-market solemnly musing upon the means of carrying the knowledge of divine truth to the distant and

savage land which gave birth to these fair children. Shortly after he determines to be himself the missionary and apostle of the Anglo-Saxons. He even sets off on the journey; but his friends, thinking that he is going to a certain death among barbarians, induce the pope to command his return. A few years pass away, and the monk Gregory becomes Pope Gregory, and head of the Christian world, although he will only style himself *Servus Servorum Domini*, or Servant of the Servants of the Lord. Men call him "The Great," and great is he in his humility and devotion and generosity of soul. He lives in as simple a style as when he was a poor monk; he is averse to persecution, holding that heretics and even Jews are to be treated with lenity, and are to be converted not by persecution but by persuasion. The wealth which begins to flow in to the Roman See he employs in bettering the condition of the poor, in erecting churches and in sending out missionaries to reclaim the heathen. He cannot go himself to the land of those fair-haired children, but now he sends Augustin, prior of the convent of St. Andrews at Rome, and forty monks as missionaries to England. Augustin and his companions make the coast of Kent, and after many dangers, and fears, and misgivings—for the Anglo-Saxons had been represented to them as the most stubborn and most ferocious of the human species—they land in the isle of Thanet. Ethelbert, the King of Kent is a pagan and worshipper of Odin—one who believes that the pleasures of Heaven, or of some future state of existence, consist of fighting all day and feasting and drinking all night; but his beautiful wife Bertha, a native of some part of the country which we now call France, is a Christian, and has brought with her from her own country a few holy men who reprobate but are afraid of attacking the sanguinary Scandinavian faith and idolatry. These timid priests have built or restored a little church outside the walls of Canterbury; but it is overshadowed by a pagan temple, wherein is the rude image not of a God of Peace, but of a God of War and destruction; and the foreigners fear that their humble little church will soon be destroyed by the Pagan priests. But Augustin arrives, and invites King Ethelbert to hear the glad tidings of salvation, the mild voice of the Gospel. The priests of bloody Odin and of the murderous Thor apprehend conjuration and magic, and advise the king to meet the missionaries not under a roof but in the open air, where magic spells will be less dangerous in their operation. Ethelbert, with Queen Bertha by his side, goes forth to one of the pleasant Kentish hills commanding a view of the flowing ocean, which the monks have crossed: his warriors and his pagan priests stand round the king; and there is a solemn expectant silence until the music of many mingled harmonious voices is heard, and Augustin and his forty companions are seen advancing in solemn processional order, singing the psalms and anthems of Rome. The foremost monk in the procession carries a large silver crucifix. Another monk carries a banner on which is painted a picture of the Redeemer. The heart of Ethelbert is touched by the music and by the venerable, devout aspect of the strangers. By means of an interpreter, whose heart and soul are in the office, Augustin briefly expounds to the king the nature of the Christian faith, and implores Ethelbert to receive the holiest and only true religion, and permit him to preach and teach it to his subjects. The king listens in rapt attention, never once taking his eyes from off the missionary; the queen blesses the day and happy hour; the priests of Odin seem perplexed and irritated; but the stalwart warriors leaning on their long, broad swords, or on their ponderous battle-axes, look for the most part as if they would inquire farther, and gladly hear the

wonderful words of the stranger again. Here are no antique temples, or columns, or arches, no Capitol or Forum with their mighty remembrances, no Coliseum as at the Eternal City; but there flows in sight the everlasting sea: these green hills of Kent are more beautiful than the seven hills of Rome, and there are woods and streams (woods which have been the temples of Druidism) near to the scene of the conference; and there is bright sunlight upon the scene, and a glorious summer-sky overhead; a sky not of one uniform unspotted blue, like that of Italy, but having its variety of tints, and even a few fleecy clouds, and being rendered thereby several degrees more picturesque and poetical. The Saxon king is more than half-converted; but he thinks it needful to be cautious. He says he has no thought of forsaking the gods of his fathers; but since the purposes of the strangers are good, and their promises inviting, they shall be suffered to instruct his people; none shall raise the hand of violence against them, and they shall not know want, for the land is a land of plenty, and he, the King of Kent and Bretwalda of all the Saxon princes, will supply the monks with food and drink and lodging. Upon this Augustin and his companions fall again into order of procession, and direct their steps, solemn and slow, towards the neighbouring city of Canterbury, chaunting their anthems as they go. They reach the ancient city, and as they enter it in the midst of a wondering crowd, they sing with a holy and a cheerful note—"Hallelujah! hallelujah! may the wrath of the Lord be turned from this city and from this holy place!"

"For ever hallowed be this morning fair,
Blest be the unconscious shore on which ye tread,
And blest the Silver Cross, which ye, instead
Of martial banner, in procession bear;
The Cross preceling Him who floats in air,
The pictured Saviour!—By Augustine led,
They come—and onward travel without dread,
Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer,
Sung for themselves, and those whom they would free:
Rich conquest waits them: the tempestuous sea
Of ignorance that ran so rough and high,
And heeded not the voice of clashing swords,
These good men humble by a few bare words,
And calm with fear of God's divinity." *

The work of conversion proceeds rapidly and smoothly. The Italians find the poor Anglo-Saxons of Kent rather gentle and docile than ferocious; many gladly renounce a creed of blood and hatred for a religion of peace and love; the baptisms become numerous; and at last, on the day of Pentecost, King Ethelbert himself yields to the arguments of the missionaries and the entreaties of his wife, and is baptized. On the ensuing Christmas ten thousand of the people follow the example of the king. Pope Gregory is transported with joy when these tidings reach Rome; he writes an exulting letter to Eulogius, patriarch of Alexandria, giving an account of the success of his missionaries "in the most remote parts of the world;" and he forthwith appoints Augustin to be primate of all England as well as Archbishop of Canterbury. Such is the origin of our church as related by the venerable Bede.

• Pope Gregory soon sends more labourers to work in so promising a vineyard; and every Italian monk or missionary is qualified to teach the uncivilized Saxons in matters temporal as well as spiritual, to instruct them in agriculture and in many useful arts. Molitus, Justus, the successful Paulinus, and many others, arrive from Rome, and they bring with them vessels and vestments for the altar, copes, crucifixes, relics, and for the Archbishop Augustin a splendid pall. A great church, dedicated by the name of Christ-Church,

* Wordsworth.

begins to raise its head within the walls of Canterbury; a spacious house is built close by for the accommodation of the monks; and from this spot the missionaries go forth into the wealds of Kent and to regions far beyond them to preach and teach.

The progress of the faith in the more northern parts of the island is for a long time slow and uncertain, and there are backslidings and relapses in the south; but from the first day of the landing of Augustin the destruction of the Scandinavian idolatry is secured. Within seven years a Christian church is erected in the city of London, upon the spot where the Romans had built a temple to Diana, and the church is dedicated to St. Paul, and shall never cease to be a Christian church and the centre of many churches dedicated to Christ and the apostles and saints. There are many saints but few martyrs among our first missionaries—martyrdom does not blend very much with our church history until two or three centuries later, when the land is overrun by fierce Danes and Norwegians, who are fanatics in the faith of Odin, deaf to the gentle voice of the Gospel, and even blind to the miracles which are exhibited for their conversion. But not so are the Saxons with whom Gregory's missionaries have to deal. Even in the savage north we find but few martyrs, albeit Penda, Edilfred, and a few other kings of Northumbria and of Mercia, set themselves against the promulgation of the Gospel, and carry on cruel wars against the converted states.

The life of Edwin, under whom Christianity is introduced and established in the north, offers more than one noble picture. It is scarcely possible to separate the legendary and the miraculous from the true; but the painter or the poet has nothing to do with any such analysis or separation; and we have already given the good grounds upon which such subjects are admissible into our Valhalla. Edwin in his youth is deprived of his kingdom of Deira by his neighbour Edilfred of Bernicia, who joins his states to his own, and thus establishes his rule over the whole of Northumbria. The dispossessed Edwin, who as yet is not converted to Christianity, wanders from court to court in a vain search after a peaceful asylum. The far-reaching arm of the Northumbrian tyrant strikes him wherever he goes, and even behind the ramparts of the Welsh mountains. At last the royal wanderer seeks shelter with King Redwald in East Anglia, and begins to hope that he has put himself out of the reach of Edilfred; but while Edwin is sitting on the hearth of King Redwald, a messenger arrives from his implacable foe, who has discovered his present retreat, and who threatens Redwald with war and destruction unless he immediately give up his guest. Redwald, who knows the extent of Edilfred's power to do mischief, is so terrified at this message, that he resolves to disregard the sacred laws of hospitality, and to give up Edwin to chains and death. But one of Edwin's faithful companions, of whom he has some few with him in the court of Redwald who never shrink from his adversity, discovers the iniquitous intention, and about the first hour of night comes to Edwin's chamber, and calling him forth, for better security, reveals to him his great danger, and offers him his sword and his aid to escape therefrom. Edwin, who has already run all over the island, and who now knows not whither to betake himself, thanks his kind friend, but declares that he will fly no more—that he is weary of his life, and will fain die where he is. The friend departs; and in this gloomy spirit of resignation Edwin sits down on a great stone outside the gate of King Redwald's palace, from which proceed sounds of joy and festivity, and flashes of light thrown out by the blazing fire and the rude pine-torches. Thus the expelled young King of Deira sits all alone with his face

muffled in his mantle—sits upon that big, hard, cold stone, which is not harder and colder than the heart of the world to him: he has not so much as the attendance of a dog; yet he once had one of the broadest kingdoms of the Saxon heptarchy, and was called King of Men. This world now seems to offer him nothing but a bloody grave; and the creed in which he has been suckled, making no allowance for human weakness or for misfortune, has nothing but shame to offer to the man who does not die victorious, or at the least in battle. But lo! about the dead of night the tall figure of a man, in dark vestments, is seen by the light of the waning moon. Neither by countenance nor by habit is this man known to the forlorn prince; but Edwin sees that the countenance, though solemn, is benign and compassionate. The stranger speaks, and after salutation made, says, "Why, at this hour, when all others are at rest, dost thou alone so badly sit waking on a cold stone?" Edwin, who cannot readily believe that the world contains one that will comfort him, asks the stranger what his sitting within doors or without concerns him? The stranger replies, with an unaltered sweetness of voice and countenance, "Think not that who thou art, or why sitting here upon the cold stone, or what danger hangs over thee, is to me unknown! But what wouldest thou promise to that man, who ever would befriend thee, and lead thee out of these troubles, and persuade Redwald to continue thy friend instead of delivering thee up to thy foe Edilfred?" "All that I am able to promise, or shall ever be able to do," quoth Edwin. "And what," says the stranger, "what wouldest thou do if I should truly promise thee the destruction of thine enemies and the possession of thy kingdom, and a fame and power greater than hath been possessed by any English king that hath been before thee?" "I should not doubt," quoth Edwin, "to be answerably grateful." A third time the mysterious midnight visitant propounds a prophetic question:—"And if he who procured thee such blessings should truly foretell to thee what is to come in a better world than this, and should give thee, for the security of thy life and fortunes, such counsels as none of thy father and kindred ever heard, wouldest thou follow them? And dost thou now promise to hearken to his counsel and follow it?" The face of Edwin brightens, and he stands erect and elate, as he says that the man who conferred upon him such inestimable benefits should evermore be his sole counsellor and guide. The stranger now lays his right hand on Edwin's disrowned head, and says, "When this sign shall next come upon thee, oh! remember this time of night and this discourse! remember this cold stone, and this thy present loneliness, and then turn thy mind to keep the promises that thou hast made here!" And with these words, and with a heavenly smile, the stranger disappears, as if he has vanished into air, and Edwin feels that he must have been talking, not with a mortal man, but with some blessed spirit. But the very next instant his faithful friend comes forth from King Redwald's palace to seek him, and to give him joyful intelligence. The timid Redwald has been awakened to shame and roused to courage by the remonstrances of his high-minded queen, and so he hath determined rather to brave the vengeance of Edilfred than give up his royal but unfortunate and helpless guest. "Therefore," says the faithful friend, "rise from that cold stone, and come unfeigningly into the palace; for the bloody ambassadors are dismissed, and Redwald the king will defend thee against all enemies!"

Edwin goes into the palace, and meat and drink are placed before him. When the blue buffalo-horn, the drinking-cup of the Saxons, hath gone its round, Edwin and Redwald deliberate upon the means of con-

ducting the war against the tyrant of Northumbria. They resolve to anticipate his attack; and shortly after, with an army suddenly raised, they surprise Edilfred, who is little dreaming of invasion, and defeat him and slay him in a great battle near to the east side of the river Idle, on the Mercian border.

In brief space of time Edwin becomes king of all Northumbria, or of all the country of England which lies beyond the broad Humber. He is the best, as well as the most eminent, of all the kings of the Saxon heptarchy, showing in the acts of his government and at his high-tide of prosperity how greatly he has benefited by the lessons taught him by adversity. But he is still unconverted. His friend King Redwald has made a compromise by erecting one altar to Christ and another to his idols; but Edwin, as yet, perseveres in the faith of his ancestors. After reigning nine years, the great King of Northumbria seeks in marriage Ethelberga, the fair daughter of the late Ethelbert, King of Kent, the convert of Augustin. The princess is a good Christian, and her brother Eadbald says to Edwin's ambassadors that a Christian may not marry an idolater. King Edwin makes reply that the fair princess, and whatever attendants she may bring with her across the Humber from Kent, shall be allowed the free exercise of their religion; and, furthermore he promises, upon the word of a king, that if, upon mature examination, he finds the religion of his wife holier and better than his own, he will embrace it. The Kentish monarch yields, and the affianced maiden sets out on her long journey. Divers good Christians follow her, but her chief spiritual guardian is the venerable Italian monk Paulinus, one of the last of the missionaries whom Pope Gregory had sent to assist Augustin. Paulinus neglects no opportunity of planting the Gospel in the north; but although the queen aids him, and the king offers no opposition, his progress is slow, and his prospect discouraging. But in the following year one of the two kings of the West Saxons, envious of the greatness which the once houseless wanderer has attained unto, dispatches a swordsmen to assassinate him. It is Easter Sunday, the joyfulest and holiest of all Sabbaths, and King Edwin with his court is at his stately house upon the bank of the river Deuwent. The desperate assassin presents himself under pretence of delivering a message from the king his master, and while Edwin is conferring with him, he draws forth a poisoned dagger, and raises his arm to strike; but at this instant Lilla, that faithful attendant, with an unhesitating loyalty throws himself between the king and the murderer, and abandons his whole body to the blow. So long is the dagger, and so strong the blow, that the poisoned weapon passes through the man to the king's person, and inflicts a wound not to be slighted. The assassin is encompassed and cut to pieces; but before he dies he kills another of the king's attendants. Paulinus now presents himself to Edwin, who is suffering from his wound, and obtains from him the promise that if Christ cure his wound, and give him victory over the enemy who hath so barbarously and treacherously sought his life, he will become a Christian; and as a pledge, he allows the infant daughter which Ethelberga hath borne him a short space before to receive Christian baptism. Twelve converts are baptized with Edwin's daughter; but although Edwin goes to the wars in the country of the West Saxons, and returns victoriously, he still hesitates about casting off the faith which was professed by his own father and by all his ancestors, and which is still professed by nearly all his own subjects. Perhaps he dreads revolt;—perhaps his reason hath not yet been fully convinced. He is in this state of indecision, and sitting one day alone in his chamber, lost in thought, when

Paulinus comes boldly up to him, and laying his right hand on his head, says—"Oh king, dost thou remember this sign, and the engagement it betokeneth?" Then flash across the mind of Edwin, the palace of King Redwald, and the cold stone, and the sad despairing night, and then the spiritual visiting; and forthwith he trembles, rises in amaze and awe, and falls prostrate at the feet of the Christian missionary. "Behold," says Paulinus, as he raises him from the earth, "behold how God hath delivered thee from all thine enemies and restored thee to thy kingdom, and to much more than thou then desiredst? Then, perform now what long since thou didst promise, and receive the doctrine and faith which I bring unto thee, and which to thy temporal, will add an eternal felicity!"

Edwin is converted from this moment, and solemnly engages to keep with Paulinus all the promises he had made to the nocturnal visitant. But he is a politic ruler, preferring gentle conviction to force, and before proceeding to the baptismal font he calls together a great assembly of his nobles and the priests of Odin, in order that they may peacefully discuss the new doctrines of love and peace, and compare them with the bloody creed which hath heretofore been their faith. The lords, warriors, and priests, assemble in a great hall near the river Swale. The great Northumbrian monarch, with his crown on his head, frankly avows his own sentiments, and requests each priest and lord here present to deliver his opinion with the same freedom. Coifi the high-priest speaks first, after the king, and great is the astonishment of most of the assembly when he declares that the gods whom they had hitherto worshipped are worthless and utterly useless. "None," says the high-priest, "hath served them with greater zeal than I have done, yet other men have prospered in the world far more than I have done. Therefore am I willing, and ready to give a trial to this new religion." But next to Coifi the high-priest there rises a man of a nobler aspect, and the words he delivers are in a less worldly and a wiser and purer spirit. Exquisite are they as reported by the venerable monk of Jarrow.

"The present life of man, O king, seems to me, in comparison of that life which is unknown to us, like to a sparrow swiftly flying through the room, well-warmed with the fire made in the midst of it, wherein you sit at supper in the winter nights, with commanders and counsellors, whilst the storms of rain and snow prevail abroad: the sparrow, I say, flying in at one door, and immediately out at another, whilst he is within is not affected by the winter storm; but after a very brief interval of what is to him fair weather and safety, he immediately vanishes out of your sight, returning from one winter to another. So this life of man appears for a moment; but of what went before, or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed."

[Here we have, in addition to a familiar but beautiful illustration of an argument, a most striking picture of ancient manners. The kingly hall is rough and rude in its magnificence; the fire is burning on a hearth in the middle of the room, and there must be a great aperture above it to allow the smoke to pass through; the tables or stools at which the king and his great men are feasting, are drawn round the fire, and the aperture in the roof and the open doors, through which the sparrow can flit, admit the roaring of the wintry winds and the pattering of the rain and the sight of the noiseless snow.]

When the Northumbrian noble ceases to speak, the

* Mr. Wordsworth has versified the text of Bede in a beautiful and well-known sonnet, but which is scarcely so beautiful as the original in plain prose.

Italian missionary is called in to expound more fully the doctrines of the Christian faith. It is the high-priest Coifi that leads Paulinus into the assembly and entreats him to proceed. The missionary with the upraised cross in his hand explains the Gospel, with its doctrine of peace and good-will upon earth, and its assured promises of immortality; and while he speaks all present are as silent as statues and gaze at him with wondering eyes. The fierce Northumbrians are softened and convinced, and then there goes a cry round the assembly that the God of the stranger must be the only true God, and that their own idols and blood-stained altars must down!

"But who," exclaims King Edwin, "will be the first to overturn them and desecrate the temples?" "That will I do," says Coifi the high-priest, "and who more properly than myself can destroy those things which I worshipped through ignorance, for an example to all others, through the wisdom which is now given me by the true God?" And forthwith Coifi throws off his priestly robe, calls for arms, which the Saxon priests are forbidden to wield, and for a horse, which they are not permitted to mount; and being both armed and mounted, he gallops forth among the amazed multitudes, who, not having heard the preaching of Paulinus, think that their high-priest is gone distracted.

Not far from the place of conference there stands a great pagan temple, stark and rugged as the gods to whom it is dedicated. Within the temple stand grim and uncouth statues, or huge mis-shapen stones and blocks intended to represent the gigantic Odin with his mighty sword, and Thor with his mighty hammer, and Frea the wife of Odin with her terrible mace, and other gods and goddesses with their savage attributes. The fane is guarded round about by several inclosures of stone and wood; but its strongest guard is the popular belief that none can offer it insult and live. Yet Coifi, careering on the royal steed, goes straight to this most holy spot, dashes through all the enclosures, dashes into the fane, and there with all his might hurls a spear at the idols, and by this act desecrates the place for ever. And yet Coifi lives and breathes—nay, he sits triumphantly upon the king's horse, and his face is not more triumphant than it is joyous and happy. Hence is it made clear to the Northumbrians that neither Odin nor Thor hath any controul over the elements, that none of those gods can wield the thunderbolts of heaven or make the earth reel and crack with earthquakes; that they are all nought. And losing no time the people second the efforts of Coifi, nor cease from their glad labour until the temple and its surrounding inclosures are all levelled with the ground.

Now Paulinus with his assistant missionaries and his exulting neophytes sings litanies and hallelujahs, and girds up his loins for the arduous duty of baptizing a whole kingdom. The Pagan Temple called 'God-mundingham' (the name is preserved to our own day by the village of Goodmanham) is in the east of Yorkshire, and not remote from the river Swale; and as immersion is required in the rite of baptism by the primitive church, and as the converts are so numerous and impatient, Paulinus needs nothing less than a river for his baptismal font. In one day he baptizes in the waters of the Swale twelve thousand converts. He then crosses the Humber and goes into that wild country of fens, meres, and morasses, which we now call Lincolnshire, and converts the wild people, and builds a church of stone near to the spot where the glorious Cathedral of Lincoln now stands.

Edwin, rising in power and dignity, becomes Bretwalda, or King of Kings, and all the states of the Heptarchy acknowledge his supremacy and submit to his awards. Thus are the promises of the nocturnal visit-

ant, who found him seated on the cold stone, more than fulfilled. But, according to the faith which he has adopted, this temporal greatness is as nothing compared with eternal happiness, and to see the fulfilment of that best promise which the stranger has made, and which Paulinus has confirmed, Edwin's faith and constancy must be tried, and he must die; death being the only portal to eternal life. Penda, King of the Mercian Angles, the terrible and bloody Penda, who will not be converted even by miracles, and who despises Christianity as a religion that enervates men, and makes them unfit for war, calls to his standard all the fanatics of the old Scandinavian faith. All the men that prefer plunder and conquest to peaceful industry, and all the Northumbrians who are dissatisfied with the changes which the good Edwin has introduced among them: and having collected a mighty force Penda crosses the Trent and the Humber, and bursts into Northumbria threatening to root out that whole nation as well as the Christian faith: and Penda being joined by the Welsh and by the unconverted mountaineers of the north-west coast of the island, overthrows the Christian Northumbrians in a great battle fought in the year 633 near Heathfield, slays King Edwin, and sticks his head upon a lance. A portion of the people are massacred in heaps, the rest slide back to their ancient idolatry, or purchase life by a feigned submission to the will of the savage Penda, and to the teaching of his high-priest. No refuge from these calamities being left save flight, Paulinus, taking with him the widowed Queen Ethelberga and her children, escapes by sea, and gets back to Kent and to the Christian court of the queen's brother Eadbald, who receives the party of fugitives with every kindness. Paulinus becomes Bishop of Rochester, and ends his life in that see.

But King Edwin's nephew Oswald—Oswald of the "Bounteous hand," and a prince of rare promise—instead of going southward goes to the far north, and crossing rivers, mountains, and the sea, seeks and finds an asylum among the Culdees, or Christian monks, who have peopled Iona, and made of that black and barren rock a centre of light and civilization. Here the fugitive Oswald, young in years, and docile in disposition, is taught lessons of worldly wisdom, and fully instructed in the Christian faith as professed and practised by the Culdees. Although he runs not the same risks, he is cheered, as his uncle Edwin was in the days of his early troubles, by bright visions of future success and everlasting happiness. When of a manly age, he quits Iona with the blessings and prayers of these primitive Christian priests, and returns into Northumbria to gain a crown and re-establish the true faith. The army he at first collects is but small, yet with it he defeats the immense forces of his Pagan foe close by a little river running into the Tyne, under the ancient Roman wall. This little river, called the Devil's Burn or the Devil's Brook, now changes its name into Heavenford, and the field is called Heavenfield.* The Pagans had boasted that they were invincible; but Oswald had brought with him from Iona a holy cross—this cross had been his only standard, and to it he looked for victory over his countless foes, who most vainly invoked Odin and Thor.

After this great victory the throne of Oswald is established in peace, the more savage of the Pagans are driven out, and the true faith is re-established throughout Northumbria. To instruct his people, Oswald now sends to his own instructors, and his hosts and protectors, the Culdees of Iona, entreating them to send him some members of their devout and learned community. The monks listen to the call, and a ship

* The spot is supposed to be near Dilston in Northumberland, an ancient seat of the Earls of Derwentwater.

sails away from Iona with a godly freight, while the Culdees stand on the bleak shore of the Isle, and, with uplifted hands, implore the blessing of Heaven upon this endeavour to spread the Gospel. But Father Cormac, the chosen missionary, is alarmed at the ferocity of the Pagans that dwell in the mountains which border on Northumbria, and he soon returns quite disheartened to Iona, where he gives to his brethren a most sad account of his mission. A chapter of the order is assembled forthwith, and the unsuccessful missionary excuses his failure by dwelling upon the barbarous disposition and gross intellect of the Northumbrians. He is interrupted by a reproachful voice which says—"Brother, you seem to have forgotten the apostolic injunction, that little children ought to be fed with milk, that they may afterwards be fitted for stronger food!" All eyes are turned upon the speaker, who is Aidan, a monk of the order, of singular zeal and meekness, and of great piety and learning; and he, being willing to brave every danger, is immediately appointed to the mission. Again the bark sails from Iona with prayers and blessings; and Aidan soon reaches the court of King Oswald, and commences his holy task of instructing the people. Success attends his labours, and, until he learns their language, the king himself interprets his discourses to the Northumbrians. Other Culdees come to co-operate with Aidan, who soon founds a monastery upon the bleak island of Lindisfarne, which has many points of resemblance with his beloved Iona, and which is somewhat safer from intrusion and from pagan violence than any spot he could choose on the mainland. From this time Lindisfarne obtains and merits the name of the Holy, or "Holy Island," which it now retains after the lapse of twelve hundred years. The community established by Aidan flourishes on this English Iona, and dispenses its spiritual benefits over all the rough country of the north for two centuries, when it is rooted out, and the island wasted by sword and fire by the heathenish Danes. But the bright light cannot be extinguished; and in the course of a few years the monastery and the church and the schools of Holy Island rise from their ashes more stately than before:—and not a

... Vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland,

but strikes its flag or lowers its sail in honour of the holy place.

But before King Oswald and the good monk Aidan go to receive in a better world the reward of their labours and trials in this, great progress is made in the work of conversion. King Oswald, seeing the happy effects produced upon his own people, who renounce their ferocious habits, is most anxious to extend the blessings of Christianity throughout the Heptarchy and over every part of the island. He repairs to the court of Wessex to ask in marriage the daughter of King Kineglis or Cynegils, and he prevails not only upon his bride, but also upon the king her father to receive baptism. The faith being thus introduced into Wessex, Berinus, a missionary, comes hither from Rome, and preaches and teaches and converts all these West Saxons, and establishes a see and becomes the first Bishop of Dorchester. Yet the meek, pious, and charitable Oswald meets with the same fate as his predecessor King Edwin, being, after only eight years' reign, overthrown and killed in battle by the savage and unconvertible Penda, King of Mercia. He is succeeded by his brother Oswy, who reigns a good many years as a virtuous and religious sovereign, dividing part of the royal authority with Oswin, a nephew of King Edwin; but at last he causes that prince to be treacherously murdered, and this foul and un-Christian deed causes so much grief to the good old Aidan

that he dies within twelve days after its perpetration, leaving an enduring reputation behind him for his charity, meekness, and labour in the Gospel. The grateful Church of Rome canonizes both Aidan and his friend, pupil, and interpreter, King Oswald. To expiate the foul murder, Oswy builds a monastery, wherein prayers are daily offered up for the souls of both princes, the slain and the slayer.

Peada, the son of that terrible foe to Christianity, King Penda, while his father is yet alive, seeks the hand of Alchflæda the daughter of the Northumbrian King Oswy. As this Christian princess will not marry a pagan, Peada abjures his idols and is baptized; and, together with his bride, he carries with him into Mercia four Christian missionaries, whose labours are so efficacious, and whose lives are so pure and holy, that even the rugged heart of old Penda is touched and softened. Seeing that much immediate temporal good results from the conversion, and that the converted become far more orderly and industrious than the pagan part of his subjects, Penda, though himself still clinging to the worship of Odin, allows the missionaries to continue their good work. He prohibited none in his kingdom to hear or believe the Gospel; but he hated and despised those who professing to believe, attested not their faith by good works, or whose practice in daily life was at variance with their creed.

Miracles upon earth, and signs and omens in the heavens, are not wanting in these early chapters of the 'History of Religion in England;' but they are told briefly and in the most evident good faith, and most of them may be traced to some of the great phenomena of nature. Thus the process of conversion is facilitated by the appearance of a fiery pillar which shows itself in the heavens between night and morning for the space of three months—the same pillar of fire being a comet.

The last state of the Heptarchy that quits the worship of Odin is the small kingdom of the South Saxons or Sussex; but at the close of the seventh century Wilfrid, Bishop of York—that famous builder of churches—with the help of other spiritual labourers, planted the Gospel here also, having first obtained great favour and influence with the people of all that coast by teaching them how to make nets and how to carry on their fishing in a safer and more profitable manner than that to which they had been accustomed. And thus was it with all these uncivilized communities; they all received temporal as well as spiritual advantages from more enlightened missionaries, some of whom were natives of far more civilized countries, and not a few of whom, though native English or Scots, had travelled in foreign lands in which the irruptions of the barbarians had never wholly destroyed the arts and civilization of the ancient Romans. These primitive missionaries practised as well as taught the arts of building, weaving, agriculture, draining, &c., and the proper mode of tending flocks and herds. Wherever they fixed their seat permanently the face of the country was changed; woods were cleared, morasses were drained, rivers were embanked, and roads were cut. The first to begin the arduous task of draining the vast fens of Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and Huntingdonshire were some of our first missionaries, or some of the very first of our bishops and abbots, who were allowed to take possession of great tracts of country which were despised by the men of the sword, and which seemed worthless and incapable of being converted into productive and pleasant abiding-places. What the Romans had scarcely attempted in their plenitude of power was undertaken by these poor religious men, and was prosecuted steadily, and to an extent and with a degree of success altogether astonishing for that barbarous age. If we strip the

lives and deeds of Saint Guthlacus, Saint Chad, and other worthies of our earliest church, of the legends and hyperboles which were written about them several centuries after they had ceased to live, we shall find that they were great drainers and cultivators of land; that they turned their own information and ingenuity, and the industry of a scanty population, into the most useful channels; that they reclaimed land by cutting canals, and giving the floods from the uplands a free course into the beds of rivers and to the ocean; that they turned bogs into firm land, and an air full of pestiferous exhalations, noisome to the sense and destructive of the health of man, into a comparatively sweet and wholesome atmosphere; that the fiends, goblins, and sprites, and the blue, hellish lights they drove away, were but the mephitic gases which rise from stagnant waters and among thick underwood; and, in short, that Guthlacus and his compeers wrought real miracles by perfectly natural means, and were the first of our illustrious line of civil engineers. In this capacity Guthlacus is entitled to a place in our Valhalla. We would see him with his cross planted by his side, and with his measuring rod in his hand, superintending the road-making or the canal-cutting at Crowland, or the driving of stakes into the moist, yielding ground, to get a foundation for the first edifice erected in this wilderness for the worship of the true God, and for the habitation of God's servants, and men fitted alike to teach the savages of the wilderness how to improve this world which passes away, and how to prepare for that which endures for ever.

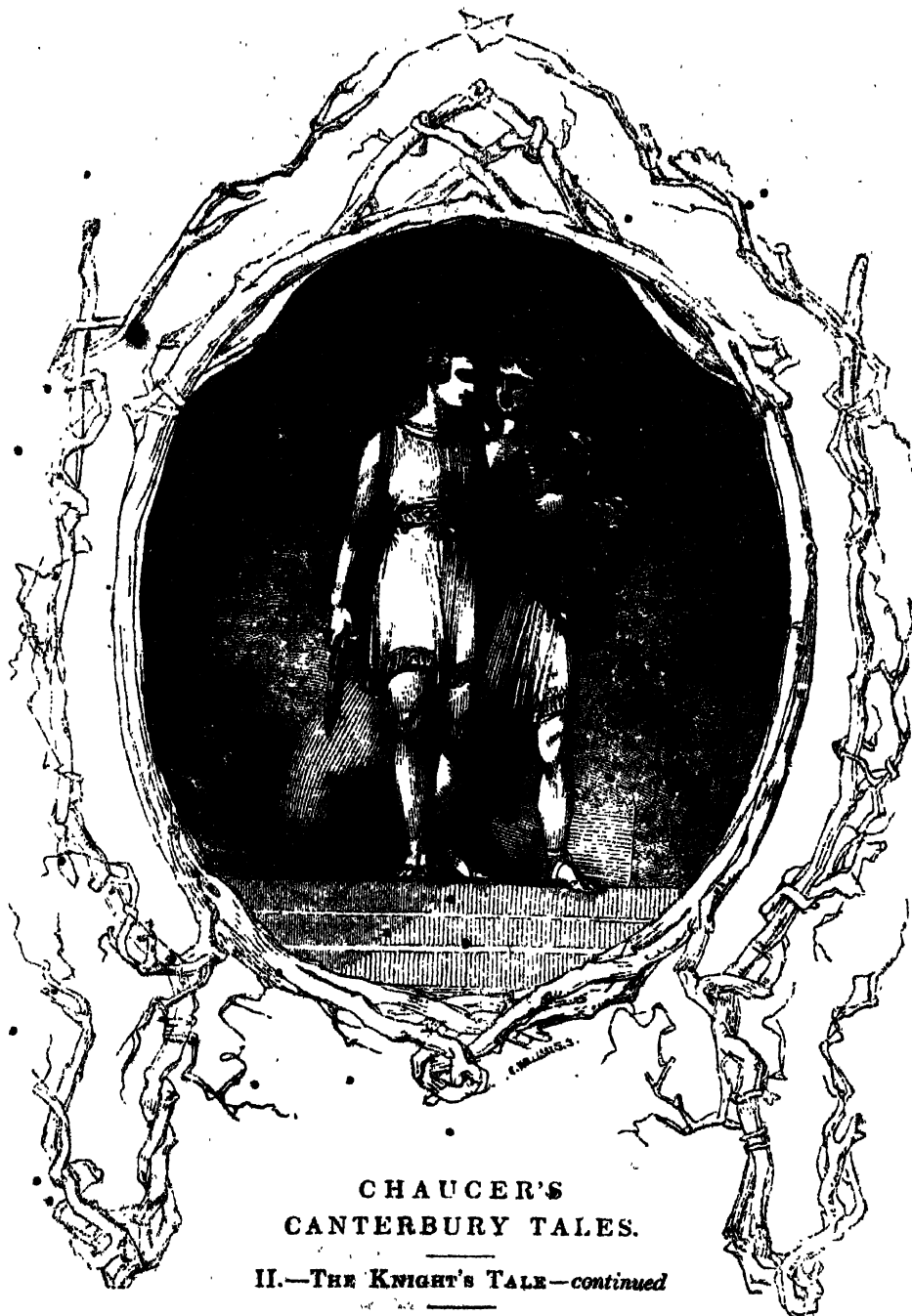
The incursions and invasions of the Danes, which filled the Saxon calendar with martyrs, gave our churches and monasteries to the flames, and in some parts of the island nearly obliterated all traces of the Christian worship. Their fanaticism was far fiercer than that of the Saxons had ever been, and they were further attracted to the religious houses by the wealth they contained. The monks did not always trust only to their prayers and the intercession of their saints: many were the battles they fought with the invader in defence of their altars and shrines; and many and very moving are the tales told by the old chroniclers of bishops and abbots who led their people to battle, and who fell under the pagan battle-axe, or who, being made prisoners, braved all the horrible tortures the Danes could inflict upon them, and faced grim death rather than purchase life and security by apostacy. The fierce sea-kings were amazed, and at times awed, by this unearthly fortitude; and occasionally a martyrdom was followed by a conversion of the heathen.

The episode of Alphege, Archbishop of Canterbury, and saint and martyr, is full of picture.

It is the miserable reign of the Saxon king Ethelred, so properly nicknamed 'the Unready.' This pusillanimous king, and his corrupt and spiritless government, think it better to buy off the Danes than to oppose them with arms. In this season of baseness and cowardice, a priest sets an example of valour and military skill, and a quiet town, abounding not in soldiers, but in monks, nobly stands a siege. A great Danish force comes suddenly before Canterbury and summons the place to surrender. "No," says Archbishop Alphege; "we will fight for our country and our faith! We will defend with our lives the church which the blessed Augustin founded, though we be but monks!" Low are the walls and weak the gates of Canterbury, yet for twenty days does the bold, English-hearted prelate make good the place against the ravenous and furious Danes. But, just as the besiegers are on the point of retreating to their ships, some execrable traitors within the town throw open one of the gates by night and call the pagans in. Then follows

a carnage of God's people, and of the men who have had the courage to fight for their religion and their country. The archbishop is not slain, because the Danes hope to extort more money by keeping him alive; but he is seized, reviled, buffeted, loaded with chains, and carried out to the Danish camp, from which, when his blinding tears allow him, he can see his fair church and half of Canterbury in a blaze. Soon they carry him on board a filthy ship, but they land him again ere long, and bid him purchase his liberty and life by paying a great sum of money, which he must first wring from the distressed people of the country. He refuses: they threaten torture and death, but he still refuses, again and again. The Danes assemble at a drunken banquet, and carouse to their false gods, or to the demons of war and slaughter, and, when mad with drink, they fall into talk about the archbishop and his daring obstinacy. "Let him be brought hither, that we may deal with him," says a sea-king; and forthwith Alphege is brought in, sinking under the weight of his chains, but with a spirit as erect and fearless as ever. The pagans quit their drink, and gather round him with many menacing gestures, and shouting, "Gold! bishop, gold! Give us gold, and get ye gone!" Alphege replies, as before, that he has no gold—that he will give no money to the enemies of his country—the enemies of his religion; and, still unmoved, he looks round that circle of fierce, godless men. At last the drunken pagans lose all patience, and, breaking up in rage and disorder, and running to a great heap of bones, horns, and jaw-bones, the relics of their gross feast, they throw these things at him until he falls to the ground bleeding and half-dead: and as he thus lies helpless, a Danish pirate raises his ponderous battle-axe, and finishes his martyrdom by cleaving his skull.





CHAUCER'S
CANTERBURY TALES.

II.—THE KNIGHT'S TALE—continued

Thus passeth year by year, and day by day,
Till it fell once* in a morrow of May
That Emily, that fairer was to seen
Than is the lily, upon his stalke green,
And fresher than the May with flow'ers new
(For with the rose-colour strove her hue,
I n'ot which was the finer of them twe),
Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen, and all ready dight;†
For May will have no sluggardy a-night.
The season pricketh‡ every gentle heart,
And maketh him out of his sleep to start,
And saith,—Arise, and do thine observance.
This maketh Emily have remembrance
To do honour to May, and for to rise:
Yclothed was she fresh for to devise.

* Once.

† Excited.

‡ Dressed.

§ Respect.

Her yellow hair was braided in a tress
Behind her back, a yarde long, I guess;
And in the garden at the sun uprist
She walketh up and down, where as her list:
She gathereth flow'ers, party white and red,
To make a subtle garland for her head,
And as an angel heavenly she sung.

Against the garden wall stood the thick tower in
which the Knights were imprisoned. Bright was the
sun, and clear the morning; and Palamon, by the
garder's leave, roamed in a chamber at the top of the
tower, commanding a view of the noble city, and of the
garden below, where Emily was walking. To and fro
went the sorrowful prisoner, complaining of his woe,
and lamenting that he had been born; until, through
the barred window, he cast his eye upon Emily, when
he started, with an exclamation, as though he were

stung to the heart. What aileth thee, cousin? asked Arcite—

Why criest thou? who hath thee done offence?
For Goddess love take all in patience
Our prison, for it may none other be,
Fortune hath given us this adversity.

Palamon answered, It is not the prison that causeth me to cry, but the fairness of a lady that I see yonder in the garden, I know not whether she be a woman or a goddess, but truly I think it is Venus. Arcite then began to perceive Emily in the garden, and was so smitten with her beauty,

That if that Palamon were wounded sore,
Arcite is hurt as much as he, or more.

And sighing, he said in a piteous tone, unless I obtain her grace, so that at the least I may see her, I am but as one dead.

When Palamon heard these words, he looked fiercely upon Arcite, and asked him whether he were in earnest or in play. In earnest, by my faith, said Arcite; God help me, I am but little inclined to play. Knitting his brows, Palamon returned—It were no great honour to thee to be a traitor to me, that am thy cousin and brother. We have sworn to each other that not even the fear of death shall divide us, and that in love thou shouldest forward me in my case, as I would in thine. And now thou wouldest falsely love the lady whom I love and serve. But thou shalt not. I loved her first, and told thee my love. As a knight therefore thou art bound to assist me.

Arcite proudly replied—Thou shalt be rather false than me; and thou art false. I loved her first, Thou knewest not whether she were a woman or a goddess. And suppose that thou didst love her first,

Wot'st thou not well the olde clerk's saw
That—"Who shall give a lover any law"?

We strive as did the houndes for the bone,
They fought all day, and yet their part was none.
There came a kite, while that they were so wroth,
And bare away the bone betwixt them both.
And therefore at the king's court, my brother,
Each man for himself—there is none other.*

Great and long continued was the strife between them; but I have no leisure to describe it; so to my story. It happened that a worthy duke named Perithous, who had been a companion to Theseus from the day that they were children, came to Athens on a visit, as was his custom, for no man in this world loved he so well as Theseus, who loved him as tenderly in return. This Duke Perithous had also long known and loved Arcite; and at his request, Theseus finally agreed to deliver him from prison, without ransom, freely to wander where he pleased; but on pain of death, if he were ever again found, by day or night, for one moment, within the duke's country. There was no other remedy, no time nor opportunity for counsel. Arcite takes his leave, and speeds homeward. Let him beware, his head lieth in pledge.

How great a sorrow suffereth now Arcite!
The death he feeleth through his heart's smite;
He weepeth, walleth, crieth piteously;
To slay himself he waiteth privily.
He said—Alas! the day that I was born.

O dear cousin Palamon, thine is the victory of this adventure. Full blissful mayest thou endure in prison. In prison!—nay, but in Paradise. Since fortune is changeable, thou mayest by some chance attain thy desire; but I am exiled, barren of all grace, and in such great labour, that nothing may heal or comfort me.

On the other hand, when Palamon knew that Arcite was gone, he made the prison resound with his cries.

* None other rule.

Alas! said he, Arcite, my cousin, thou hast the fruit of all our strife. At Thebes now thou walkest at large, and mayest assemble thy kindred, and make such sharp war upon this country, that by some treaty or adventure thou mayest obtain Emily to wife. And therewith the fire of jealousy seized his heart so fiercely,

—that he like was to behold
The box-tree, or the ashes dead and cold.

Then said he—O cruel gods, that govern this world with the binding of your eternal words, who write in the table of adamant the issue of your consultations, what is mankind in your eyes more than the sheep who huddle together in the fold?

You lovers, ask I now this question,
Who hath the worse, Arcite or Palamon?
That one may see his lady day by day,
But in prison must he dwellen alway:
That other where him lust * may ride or go,
But see his lady shall he never mo,†

When Arcite reached Thebes, often times in a day he fainted, and, shortly to describe his woe—

So muchel sorrow had never creature
That is or shall be, while the world may dure.
His sleep, his meat, his drink, is him bereaft,‡
That lean he wax'd, and dry as is a shaft.
His eyes hollow, and grisly to behold;
His hue fallow,§ and pale as ashes cold;
And solitary he was, and ever alone,
And wailing all the night, making his moan:
And if he hearde song or instrument,
Then would he weep; he mighte not be stent,§
So feeble were his spirits, and so low,
And changed so, that no man could know
His speche, ne his voice, though men it heard.

When he had endured for a year or two these cruel torments, one night, as he lay in sleep, he thought that the winged god Mercury stood before him, and bade him be of good cheer. He bare upright in his hand the sleep-compelling wand; he wore a hat upon his bright hair, and was arrayed as at the time that Argus took his memorable sleep. He said to Arcite—Thou shalt go to Athens; there is prepared for thee an end to thy woe. Arcite starting, awoke, and said—How sure soever I may suffer for it, I will immediately set out for Athens: in Emily's presence I care not to die. And with that word he caught a great mirror, and saw that his colour and visage were quite changed, and the thought ran through his mind, that if he were to disguise himself as one of humble circumstances, he might live in Athens unknown evermore, and see his lady daily. Immediately he altered his array, put on the garb of a poor labourer, and with only one squire, that he had taken into his entire counsel, went to Athens, where he proffered his services, at the gate of the Duke's court, to drudge and draw, just as might be required of him. Arcite especially looked to see who served Emily, and so presently was engaged by her chamberlain. And well could Arcite hew wood and carry water, for he was young and strongly built. He remained a year or two thus engaged, as page of the chamber of Emily the bright, and was known by the name of Philostrate;

But half so well beloved a man as he
Ne was there never in court of his degree.

He was so gentle of behaviour, that his renown spread throughout the court, and Theseus made him his squire, when he acquitted himself so well, both in peace and war, during three years, that there was no man held dearer by Theseus than Arcite.

In darkness, and in a strong and horrible prison,

* Please. † Bereft. ‡ Yellow. § Stopped.

Palamon for seven years hath sat, wasted with love and distress. He gueth out of his wits with sorrow. He is not a prisoner for a season, but eternally.

It fell, however, that in the seventh year, the third night of May, Palamon, having given his gaoler a drink made of wine, and containing narcotics, so that he went into a deep sleep, escaped out of prison, and took shelter before daylight in a neighbouring grove, meaning to hide there during the day, and then in the evening return to Thebes, assemble his friends, and make war upon Theseus, in order to gain Emily or lose his life. Meanwhile Arcite little anticipated the trouble that Fortune had in store for him, until she had brought him into the snare.

The busy lark, the messenger of day,
Saluteth in her song the morrow grey;
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright
That all the Orient laugheth of the sight;
And with his streamers drieth in the graves
The silver droppes hanging on the leaves.

And Arcite is risen: and, looking on the merry day, prepares to fulfil the due observances of the season. On his courser, starting as the fire, he rideth to the fields, and by chance toward the very grove where Palamon lay hid:

And loud he sang against the sunne shewn—
O, May! with all thy flow'ers and thy green,
Right welcome be thou, faire freshe May;
I hope that I some green here gotten may:
And from his courser with a lusty heart
Into the grove full hastily he start.

When he had roamed and sung his fill, he fell suddenly into a study. Alas, cried he, the day that I was born! Alas, thou fell Mars! Alas, thou fell Juno! Ye have destroyed all our lineage excepting Palamon and my wretched self! And now Love will slay me utterly. Emily, be the cause for which I die. All my other troubles I value not. And therewith he fell down in a trance.

Palamon, as he heard these words,

——— thought throughout his heart
He felt a cold sword suddenly glide—

and could no longer conceal himself. So, starting from among the thick bushes, he cried—False Arcite! False traitor wicked! Thus art thou caught. I will now be dead, or else thou shalt die. Arcite, having heard his tale, drew his sword, and with a solemn oath, exclaimed—Were it not that thou art sick, and mad with love, and that thou hast no weapon, thou shouldst never leave this grove, but die by my hand:

For I defy the surety and the bond
Which that thou say'st that I have made to thee,
What! very fool, think well that love is free.

Since, however, thou art a worthy knight, and desirest to contest Emily by battle, I pledge here my truth, to bring armour to-morrow for us both. Choose the best yourself, and leave the worst for me. I will also bring thee, this night, meat, drink, and bedding, and if thou slay me in this wood, and win my lady, thou mayest freely have her, as far as I am concerned. Palamon agreed, and so they parted until the morrow.

O Cupid, out of all charity,
O reigu, that will no fellow have with thee,

Truly is it said that neither love nor lordship will, with their good will, have any sharers:

Well fiden that Arcite and Palamon.

(To be continued.)

* Groves.

SUPPLY OF WATER IN AMERICAN TOWNS

[Concluded from p. 71.]

THE necessity for a more plentiful supply of water than that furnished by the wells, was felt at New York so long back as 1774, when the city numbered only twenty thousand inhabitants. In 1798, again, it was matter of serious discussion, and various plans were suggested, and engineers consulted; but nothing definite was done, and the matter again fell to the ground. In 1822, a little more was effected; a committee was formed to investigate the matter, and surveys and estimates were made, a company formed, reports published, shares issued; yet things went on year by year; and even this died away. In 1831 more talking and suggesting took place; and in 1832 the appearance of cholera in the city gave more earnestness than ever to the wish of having a plentiful store of good water. Notwithstanding all this, however, so difficult is it to rouse a corporate body to strike out a new course of action, that it was not till 1837 that a beginning was made in the actual prosecution of a definite and attainable plan. The year 1842 witnessed the completion; and we may now describe the way in which it has been executed.

One of the plans formerly proposed was to throw a dam across the river Hudson, so as to exclude the entrance of salt water from the sea, and to convey the water thence to New York; but as a free passage by means of locks must be left for navigation, the plan was not practicable. Hence attention was directed to some other river, which might be made to yield its water before mingling with the sea-water, without interrupting any navigation. The river Croton, flowing through the mainland, answered this character; and the Croton aqueduct now exhibits the working out of the plan. It is observed in the Athenæum that this aqueduct is "one of the most remarkable works of modern times."

Here we have the waters of a river dammed up at their sources, pure and undefiled, a virgin stream, springing up among the woods in a remote forest, and consecrated to the health and happiness of a great city no less than *forty miles* off. The waters of the river, being pent up at their fountain-head in the silent woods, are to be transported, or have the means of transporting themselves, through a rough and uneven country those *forty miles*. An artificial channel, built with square stones, supported on solid masonry, is carried over valleys, through rivers, under hills, on arches and banks, or through tunnels and bridges, over these *forty miles*. Not a pipe, but a sort of condensed river, arched over to keep it pure and safe, is made to flow at the rate of a mile and a half an hour towards New York. *A mile and a half of pure water measured off to the drinking inhabitants of New York every hour!* And yet this is no tale of a sea-serpent or of a tub."

The Croton is a small river flowing into the Hudson. The sources are about fifty miles from the city, and are mostly springs which form a good many ponds and lakes in the depressions of a hilly country. About twenty of these lakes, having an aggregate area of three million acres, form the sources of the Croton; and the river so formed flows with rather a rapid descent over a bed of gravel and masses of broken rock. The water is so very pure, that the Indians who formerly inhabited the district gave it a name corresponding to "clear water." At one particular spot a dam has been thrown across the river, to a great height, and this forms a "back-water," or level sheet of water to a distance of six miles above the dam; the level has an area of about four hundred acres, and forms the fountain reservoir for the aqueduct. This reservoir, down to the level where the water would cease to flow off into the aqueduct, contains six hun-

dred millions of gallons, and the quantity flowing into it is fifty million gallons in twenty-four hours; so that the reservoir may be kept always full, and yet yield two million gallons *per hour* to the inhabitants of New York! Even if no more water flowed into it, the reservoir contains enough water for the entire population for three months.

The next point was, to form a channel to carry this vast body of water a distance of forty miles. Various plans were proposed—such as a plain channel formed of earth, like the ordinary construction of a canal-feeder; an open channel protected against the action of the current by masonry; or an arched culvert or conduit composed essentially of masonry and iron-pipes. The first was rejected on account of absorption, waste, evaporation, dirt, and other objections; the second was liable to the same objections; and therefore the third was adopted. If iron-pipes followed the undulations of the ground, the flow of water would meet with resistance; and therefore the engineer determined on a gradually descending channel formed of masonry. On this plan the works have been conducted. Where the ground rose in elevation, it was either lowered by a cutting or pierced by a tunnel; where a valley occurred, the stone aqueduct was carried across it by embankment, or piles, or arches; where a small stream occurred, the aqueduct was carried under it, or over it, or through it, according to the relative levels of the land. Thus the continuous channel has been carried to the enormous distance of thirty-eight miles from the fountain-reservoir, until it came to the salt-water river or strait which divides the mainland from the island on which the city stands.

At this spot an important question had to be decided. How was this Herculean river, a quarter of a mile in width, to be crossed by the aqueduct? was there to be an aqueduct bridge; or an inverted siphon of iron-pipes descending to a level near the river surface, and passing along a stone embankment perforated by an arch sufficient for the passage of the stream; or a suspension bridge on stone piers, maintaining the regular inclination of the aqueduct, and supporting iron-pipes; or a low bridge supporting an inverted siphon of iron-pipes? All these plans were suggested, and the last-named was fixed upon; but after some progress had been made towards its completion, an Act of the Legislature required, either that the projectors should tunnel under the river at a specified depth, or raise their structure on arches of eighty feet span, and elevated a hundred feet above the level of high water. The engineer chose the bridge alternative, and carried his channel across the river to Manhattan island; the length thus carried being about thirteen or fourteen hundred feet.

Before reaching the city, the aqueduct had to be conducted across a valley occurring in the island itself; and the engineer wished to effect this in a grand and imposing manner; but motives of economy led to a cheaper mode of effecting this.

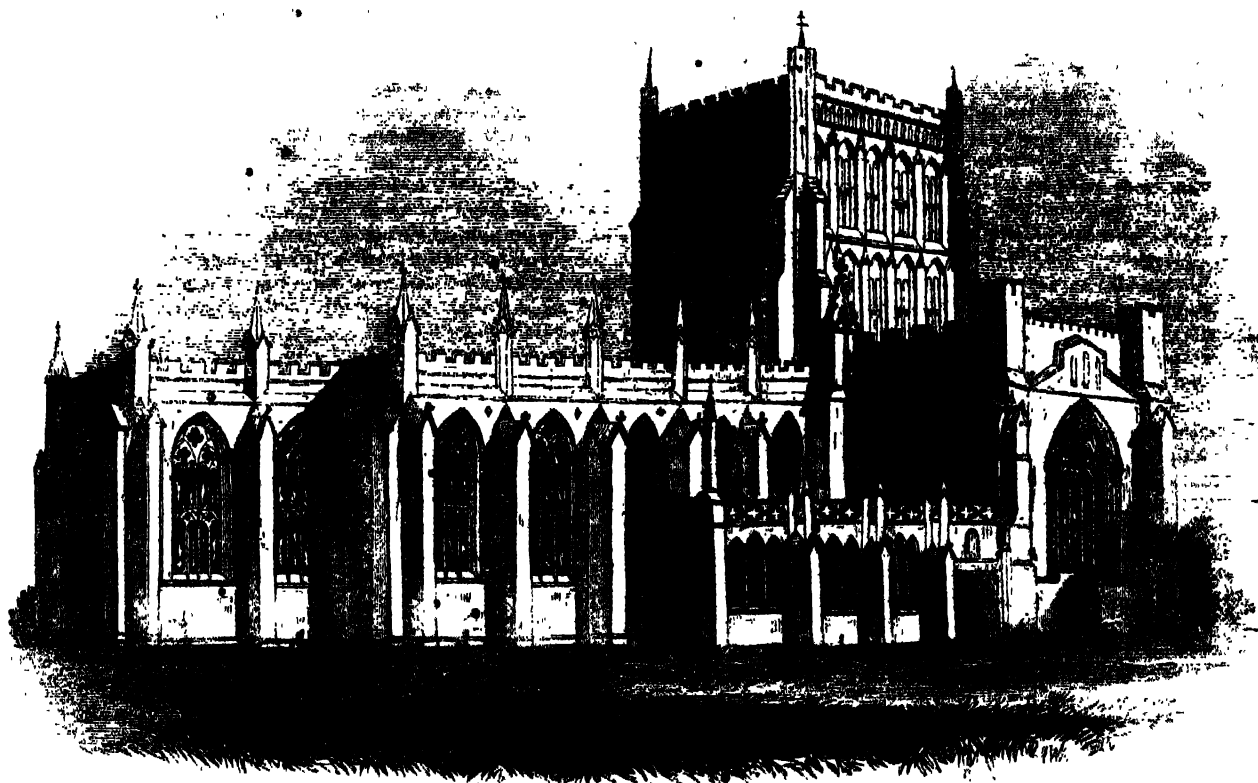
When, at length, after this extraordinary journey of forty miles, the welcome stream reaches the city, the arrangements for its reception are worthy of the magnitude which characterises the whole undertaking. The aqueduct terminates in an immense reservoir, covering the area of seven "squares" or blocks of building-ground in the city; it is thirty feet high, covers more than thirty acres, and contains one month's supply for the city. Two miles further on is another reservoir for distributing the water, built entirely of stone, and measuring four hundred and thirty-six feet square by forty-five deep; it contains twenty millions of gallons, the capacity of the larger being a hundred and fifty millions. The surface of the fountain reservoir, near the source of the Croton river,

is about a hundred and seventy feet above the level of mean tide at New York; and the difference of level between the former and the surface of the receiving reservoirs in the city is forty-eight feet, so that the surface in the city reservoir is about a hundred and twenty feet above the level of mean tide. The level in the distributing reservoir is about four feet lower than in the former; so that every part of every house in New York, not exceeding a hundred and fifteen feet above the level of mean tide, can have water brought to it from this reservoir.

A beautiful illustration took place of the law by which water will seek to attain a common level when free to act. At the spot where the aqueduct is carried over the valley in the island, the engineer opened the pipe by a circular aperture seven inches in diameter. The water impelled by a force derived from a descent of a hundred and twenty feet (the difference of altitude between the Fountain Reservoir and the Valley Viaduct), rushed up in a column to a height of a hundred and fifteen feet, amounting very nearly to the difference of level. This was perhaps the most magnificent *jet d'eau* ever produced. Mr. Towers describes with a well-grounded enthusiasm his feelings at the moment when this splendid fountain made its appearance:—"To those who had watched over the work during its construction, and looked for its successful operation, this was peculiarly gratifying. To see the water leap from its opening, and rise upwards with such force and beauty, occasioned pleasing emotions, and gave proof that the design and execution were alike faultless, and that all the fondest hopes of its projectors would be realized. The scenery around this fountain added much to its beauty; there it stood, a whitened column rising from the river, erect or shifting its form like a forest-tree as the wind swayed it, with the rainbow tints resting on its spray; while on either side the woody hills rose to rival its height. All around was nature: no marble basin, no allegorical figures wrought with exquisite touches of art to lure the eye, but a fountain, where Nature had adorned the place with the grandeur and beauty of her rude hills and mountain scenery."

There was a communication sent to the 'Athenæum' some time after the publication of Mr. Towers' description, condemnatory of some parts of the arrangement, and tending to show that the effects as to the supply of water were not equal to the sanguine statements of the projectors. But, in an undertaking so vast, it is not at all improbable that some points of inferior success should occur, and even if these objections be founded correctly, there is still a large measure of admiration due to those who have planned and executed the work; a beginning has been made, in fact, which will have its influence as an example very widely diffused.

An English tourist, who visited America in the autumn of 1843, thus notices the aqueduct in a communication to the 'Literary Gazette':—"I found New York much improved and enlarged since my last visit. The introduction of the waters of the Croton River from a distance of forty miles, has contributed much to its improvement, and is a work scarcely inferior to the Erie Canal, which connects the ocean with the lakes. An abundant supply of pure water is now offered to every house in the city; and conduits, or 'hydrauts' as they are called, are pouring it forth in almost every street; and as if to show that the supply is more abundant than the demand, magnificent fountains are spouting their jets, in immense volumes, fifty or sixty feet in height, with smaller jets issuing from the same stem. One of these fountains is constructed near the battery, another in the park, and a third near the northern extremity of Broadway; so that New York may justly claim the title of the 'city of the fountains.'"



[Bristol Cathedral, from the North.]

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

MOST of the cathedrals of Great Britain and Ireland have already been described in the 'Penny Magazine;' it is intended to give an account of the remainder, so as to include the whole of those grand ecclesiastical structures, many of them admirable as specimens of consummate architectural skill, most of them interesting from their connection, more or less, with the great events of English history, and all of them venerable as having been the depositories of the illustrious dead from the Norman conquest to the present time.

Bristol Cathedral was originally the conventual church of an abbey founded in 1142 by Robert Fitz-Harding, who is said to have been nearly allied to the kings of Denmark, and who was the progenitor of the noble family of Berkeley. The monastic buildings, including the church, were, according to Leland, far advanced in 1148, when the abbey was consecrated, and dedicated to St. Augustine by the bishops of Worcester, Exeter, Llandaff, and St. Asaph. Fitz-Harding died Feb. 5, 1170.

The monastic establishment consisted of seventeen persons, exclusive of servants. The last abbot was Morgan Gwilliam ap Guiliam, who, in 1539, was charged with various crimes, and compelled to surrender the abbey to Henry VIII. The net revenue of the abbey at the time of the dissolution was 670*l.* 1*s.* 11*d.* Three years afterwards the abbey of St. Augustine was converted into the cathedral of Bristol; the abbot was superseded by a bishop; and the sub-prior, monks, and novices, gave place to a dean, canons, and minor canons. The foundation-charter of the cathedral is dated June 4, 1542. The church was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and the diocese was formed partly out of that of Salisbury by annexation of the county and archdeaconry of Dorset, partly out of the diocese of Worcester, and partly out of that of Bath and Wells. The new establishment of dean and chapter was made

to consist of one dean, six canons, six minor canons (one of whom was to be sacrist), one deacon, six lay clerks, one master of the choristers, two masters of the grammar-school, four almsmen, one sub-sacrist (or sexton), and other inferior officers.

Bristol Cathedral is in one respect singular: it has no nave: the choir, with its aisles, constitutes the main body of the church, and the transepts and tower form the west end. It is probable that there was a nave, not only because it is evidently an essential part of the plan of the building, but because there are two arches, with clustered columns, which seem to have formed a part of the nave, incorporated with one of the buttresses of the tower, and there is the base of a buttress at some distance to the west. Still it is strange that there is no historic record of the existence of the nave, nor of the when and why it was destroyed. It is, however, possible that it may have been commenced, but left unfinished, and the stones may have been carried away and used as materials for other buildings.

The choir and aisles are admirably and peculiarly constructed. In other large churches the aisles are lower than the nave and choir, the walls of which are usually strengthened against the pressure of the roofs by flying buttresses, which rest upon the buttresses of the aisles. In Bristol Cathedral, on the contrary, the aisles are of the same height as the choir itself; the arches of the aisles rise to the same height as the arches of the choir; but to counteract the thrust of the central vaulting of the roof, horizontal buttress-beams, supported by arches, and sustaining insulated ribs and vaulting, are constructed across the aisles, thus allowing windows of corresponding height to be formed in the side walls, which light the choir as well as the aisles. The effect produced by this peculiar arrangement is in the highest degree picturesque and pleasing. The choir is divided from the ante-choir, or space under the tower, by a Gothic screen. The

curious carvings in wood which adorn the stalls of the choir were removed in 1542 from their original situation near the tower.

The great east window is very beautiful. The tracery of the upper part, occupying more than half the height of the window, is exceedingly elegant. It is filled with ancient stained glass, and contains twelve coats of arms, one in each of the compartments, enclosed in a circle, and ornamented with vine-leaves on a red ground. The lower compartments of the window contain figures holding labels, with the word 'Prophets' inscribed in Gothic letters, and surrounded with scrolls of vine-leaves and grapes on a blue and red ground alternately. The figures are much defaced. In the north window of the choir is a figure in ancient stained glass of a knight standing under an elegant Gothic canopy: he is in plated armour, with a gorget of mail. His arms are displayed on his shield, and on the pennon affixed to his spear. The choir, with its aisles, was built in the reign of Edward II. by Abbot Knowle, who was preferred to the abbacy in 1306, and died in 1332. A new west window was made in 1629.

The tower is square and embattled, with pinnacles at the four corners. The height is 133 feet. It was built by Abbot Newberry in 1428, and he appears to have also "made anew the roofing of the whole conventual church, as well by battlements, with stones and pinnacles decently placed round the said church, as by timber, lead, and other necessaries."

On the north side of the choir, adjoining to the north transept, is the Elder Lady-Chapel. It is separated from the transept by a pointed arch of several bold mouldings, some of which spring from detached columns; and it has two communications with the aisle by arched openings cut through the thick wall. The architecture is assigned to the reign of Henry III. The windows have three long lancet-shaped lights within an arch, with slender detached pillars in front; and under these, on each side of the chapel, are niches consisting of semi-quatrefoil arches resting on slender pillars with capitals of foliage, &c. A variety of grotesque ornaments are carved in alto-relievo in the niches. The Elder Lady-Chapel is a very fine specimen of early Gothic.

The vestry, attached to the east end of the south aisle, was formerly a chapel belonging to the Berkeley family, and was built by Thomas Lord Berkeley, who succeeded to the barony in 1281. It is a very curious apartment. The Little Vestry, as it is called, is a sort of vestibule to the vestry. The roof is of stone, formed into light detached groins, and ornamented with highly-relieved foliage and flowers. Over the arch of the door leading into the vestry are some peculiar ornaments resembling shells, in place of the crockets usually employed.

A small chapel, called the Newton Chapel, adjoins the south transept on the east.

The most ancient of the monastic buildings is the present chapter-house, which was also the chapter-house of the monastery. It adjoins the south transept and Newton Chapel on the south, and has an entrance vestibule from the cloisters on the west. If restored to its original state, the chapter-house would be one of the most interesting apartments in the kingdom. It is an exceedingly fine specimen of early Norman of the richest character, and may probably be assigned to the period 1142—1148, when the original buildings were constructed by Fitz-Harding. The arches are semicircular and intersecting, the columns are round, and the capitals, bases, string-courses, rib-mouldings, and mouldings on the walls, are all of the most decided early forms. The length of the room is forty-two feet, and the breadth fifteen and a half feet. In 1718, a boarded floor was raised between two and three

feet above the old pavement, so as to conceal the stone seat, which extends entirely round the room. At the same time modern sash-windows were inserted in two of the walls in the place of the old circular windows. The other walls were suffered to remain in their original state.

The cloisters adjoin the south transept on the west: only two sides remain.

Some of the most ancient tombs in the cathedral have been erected to members of the Berkeley family. In the north and south walls of the aisles of the choir are eight recesses surmounted by cusped arches: two or three of them are empty; the others contain each an effigy, one of which is that of Abbot Knowle in his ecclesiastical robes.

The extreme length of the cathedral is two hundred and three feet; the extreme breadth is one hundred and twenty-seven feet.

The arched gateway which formed the entrance to the monastery still exists. The arch and ornamental mouldings are of early Norman character. In the annexed cut, the ancient window, which has given place to modern sashes, has been restored.



The Bishop's Palace, which was mostly modern, was burnt during the Bristol riots in 1831. The Deanery is modern.

The bishopric of Bristol is now the bishopric of Gloucester and Bristol, according to the provisions of the act 6 & 7 Wm. IV. c. 77. The bishop's income is 3700*l*.

The corporate body consists of a dean, six canons, and six minor canons. The net revenue is 3600*l*, which is divided into eight shares, of which the dean has two, and the canons each one. All have residences.

ALLOTMENT SYSTEM.

From the Anglo-Saxon period to the reign of Henry VII., nearly the entire population of England derived their subsistence immediately from the land. The great landowner consumed the produce of his demesne, which was cultivated partly by prædial slaves and by the labour of the tenants and cottiers attached to the manor. These tenants were the occupiers of small farms, and paid their rent in kind or in services, or in both. The cottagers had each a small croft or parcel of land attached to his dwelling, and the right of turning out a cow or pigs, or a few sheep, into the woods, commons, and wastes of the manor. While working upon the lord's demesne, they generally received their food. The occupation of the land on a farm of one hundred and sixty acres, called Holt, in the parish of Clapham, Sussex, has been traced at various dates between the years 1200 and 1400. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, this farm, which is now occupied by one tenant, was a hamlet, and there is a document in existence which contains twenty-one distinct conveyances of land in fee, described to be parcels of this hamlet. In 1400 the number of proprietors began to decrease; by the year 1520 it had been reduced to six; in the reign of James I. the six were reduced to two; and soon after the restoration of Charles II. the whole became the property of one owner who let it as a farm to one occupier. (*Quarterly Review*, No. 81, p. 250.) The history of the parish of Hasted in Suffolk, by Sir T. Cullum, shows a similar state of things with regard to the occupancy of land. In the reign of Edward I. (1272-1307) two-thirds of the land in the parish, which contains one thousand nine hundred and eighty acres, were held by seven persons, and the remaining third, or six hundred and sixty acres, was held by twenty-six persons, which would give rather more than twenty-five acres to each holder. The number of tenants who did suit and service in the manorial court at a somewhat later period was thirty-two; and one tenant was an occupier of only three acres. In the reign of Edward I. there were fifty messuages in the parish; in 1784 there were fifty-two; in 1831 there were sixty-two, inhabited by eighty-eight families; and in 1841 there were one hundred inhabited houses, the increase of population being from four hundred and fourteen in 1831 to four hundred and seventy-six in 1841. In 1831 there were nine occupiers of land who employed labourers, and two who did not hire labour.

The consolidation of small farms in the sixteenth century, and the altered social state of the country which took place at that period from a variety of causes, discovered to a great extent the labouring classes from the soil which they cultivated. They had previously produced for their own consumption, and as domestic manufactures were common, each household possessed within itself the means of satisfying its principal wants. They now began more generally to work for money wages; and in vain did the legislature attempt to preserve them from dependence on this source of subsistence, by enacting penalties against building any cottage "without laying four acres of land thereto." (31 Eliz. c. 7.) There were still, however, large tracts of waste and common lands on which the cottager could turn a cow, a pig, a few sheep, or geese, and this right still gave him a portion of subsistence directly from the land. The division and inclosure of these commons and wastes completed the process by which the labourer was thrown for his sole dependence on money wages. From the reign of George I. to the close of the reign of George III., about four thousand inclosure bills were passed. Under these allotments were made, not to the occupier, but the owner of a cottage, and this compensation for

the extinguished common right generally benefited only the large landholder; and when this was not the case, the cottager was tempted by a high price offered by his richer neighbours, or driven by the abuses of the old poor-law, to part with his patch of land.

So long as the labourer is paid fair wages, he can obtain the chief necessities of life; yet it happens that in most parts of the country he would be unable to procure any other description of vegetables, except potatoes, unless he had a garden attached to his cottage. No agricultural labourer's cottage should be without a garden where it is practicable. The cottager's garden should be large enough to enable him to grow sufficient vegetables of all kinds for his own consumption; though if potatoes for winter storing can be purchased from his employer, or grown under the usual conditions on a patch of his employer's land, it will be as profitable as growing them himself, that is, if he is in full employment and obtains piece-work at good wages. The necessity for cultivating the land on his own account, further than for the purpose of raising sufficient vegetables for his own consumption, and of looking to the allotment system as a means of remedying the evil of low wages and insufficient employment, is, in proportion to its urgency, an indication of the low position of the agricultural labourer. If he has sunk to this inferior state, and there are no other means of increasing his resources, the allotment system is then an expedient deserving of attention, and at the present time great expectations are entertained of what it is capable of doing for the labourer; but it should be understood that, in an economical sense, it is a more satisfactory state of things when the improvement in the condition of the labourer arises from the prosperity of the farmer and his ability to give higher wages. The profits of the farmer and the wages of the labourer are derived from the same source, and if the latter are reduced to a very low point profits are usually low also. When improvement in the condition of the labourer springs from the allotment system, and not from the wages which he receives, it may generally be assumed either that the resources of the farmer are impaired, or that the labourers are so numerous that they cannot all obtain as much work as they are capable of performing. But if the allotment system be regarded as a means of improving the condition of the labouring class, its operation must necessarily be partial, since it cannot be rendered applicable to the non-agricultural labourers in the large towns; and as to the agricultural labourers, there is nothing in their condition to prevent any pecuniary benefit from allotments being followed by a decline in their wages.

The question of the advantages of the allotment system may be reduced within narrow limits. If it be understood in the sense of the definition given of it at the head of this article, the object is rather moral than economical. The allotment system may also be intended not to change the labourer into an independent cultivator, but to supply him with a means of making a living in those places where his ordinary wages are not sufficient. But, as already observed, this implies and admits that his condition is not so good as it ought to be for his own and the general benefit. There is a superabundance of agricultural labour, or a want of sufficient capital invested in agriculture, in the place of the labourer's residence, or both causes combine to depress his condition. Now it is possible that the allotment system, if carried to any great extent, might contribute to increase the superabundance of labour, by inviting to a district more labourers than are wanted, or by giving them an inducement to marry too soon, and so ultimately to depress the condition of the labourer still further. It is no answer to this, that plots of ground have been and are cultivated by the labourer advantageously to himself and profitably to

the owner. It may be admitted that circumstances in any given place may be such, that the distribution of allotments among labourers who are not fully employed may be of great temporary advantage to themselves and to the neighbourhood. But a continual extension of such allotments in the same neighbourhood, though it might be called for by the wants of the labourers, would be no benefit to that neighbourhood, nor ultimately to the labourers themselves; for the end would be that many of them would be reduced to get their entire means of subsistence out of a small plot of ground. The allotment system then, if carried to this extent, involves the question of the advantage of very small farms as compared with large ones; a question that cannot be discussed satisfactorily without a consideration of the general economic condition of each particular country. But it may be laid down as a sure principle that in a country where a large part of the population are employed in other pursuits than those of agriculture, the necessary supply of food and other agricultural produce, for those who are not agriculturists, cannot be raised so profitably in any way as by the well-instructed farmer, who has a sufficient capital to cultivate a large farm; and if the whole country were divided into small farms, the necessary supply of produce for the wants of the non-agriculturists would ultimately fail altogether. For if the small-farm system were gradually extended in proportion to the demand, the result would be that each man must, in the course of this distribution, have just as much as would raise produce enough for himself and his family; and ultimately he must be content with less than is sufficient, and he would be reduced to the condition of the Irishman who lives on his small plot of land.

There is a difference between small farms of a few acres which are let on lease, and small farms which are a man's property. If all farms were divided into small holdings, there could be little accumulation and little improvement. There is the same disadvantage in small farms compared with great, that there is in small manufacturing establishments compared with large ones. Profitable production is carried on better on a large farm when proper capital is employed (and indeed a large farm without proper capital would ruin any man), than if it were divided into a number of small farms and the same amount of capital were employed; for it is obvious that the amount of fixed capital in buildings, agricultural instruments, and animals must be greater on the small farms than on the large one. There are many other considerations also which show that, as a matter of public economy, the large farms are best for the public, and consequently for the holders of such farms. The small farms, if stocked sufficiently, would pay the farmer, not equally well with large farms, but still they might pay him sufficiently well to make his investment profitable. But such farms are generally understocked. In fact, it is only in those cases where the cultivation is with the spade, and the land is managed like a garden, that such small holdings can be made profitable: the holder cannot, as a general rule, enter into competition with the large producer as a supplier of the market.

In some countries, where there are numerous small landholders, and it is usual for the estate to be divided on the death of the head of the family, the tendency must be, and is, to carry this division further than is profitable either to the community or to individuals. But in such case the evil may correct itself: a man can sell what it is not profitable to keep, and turn his hand to something else. The man who has been long attached to a small plot as a tenant, and mainly or entirely depends on it for his subsistence, will not leave it till he is turned out.

The allotment system, when limited to the giving a labourer a small plot of garden-ground, presents many

advantages. But the object of making such allotments is moral rather than economic: the cultivation of a few vegetables and flowers is a pleasing occupation, and has a tendency to keep a man at home and from the alehouse. In many cases also, a small plot of ground can be cultivated by the labour of the wife and the young children, and a pig may be kept on the produce of the garden. The agricultural labour of young children is of very little value, but children may often be employed on a small plot of ground. Such employment is better than allowing the children to do nothing at all and to run about the lanes; and if their labour is well directed to a small garden, it cannot fail to be productive, and to add greatly to the supply of vegetables for the family.

Any extension of the allotment system beyond what a labourer can cultivate easily at his leisure hours, or with the assistance of his family, may be for a time a specious benefit, but in the end will be an injury to himself and to others. If a man is a labourer for hire, that is his vocation; and he cannot be anything else. If he becomes half labourer and half cultivator, he runs a risk of falling in both capacities; and if he becomes a cultivator on a small scale, and with insufficient capital, he must enter into competition in the market with those who can produce cheaper than himself; or he must confine himself to a bare subsistence from his ground, with little or nothing to give in exchange for those things which he wants and cannot produce himself.—*Supplement to Penny Cyclopædia.*

Chinese Battue in 1911.—Having crossed several hills, we now arrived in an open place, skirted by verdant heights; and in the early morning the stag-hunt was begun, which being conducted in a manner quite different from ours, I shall here describe minutely. On this occasion the army consisted of twelve thousand soldiers, divided into two wings, one of which passed on towards the east, then turned northward, whilst the other proceeded to the west, then likewise turned in a northern direction. As they marched on, each man halted, so as to remain about a bow-shot distant from the next, till at length they surrounded the hills. Then, at a given word, in an instant they all advanced slowly towards the centre of the circle, driving the stags before them, and went on in this manner till one was not more than half a bow-shot distant from the other. Every alternate soldier now halted, and the next continuing to advance, two circles were formed, one being at a considerable distance from the other. After this they all moved in the same direction till the soldiers of the inner circle being so near as to shake hands, they divided again and formed a third circle; when, preserving their relative distances, they advanced again till the soldiers and horses of the innermost circle touched each other. The inner or third circle was less than a bow-shot distant from the second, but the distance from this to the outer circle was much greater. The three circles having thus taken up their ultimate position, the emperor entered into the centre, followed by the male part of his family and relatives, and surrounded by the best and most expert hunters, armed for his defence. The ladies were conducted into pavilions erected upon a neighbouring hill, where they could view the sport without being seen. A similar situation was allotted to us, but we remained on horseback. The signal being given, the emperor himself opened the chase by killing with his arrows a good number of the multitude of stags thus surrounded; and when weary he gave permission to his sons and relations to imitate him. The stags, perceiving themselves hemmed in and slaughtered on all sides, attempted to escape by breaking through the circle; but the soldiers, being accustomed to this, instantly drove them back with shouts and the noise they produced by striking the leather housings of the horses with their stirrups. Many of the stags, however, urged by pain or fear, leaped over the horses, or forced a passage with their horns. The soldiers of the second circle then endeavoured to drive them back to the centre; but if they did not succeed, those of the third were permitted to kill the fugitives. Nor were the animals that chanced to escape from the soldiers entirely safe, for they could then be destroyed by any one who might happen to meet them.—*Father Ripa's Residence at the Court of Peking, in Murray's Home and Colonial Library.*



THE YEAR OF THE POETS.

No. IV.—THE YOUNG SPRING.

SPENSER is the greatest of word-painters. At his bidding the misty and unmoving images of things put on life and distinctness, and forms of beauty float before us in all the realities of personification. Hear how he describes the "lusty Spring!"—

"So forth issued the Seasons of the year,
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers,
That freshly budded and new blooms did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowers,
That sweetly sung to tell forth paramours;
And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
And on his head (as fit for Charles the peer)
A gilt engraven morion he did wear;
That as some did him love, so others did him fear."

SPENSER.

Poets of all time have personified the Seasons—jolly Spring, aged Winter, are embodied in painting or sculpture. It is scarcely possible to find an ordinary description of nature without this personification. Thus, a true old poet!—

No. 830.

"Earth now is green, and heaven is blue;
Lively Spring, which makes all new,
Jolly Spring doth enter,
Sweet young sunbeams do subdue
Angry, aged Winter.
Winds are mild, and seas are calm,
Every meadow flows with balm,
The earth waxes all her riches;
Harmless birds sing such a psalm
As ear and heart bewitches."

SAM J. DAVIES.

The prevailing sentiment which hails the return of Spring is cheerfulness. This is especially the tone of our elder writers, who translated the freshness of the external world into a feeling which flowers and birds appear to express:—

"The Winter with his hoary mantle no longer dare abide:
The pleasant green with happy green the earth hath newly
dyed;

VOL. XIV.—N

The trees have leaved, the boughs do spread, now changed in
the year,
The water-brooks are clear and down, the pleasant boughs
appear;
The Spring is come, the goodly nymphs now dance in
every place;
Thus hath the year, most pleasantly, of lately chang'd her
face."

SUNNY.

"Now each creature joys the other,
Passing happy days and hours;
One bird reports unto another,
In the fall of silver showers;
Whilst the earth, our common mother,
Hath her bosom deck'd with flowers:
Whilst the sweetest couch of heaven
With bright rays warms Flora's lap,
Making nights and days both even,
Cheering plants with freshness' sap."

DANIEL.

"The earth, late chok'd with showers,
Is now array'd in green,
Her bosom springs with flowers,
The air dissolves her teen;
The woods are deck'd with leaves,
And trees are clothed gay;
And Flora, crown'd with sheaves,
With oaken boughs doth play.
The birds upon the trees
Do sing with pleasant voices,
And chaunt in their degrees
Their loves and lucky choices."

LODGE.

The simplest description of the simplest occurrence
of Spring,—a passing shower,—has a tone of cheerfulness
even when expressed by one who merely describes
what he has seen:—

"Away to that snug nook; for the thick shower
Rushes on stridingly. Ay, now it comes,
Glancing about the leaves with its first drips,
Like snatches of faint music. Joyous thrush,
It mingles with thy song, and beats soft time
To thy bubbling shrillness. Now it louder falls,
Pattering, like the far voice of leaping rills;
And now it breaks upon the shrinking clump
With a crush of many sounds—the thrush is still.
There are sweet scents about us; the violet hides
On that green bank; the primrose sparkles there:
The earth is grateful to the teeming clouds,
And yields a sudden freshness to their kisses.
But now the shower slopes to the warm west,
Leaving a dewy track; and see, the big drops,
Like falling pearls, glisten in the sunny mist.
The air is clear again, and the far woods
Shine out in their early green. Let's onward then,
For the first blossoms peep about our path,
The lambs are nibbling the short dripping grass,
And the birds are on the bushes."

ANON.

But the most pleasant aspects of external nature
may, by their opposition to a prevailing mood of the
inner man, call forth ideas of melancholy;—but even
in the saddest expression of this feeling, there must be
a tribute to the beauty and joyfulness which thus
sadden by the force of contrast. We select three
examples:—

"The smiling floweret blushes at the light,
The moss is sprinkled with the yellow dew,
In the soft morning in the mountain light,
The young green shoots are hand in hand with the dew,
The young green shoots are hand in hand with the dew,
When gentle winds do blow, to whistling air is brought."

The evening comes, and brings the dew along,
The roe walks in shadow to the syne,
Around the water-brooks sing the song,
Young ivy round the door-post doth entwine;
I lay me on the grass: yet to my will,
Albeit all is fair, these things are something still."

CHATTERTON.

"Now in her green mantle the nature arrays,
And hatches the blossoms that lie o'er the brack;
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightful as Nannie's awa."

The snow-drop and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets lathe in the meet o' the morn;
They pain my sad heart as they gently they blow,
They mind me o' Nannie—my Nannie's awa."

Thou lark that sings o'er the dew o' the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou, mallow that fails the night-fa,
Gie over for pity—my Nannie's awa."

Come autumn has come, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me with nature's decay;
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snow,
Alone can delight me—now Nannie's awa."

FURNS.

"Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year;
The aits and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows, re-appear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier.
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and breck;
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake."

Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean,
A quivering life from the earth's heart has burst,
As it has ever done, with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world when first
God dawned on Chaos; in its stream immersed,
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light,
All lower things past with life's sacred thirst,
Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight
The beauty and the joy of their renewed might."

SHELLEY.

A higher sentiment than this, not desponding, but
solemn, not melancholy, but calm, is the Devotion
which waits upon the soothing charms of the opening
year:—

"At Pentecost, which brings
The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling birds unfold their wings,
And bishop's caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,
I sought the woodlands wide."

The green trees whispered low and mild:
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child,
And welcomed me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
'Come, be a child once more!
And wave their long arms to and fro,
(And beckoned solemnly and slow;
'O, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar."

Into the still and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Knelling at her evening prayer!
Like one in prayer I stood."

Before me rose an avenue
Of tall and slender plants
Abroad their foliage branching
And where the sunbeams shone
Spread a vast soft carpet
In long and slender rows
And, falling on my weary brain,
Like a soft falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again;
Low whisperings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

—*John FELLOW.*

However varied may be the expression of the poetical feeling,—whether the prevailing idea of the poet's mind be in unison with the external world of beauty, or not—we may be sure that the influences of nature have poured a balm into the recesses of the deepest sorrow. The tender melancholy might have been gloom and despair but for the admonitions without, that a spirit of discontent is a sin against the spirit of Love, that fills the earth with gladness.

Want of Good Roads in Portugal.—The great, the crying evil of Portugal—the cause which has prevented the development of her many valuable resources—which has been alone sufficient to keep her behind other countries, has been the want of easy communication between the different parts of the kingdom. As an example, to show the cause of her backward state:—From the business of the roads, and the ill-construction of the carts, two oxen will be employed as beasts in dragging goods two miles, which a pony on a good road would draw in a quarter of the time. Suppose, then, that a pony does not eat more than one ox, therefore he does the work in the same space of time as eight oxen, one man or boy being employed instead of four, or rather of eight, for the ox-carts require two attendants, a man and a boy. Thus, in truth, on a good road one boy with a pony and cart will do the work of eight men, eight oxen, and four carts in Portugal—the wear and tear of carts and roads being less in the former than in the latter case. Can it be surprising, then, that the Portuguese have not kept pace with the rest of Europe in wealth and general prosperity?—*New Quarterly Review.*

Nobles of the Olden Time.—By far the most remarkable and significant event in the whole history of Anglo-Saxon commerce, is the law passed in the reign of King Athelstan, in the second quarter of the tenth century, by which it was enacted that every merchant who should have made three voyages over the sea with a ship and cargo his own should have the rank of athane or nobleman. The liberality of this law has usually been ascribed exclusively to the enlightened judgment of Athelstan; but we are entitled to presume that it might have been also in some degree in accordance with the general feeling of the country; for, not to mention that it must have been passed with the consent of the Wittenagemot, it is unlikely that so able and prudent as well as popular a monarch as Athelstan would have attempted in regard to such a matter to do violence to public opinion, without the acquiescence and support of which the measure could have had little efficacy or success. We may take this decree conferring the honours of nobility upon commerce, therefore, as testifying not only to the liberality and wisdom of Athelstan, but also to the estimation in which commerce had already come to be held among the English people. It may be regarded as a proof that the Anglo-Saxons had never entertained much of that prejudice against the pursuit of trade, which we find so strongly manifested during the middle ages, whenever the political and social institutions were disturbed, and fully animated by, the spirit of the feudal system. —*History of British Commerce.*—*Knight's Weekly Volume.*

Chaucer's Poetry.—The poetry of Chaucer is really, in all essential respects, about the greatest and finest in our language. We have some higher poetry than Chaucer's—poetry that has more of the character of a revelation, or a voice from another world: we have words in which there is either a more abundant or a more bounding spirit of life, a truer or fuller natural inspira-

tion. He may be said to verify, in another sense, the remark of Bacon, that what we commonly call antiquity is really the youth of the world: his poetry seems to breathe the time when humanity was younger and more joyous-hearted than it now is. Undoubtedly he had an advantage as to this matter in having been the first great poet of his country. Occupying this position, he attained to some degree between each of his successors and nature. The sire of a nation's minstrelsy is of necessity, though it may be unconsciously, regarded by all who come after him as almost a portion of nature—as one whose utterances are not so much the echo of her, as in very deed her own living voice—carrying in them a spirit as original and divine as the music of her running brooks, or of her breezes among the leaves. And there is not wanting something of reason in this idolatry. It is he alone who has conversed with nature directly, and without an interpreter—who has looked upon the glory of her countenance unveiled, and received upon his heart the perfect image of what she is.—*Knight's Weekly Volume, 'Literature and Learning in England.'*

Method of arresting the Sands in the Plains of Gascony.—Once aware of the fact that certain plants thrive in the sands of downs, Bremon-tier saw that they alone were capable of staying their progress and consolidating them. The grand object was to get plants to grow in moving sand, and to protect them from the violent winds which blow off the ocean, until their roots had got firm hold of the soil. Downs do not bound the ocean like beaches. From the base of the first hillocks to the line which marks the extreme height of spring-tides, there is always a level over which the sand sweeps without pausing. It was upon this level space that Bremon-tier sowed his first belt of pine and furze-seeds, sheltering it by means of green branches, fixed by forked pegs to the ground, and in such a way that the wind should have least hold upon them, viz. by tuning the lopped extremities towards the wind. Experience has shown that, by proceeding thus, fir and furze-seeds not only germinate, but that the young plants grow with such rapidity, that by and by they form a thick belt, a yard and more in height. Success is now certain. The plantation, so far advanced, arrests the sand as it comes from the bed of the sea, and forms an effectual barrier to the other belts that are made to succeed it towards the interior. When the trees are five or six years of age, a new plantation is made contiguous to the first and more inland, from two hundred to three hundred feet in breadth; and so the process is carried on, until the summits of the hillocks are gradually attained. It was by proceeding in this way that Bremon-tier succeeded in covering the barren sands of the Arzac basin with useful trees. Begun in 1787, the plantations in 1809 covered a surface of between 9000 and 10,000 square acres. The success of these plantations surpassed all expectations: in sixteen years the pine-trees were from thirty-five to forty feet in height. Nor was the growth of the furze, of the oak, of the cork, of the willow, less rapid. Bremon-tier showed for the first time in the sands of human industry, that movable sands might not only be stayed in their desolating course, but actually rendered productive.—*Law's Translation of Boussingault's Rural Economy.*

Economical and Scientific Cookery.—The stock-pot of the French artizan, says Monsieur Carême, supplies his principal nourishment; and it is thus managed by his wife, who, without the slightest knowledge of chemistry, conducts the process in a truly scientific manner. She first lays the meat into her earthen stock-pot, and pours cold water to it in the proportion of about two quarts to three pounds of the beef; she then places it by the side of the fire, where it slowly becomes hot; and as it does so the heat enlarges the fibres of the meat, dissolves the gelatinous substances which it contains, allows the albumen (or the muscular part which produces the soup) to disengage itself, and rise to the surface, and the marmosine (which is the most savoury part of the meat) to be diffused through the broth. Thus, from the simple circumstance of boiling it in the gentlest manner, a relishing and nutritious soup will be obtained, and a dish of tender and palatable meat; but as the pot is placed and kept over a quick fire, the albumen will coagulate, binding the meat, prevent the water from penetrating it, and the marmosine from disengaging itself; the result will be a broth without flavour or goodness, and a tough, indigestible meat.—*Miss Letitia's Modern Cookery.*



[Correggio, and copy of his St. John the Evangelist.]

ESSAYS ON THE LIVES OF REMARKABLE PAINTERS.—No. XXXVI.

CORREGGIO AND GIORGIONE, AND THEIR SCHOLARS.

While the great painters of the Florentine school, with Michael Angelo at their head, were carrying out the principle of form, and those of Rome—the followers and imitators of Raphael—were carrying out the principle of expression, and the first school deviating into exaggeration, and the latter degenerating into mannerism, there arose in the north of Italy two extraordinary and original men who, guided by their own individual genius and temperament, took up different principles, and worked them out to perfection. One remained in the regions of observation, so that to him all nature appeared clothed in a soft transparent veil of light and shadows; the other delighting in the

luxurious depth of tints, and beholding all nature steeped in the glow of an Italian sunset. They chose each their world, and "drew after them a third part of heaven."

Of the two, Giorgione appears to have been the most original—the most of a creator and inventor. Correggio may possibly have owed his conception of melting, vanishing, outline, and transparent shadows, and his peculiar feeling of grace, to Leonardo da Vinci, whose pictures were scattered over the whole of the north of Italy. Giorgione found in his own fervid melancholy character the mystery of his colouring—warm, glowing, yet subdued—and the noble yet tender sentiment of his heads; characteristics which, transmitted to Titian, became, in colouring, more supple and brilliant, without losing depth and harmony; and in expression, more cheerful, still retaining intellect and dignity.

We will speak first of Correggio, so styled from his birth place, a small town not far from Modena, now called Reggio. His real name was Antonio Allegri, and he was born towards the end of the year 1493. Raphael was at this time ten years old, Michael Angelo twenty, and Leonardo da Vinci in his fortieth year. The father of Antonio was Pellegrino Allegri, a tradesman possessed of moderate property in houses and land. He gave his son a careful education, and had him instructed in literature and rhetoric, as well as in the rudiments of art, which he imbibed at a very early age from an uncle, Lorenzo Allegri, a painter of some merit. Afterwards he studied for a short time under Andrea Mantegna; and although, when this painter died in 1506, Antonio was but thirteen, he had so far profited by his instructions and those of Francesco Mantegna, who continued his father's school, that he drew well, and with that taste and skill in fresh painting which distinguished his later works; it was an art which Mantegna may almost be said to have invented, and which was first taught in his academy; but the dry, hard, precise, meagre style of the Mantegna school, Correggio soon abandoned for a manner entirely his own, in which movement, variety, and above all the most delicate gradation of light and shadow, are the principal elements. All these qualities are apparent in the earliest of his authenticated pictures painted in 1512, when he was about eighteen. It is one of the large altar-pieces in the Dresden gallery, called the Madonna di San Francesco, because St. Francis is one of the principal figures. The influence of the taste and manner of Leonardo da Vinci is very conspicuous in this picture.

In 1519, having acquired some reputation and fortune in his profession, Correggio married Girolama Merlini, and in the following year, being then six and twenty, he was commissioned to paint in fresco the cupola of the church of San Giovanni at Parma. He chose for his subject the Ascension of Christ, who in the centre appears soaring upwards into heaven, surrounded by the Twelve Apostles, seated around on clouds, and who appear to be watching his progress to the realms above; below are the four Evangelists in the four arches, with the four Fathers of the Church. The figures in the upper part are of course colossal and foreshortened, with admirable skill, so as to produce a wonderful effect when viewed from below. In the abais of the same church, over the high altar, he painted the Coronation of the Virgin, but this was destroyed when the church was subsequently enlarged, and is now only known through engravings and the copies made by Annibal Carracci, which are preserved at Naples. For this work Correggio received 500 gold crowns, equal to about 1500*l.* at the present day.

Passing over, for the present, a variety of works which Correggio painted in the next four or five years, we shall only observe that the Cupola of San Giovanni gave so much satisfaction that he was called upon to decorate in the same manner the cathedral of Parma, which is dedicated to the Virgin Mary. And in the centre of the dome he represented the Assumption—the Madonna soaring into heaven while Christ descends from his throne in bliss to meet her. An innumerable host of saints and angels, rejoicing and singing hymns of triumph, surround these principal personages. Lower down in a circle stand the Apostles, and lower still Genii bearing candelabra and swinging censers. In lunettes below are the four Evangelists, the figure of St. John in our illustration being one of the finest. The whole composition is full of glorious life; wonderful for the relief, the bold and perfect foreshortening, the management of the chiaroscuro; but from the innumerable figures, and the play of the limbs seen from below, and arms being more conspicuous than heads, the great artist was repaid

in his lifetime with having painted "un guazzetto di rane" (a hash of frogs). There are several engravings of this magnificent work; but those who wish to form a just idea of Correggio's sublime conception and power of drawing should see some of the cartoons prepared for the fresco and drawn in chalk by Correggio's own hand. A few of these, representing chiefs, angels and cherubim, were discovered a few years ago at Parma, rolled up in a garret: they were conveyed to Rome, then brought to England by Dr. Braun, and they are now (or were very lately) in the possession of Mr. Hay, of Great Marlborough Street. These heads and figures are gigantic, nearly twice the size of life; yet such is the excellence of the drawing, and the perfect grace and sweetness of the expression, that they strike the fancy as sublimely beautiful, without giving the slightest impression of exaggeration or effort. Our artists who are preparing cartoons for works on a large scale could have no finer studies than these grand fragments, emanations of the mind and creations of the hand of one of the most distinguished masters in art. They show his manner of setting to work, and are in this respect an invaluable lesson to young painters.

Correggio finished the dome of the cathedral of Parma in 1530, and returned to his native town, where he resided for the remainder of his life. We find that in the year 1533 he was one of the witnesses to a marriage which was celebrated at the castle of Correggio, between Ippolito, Lord of Correggio, and son of Veronica Gambara, the illustrious poetess (widow of Ghiberto da Correggio), and Chiara da Correggio his cousin. Correggio's presence on this occasion and his signature to the marriage deed prove the estimation in which he was held by his sovereigns. In the following year he had engaged to paint for Alberto Panciroli an altar-piece; the subject fixed upon is not known, but it is certainly known that he received in advance, and before his work was commenced, twenty-five gold crowns. It was destined never to be begun, for soon after signing this agreement Correggio was seized with a malignant fever, of which he died after a few days illness, March 5th, 1534, in the 41st year of his age. He was buried in his family sepulchre in the Franciscan convent at Correggio, and a few words placed over his tomb merely record the day of his death, and his name and profession—"MAESTRO ANTONIO ALLEGRI, PAVIMENTO."

There is a tradition that Correggio was a self-educated painter, unassisted except by his own transcendent genius; that he lived in great obscurity and indigence, and that he was ill remunerated for his works. And it is further related, that having been paid in copper coin a sum of sixty crowns for one of his pictures, he carried home this load in a sack on his shoulders, being anxious to relieve the wants of his family, and stopping, when heated and wearied, to refresh himself with a draught of cold water, he was seized with a fever, of which he died. Though this tradition has been proved to be false, and is completely refuted by the circumstances of the last years of his life above related, yet the impression that Correggio died miserably and in indigence prevailed to a late period. From whatever cause it arose it was early current. Annibal Carracci, writing from Parma fifty years after the death of Correggio, says, "I rage and weep to think of the fate of this poor Antonio; so great a man—if, indeed, he were not rather an angel in the flesh—to be lost here, to live unknown, and to die unhappily!" Now he who painted the dome of the cathedral of Parma, and who stood by as one of the chosen witnesses

* The death of Correggio is the subject of a very beautiful tragedy by Ghiberto da Correggio, of which there is a critical account with translations, in one of the early volumes of 'Blackwood's Magazine.'

of the marriage of his sovereign, could not have lived unknown and unregarded; and we have no just reason to suppose that this gentle, amiable, and unambitious man died unhappily. With regard to his deficient education, it appears certain that he studied anatomy under Lombardi, a famous physician of that time, and his works exhibit not only a classical and cultivated taste but a knowledge of the sciences of optics, mathematics, perspective, and chemistry, as far as they were then carried. His use and skilful preparation of rare and expensive colours imply neither poverty nor ignorance. His modest, quiet, amiable temper and domestic habits may have given rise to the report that he lived neglected and obscure in his native city; and he had not, like other great masters of his time, an academy for teaching, and a retinue of scholars to spread his name and contend for the supremacy of their master. Whether Correggio ever visited Rome is a point undecided by any evidence for or against, and it is most probable that he did not. It is said that he was at Bologna when he saw Raphael's 'St. Cecilia,' and, after contemplating it for some time with admiration, he turned away exclaiming, "and I too am a painter (anch'io sono pittore)!" an anecdote which shows that, if unambitious and unassuming, he was not without a consciousness of his own merit.

The father of Correggio, Pellegrino Allegri, who survived him, repaid the twenty-five gold crowns which his son had received in advance for work he did not live to complete. The only son of Correggio, Pomponio Quirino Allegri, became a painter, but never attained to any great reputation, and appears to have been of a careless, restless disposition.

THE TARANTULA SPIDER.—No. I.

THE Tarantula, or Tarentula, is a large spider, first observed in the neighbourhood of Taranto in Italy, and which has become celebrated on account of the power it was supposed to possess of inflicting a fatally venomous wound—the effects of which were only to be cured by music. There is much that is interesting both in the fabulous and the real history of this spider, and we shall therefore separate the one from the other, presenting our readers first with the fable, secondly with the fact.

The fable runs thus:—During the summer months, when the Italian peasants often sleep in the open fields, they are peculiarly subject to the bite, or rather to the wound, of the tarantula. Women also, who travel through the country bare-footed, gathering medicinal herbs, suffer in the same way. The creature pierces the skin with its forceps, and at that instant injects from its mouth a poison into the wound. The bite occasions a pain like that of the sting of a bee or an ant, but in a few hours the effects become serious. The patient feels a numbness, and the part affected exhibits a small livid circle, which soon becomes a very painful tumour. Sadness and difficulty of breathing speedily ensue; the pulse grows feeble, the senses fail; and unless some method of relief can be found, the patient dies. All these symptoms vary according to the species of tarantula from which the wound has been received, or the particular constitution of the person attacked. A curious train of symptoms is recorded as occurring, under varying forms, in the case of each individual. The patient sees a thousand phantasms, consisting either of delightful or of horrible images. One man will be military-mad, calling out for the sound of trumpets and drums, and the clashing of swords; another will delight in slow and graceful movements, as walking majestically, bowing, and dancing slow tunes; one will insist on having trickling streams of water always before him; another is

not happy out of the sight of green leaves. Amidst these particular symptoms there is a generally prevailing one of dislike for certain colours, as black and blue, and an affection for certain others, as white, red, and green.

Medicine has been resorted to in vain to discover a remedy; cordials, sudorifics, and various applications to the wound were of no avail: "a thing that avails infinitely more is what reason could never have discovered—music."

As soon as the patient has lost his sense and motion a musician tries several tunes on an instrument; and when he has hit on one whose modulations agree with the patient, the latter is immediately seen to make a faint motion: his fingers first begin to move in cadence, then his arms, then his legs, and by degrees his whole body; at length he rises on his feet, and begins to dance; his strength and activity still increasing. Some will continue the dance for six hours without intermission.

After this the patient falls exhausted, and is put to bed until he is judged sufficiently recruited to bear similar exertion. He is then called from his bed by the same tune, and renews his dance with the utmost energy. This exercise continues at intervals for six or seven days at least; at the end of which period the patient finds himself utterly exhausted and unable to dance any longer. This is a sign that his cure is complete; for as long as the poison continued to act, he would dance, if called by the power of music to do so, until he died from mere loss of strength.

On his recovery the patient awakes, as if from a profound sleep, without any remembrance of what has passed, or any knowledge of his extraordinary dance. Sometimes, when he has not received a complete cure, a melancholy gloom hangs over his mind; he shuns the sight of men, and seeks water, and if he be not carefully looked after, he throws himself into some river. If he do not die, the fit returns at that time twelvemonth, and he is driven to dancing again. Some have had returns regularly for twenty or thirty years. The tunes which are so efficacious in the cure of this strange malady are of the most lively and energetic description. Each tarantula, according to the fable, has his own particular tune, and the musician has to discover what it is before he can be of any use to the afflicted person. But if he can once hit upon the fortunate strain, not only does the patient get up and dance to the sound of any instrument, but the tarantula itself dances all the while to the same air with the person bitten.

The accounts from which we have gathered this fable were given by Balgivi in 1696, and by M. Geoffroy in 1702. We find the latter writer gravely propounding a theory on the subject of the bite and its cure. He conceives that the poisonous juice injected by the tarantula may give the nerves a degree of tension greater than is natural to them, or than is proportionate to their functions; and hence may arise a privation of knowledge and motion. But at the same time this tension, equal to that of some strings of an instrument, puts the nerves in unison to certain tones, and obliges them to shake, after being agitated by the undulations and vibrations of the air proper to those tones. And hence this wonderful cure by music; the nerves, thus restored to their motion, call back the spirits thither, which before had abandoned them. On the same principle the patient's aversion to colours is accounted for. The tension of the nerves, even out of the paroxysm, being different to what it is in the natural state, the vibrations those colours occasion in the fibres of the brain are contrary to their disposition, and occasion dissonance, the effect of which is pain. Other writers have given opinions of a similar cha-

racter, and it is remarkable that men of reputed learning and skill were for a long time contented to search for theories to account for these facts, rather than to sift the whole affair, and to test by experiments the accuracy of the story. At length the common sense of medical men was no longer to be imposed on, and some investigations made by a Dr. Serra, completely opened the eyes of the Neapolitan physicians. A positive contradiction to the statements made by Balgivi and others, was given by Dr. Civilla, Professor of Natural History at the university of Naples. This gentleman had an opportunity of observing the effects of the spider's bite in the province of Taranto, where it is found in great abundance. He affirms that the surprising cure of the bite of the tarantula by music has not the least truth in it; and that it is only an invention of the people who want to get a little money by dancing when they say the tarantism is upon them. The heat of the climate is likely, in the opinion of this writer, to warm their imaginations, and to throw them into a delirium, which may in some measure be cured by music; but after repeated experiments with the tarantula, no other effect has occurred to either men or animals than a slight inflammation of the wounded part, which goes off after a time without the application of any remedy. In Sicily, where the summers are still warmer, the tarantula is never dangerous, and music is never employed for the cure of the pretended trantism. And in the province where it has appeared, through the craft of the peasantry, to be a real disorder, it is daily losing ground, and will soon cease to gain credit from any one. Nevertheless it is very possible that the disease feigned by the peasants may have been copied in the more striking symptoms from some complaint of a similar nature with St. Vitus's dance, which may have existed quite independently of the influence of the spider.

SPURS.

THE time when spurs were invented or first introduced is unknown. "Common sense points out that they must be nearly coeval with the art of riding on horseback; a man kicking a dull or tired horse would soon discover he stood in need of a more powerful stimulus than his heels; and it does not seem to require any extraordinary effort of genius to invent and fix to the feet some kind of spur or goad." (Grosce.)

The ancient Greeks were acquainted with the use of spurs, and had coverings for their legs similar to our boots; indeed, the leathern boot with its top turned over the calf of the leg, appears on one of the young horsemen among the Elgin Marbles.

That the Romans had spurs, at least as early as the Augustan age, is proved by the testimony of several writers, such as Virgil, Livy, Plautus, and others. Cicero uses the word *calceus* to signify a spur: he also uses it metaphorically, as "this man wants a bridle, that one a spur," intimating that one was too quick and the other too slow. It is also used metaphorically by English writers: thus Spenser in 'The Teares of the Muses,' says—

"Or who would ever care to do brave deed,
Or strive in virtus others to excel;
If none should yield him his deserved meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of doing well!"

It has been considered remarkable that among the many equestrian figures of the ancient Romans that have been preserved, none of the riders are represented with spurs; but it has been explained that the Romans did not use boots similar to ours, but rode as the Asiatics usually do at this time, in a kind of sandals and pantaloons, on the former of which spurs could

not be conveniently fixed. The stirrup used by the natives of Asia is of a very different form from the European one, being oblong and nearly the length of the foot, with a ridge on each side. From the resemblance to some of their dishes, it is called by the same name, "Kuckab." On the hinder part of this stirrup, which comes under the heel, a spike is often fixed, which answers the purpose of our spur.

The equestrian figures on the great seals of most of our kings and ancient barons from the Conquest to the time of Edward III., are represented with spurs consisting of only one point, somewhat resembling the galle with which fighting coaks are armed. Montfaucon says that the ancient spurs were small points of iron fastened to a little plate of metal fixed to the shoe in the side of the heel, and that in his time the peasants of France were such. To such a description of spur does he suppose reference to be made in the Acts of the Apostles, ix. 5: "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." A similar expression is used by Terence, who says, "Contra stimulum ne calcees." Montfaucon also gives a drawing of an ancient spur consisting of a point fixed to an iron semicircle, contrived so as to hook upon the shoe. Such a description of spur is given in Fig. 1; it has an ornamental masquo

Fig. 1.

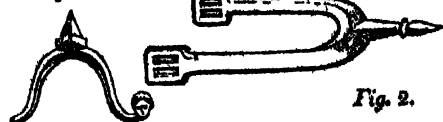


Fig. 2.

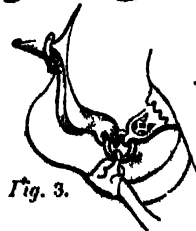


Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

at the crooked end; but its antiquity has been questioned. Caylus has published an ancient bronze spur composed of a solid point fixed upon a semicircle, the extremities of which are pierced to receive the thongs which fastened the spur to the foot.

Blount mentions a spur consisting of only one point, but of great length and thickness, which he calls a *pryck*, and cites a charter of 1 Richard II. of certain lands held by Sir Nicholas de Langforde in Kin-vall-mersh, Derby, by the service of finding one horse, one sack, and one *pryck* for the king's wars in Wales. He likewise adds that this sort of spur was worn by a body of light horsemen in the reign of Henry VIII, they called *prickers*. But Mr. Grosce thinks it doubtful whether the *pryck* mentioned in this and other charters does not mean a *goad*, such as is used for driving oxen.

This description of spur, consisting of a single point or *pryck*, is found on many of our ancient monuments. A very elegant specimen, taken from the figure of the Earl of Cornwall in Westminster Abbey, is shown in Fig. 3.

Fig. 4 is a representation of a spur discovered in the year 1787, by some workmen while quarrying for stone at Mount Sorrel in Leicestershire. In the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for that year, it is described in the following terms:—"The spur is of cast-copper, and has been gilt, which is still visible in the engraved strokes of the mosaic. Instead of a rowel at the neck, there is a polished knob much blunted by the hand of time. The place where it was dug up is part of the site of the old castle, Saer de Quincy, Earl of Win-

chester, defended this castle against King Henry III., but it was taken and rased to the ground by Ranulf, Earl of Chester, anno 1217. This spur probably belonged to some knight or other warrior then present, who during the siege might be slain, and buried on the spot, as was the custom, in his boots and spurs."

Sir Walter Scott, in his graceful poem of the 'Lady of the Lake,' seems to have armed the heel of his hero with the single-pointed spur:—

"Stand, Bayard, stand! The steed obey'd,
With arching neck and bended head,
And glancing eye and quivering ear,
As if he loved his lord to hear.
No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,
No grasp upon the saddle laid,
But wreathed his left hand in the mane,
And lightly bounded from the plain,
Turn'd on the horse his armed heel,
And stir'd his courage with the steel
Bounded the fiery steed in air,
The rider sat erect and fair,
Then, like a bolt from steel cross-bow
Forth launch'd, along the plain they go.
They dash'd that rapid torrent through,
And up Carbonie's hill they flew;
Still at the gallop prick'd the knight;
His merry-men follow'd at they might."

(To be continued.)

Gigantic Donkeys.—I must not omit to mention, in reference to Malta, the gigantic donkeys we constantly meet with, as the original breed comes from thence, where the largest are still to be found. Those seen about the streets of Valetta vary from thirteen to fourteen hands high. One was brought over us to look at the other day, bred at Gozo, full fourteen hands, although only three years old, and for which the owner asked two hundred dollars, or forty pounds. Its coat was beautifully soft and glossy; and, were it not for its shape and long ears, one would scarcely have imagined it to be related to the poor degraded donkeys of our clime.—*Mrs. Griffith's Journey.*

Elephant Combats.—A wall of earth is raised three or four French feet wide, and five or six high. The two ponderous beasts meet one another face to face, on opposite sides of the wall, each having a couple of riders, that the place of the man who sits on the shoulders, for the purpose of guiding the elephant with a large iron hook, may immediately be supplied, if he should be thrown down. The riders animate the elephants either by soothing words or by chiding them as cowards, and urge them on with their heels, until the poor creatures approach the wall, and are brought to the attack. The shock is tremendous, and it appears surprising that they ~~can~~ survive the dreadful wounds and blows inflicted with their teeth, their heads, and their trunks. There are frequent pauses during the fight: it is suspended and renewed; and the mud wall being at length thrown down, the stronger or more courageous elephant passes on and attacks his opponent, and putting him to flight, pursues and fastens upon him with so much obstinacy that the animals can be separated only by means of cherkys, or fire-works, which are made to explode between them; for, they are naturally timid, and have a particular dread of fire, which is the reason why elephants have been used with so very little advantage in armies since the use of fire-arms. The boldest come from Ceylon, but none are employed in war which have not been regularly trained and accustomed for years to the discharge of muskets close to their heads, and the bursting of crackers between their legs.—*Knight's Weekly Volume, 'The Elephant.'*

Flax Cultivation.—The advantages resulting from flax-cultivation are daily becoming more highly appreciated in Ireland, where the quantity grown has more than doubled within the last few years; and it is every year increasing, under the auspices of a society instituted expressly for the purpose of encouraging its growth. In Holland and in Belgium, and in some of the Prussian states, flax is also extensively cultivated, there being hardly

a farm, however small, on which flax is not grown, and it is held to be the most profitable of all their crops. In addition to the profit which in a pecuniary sense would arise from the cultivation of flax in this country, another very important advantage would be obtained, for it would afford a large amount of employment, more especially for females, in those rural districts where employment is at present most needed. The various operations connected with the management of flax require many hands, and much of the work may be performed by females. If flax were generally grown, employment at once suitable and profitable would be found in its preparation for the female population of our villages and rural parishes, without resorting to common field-labour, as they are now too often compelled to do; and this would doubtless be a great benefit, socially and morally. Our rural population is generally found to be most abundant, and not unfrequently most in excess, in those districts where the farms are small; and it is to these districts that the cultivation of flax is more especially suited, and where it would confer the greatest benefit. The farms in Belgium are universally small, from 20 to 50 acres being about the average, but many are under 10 acres. In Ireland the holdings are likewise small; and in both countries the population is great in proportion to the area. In both countries likewise the cultivation of flax is found to be highly profitable, and to afford beneficial employment to the people. I do not mean to discuss the comparative advantages and disadvantages of large and small farms; but I may venture to remark, that neither small farms exclusively nor large farms exclusively, appear to me to be desirable, but rather an admixture of both. By such admixture, a gradation of employment is found for different degrees of farming skill and capital, and a stimulus to exertion is held out to the man with small beginnings, who may hope, as his knowledge and his means increase, to rise progressively in his profession, from a farm of 20 to one of 50 and 100 acres. If farms were either all large, or all small, this incentive to exertion would be wanting. If small, there would be no room for improvement or extension; and if large, the man of slender means, however skilful and industrious, would look hopelessly above him: there would be no intermediate steps, no gradation by which he might hope to climb upwards to a farm of 100, 200, or 500 acres; and he would too probably sink back into inertness, if not into despondency. A variety in the size of farms, proportioned to the various amounts of skill and capital of the farmers, appears therefore the most desirable for all classes. This variety exists, with few exceptions, throughout England, and coupled with the circumstances of our rural population, cannot but be considered as favourable to the introduction of flax culture. The Belgians and Dutch are very skilful in the cultivation of flax, and Flemish flax bears a high price in the market. In Ireland until recently, the cultivation was much neglected, and the flax raised was of a very inferior quality. This was not so much owing to the inferiority of the plant, as to the mode of managing it after it was drawn; and the society which was established a few years ago in the north of Ireland for encouraging the growth and improving the preparation of flax, directed its earliest attention to correct this defective management. They brought over skilful cultivators from Belgium to instruct the people; and afterwards, finding that this was not sufficient for the purpose, they selected a number of intelligent young men, and sent them to Belgium to learn the Flemish mode of cultivating and preparing the flax; and the result has been, that not only has the quantity of flax grown greatly increased since the society commenced its operations, but the quality of the flax has likewise greatly improved; and Ireland may now look forward, at no very distant day, to produce as much of the requisite of this the great staple of her manufactures. Can we doubt that what has thus, it may be said within a recent period, been done in Ireland, ought also to be done in England? The soil and climate are at least as favourable for the growth of flax here as they are there, or as they are in either Holland or Belgium. Instructors may readily be obtained from either of these countries, or persons might be sent from hence to learn the various processes, and on their return they might impart instructions to others. The result would, I am confident, amply repay the outlay by the benefits it would confer, and the art once acquired would not be in danger of being lost.—*From a Paper by G. Nicholls, Esq., in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.*



[Hudibras and the Goblins]

HUDIBRAS.—No. XII.

THE Third Part of 'Hudibras,' on which we are now about to enter, was not published till 1678, fifteen years after the appearance of the first part. The subject is not concluded, nor perhaps was it ever the author's intention to make a formal ending. It is evident that, commencing the poem, he had constructed a very slight fable, more for the purpose of holding together the numerous episodes and miscellaneous discussions, than for the effect of any interest to be derived from it in itself. In fact, the same personages being carried through the poem, and their characters consistently preserved, form the sustaining links which connect the different parts into a whole. But even this is not strictly attended to; the author discards even them when it suits his humour. This is particularly apparent in the Second Canto of the present Part, which avowedly leaves the heroes altogether; the First Canto concluding,

"Let us leave 'em for a time;
And to their Churches turn our rhyme;
To hold forth their declining state,
Which now come near an even fate."

It is possible, however, that a longer life might have made additions to the poem, though it might have been no nearer a conclusion; but the author died in about

two years from the appearance of this part, and, it is to be feared, in great poverty and distress. He had spoken too boldly and impartially to be the favourite of a party, though on terms of familiar intercourse with many eminent men. In his private affairs he appears to have been unfortunate, though unaccompanied by any blamable imprudence.

The subject of the First Canto of this Part cannot be better told than in the author's own "argument:"—

"The knight and squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce;
They both approach the lady's bower,
The squire to inform, the knight to woo her.
She treats them with a masquerade,
By furies and hobgoblins made.
From which the squire conveys the knight,
And steals him, from himself, by night."

But though this is all the action of the canto, a great part of it is filled with disquisitions on love and marriage. Respecting the first, the poet begins by ridiculing those lovers who, by elevating their mistresses to stars or deities, ensure to themselves scorn and ill-treatment, by "trusting those they made her-kindred."

"T is true, no lover has that pow'r
T' enforce a desperate amour,

As he that has two strings to 'a bow,
And burns for love and money too;
For then he's brave and resolute,
Disdains to render in his suit,
Has all his flames and raptures double,
And hangs or drowns with half the trouble;
While these that silyly pursue
The simple, downright way, and true,
Make as unlucky applications,
And steer against the streams their passions:
Some forge their mistresses of stars;
And when the ladies prove averse,
And more untoward to be won,
Than by Caligula the moon,
Cry out upon the stars for doing
Ill offices, to cross their wooing;
When only by themselves they're hindered,
For trusting those they made her kindred;
And still, the harsher and hide-bountier
The damsels prove, become the fonder.
For what mad lover ever dy'd,
To gain a soft and gentle bride?
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling streams or hemp departed?
Leap'd headlong int' Elysium,
Thro' th' windows of a dazzling room?
But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,
The am'rous fly burnt in his flame.
This to the knight could be no news,
With all mankind so much in use;
Who therefore took the wiser course,
To make the most of his amours,
Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways,
As follows in due time and place."

The knight, presuming on his conquest over the astrologer, proceeds at once to the lady:—

"I acquaint her with his expedition,
And conquest o'er the fierce magician:
Describe the manner of the fray,
And show the spoils he brought away;
His bloody scourging aggravate,
The number of the blows and weight;
All which might probably succeed,
And gain belief he had done the deed.
Which he resolv'd to enforce, and spare
No pawning of his soul to swear:
But rather than produce his back,
To set his conscience on the rack;
And in pursuance of her urging
Of articles perform'd and scourging,
And all things else upon his part,
Demand delivery of her heart,
Her goods and chattels, and good graces,
And person, up to his embraces."

In the mean time Ralpho, who, it will be remembered, had been sent for

"A strong detachment
Of beades, constables, and watchmen,"
to apprehend Sidrophel and Whachum for robbery, while his master was keeping guard over them, instead of performing his task, resolves to betray him to his mistress:—

"He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him that day.
To make him curry his own hile,
Which no beast ever did beside,
Without all possible evasion,
But of the riding dispensation.
And therefore much about the hour,
The knight (for reasons told before)
Resolved to leave him to the fury
Of justice, and an unpacked jury,
The squire, conceiv'd to abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim;
T' acquaint the lady what he had done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What project 'twas he went about
When Sidrophel and he fell out;

His firm and steadfast resolution
To swear her to an execution;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the devil himself to carry her."

The widow is of course made fully aware of the knight's evasions of his promise, and of his knavish intentions. But she preserves a serious countenance when he makes his appearance, and, after

"All due ceremonies" paid,
He strok'd his beard, and thus he said:
"Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie:
And now am come, to bring your ear
A present you 'll be glad to hear;
At least I hope so. The thing's done,
Or may I never see the sun;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle hand;
And that you'd please to do your part,
As I have done mine to my smart.
With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,
As if he felt his shoulders ache,
But she, who well enough knew what
(Before he spoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The mystery of what he mean'd:
And therefore wished him to expound
His dark expressions less profound."

A discussion next takes place between the knight and the lady on the value of oaths, by which the knight offers to establish the truth of his testimony, affirming that

"He that makes his soul his surety,
I think does give the best security."
Quoth she, "Some say, the soul's secure
Against distress and forfeiture;
Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt;
And to be summon'd to appear
In the other world, 's illegal here,
And therefore few make any account,
Int' what incumbrances they run't.
For most men carry things to even
Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
Without the least offence to either,
They freely deal in all together,
And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it,
And when they pawn and damn their souls,
They are but prisoners on paroles."

He at length proceeds to relate a series of the most extravagant and absurd fictions as to his self-chastisement and his combat with the astrologer and his assistant:—

"But as he was running on,
To tell what other feats he had done,
The lady stopt his full career,
And told him now 'twas time to hear;
'If half those things,' said she, 'be true,'
'They're all,' quoth he, 'I swear by you.'
'Why then,' said she, 'that Sidrophel
Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell;
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a Lapland hag,
In quest of you came hither post,
Within an hour, I'm sure, at most,
Who told me all you swear and say,
Quite contrary another way;
You'd that you came to him, to know
If you shou'd carry me or no;
And would have hir'd him and 's imps
To be your match-makers and pimps,
T' engage the devil on your side,
And steal, like Proserpine, your bride.
But he disdain'd to embrace
So slyly a design and base,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a ruffian;

Surpris'd him meanly unprepar'd,
 Before h' had time to mount his guard;
 And left him dead upon the ground,
 With many a bruise and desperate wound:
 Swore you had broke and robb'd his house,
 And stole his talismanic louse,
 And all his new-found old inventions,
 With flat felonious intentions:
 Which he could bring out, where he had,
 And what he bought them for, and paid;
 His fleas, his Morpion, and Puhese,
 H' had gotten for his proper ease,
 And all in perfect minutes made,
 By th' ablest artist of the trade;
 Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
 He has been eaten up almost;
 And altogether might amount
 To many hundreds on account:
 For which h' had got sufficient warrant
 To seize the malefactors errant,
 Without capacity of bail,
 But of a cart's or horse's tail;
 And did not doubt to bring the wretches
 To serve for pendulums to watches;
 Which modern virtuosos say,
 Incline to hanging every way.
 Besides he swore, and swore 'twas true,
 That ere life went in quest of you,
 He set a figure to discover
 If you were fled to Rye or Dover;
 And found it clear, that, to betray
 Yourself and me, you fled this way;
 And that he was upon pursuit,
 To take you somewhere hereabout.
 He vow'd he had intelligence
 Of all that pass'd before and since:
 And found, that ere you came to him,
 Y' had been engaging life and limb,
 About a case of tender conscience,
 Where both abounded in your own sense;
 Till Ralph, by his light and grace,
 Had clear'd all scruples in the case;
 And prov'd that you might swear and own
 Whatever's by the wicked done.
 For which, most bawly to requite
 The service of his gift and light,
 You strove t' oblige him by main force
 To scourge his ribs instead of yours;
 But that he stood upon his guard,
 And all your vapouring out-dar'd;
 For which, between you both, the feat
 Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the lady talked, the knight
 Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white,
 (As men of inward light are wont
 To turn their optics in upon 't).
 He wonder'd how she came to know
 What he had done, and meant to do:
 Held up his affidavit-hand,
 As if h' had been to be arraign'd:
 Cast towards the door a ghastly look,
 In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke."

He speaks but to reiterate his assertions and oaths as to his truth; but the lady replies,

"I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
 Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve.
 But there's a better way of clearing
 What you would prove, than downright swearing;"

and that is stripping and showing his wounds. This of course he declines, pleading that he

"ought to have a care
 To keep his wounds from taking air."

She is unsatisfied, but asks if

"We should agree,
 What is it you expect from me?"

The knight answers, he desires her plighted faith, which she had "past in heaven on record." This

gives occasion to a most ingenious and humorous satire on marriage; while the playful exaggerations, and the placing it in the mouth of a lady, takes away all the sting, and from the mouth of a widow all the impropriety. We have not room for the whole, but give sufficient to show its excellence:—

"Quoth she, 'There are no bargains driv'n,
 Nor marriages clapp'd up in heav'n,
 And that's the reason, as some guess,
 There is no heav'n in marriages;
 Two things that naturally press
 Too narrowly, to be at ease.
 Their bus'ness there is only love,
 Which marriage is not like t' improve.
 Love, that's too generous to abide
 To be against its nature tied:
 For where 'tis of itself inclin'd,
 It breaks loose when it is confin'd;
 And like the soul, its harbourer,
 Debar'd the freedom of the air,
 Disdains against its will to stay,
 But struggles out, and flies away:
 And therefore never can comply
 T' endure the matrimonial tie,
 That binds the female and the male,
 Where th' one is but the other's bail:
 Like Roman gaolers, when they slept,
 Chain'd to the prisoners they kept.
 Of which the true and faithfulst lover
 Gives best security, to suffer.

A bargain at a venture made
 Between two partners in a trade;
 (For what's infer'd by t' have and t' hold,
 But something past away, and sold?)
 That as it makes but one of two,
 Reduces all things else as low:
 And at the best is but a mart
 Between the one and th' other part,
 That on the marriage-day is paid
 Or hour of death, the bet is laid;
 And all the rest of better or worse,
 Both are but losers out of purse.

A slavery beyond enduring,
 But that 'tis of their own procuring:
 As spiders never seek the fly,
 But leave him, of himself, t' apply;
 So men are by themselves betray'd
 To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
 And run their necks into a noose,
 They'd break 'em after, to break loose.
 As some whom death would not depart,
 Have done the feat themselves by art.
 Like Indian widows, gone to bed
 In flaming curtains to the dead;
 And men as often dangled for 't,
 And yet will never leave the sport.
 Nor do the ladies want excuse
 For all the stratagems they use.
 To gain the advantage of the sot,
 And lurch the am'rous rook and cheat.
 For as the Pythagorean soul
 Runs thro' all beasts, and fish, and fowl,
 And has a smack of ev'ry one;
 So love does, and has ever done.
 And therefore, tho' 'tis ne'er so fond,
 Takes strangely to the vagabond,
 'Tis but an ague that's revers'd,
 Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
 That after burns with cold as much
 As it's in Greenland does the touch,
 Melts in the furnace of desire,
 Like glass, that's but the ice of fire,
 And when his heat of fancy's over,
 Becomes as hard and frail a lover.
 For when he's with love-powder laden,
 And prim'd and cock'd by miss, or madam,
 The smallest sparkle of an eye
 Gives fire to his artillery;

And off the load oaths go, but while
They're in the very act *scowl*.
Hence 'tis, so few dare take their chance
Without a separate maintenance:
And widows, who have tried one lover,
Trust none again, till th' have made over.
Or if they do, before they marry,
The foxes weigh the geese they carry;
And ere they venture on a stream,
Know how to size themselves and them.
Whence wittiest ladies always choose
To undertake the heaviest goose.
For now the world is grown so wary,
That few of either sex dare marry.

For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommoded least,
In soul and body to unite,
To make up one *hermaphrodite*:
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,
Th' have more punctilios and caprices
Between the petticoat and breeches,
More petulant extravagances,
Than poets make 'em in romances,
Tho' when their heroes 'spouse their dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames:
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd wine:
And all their caterwauling-tricks,
In earnest to as jealous piques:
Which th' ancients wisely signified,
By th' yellow mantle of the bride;

For 'tis in vain to think to guess
At women by appearances;
That patch and paint their imperfections
Of intellectual complexions:
And daub their tempers o'er with washes
As artificial as their faces;
Wear under vizard-masks their talents
And mother wits before their gallants;
Until they're hamper'd in the noose,
Too fast to dream of breaking loose:
When all the flaws they strove to hide
Are made unready, with the bride,
That, with her wedding clothes, undresses
Her complaisance and gentleness:
Tries all her arts, to take upon her
The government from th' easy owner:
Until the wretch is glad to waive
His lawful right, and turn her slave;
Find all his having and his holding,
Reduc'd to eternal noise and scolding;
The conjugal petard, that tears
Down all portoullines of ease,
And makes the volley of one tongue
For all their leathern shields too strong."

The knight controverts these propositions, but in a way rather to show his metaphysical character and mercenary motives than to afford any satisfactory answer. The dispute, however, proceeds, till

"'Twas grown dark and late,
When th' heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haste with such a powder,
The blows grew louder still and louder,
Which Hudibras, as if th' had been
Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetic fright,
To be the wizard, came to search,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout;
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt.
For men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much, or too little valour."

The lady encounters him, advises him to retreat and hide himself from the pursuers, while she herself will

"Stand certinel,
To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel."

He affects to demur; but hearing a renewed attack on the door,

"He thought it desperate to stay
Till th' enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather post himself, to serve
The lady for a fresh reserve.
His duty was not to dispute,
But what she had order'd execute:
Which he resolv'd in haste to obey,
And, therefore stoutly march'd away;
And all he encountered fell upon,
Tho' in the dark, and all alone.
Till fear, that braver feats performs,
Than ever courage dar'd in arms,
Had drawn him up before a pass,
To stand upon his guard, and face
This he courageously invaded,
And having enter'd, barricaded.
Inconsc'd himself as formidable
As could be underneath a table;
Where he lay down in ambush close,
To expect th' arrival of his foes.
Few minutes he had lain perdu,
To guard his desperate avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful shout,
As loud as putting to the rout;
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd,
And, after entering, Sidrophel
Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell.
He therefore sent out all his senses,
To bring him in intelligences;
Which vulgar, out of ignorance,
Mistake for falling in a trance;
But those that trade in geomancy,
Affirm to be the strength of fancy:
In which the Layland magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Meanwhile the foe beat up his quarters,
And storm'd the outworks of his fortress.

"Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they scorn'd to trade or baiter,
By giving or by taking quarter:
They stoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts came in to his aid.
For when a man is past his sense,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' ears and nose,
Or laying on of heavy blows:
And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.
No sooner was he come to himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf
Clapp'd in a trice his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof."

But we must leave the colloquy for another paper.

The Cocoa-Nut in Ceylon.—Nearly all the domestic wants of the Singalese can be supplied by the cocoa-nut tree. He can build his house entirely of it. The walls and doors are made of canjans, the leaves platted; the roof is covered with the same; the beams, rafters, &c. are made of the trunk. He needs no nails, as he can use the coir-rope made from the outside husk. If he wants a spout, he hollows the trunk split in two. It also supplies him with many of his household articles. He makes his oil from the kernel; the hard shell supplies him with spoons, and cups, and drinking vessels, and lamps, and water-buckets; the refuse of the kernels, after the oil is expressed (called *punak*), serves for food for fowls and pigs; the milk from the kernel is used in his food. In short, if a man has a few cocoa-nut trees in his garden he will never starve. Arrak, a strong spirit resembling whiskey, is made from toddy, the juice of the flower; and brooms are made from the ribs *trunks* of the leaflets.—*Recollections of Ceylon*



[Il Lanterna Magica.—From Pinelli.]

MAGIC LANTERN AT ROME.

IN this instance Bartolommeo Pinelli's design must speak for itself; for we have very little to say about these magic lantern exhibitors. In our time they all came from Upper Italy, and most of them, we believe, from the mountains which surround the Lake of Como or from those which back the Lake of Garda. In form and feature they differed much from the Roman population: they looked more like Savoyards or Swiss than Southern Italians; and, among themselves, they spoke a dialect or patois which was scarcely intelligible to the Romans. Their usual cry was not "Who will see the Magic Lantern?" but, "Who will see the New World—*Chi vuol veder il Mondo Nuovo?*" Like nearly all the rest of Italian showmen, they were great travellers; and, at one time, some of the fraternity were to be found in almost every country in Europe, not even excepting Russia. They have entirely disappeared from our streets, and their nocturnal cry, we believe, is no longer heard anywhere in England; but we can remember the time—at the early part of the present century—when they abounded in London, and were especial favourites with young people. [Many of our young people have now better magic lanterns of their own within doors; and this fact may have driven away the old exhibitors by making their trade unprofitable.] These poor fellows appeared with the long nights of winter, and disappeared at the approach of the short nights of summer: they were most on foot about the merry festive season of Christmas. They generally carried a hand-organ as well as their magical box. Their cry, which still rings musically in our ears, was—"Galante Sol! Galante Sol!"—*Galante* being good Italian for gallant, or brave, or fine, and *Sol* being their pronunciation of our English word show. In short, they offered the sight of a fine show in London, as they offered the sight of the new world at Rome. The designs on their slips of glass were for the most part exceedingly grotesque; and their own personal appearance was scarcely less so in our young eyes. They were among the first foreigners we ever saw. The bear-wards were scarcely greater favourites with us, or excited more of our childish admiration and wonderment. When, after the lapse of many years, we found some poor fellows of precisely the same sort in the south of Italy, we looked upon them as old friends.

THE TARANTULA SPIDER.—No. II.

HAVING given the fabulous history of the Tarantula Spider, we now proceed to the real character and habits of the insect. These appear to have been most attentively studied by M. Léon Dufour, who published in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles* for 1835 an elaborate account of the Tarantula, from which we select the following particulars.

This spider belongs to the genus *Lycosa*, several species of which are common in the southern countries of Europe, but have not yet been sufficiently studied, owing perhaps to the difficulties accompanying the study. Considering these spiders according to their habits, they may be divided into two sections. The first section contains the larger, more robust, and more industrious kinds, which inhabit subterranean entrenchments, or burrows dug out by themselves. These may be called the mining species. The other section consists of those which remain more habitually upon the surface of the soil, and merely hide themselves at times among stones or in fissures of the earth. These may be called the wandering or vagrant species.

The particular species of this insect which M. Dufour seems to have identified as the true tarantula of the ancients, has been studied by him in various parts of Spain. The size of the insect he has omitted to mention; but other authors describe it as being about as large as a chestnut, though occasionally attaining a greater size. This spider is yellowish grey on the upper part, and black on the under parts of the body. The legs are eight in number, strong and stout, and the last pair is provided with brushes on the under side of the terminal joints. These brushes are much used by the spider in performing "its toilette," and they also assist it to climb up smooth surfaces. The insect is provided with a large and strong pair of mandibles of a shining black colour. The eyes, during life, have sometimes the colour of rubies; but in dead specimens they are either brown or inclining to black, with a pale circle at their base.

This formidable spider chooses for its abode a dry, uncultivated place, that is exposed to the sun's rays. The burrows which it digs are of a cylindrical form, and often of the diameter of one inch, and sunk more than a foot in the soil. The spider proves itself a

skilful hunter, and an able engineer, by the method pursued in making his burrow. He requires not only a deep intrenchment, where he may hide from his enemies, but a place of observation, from which he can spy out his prey, and dart like an arrow upon it. The subterranean passage has, therefore, at first a vertical direction, but at four or five inches from the surface it turns in an obtuse angle, forms a horizontal bend, and then assumes the perpendicular. It is at this bend that the tarantula watches like a vigilant sentinel, never for a moment losing sight of the door of his dwelling. There his eyes may be seen glittering in the dark, like those of a cat. The exterior orifice of the tarantula's burrow is in general surmounted with a funnel, which rises about an inch above the soil, and is sometimes two inches in diameter. This funnel is principally composed of fragments of dry wood, united by a little clay, and arranged in such an artist-like manner that they form a scaffolding in the shape of an upright column, of which the interior is a hollow cylinder. This funnel is made secure within by being lined with a tissue formed of the spider's web. These outworks of the spider's abode do not exist in every case, but are sufficiently numerous to prove that their formation engages the skill at least of the older insects.

The months of May and June are the most favourable season for searching for the tarantula. The first time that Dufour discovered the holes of this spider, and satisfied himself that they were inhabited by observing the insect at its post, he thought that the best way of securing the spider would be to attack it by open force, and follow it to the termination of its burrow. He therefore passed whole hours opening the intrenchment with his knife in order to sack his domicile. After digging to the depth of a foot, and over a space of two feet in width, he was obliged to give up the search, not meeting with the tarantula. He made the attempt at other holes, but always with the same result; until he changed his plan of attack, and had recourse to stratagem. Taking a stalk surmounted by a spikelet, he shook and rubbed it gently against the opening of the hole. The attention and desire of the spider were soon awakened, and it advanced slowly towards the entrance of the hole. Dufour then drew back the stalk, and the spider, fearful of losing it, threw himself at one spring out of his dwelling, the entrance of which was immediately closed. In this case the tarantula was greatly disconcerted at not being able to regain his abode, and was very awkward in his attempts to elude pursuit, so that there was not much difficulty in making him take up his quarters in a piece of paper, where he was shut up and made prisoner.

The tarantula has a frightful appearance to those who behold it for the first time, and are impressed with the idea of danger from its bite; but, shy as it appears, it is very capable of being tamed, as Dufour has fully shown. One of these insects he kept alive for five months, and he thus gives us its history:—"During my stay at Valencia in Spain, I took, on the 7th of May, a tarantula of tolerable size. I imprisoned him in a glass covered with paper, in which I had made a square opening. At the bottom of the glass I left the roll of paper in which I had carried him, and which was to serve him for a dwelling. I placed the glass upon a table in my bed-room, that I might have frequent opportunities of watching him. He soon became accustomed to his cell, and at last grew so familiar that he would come to cat out of my fingers the living fly that I brought him. After having given his victim its death-wound with his jaws, he did not, like other spiders, content himself with merely sucking the head, but he bruised the different parts of the body by

plunging it into his mouth with his feelers; after this he threw away the remains, and swept them to a distance from his hiding-place. His next business was to attend to his toilet, by diligently brushing his feelers and mandibles on the inner as well as on the outer sides. He then resumed his ordinary grave and watchful attitude. The evening and night were his times for taking exercise, and it was then that he made attempts to escape. I often heard him scratching against the paper of his prison. On the 28th of June my tarantula changed his skin, but this made no alteration in the colour of his covering or the size of his body. On the 14th of July I was obliged to leave Valencia, and I remained absent till the 23rd. During this time the tarantula fasted, but I found him quite well on my return. The 20th of August I was again absent for nine days, which my prisoner supported without food. On the 1st of October I again left the tarantula without any provision. The 21st of this month, being twenty leagues from Valencia, where I was about to remain, I sent my servant to bring him to me. I had the regret of finding that the vase which contained him was nowhere to be met with; and I could not learn his fate."

In conclusion we may notice the manner in which these creatures conduct their combats. Two full-grown vigorous male tarantulae were put into a large vase. They made the circuit of their arena many times, endeavouring to avoid each other; but, subsequently, hastened, as at a given signal, to set themselves in a warlike attitude. They took their distance, and gravely rose upon their hind legs so as to present to each other the buckler formed by their chests. After having looked at each other for about two minutes, they threw themselves upon one another, entwined their legs, and endeavoured in an obstinate struggle to wound each other with the hooks of their mandibles. Either from fatigue or by mutual consent, the combat was suspended for a while, and a truce of some seconds ensued, when each wrestled, retiring to a little distance, resumed his menacing posture. The struggle was now renewed with more fury than before. One of them was, at length, overthrown and mortally wounded in the head. He became the prey of the vanquisher, who tore open his skull and devoured him. Dufour, the witness of this combat, kept the victorious tarantula alive for many weeks. We need scarcely remark that this writer, after all his personal observations on the tarantula, treats with entire contempt the fables connected with its history.

SPURS.

[Concluded from p. 96.]

THE *rouelle*, *rowel*, or *wheel spur*, so called from the revolution of its spicula about an axis, derives its name from the French *roue*, a wheel. It has many advantages over the *pryck*-spur; for if the point of the latter were broken or bent, it became entirely useless; whereas by the rotation of the wheel, the place is supplied by a succession of others, and the motion of the points prevents their injuring the horse.

The rowel was totally unknown to the Anglo-Saxons, their spur being a goad in the fashion of a spear-head, attached to the foot by a leather thong. About the time of the Conquest, some spurs had very obtuse points and others very large wheels. In the Norman spur the point is like a spear-head, though thick and pyramidal; but in the Roman like an obtuse spike or nail. Some partook both of the pryck and rowel.

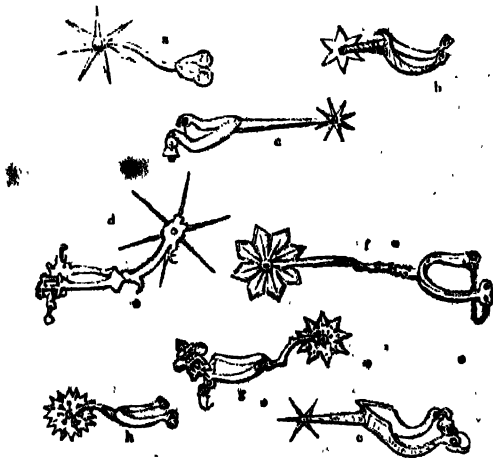
The pryck-spur seems to have been worn occasionally for a considerable time after the invention of

the rowel. Several of our kings and great barons are represented with both varieties. According to some authorities, Henry III. was the first of our kings who wore rowel-spurs. Such spurs are shown upon the seal of that sovereign, and none are observable on sepulchral monuments before the time of Edward II.

In the second part of Henry IV., Act I. Scene I, occurs the following passage:—

"After him came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question."

The spicules of the ancient rowel-spurs were of great length. Some specimens have been dug up, in which the length from the centre to the point is six inches and a half. In the spur shown at Fig. *d*, each point measures three inches: the length of the neck of this spur in a straight line is four inches; its weight ten ounces and a quarter. It was discovered in digging the foundation for the obelisk on Barnet Common, erected in memory of the bloody battle fought on that spot between the houses of York and Lancaster, in which battle it is probable its owner fell and was buried on the spot.



In Strutt the booted figures after the fifteenth century are always spurred; but the rowels are in that and the following century sometimes a serrated wheel, sometimes like a star. But the varieties of rowel-spurs are almost endless. The following are a few specimens. Fig. *a* is copied from the illuminations to Lydgate's poems, Harl. MS. 2278, and belongs to the fifteenth century. *b* and *c* are brass spurs of the early and middle part of Henry VI. *e* is a very elegant form of spur, found some years ago in Towton field near York. It is inscribed with the motto:—

En l'ol amour tout mon roer

We have already noticed the fancy for extending the spicules to a great length (see Fig. *d*); at a later period the neck of the spur was extended: Fig. *f* is a long-necked brass spur of the time of Henry VII.; Fig. *g* belongs to the time of Henry VIII., and is of steel; Fig. *a* is an iron spur of the time of Elizabeth.* Mr.

* Most of our figures are copied from the plates given in the early volumes of the *Archæologia*, through which are scattered many notices of spurs, which have greatly assisted us.

Grose gives a form of spur which he thinks was formerly worn by persons walking in processions, "the roundness and bluntness of its mollets preventing its hitching in the robes of the wearer."

Gold or gilt spurs were distinctions of knights; the spurs of such knights as were killed in battle were commonly hung up in churches. Froissart mentions that the spurs were taken off when the knights fought on foot; and that sometimes they were stuck, rowels uppermost, in the ground upon the slope of a hill, in order that the enemy might not ascend easily.

In the collection of pictures at Hampton Court there is a very old production by an unknown artist, the subject of which is "The Bataille de Spvrrs, anno 1513," fought between the English and the French at Guinegate in France, early in the reign of Henry VIII., that monarch being present in the hostile strife. The assigned reason why the conflict obtained its name of "Spvrrs" is that the champions of France made more use of their spurs than of their swords; or—in plain English—they ran away; but as the French themselves named this day "La Journée des Eperons," we should be inclined to suppose that the two nations attached different meanings to the term; but that the French actually made a retreat there is no doubt, for Bayard assisted in it and was taken prisoner, when his presence saved the honour of his companions.

The foreground of the picture is occupied by cavalry, in the centre of which is the principal warrior in very rich armour of gilt steel profusely ornamented, his vizor up. His horse also wears sumptuous armour corresponding to that of the rider; and from the circumstance of the royal arms being embroidered on the housings, the rider is supposed to represent Henry VIII. He is receiving the homage of a dismounted knight, who is kneeling bare-headed, his helmet lying near him on the ground; his armour is very splendid, being enriched with gold, &c. This figure is probably intended for the French commander, who thus owns Henry as his conqueror. Although these two personages are thus occupied without any weapons in their hands, the knights around them are engaged in the conflict with sword, lance, battle-axe, and long bow. English horse are advancing, accompanied by trumpets hung with the royal banners, sounding a charge: those in the van are in the act of presenting their arms ready for the attack. To the right of the picture the French squadrons are in full retreat pursued by the English.*

During a long period spurs worn with boots denoted the rank of the wearer; when the knights were accustomed to wear gold or gilt spurs, silver spurs were appropriated to esquires. Nares says that spurs were long a favourite article of finery in the morning dress of a gay man; and that it was considered as particularly fashionable to have them so made as to rattle or jingle when the wearer moved.

On the Continent in the seventeenth century boots were never worn without spurs, and then the high leather cushion against the stirrup came into use.

Ripon was celebrated for making the best spurs in England. The rowels would pierce a shilling, and rather break than bend. "As true steel as Ripon rowels" was long a proverbial expression to denote honesty and courage. A pair of Ripon spurs presented to James I., in 1617, cost five pounds sterling.

The history of the spurs worn by the "Herald" at the proclamation of his late majesty William IV. at Exeter, in the year 1830, is somewhat curious. Mr. Baker, an ironmonger in the High-street of that city,

* The above pictures, together with three others relating to Henry VIII. and his reign, have lately been removed from the Queen's Gallery in Hampton Court, and placed in the Queen's Audience Chamber.

had purchased them in a lot of old iron by weight at one farthing per pound. On being polished the spurs proved to be of silver, decorated with a fleur-de-lis, and worth, as old silver, upwards of three pounds sterling.

THE SABBATH OF THE WORKING MAN.

In my earlier years, this day was too often beclouded and made uncomfortable by domestic troubles, which, although I was then so young, I could not witness without much pain and concern; now, however, our affairs were in a little better state, and there was more household comfort. Our Sundays were really seasons of rest and quietness; and, consequently, my amount of enjoyment was much increased. Everything about me on these days seemed to wear a new aspect—that of sacred repose. To me it was a day of inestimable worth. I looked for its return with emotions of heartfelt pleasure, anticipating a day of rational and invigorating enjoyment. Nor was I often disappointed in even the least degree; for, though I felt on this day the natural effects of six days' previous and wearying labour, yet I had learned not to be cast down on that account. I, moreover, found my Sunday pursuits and amusements to be powerfully instrumental in cheering and elevating my "inner man." My custom was to have everything I was likely to want on this day got ready for my use on the preceding evening, so that I might have the entire day at my disposal. That I might make the day as long as possible, I rose early: if the mornings were at all fine, I walked in the adjacent fields, where I found ample amusement in either reading the book of nature or some humbler volume, without which I took care never to go out on these excursions. About the time that the melodious sound of

"The church-going bells,
That music highest bordering upon heaven,"

was first heard, I reached home, and there took my frugal meal, in company and converse with my parents and sister. I did this with feelings of satisfaction, such as I wish could be understood by all who are regardless of domestic happiness. After breakfast I sometimes sauntered in my father's little garden, where I either gossiped with him about his flowers and plants, or else indulged in some pleasing reverie, or, in the very idleness of thought, gazed on the "slowly sailing" clouds, or on the quick movements of the birds, or listened to the "pleasing hum" of insects. When less indolent I employed myself in reading. At other times I went out soon after breakfast in order to have a quiet ramble in the spacious, thickly-peopled, and, in my esteem, pleasant grave-yard attached to the meeting-house. Here I found much and fitting employment for both the memory and the imagination. I passed by or over the last resting-places of many faded forms, which I remembered to have seen exhibiting the bloom of youth or the vigour of maturity: now the grass, that apt and beautiful emblem of human frailty, flourished on their graves. There were flowers also, which, though wild and generally unregarded, were in my view full of beauty; as they seemed to be emblems, if not pledges, of the resurrection of the dust over which they diffused a not unpleasant odour. To me they appeared to answer, affirmatively, the anxious question of the questioning patriarch, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Here, then, I read an instructive and an appropriate lesson; one, moreover, which was useful from its tendency to prepare me for the exercises of public worship. I attended on these with becoming seriousness, mingled with much true satisfaction. In these days I rarely thought the service to be either too long or not sufficiently interesting. I was but little concerned about the controversial points of theological doctrine; being principally mindful of what had a direct bearing upon the far weightier matters of practical religion. After the service was over, I sometimes took a short walk, but more frequently returned home immediately, where I spent the interval between the morning and afternoon services much in the same way as I had passed the time at and after my breakfast. In the afternoon I again attended public worship, but a sense of bodily weariness or languor often rendered it less interesting than that of the morning. This eventually led me to question the utility of attending the afternoon service, when that of the morning has not been neglected. My conclusion was in favour

of spending the time appropriated to this service in either reading or reflection, or suitable conversation; but this conclusion implied an attendance upon the evening worship. The time between the afternoon and the evening services I always prized very highly. It was, indeed, that part of the Sunday's leisure which I especially enjoyed. The reason for this was, probably, that I then felt much less worn and languid than at any previous hour of the day. This favourable change in my bodily sensations was produced, as I think, partly by the propitious influence of a tranquillized mind upon my very susceptible frame, and partly by my then participating in the refreshing contents of

"The cups

"That cheer, but not inebriate."

The repast known by the name of "tea" has ever been a favourite one with myself. It is then, if at all, that I feel an increased amount of bodily ease, with more mental activity and enjoyment. I could find it in my heart to bless the memory of him who first brought into notice the shrub which has so often and for so long a time ministered to my comfort. Many a time I have felt greatly revived by merely smelling the odour of the pleasant beverage made from its leaves. I would not exchange this refreshing decoction for any of the productions of the vineyard which I have been allowed to taste, still less for those of the brew-house or the distillery. These disorder or oppress me, while tea seldom fails to produce the opposite effect of composure or of exhilaration. Yet I am not hostile—far, indeed, from it—to the temperate use of these stronger drinks, on the contrary, I hold them to be morally lawful, and also useful, on some occasions, to such as have stronger constitutions than mine, or whose avocations require a more powerful stimulant than I can bear.

But I must return to the circumstances and results of my Sunday tea-drinkings. At that repast I usually had a little cheerful conversation with the other members of the household; or else read to them, or listened to what they might read; and thus was agreeably employed until it was time to attend the evening service.

At the close of this service I usually walked in the fields, for the double purpose of recreation and reflection. The day was closed by a slight meal, and I retired to rest with feelings of unalloyed satisfaction. Such were my youthful Sundays, and such also, with but little variation, were those of my riper years, except when I resided in the midst of an overgrown city, or, as subsequently was the case, when the charge of my young children, together with the serious failure of my health, imposed upon me the necessity of spending those invaluable days in a less pleasing, but, I hope, not always in a less appropriate manner.—*Weekly Volume, 'Memoirs of a Working Man.'*

Chinese Ornithology.—The ornithology of China is distinguished by some splendid varieties of gallinaceous birds, as the gold and silver pheasants, to which have been lately added the Reeves's pheasant, deserving of a particular description from Mr. Bannett. The longest tail feathers approach the extraordinary dimensions of six feet; and even in the spacious aviary of Mr. Beale, it was found that the ends of these magnificent trains were broken by the bird's movements. As they come quite from the north, it has proved extremely difficult to procure specimens, nor has the hen bird ever been obtained. Four cocks were brought to Canton in 1830, and purchased for a hundred and thirty dollars, or about thirty pounds sterling. These furnished the specimens brought home by Mr. Reeves; the difficulty of procuring females being attributed either to a determination on the part of the sellers to prevent the birds being bred, or to their imagining that the inferior plumage of the hens might render them less attractive to purchasers. This obstacle is the more to be regretted, as the high latitude from which the species is procured renders it not unlikely that they might be propagated here in a natural state. Another description is called by Mr. Bennett the medallion pheasant, from a beautiful membrane of resplendent colour, which is displayed or contracted according as the animal is more or less roused. The brilliant hues are chiefly purple, with bright red and green spots, which vary in intensity with the degree of excitement; and become developed during the early spring months, or pairing season of the year.—*Knight's Weekly Volume, No. XIII., 'The Chinese.'*



[The Madonna and Child. By Correggio.]

ESSAYS ON THE LIVES OF REMARKABLE PAINTERS.—No. XXXVII.

CORREGGIO AND GIORGIONE, AND THEIR SCHOLARS.

WE shall now give some account of Correggio's works. His two greatest performances—the dome of the San Giovanni and that of the Cathedral of Parma—have been mentioned. His pictures, though not numerous, are diffused through so many galleries, that they cannot be said to be rare. It is remarkable that they are very seldom met with in the possession of individuals, but, with few exceptions, are to be found in royal and public collections.

In our National Gallery are five pictures by Correggio: two are studies of angel's heads, which, as they are not found in any of the existing frescoes, are supposed to have formed part of the composition in the San Giovanni, which, as already related, was destroyed. The other three are among his most celebrated works. The first, Mercury teaching Cupid to read in the presence of Venus, is an epitome of all the qualities which characterise the painter; that peculiar smiling grace which is the expression of a kind of Elysian happiness, and that flowing outline, that melting softness of tone, which are quite elusive. "Those who may not perfectly understand what artists and critics mean when they dwell with rapture on Correggio's wonderful *chiaroscuro*, should look well into this picture. They will perceive that in the painting of the limbs they can look through the shadows into the substance, as it might be into the flesh and blood; the shadows seem mutable, accidental, and aerial, as if between the eye and the colours, and not incorporated with them. In this lies the inimitable excellence of Correggio."

This picture was painted for Federigo Gonzago,

* 'Public Galleries of Art,' Murray, 1841, in which there is a history of the picture, too long to be inserted here.

Duke of Mantua; and for the same accomplished but profligate prince Correggio painted the other mythological stories of Io, Leda, Danae, and Antiope. The Venus in our gallery once belonged to Charles I., and hung in his apartment at Whitehall; afterwards it passed into the possession of the Duke of Alva; then, during the French invasion of Spain, Murat secured it as his share of the plunder; and his widow sold it to the Marquess of Londonderry, from whom it was purchased by the nation. The Ecce Homo was purchased at the same time: it is chiefly remarkable for the fine head of the Virgin, who faints with anguish on beholding the suffering and degradation of her Son; the dying away of sense and sensation under the influence of mental pain is expressed with admirable and affecting truth: the rest of the picture is perhaps rather feeble, and the head of Christ not to be compared to one crowned with thorns which is in the possession of Lord Cowper, nor with another in the Bridgewater collection. The third picture is a small but most exquisite Madonna, known as the *Vierge au Panier*, from the little basket in front of the picture. "The Virgin, seated, holds the infant Christ on her knee, and looks down upon him with the fondest expression of maternal rapture, while he gazes up in her face. Joseph is seen in the background. This, though called a Holy Family, is a simple domestic scene; and Correggio probably in this, as in other instances, made the original study from his wife and child. Another picture in our gallery ascribed to Correggio, the Christ on the Mount of Olives, is a very fine old copy, perhaps a duplicate, of an original now in the possession of the Duke of Wellington.

In the Gallery of Parma are five of the most important and beautiful pictures of Correggio. The most celebrated is that called the St. Jerome. It represents the saint presenting to the Virgin and Child his

translation of the Scriptures, while on the other side the Magdalen bends down and kisses with devotion the feet of the infant Saviour.

The Dresden Gallery is also rich in pictures of Correggio: it contains six pictures, of which four are large altar-pieces, bought out of churches in Modena; among these is the famous picture of the Nativity, called the *Notte*, or *Night*, of Correggio, because it is illuminated only by the unearthly splendour which beams round the head of the infant Saviour; and the still more famous Magdalen, who lies extended on the ground intently reading the Scriptures. No picture in the world has been more universally admired, and multiplied through copies and engravings, than this little picture.

In the Florence Gallery are three pictures; one of them, the Madonna on her knees, adoring with ecstasy her Infant who lies before her on a portion of her garment, is given in our illustration.

In the Louvre are three of his works,—the Marriage of St. Catherine being the finest. In the Naples Gallery there are three, one of them a most lovely Madonna, called, from the peculiar head-dress, the *Zingarella*, or Gipsy. In the Vienna Gallery are two, and at Berlin three; among them the *Io* and the *Leda*.

There is in the British Museum a complete collection of engravings after Correggio.

Correggio had no school of painting, and all his authentic works, except his frescoes, were executed solely by his own hand: in the execution of his frescoes he had assistants, but they could hardly be called his pupils. He had, however, a host of imitators who formed what has been called the School of Parma, of which he is considered the head. The most famous of these imitators was Francesco Mazzola, of whom we shall speak in the next essay.

SAINT ELMO'S FIRE.

Among the many natural phenomena which have excited the superstitious awe of mankind in past ages, but which happily have met with their explanation among the generalizations of modern science, are those remarkable luminous appearances which in certain states of the air invest pointed bodies, such as the masts of ships, and are known to English sailors as *Comazants*; to the French and Spaniards, under the more poetical name of *St. Elmo's* (or *St. Helmo's*) *Fires*; and to the Italians as the *Fires of St. Peter* and *St. Nicholas*. The Portuguese call them *Corpo Santo*; and in some parts of the Mediterranean they are named after *St. Clair*.

One of the most ancient notices of this phenomenon is recorded in the Commentaries of Cæsar, in his book '*De Bello Africano*,' where it is spoken of as a very extraordinary appearance:—"In the month of February, about the second watch of the night, there suddenly arose a thick cloud followed by a shower of hail; and the same night the points of the spears belonging to the fifth legion seemed to take fire." Seneca also, in his '*Questiones Naturales*,' states, that a star settled on the lance of Gylippus as he was sailing to Syracuse. Pliny, in his second book of *Natural History*, calls these appearances *stars*, and says that they settled not only upon the masts and other parts of ships, but also upon men's heads.—"Stars make their appearance both at land and sea. I have seen a light in that form on the spears of soldiers keeping watch by night upon the ramparts. They are seen also on the sail-yards, and other parts of ships, making an audible sound, and frequently changing their places. Two of these lights forebode good weather and a prosperous voyage, and distinguish one that appears single, and with a threatening aspect. This

the sailors call *Helen*, but the two they call *Castor and Pollux*, and invoke them as gods. These lights do sometimes, about evening, rest on men's heads, and are a great and good omen. But these are among the awful mysteries of nature." Livy also (c. 32) relates that the spears of some soldiers in Sicily, and a walking-stick which a horseman in Sardinia held in his hand, seemed to be on fire. He states also, that the shores were luminous with frequent fires. Plutarch also records the fact, and Procopius affirms that, in the war against the Vandals, the gods favoured Belisarius with the same good omen.

There is no doubt that during many centuries these appearances continued to be regarded with mingled feelings of admiration and fear. In the record of the second voyage of Columbus ('*Historia del Almirante*,' written by his son) is a passage which well illustrates the superstitions of the fifteenth century:—"During the night of Saturday (October, 1493) the thunder and rain being very violent, Saint Elmo appeared on the topgallant-mast with seven lighted tapers; that is to say, we saw those fires which the sailors believe to proceed from the body of the saint. Immediately all on board began to sing litanies and thanksgivings, for the sailors hold it for certain that as soon as St. Elmo appears, the danger of the tempest is over. But, however this may be, &c. Herrera also notices, that Magellan's sailors had the same superstitions.

Thus it appears that the auspicious view which the ancients took of this phenomenon continued also during the middle ages, modified, however, by the religious faith of the observers. As we approach our own times superstition gradually relinquishes its hold of this appearance; and more matter-of-fact observers, forgetful of the bodies of saints illuminated by wax-tapers, speak of it as it is, and even make it ridiculous by attributing to it a material character which it certainly does not possess. Forbin, sailing among the Balearic Islands in 1696, relates, that during the night a sudden darkness came on, accompanied by fearful lightning and thunder. All the sails were furled, and preparations were made for the storm. "We saw more than thirty Saint Elmo's fires. There was one playing upon the vane of the mainmast more than a foot and a half high. I sent a man up to bring it down. When he was aloft he cried out that it made a noise like wetted gunpowder in burning. I told him to take off the vane and come down; but scarcely had he removed it from its place than the fire quitted it and re-appeared at the end of the mast without any possibility of removing it. It remained for a long time, and gradually went out."

We come now to divest the phenomenon of all its romance in the plain statements of two intelligent observers. The first is Lieutenant Milne of the Royal Navy, who, in a communication to Professor Jameson, states that he was off the coast of Brazil in September, 1827; the day had been sultry, and heavily charged clouds had been collecting in the S.W. As evening approached it became very dark; the lightning was very vivid, and was followed by heavy peals of distant thunder. About ten o'clock a light was observed on the extremity of the vane-staff at the mast-head, and shortly afterwards another on the weather side of the fore-top-sail-yard. One of the midshipmen, curious to examine this appearance a little more closely, went aloft. He found that it appeared to proceed from an iron bolt in the yard-arm; its size was rather larger than that of a walnut, and it had a faint yellow cast in the centre, approaching to blue on the external edge. On applying his hand to it, it made a noise like the burning of a port-fire, emitting at the same time a dense smoke without any sensible smell. On taking away his hand it resumed its former appearance, but when he applied the sleeve of his wet jacket, it ran

up, it, and immediately became extinguished, and did not appear again. The light on the vane-staff retained its position for upwards of an hour, but on account of the heavy rain, and probably also from having been struck by the vane attached to the staff, it went out, but resumed its position after the rain had ceased, although with a less degree of brightness.

In the above account the only circumstance which we do not understand is the dense smoke said to have been emitted by the light. This may perhaps be attributed to the imagination of the observer who witnessed the phenomenon for the first time. Other accounts are given by Lieutenant Milne, but these we need not repeat. He says that the fire usually appeared on metal, such as iron bolts and copper spindles; but, on one occasion, he noticed it on a spindle of hard wood from which the copper had been removed. He states that bad weather always followed the phenomenon.

In a letter from Mr. William Traill of Kirkwall, to Professor Traill, dated 16th of May, 1837, and published in the scientific journals of the time, is an interesting notice of St. Elmo's fire in Orkney. During a tremendous gale in February, 1837, a large boat was sunk, but the crew succeeded in getting her up again and dragging her to the shore. This was accomplished by night, and they had to wait until three o'clock on the following morning until the tide should ebb from her. During this time she was attached to the shore by an iron chain about thirty fathoms long, which did not touch the water; when suddenly Mr. Traill beheld "a sheet of blood-red flame extending along the shore, for about thirty fathoms broad and one hundred fathoms long, commencing at the chain and stretching along in the direction of the shore, which was E.S.E., the wind being N.N.W. at the time. The flame remained about ten seconds, and occurred four times in about two minutes." The boatmen, about thirty in number, who were sheltering themselves from the weather, were apparently alarmed and about to make inquiries when attention was suddenly attracted by a most splendid appearance at the boat. "The whole mast was illuminated, and from the iron spike at the summit a flame of one foot long was pointed to the N.N.W., from which a thunder-cloud was rapidly coming. The cloud approached, which was accompanied by thunder and hail; the flame increased and followed the course of the cloud till it was immediately above, when it arrived at the length of nearly three feet, after which it rapidly diminished, still pointing to the cloud as it was borne rapidly on to S.S.E. The whole lasted about four minutes, and had a most splendid appearance."

The popular opinion is that St. Elmo's fire now appears only on the points of ships' masts; but M. Arago confutes this opinion by adducing a variety of cases which seem to prove that the only reason why the phenomenon is not commonly seen on the tops of church spires, and on the summits of high buildings in general, is simply because people never look out for it; but a few recorded instances are sufficient to prove that good observers only are wanting to make the phenomenon much more common.

M. Binon, who was curé of Plauzet during twenty-seven years, informed Mr. Watson, the electrician, that during great storms accompanied with black clouds and frequent lightnings, the three pointed extremities of the cross of the steeple of that place appeared surrounded with a body of flame, and that when this phenomenon has been seen the storm was no longer to be dreaded, and calm weather returned soon after. In August, 1768, Liechtenberg noticed the Saint Elmo's fire on the steeple of St. Jacques at Gottingen. In January, 1778, during a violent storm accompanied by rain and hail, M. Mongez noticed luminous tufts on many of the most elevated summits of the city of Rozen.

The observation of Cæsar respecting the luminous points of his soldiers' spears has been repeated in modern times; and still more remarkable cases have occurred. In January, 1822, during a heavy fall of snow, M. de Thielaw, while on the road to Freyberg, noticed that the extremities of the branches of all the trees by the road side were luminous, the light appearing of a faint bluish tinge. In January, 1824, after a storm, M. Maxdorf noticed in a field near Cothen, a cart-load of straw, situated immediately under a large black cloud; the extremities of the straw appeared to be on fire, and the carter's whip was also luminous. This phenomenon lasted about ten minutes, and disappeared as the black cloud was blown away by the wind. Rozet, in his work on Algiers, relates, that on the 8th of May, 1831, after sunset, some artillery officers were walking, during a storm, on the terrace of the fort Babazon at Algiers. Their heads being uncovered, they saw, to their great astonishment, that each one's hair stood on end, and that each hair was terminated by a minute luminous tuft; on raising their hands these tufts formed also at the extremities of their fingers.

All these and various other phases under which the Saint Elmo's fire appears, admit of explanation on the principle which regulates a thunder-storm. The electrical balance between the clouds, a portion of the earth's surface directly opposed to these clouds, and the intermediate air, being disturbed, the particles of air, by a process called induction, increase this disturbance, throwing the clouds and the earth into two highly excited opposite states, which tend more and more to combine, according to the length of the process, until at last a union is effected by what Dr. Faraday calls a disruptive discharge, which is usually accompanied by lightning and thunder.

If it were possible to connect the clouds and the earth by a good metallic conductor, the electrical balance would be restored, and no such violent discharge would ensue. But it sometimes happens that when the air is in a highly excited state, a point projecting into it will effect a partial discharge. This is accompanied by a luminous burst of light and a sort of roaring noise. The experiment can be shown at the electrical machine, and is known as the brush discharge. It usually takes place between a good and a bad conductor; it commences at the root of the brush, and is complete at the point of the rod, before the more distant particles of air acquire the same electrical intensity. Hence, in the foregoing examples, it will be seen that the points of ships' masts, the extremities of church steeples, and even less elevated objects, are all subject to a visitation from Saint Elmo's fire; or, in other words, when placed in highly excited air, an electrical discharge may take place upon them, of so slow a character as to be entirely free from danger. It is the immense velocity with which lightning travels, which causes it to commit such fearful havoc when it strikes badly conducting substances.

A Spanish Kitchen.—The kitchen-fire in Spain is usually made in the following manner. A square portion of the floor is allotted as hearth. On this are laid logs of wood, six or seven feet in length, with their ends together, like the sticks of a gipsy fire. As they are consumed, these logs are pushed forward till burnt out. Above is the chimney, formed of boarding in the shape of an immense funnel, with the broad part downwards, and reaching within about seven feet of the fire. The funnel conducts to a narrower orifice above. Meat is roasted, and all the cookery is carried on by the mere use of the burning wood on this primitive hearth. The fire is usually of enormous size; and at the Inn of Remesvalles a bench occupied two sides, on which I was not sorry to take an half-hour's seat after my supper, the elevation of the spot having made the air chilly.—*Travels in France and Spain, by the Rev. F. Trench.*



[Cassetta de' Burattini.]

CASSETTA DE' BURATTINI.

THE box of puppets (Burattini or Fantoccini), or what is, or was, legitimately called a puppet-show (from the French word *poupée*), was more frequently exhibited at Rome and the other cities of Italy than the Magic Lantern. There was more life and variety in it. Some of the burattini played comedy, some tragedy and Scripture pieces, which last bore a close family resemblance to the old Mysteries and Moralities of the English stage. The death of Judas Iscariot was a favourite subject; and particular attention was paid to the hanging scene, and to the last scene of all, where little devils with horns and tails came to clutch the traitor and apostate:

* "Piombò quell' alma a l' infernal riviera,
E si fé grau tremuoto in quel momento."

"Down went the sinner loaded with his crime—
Down to deep hell; and earthquakes mark'd the time."

Even with the small box-puppets, or Burattini, playing in the streets by broad daylight, great effects have been produced upon the Roman populace and the peasants of the neighbourhood; and critics have been heard criticizing the piece and the tiny puppets with all the gravity and acumen of Partridge in 'Tom Jones,' who loved a puppet-show "of all the pastimes upon earth." Much ingenuity was displayed by the ventriloquist and puppet-mover inside the curtains, who not only moved the various figures and spoke for his personæ dramatis, but, in many cases, invented and extemporized the dialogues which were put into their mouths. But far grander than these perambulatory exhibitions were the plays performed within doors in Fantoccini-Theatres, or in large rooms converted, for the nonce, into theatres of that sort. There was such a theatre at Rome in our time, though not quite in so flourishing a condition as one at Naples, which stood at the corner of a street, opposite to the Castello Nuovo, on the broad way which leads from the port and that seat of fun and frolic the "Molo" towards the Strada Toledo and the courtly part of the city. In these puppet theatres there was a regular stage, with green baize curtain, footlights, and other accessories. [We were going to say scenes; but as the three unities of action, time, and place were strictly adhered to, there was only one scene used for one play; and as by a little stretch of the imagination this one scene—indistinct by age and long use—might

be taken just as well for a church as for a castle, or for a forest as for a cave, or for any other thing in hand, this one scene served for all manner of pieces, from the death of Cain to the exploits of Rinaldo or the misadventures of Policinella.] But here, as was the case with Partridge's friend, the figures were as big as the life, or nearly so, and the whole puppet-show was performed with great regularity and solemnity. Some orators might have studied with advantage the striking attitudes into which these figures were pulled and twitched by the invisible movers of the wires; for here there was more than one Pygmalion to give life, motion, and speech to the burattini; and the machinery was far more complicate and perfect than in the street shows. And some good people there were who thought that the automata were more natural and far more impressive than the living actors and actresses of the penny theatres in their neighbourhood. One old boatman we knew who came from Sorrento, and who would never attend any other theatre than the puppet-show, to which he went regularly twice or thrice a week; but we believe that this arose out of some religious or moral scruples. The owner of that puppet theatre was an ingenious man, and one that had a high notion of the dignity of his profession. When very hard pressed, he could not deny that a representation by living actors and actresses had some advantages over a representation by dolls and puppets. "But," he would say, "there is one decided advantage which I, as Impresario, have over my rivals: they are always tormented by the wants, the caprices, and rebellions of their company; but my little men and women of wood and wire and rags never give me any such trouble: they are often made to suffer martyrdoms by the intolerable tyranny of their prima donna, or of their chief tyrant, or primo amoroso; with them it is always happening that this lady has got a cold and won't sing—that this gentleman is in love, or in drink, or put under restraint for debt, and can't act; and then the jars about the distribution of parts, and the deadly jealousy and hatreds that break out, and oftentimes mar the best pieces! But I know none of these sore troubles: my company have no caprices, no jealousies, no tyranny, no wants, no colds; they never quarrel with me or among themselves, and, above all things, they never ask me for money:—they are never missing at play or rehearsal; and when they are done playing, *Puff!* (whack) I throw them into my boxes

and lock them up! Ministers of State, who manage kingdoms, have been put to it how to manage a royal company of actors and actresses. A child might manage my Fantoccini."

In the Elizabethan age, when so much was brought from Italy to grace our literature and improve us in the arts, the Fantoccini, if not then introduced for the first time, appear to have become rather popular in England. It should appear, however, that these first puppets were very diminutive in size, and were exhibited only at fairs and wakes. Bartholomew Fair, in London, was where they shined most. Their plays were then called "motions." Ben Jonson makes his Bartholomew Fair puppet-showman say—"Oh! the motions that I, Lanthorn Leatherhead, have given light to in my time, since my master Pod died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineveh, and the city of Norwich. . . . But the Gunpowder Plot, there was a get-penny!"* The same great personage says—"Your home-burn subjects prove ever the best, they are so easy and familiar: they put too much learning in their things now-a-days!" Yet it should seem that Eastern and Scriptural subjects formed by far the greater part of the stock of these puppet plays. In another place Ben Jonson names one puppet play which enjoyed a long run, and which he calls "A new motion of the City of Nineveh, with Jonas and the Whale."† These tiny puppets evidently aspired to no higher fame than such as could be gotten from children and the poorer people. But the bigger puppets, the Fantoccini, that were as large as life, or nearly so (like those of our Neapolitan manager), were destined to obtain the admiration of the grown-up fashionable world, and of full-grown royalty itself. Some Italian speculators of this last kind found their way to England in the time of Charles II. In the summer of 1662 Samuel Pepys saw the puppet plays in Covent Garden; and in the autumn of that year they were exhibited before King Charles and the court in the palace of Whitehall. It was nearly at the same time that women were first introduced upon the English stage to perform the female parts, which had hitherto been done by boys and young men, the latter having always been clean shaved before they put on the dress of Desdemona or Ophelia, or of such other delicate part as they might have to play. But this nearer approach to real life did not affect the popularity of the wooden actors. The Italian puppet-shows took amazingly, and continued for many years to be frequented by the fashionable world, and a large part of town. With many these shows even rivalled the Italian opera of that day; and Signor Nicolini Grimaldi, that admirable Neapolitan singer and actor, was often deserted for his wooden countryman Policinella and the other puppets that played tragedy and comedy.

[To be continued.]

ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.

(From the Supplement to the Penny Cyclopædia.)

IN a brief sketch of the history of this invention, in a lecture delivered by Mr. Vignoles (then professor of civil engineering at University College, London), to the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, in October, 1842, that gentleman observed that the idea of producing motion by atmospheric pressure was conceived by Papin, the well-known French engineer, nearly two centuries since; and that, after slumbering for more than a century, the subject had been successively taken up by Messrs. Lewis, Medhurst, Vallance, and Pinkus, and lastly by Mr. Clegg; by whom, in connection with the late Mr. Jacob Samuda, the practicability of this mode of locomotion has been fully proved. Of the

connection of the name of Lewis with this invention the writer has no other intimation; but the publications of the late Mr. Medhurst, who was a practical mechanician or engineer, carrying on business in London, and known as the inventor of an ingenious printing-press, show that he not only cherished the idea of locomotion by atmospheric pressure for many years, but also devised, among other plans for its accomplishment, one which, excepting in practical detail, greatly resembles the present atmospheric railway. Medhurst published a short account of his scheme in 1810, under the title of 'A New Method of Conveying Letters and Goods by Air,' and in 1812 he issued another pamphlet of 'Calculations and Remarks,' to prove the practicability and advantages of such a mode of conveyance; but, as he observes in a more recent work, "these publications met with that indifference and contempt which usually attend all attempts to deviate so widely from established customs." In the pamphlet from which this remark is quoted, which was published in 1827, entitled 'A New System of Inland Conveyance for Goods and Passengers,' is a fuller account of the various modes in which it was proposed to accomplish the desired object; the principal of which were, first, the construction of an air-tight tunnel of sufficient magnitude to admit the passage of carriages within it, running upon iron rails, and propelled by forcing in air behind them by pumping machinery, the carriages being made so nearly to fit the tunnel that the air thus forced in could not pass them, but must act upon them as upon a piston; secondly, the propulsion of such carriages, in certain cases, in the reverse direction, by exhausting the tunnel in front of them, instead of forcing in air behind them; thirdly, the use of a smaller tunnel, containing what may be termed a piston-carriage for the conveyance of goods within the tube or tunnel, and having a kind of valve which would open during the passage of the piston-carriage so as to allow a rod from it to pass out of the tunnel, and afford the means of propelling a second carriage, for passengers, running upon a railway either above or alongside of the tunnel, in the open air; and, fourthly, the construction of a railway or tram-road, in the centre of which should be laid a still smaller air-tight tube, containing a travelling piston which should be connected, as in the last-named contrivance, with an exterior carriage. One of the modes in which it was proposed to connect the carriage outside the tube or tunnel with the piston within it, was by an air-tight water-valve, which however would only have been applicable on a perfect level, and with a very low amount of atmospheric pressure; and another, applicable to all levels, was formed by thin elastic sheets of iron or copper, shutting down upon a soft substance, so as to form an air-tight joint, but capable of being readily lifted up to allow the passage of the connecting-bar, by the action of a wheel connected with the piston. In all cases Medhurst appears to have contemplated moving the piston by forcing air into the tube behind it, and thereby forming a plenum, in preference to forming a vacuum by exhausting the tube in advance of it; and he seems also to have formed a very inadequate idea of the degree of atmospheric pressure necessary to produce rapid motion, imagining that in a tunnel of thirty feet sectional area, carriages might be propelled at the rate of sixty miles per hour without the condensation of the air becoming uncomfortable to the passengers, who, according to his original plan, would not have been shielded from its effects.

Before the publication of the last mentioned pamphlet of Medhurst, but many years after the original promulgation of his scheme, Mr. Vallance, of Brighton, drew public attention to a smaller project, which, being brought forward at a season of extraordinary spec-

* 'Bartholomew Fair.' † 'Every Man out of his Humour'

culation, excited much interest, as well as no little ridicule. Vallance's scheme, which was fully explained in a pamphlet published by him in 1825, entitled 'Considerations on the expedience of sinking capital in Railways,' was, like Medhurst's original design, for conveying passengers along a railway laid within an air-tight tunnel, which he proposed to construct either of cast-iron or of vitrified clay resembling common brickwork, but less permeable to air; but knowing that experiments had proved a very great loss of power to result from the attempt to impel air through a long pipe, he proposed to set the piston-carriage in motion solely by exhausting the tunnel in advance of it and suffering the full pressure of the atmosphere to act upon its rear. This plan, which was patented in 1823, was brought into experimental operation at Brighton upon a sufficiently large scale to prove the possibility of so singular a mode of transport, but, had there been no other difficulties, the objections of the travelling public to transmission in a dark close tunnel would have proved sufficient to prevent its general adoption.

About the year 1835 the subject was revived in consequence of a patent being taken out by Mr. Henry Pinkus, an American gentleman residing in England, for an apparatus which he called the Pneumatic Railway, and which, as originally proposed, was to consist of a cast-iron tube from thirty-six to forty inches diameter internally, of an average thickness of three-quarters of an inch, and having a longitudinal slit or opening from one to two inches wide along what was, when laid in its proper position upon the railway, intended to be its upper side. Two ribs or cheeks, cast with the tube, along the sides of this opening, formed a channel or trough from four to five inches wide and deep, which, in order completely to close in the tube or tunnel, and prevent the ingress of air, was filled with a valvular cord of some soft and yielding substance strengthened by being formed upon a peculiarly constructed iron chain, so arranged that when the valve was laid in its place in the trough, the soft matter should completely exclude the passage of air, while the iron portion of the valve, lying upon and covering the edges of the vertical cheeks, should at once protect the valvular cord from injury and prevent its being forced into the tube by an external pressure. Within this tube was placed a piston-carriage, denominated the dynamic traveller, which was impelled forward by the pressure of the atmosphere in its rear whenever, by the action of pumping machinery connected with the tube, a partial vacuum was formed in front of it. In the rear of the piston the dynamic traveller carried an apparatus for lifting the valvular cord out of its seat, so as to allow of the free passage along the slit or opening of a connecting bar by which the dynamic traveller was placed in communication with an external carriage, called the governor, to which the vehicles to be drawn were attached; and immediately after the passage of this connecting-rod the valve was restored to its place, its sides being fresh lubricated by an apparatus attached to the governor, and the whole being pressed firmly down by a wheel or roller. In this form of the apparatus the governor and the carriage attached to it ran upon rails attached to or cast upon the external sides of the pneumatic tube; but in a subsequent modification of the invention the tube was greatly reduced in size, and laid down in the middle of the track of an ordinary railway, and a kind of pneumatic locomotive engine was substituted for the governor, the pistons of this engine working after the manner of a common locomotive engine, excepting that, in lieu of steam, a motive power was to be obtained from the atmosphere, by the aid of the valvular tube, with which the engine was in communication. The former plan was pub-

licly exhibited in a small model, and an experimental railway was partially laid down near the Kensington Canal for the trial of the latter upon a practical scale, under the auspices of an association formed for bringing the pneumatic railway into use; but, from what cause we are not aware, the matter fell through.

The failure which had attended so many attempts to bring pneumatic transport to a practical trial led to a very general feeling of distrust, when, in 1840, Messrs. Clegg and Samuda brought forward their "Atmospheric Railway;" but after some satisfactory experiments upon a more limited scale, those gentlemen arranged with the proprietors of the then unfinished Thames Junction or West London Railway for the temporary use of a portion of their line near Wormwood Scrubbs, upon which they laid down about half a mile of railway, with a rising gradient partly of one in one hundred and twenty, and partly of one in one hundred and fifteen, and with the disadvantage of a very badly laid track formed of old contractor's rails (which, it is curious to observe, had formed part of the original rails of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway); yet, notwithstanding these and other unfavourable circumstances arising from the imperfection of the machinery, and the shortness of the line, which would not admit of the attainment of a maximum speed, the results of the first trials, on the 11th of June, 1840, showed a maximum speed of thirty miles per hour with a load of five tons nine hundredweight in one carriage, and of twenty-two miles and a half per hour with a load of eleven tons ten hundredweight in two carriages. This experimental line, which had an atmospheric tube of only nine inches diameter, was publicly exhibited in action at intervals, for many months, during which it was visited by many eminent engineers of this and other countries, and its success was considered by the directors of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway to be so decisive, that they determined to adopt the atmospheric mode of working upon a projected extension of their line from Kingstown to Dalkey, the gradients and curves of which rendered it unsuitable for working by locomotive engines. This line, which was so far completed as to be ready for working in August, 1843, is at present (December, 1844) the only line of atmospheric railway in existence, the first-mentioned line having been removed to allow the completion of the West London Railway, which is worked by locomotives; but though no other lines are yet made, the London and Croydon Railway Company have recently obtained parliamentary sanction to a plan for laying down a line of atmospheric railway, alongside of their present road, from London to Croydon, and making an extension of the same from Croydon to Epsom, by which arrangement there will be a complete atmospheric line of about eighteen miles, half of which will run parallel with and close to a railway worked by locomotive engines, thus affording the most satisfactory data for comparison between the two modes of transport.

[To be continued.]

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

III.—THE KNIGHT'S TALE—continued.

In the grove, at the place and time appointed, Arcite and Palamon met:—

Then changen gan the colour of their face;
Right as the hunter in the regne of Thrace
That standeth at a gappe with a spear,
When hunted is the lion or the bear,

And hearth him come rushing in the greves,*
 And breaking both the boughs, and the leaves,
 And thinketh—Here cometh my mortal enemy,
 Withouten fail he must be dead or I;
 For either I must slay him at the gap,
 Or he must slay me, if that me mishap.
 So fareden they in changing of their hue.

There was no "Good day" exchanged, no saluting; but presently helping each other to arm, they rushed to the combat with their sharp spears—Palamon appearing like a wild lion, and Arcite as a cruel tiger.

Theseus that morning rode forth with Hypolita and Emily, and his court, all clad in green, to hunt, and by chance came to the very grove where the two knights were fighting; and where

Under the sun he looked, and anon
 He was ware of Arcite and Palamon,

and saw that

The bright sword wenten to and fro
 So hideously, that with the least stroke
 It seemed that it would sell an oak.

Rushing between the combatants, Theseus commanded them to desist, and to tell him what bold men they were who thus ventured to fight without any proper officer standing by. Palamon hastily answered, Sire, what needeth many words? We have both deserved death. Two miserable wretches are we, weary of our lives; and as thou art a rightful lord and judge, show mercy to neither of us. Slay me first for charity's sake, but slay my companion also. This is Arcite, who came to thy gate calling himself Philostrate, and who has so long deceived thee, that thou hast made him thy chief squire. This is he that loves Emily. And since the day is come that I must die, I confess plainly that I am Palamon.

Theseus said, This is a short conclusion, and I will record it. There is no need to humiliate you with the hangman's cord; you shall die by the weapon of mighty Mars.

Then began the queen, and Emily, and all the ladies of the train, to weep for pity. Have mercy, lord! they cried, falling upon their knees. And at last the fierce mood of Theseus was assuaged. He began to think that every man will help himself in love, if he can, and he looked with compassion upon the women, who wept continually. So when his ire had departed

He gan to looken up with eyen light,

and spoke thus:—

The God of love, ah, *Benedicite!*
 How mighty and how great a lord is he,
 Against his might, there gainen non obstacles,
 He may be clep'd a God, for his miracles,
 For he can maken at his owen guise,
 Of every heart, as that him list devise.

Look here upon this Arcite and this Palamon! They were out of prison, might have lived royally in Thebes—they knew I was their mortal enemy, and that their death is the penalty for their coming into my hands, yet hath Love brought them hither:—

Who maye be a fool, but if he love?
 Behold for Goddess sake, that sittest above!
 See, how they bleed!

And, best of all, she, for whom they do all this, knows no more of it than a cuckoo or a hare. But I, in my time, have been a servant of Love, and am aware how sorely it can oppress a man. So I forgive you this trespass, and you shall both swear never more to make war upon me or my beloved country, and to become as far as possible my friends. The knights swore as he wished.

To speak of wealth and lineage, continued Theseus,

* Groves.

each of ye were worthy of Emily, though she were a duchess or a queen, but ye may not both wed her:

one of you, all be him loth or lief,*

He must go pipen in an ivy leaf.

Now hearken to what I propose. Each of you shall go where he pleases, and this day fifty weeks hence return with a hundred knights armed ready for battle. And this I promise, as I am a knight, that whoever with his hundred shall slay his antagonist or drive him out of the lists, shall have Emily to wife. I will make the lists here in this place. And God so judge me as I shall judge truly.

Who looketh lightly now but Palamon?

Who springeth up for joye but Arcite?

Who could it tell, or who could it endite,

The joye that is makid in the place,

When Theseus bath done so fair a grace?

And now Theseus goes briskly to work to prepare the royal lists; never before in the world was there so noble an amphitheatre as the one he built. Its compass was a mile about. It had walls of stone, with ditches outside. The shape was round, and the seats were so arranged that no man hindered another from seeing. On the eastern and western sides were gates of marble. In brief, never was there raised in such limits such a place; for all the most skilful artificers, painters, and sculptors of the kingdom were engaged by Theseus for its erection.

For the performance of rites and sacrifices, Theseus raised an oratory on the eastward gate in worship of Venus; and another on the western gate in remembrance of Mars; and a third in a turret on the wall, of white alabaster and red coral, in worship of Diana. But I must not forget to speak of the noble carvings and pictures, or the shape and countenances of the figures, that were in these three oratories.

First in the temple of Venus mayst thou see,
 Wrought on the wall, full piteous to behold,
 The broken sleepes, and the sikkest cold,
 The sacred teares, and the wainmings,†
 The fiery strokes of the desirings,
 That Love's servants in this life endure;—
 The oathes that their covenants assure.
 Pleasance and Hope, Desire, Foolhardiness,
 Beauty and Youth, ——— and Riches,
 Charmes and Force, Lesings and Flattery,
 Dispence,§ Business, and Jealousy,—
 That weared of yellow golde|| a garland,
 And had a cuckoo sitting on her hand;
 Feastes, instruments, and caroles and dances,
 Lust and array, and all the circumstances
 Of Love, which that I reckon and reckon shall
 By order weren painted on the wall,
 And more than I can make of mention;
 For sothly¶ all the Mount of Citheron,
 There** Venus hath her principal dwelling,
 Was showed on the wall in portaying.
 With all the garden, and the lustiness,††
 Nought was forgotten:—The porter Idleness;
 Ne Narcissus, the fair of yore agone;
 Ne yet the folly of King Solomon;
 Ne yet the greate strength of Hercules;
 Th' enchantment of Medea and Circe;
 Ne of Turnus the hasty fierce courage,
 Ne riche Croesus caitif in servage.
 Thus may ye see that wisdom nor riches,
 Beauty nor sleight, strength nor hardiness,
 Ne may with Venus holden champarty;‡‡

for as she pleases she may guide the world. A thousand more examples might be given, but let these suffice. The statue of Venus was truly glorious, as she appeared floating on the sea, partially covered by the green and transparent waves:

* Glad. † Sighs. ‡ Lamentations. § Expense.

|| The flower called the turnsol, which is yellow.

¶ Truly. ** Where.

†† Enjoyment or delight.

‡‡ Share of power.

A citole* in her right hand hadde she,
And on her head, full seemly for to see,
A rose garland fresh and well smelling,
Above her head her doves flickering.

In the temple of mighty Mars the Red, the wall was
painted like the interior of the great temple of Mars
in Thrace, where the god hath his sovereign mansion.

First on the wall was painted a forest,
In which there wonne† neither man nor beast,
With knotty, quarry,‡ barrh. trees old,
Of stubbes sharp and hideous to behold,
In which there ran a rumble and a swough,
As though a storm should bursten every bough;
And downward from a hill, under a bent,§
There stood the temple of Mars armipotent,
Wrought all of burnèd steel, of which the entrées
Was long and strait, and ghastly for to see;
And therout came a rage and such a vice,||
That it made all the gates for to rise.
The northern light in at the doore shone,
For window on the wall ne was there none,
Through which men mighten any light discern.
The doore was all of adamant etern,
Yclenchèd overthwart and endeloug,
With iron tough; and for to make it strong,
Every pillar the temple to sustene¶
Was tounè-great, of iron bright and sheeu.
There saw I first the dark imagining
Of Felony, and all the compassing;
The cruel ire, red as any glede,**
The pick-purse, and eke the pale drede,
The smiler with the knife under the cloak;
The shepen†† burning, with the blacke smoke;
The treason of the murdering in the bed;
The open war, with woundes all be-bled;
Conteket†† with bloody knife, and sharp meche.
All full of churking was that sorry place!
The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
His heart's blood hath bathed all his hair;
The nail ydriven in the shode§§ on height;
The colde death, with mouth gajung upright.
Amiddes of the temple sat Mischaunce,
With discomfort and sorry countenance;

* A musical instrument, supposed to be a kind of dulcimer.

† Dwelleth.

‡ Rush.

†† Stable.

§ Gnarled.

¶ Sustain.

†† Contest.

§ Steep, or declivity.

** Burning coal.

§§ Hair of the mad.

Yet saw I Woodness* laughing in his rage,
Armed Complaint, Outheft,† and fierce Outrage;
The carrion‡ in the bush with throat ycarven,
A thousand slain, and not of qualm ystarven;§
The tyrant, with the prey by force yrest;
The town destroyed—there was nothing left.
Yet saw I burnt the shippes hoppesteres;||
The hunt¶ ystrangled with the wilde bears;
The saw fretting** the child right in the cradle;
The cook ycalled for all his long ladle:
Nought was forgot by the infortune of Martè.††
The carter overriden with his cart,
Under the wheel full low he lay shewn.

Above, painted in the tower, Conquest sat, in great
honour, with a sword suspended by a thread over his
head. The statue of Mars, armed, looked grim, and a
wolf stood before him at his feet,

With eyes red, and of a man he sat,

The walls of the temple of Diana were painted every-
where with stories of the hunt and of shame-faced
chastity: of Calisto, who offended Diana and was
turned into a bear, and afterwards into the load-star,
of Acteon pursued by his own hounds for having whilst
hunting discovered the goddess bathing; of Atalanta,
and Meleager, and many others, who hunted the wild
boar, and suffered in consequence from Diana much
care and misery. The goddess sat on a hart full high,

With small houndes all about her feet;
And underneath her feet she had a moon,
Waxing it was, and shoulde wane soon.
In gaudy green her statue clothed was,
With bow in hand;

and arrows in the quiver at her back.

Thus were the lists made and arranged by Theseus,
at his great cost; and wondrously the whole pleased
him. And now the day approached of the return of
Palamon and Arcite.

* Madness. † Outcry. ‡ A putrefying body of the dead

§ That is to say, not ystarven, or dead, from disease, or qualm.

|| The meaning seems to be the ship was burnt even as she
—ster, danced—hoppe, on the waves; for of those two Saxon words
that we have italicised *hoppeteres* appears to have been formed

¶ Hunter.

** Devouring.

†† The Italian form of the word Mars.

[To be continued.]



"The Combat interrupted."



[Barfreston Church, from the South-east.]

BARFRETON CHURCH.

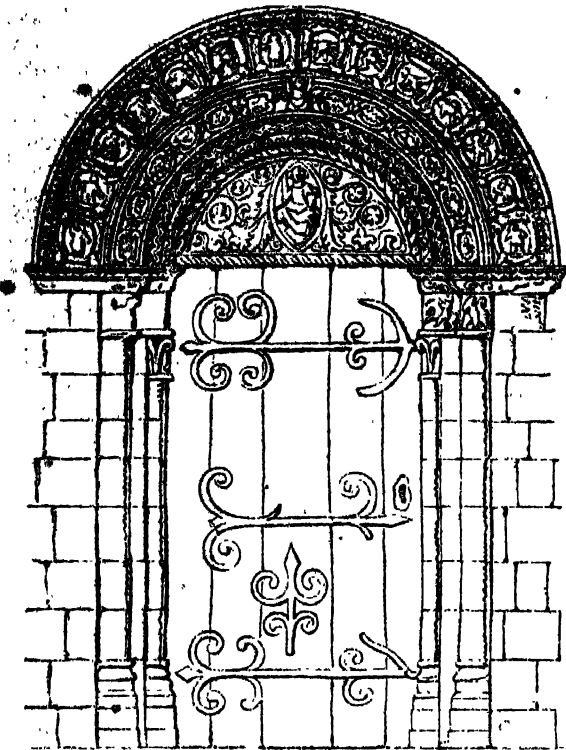
ON the chalky downs between Canterbury and Dover, about midway between the two, and about two miles north of the turnpike-road, is situated one of the earliest specimens of our ecclesiastical architecture yet remaining in a state of good preservation. It is the interesting little church of Barfreston, to which has been very commonly assigned an Anglo-Saxon origin, chiefly on account of the style of its arches. It has latterly been shown that the round arch was not a peculiarity of the Anglo-Saxons; and Mr. Charles Clarke, in Britton's 'Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain,' has assigned reasons for fixing the date of the erection about the end of the eleventh century. His reasoning is, that prior to the Conquest the parish appears to have been in a great measure uncultivated, and not to have belonged to any great proprietor. Subsequent to that event the whole parish became the property of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and after him it was divided into the two manorial portions of Barfreston and Hartanger, each of which was held by the service of performing watch and ward, and otherwise contributing to the defence of Dover Castle. Barfreston, in the Domesday Survey, was returned as consisting of two yokes, one of which is stated to be worth 10s., the other being untaxed, and both were given to Hugh de Port. Hartanger became the property of Simon FitzAdain, who held it as a knight's fee of Dover Castle, by the service of fifteen days' ward, and in the Domesday Survey it is valued at 60s. By these two families, and about this time, Mr. Clarke supposes the edifice to have been erected, and some peculiarities in the construction of the church seem to warrant the conclusion.

The church itself is but small, suitable to the size of the parish, which is stated by Hasted to contain four hundred and seventy acres; but in the Population

Returns of 1841 the number is given as three hundred and sixty only, and the population at one hundred and twenty-five, of whom one hundred and twenty-three had been born in the county. The church consists of a nave and chancel, the whole interior length of which is about forty-three feet; the width of the nave is sixteen feet eight inches, of the chancel thirteen feet six inches; they are separated from each other by a round-headed arch with zigzag mouldings, having on each side an arched niche, which Mr. Clarke supposes were for the enclosure of the seats claimed for the manors already noticed, and were partially open for allowing a view of the altar, with the offices of religion there performed, though now closed with plaster and white-wash. At the west end are two windows, one of which is large, with a mullion. At the east end are three arched windows, with a circular one above, surrounded with a band of heads, interspersed with deformed animals and flowers. On the south and north sides are four windows, between niches, of which there are five on the south side of the nave, with pointed arches, while the windows of the chancel have something like ogee arches, and the four niches have round arches. There are ornamented string-courses dividing the elevation into two parts, but at different heights in the nave and chancel. There are two entrances on the south side, of which the principal one is in the nave, and of this we give a representation.

This doorway, as will be seen, is very richly ornamented. On the transom of the arch, Christ is represented in the centre throned on a cloud, with the right hand elevated as giving the benediction; the other rests on a book lying on his right knee, and surrounded with foliage. Two scroll cornices surround this, and on the architrave above is a figure with uplifted hands. The architrave itself, in a double circuit, contains, in twenty-six compartments, each separated by foliage, a series of figures in various attitudes, but of which

the meaning is wholly lost. On the pillars on the right hand of the door is the sculpture of a military figure on horseback, which in its general appearance resembles the horsemen in the Bayeux tapestry, though



the helmet is rather flatter. There is no tower, but formerly a wooden turret was added, which has been long since removed. Under the windows at the east end are two recesses, "conjectured," says Mr. Clarke, "to have been formed [as places of sepulchre] for those owners of the manors within the parish who were the constructors of the church, as they are evidently an after work, yet of sufficient antiquity."

Though occasionally subjected to the process of white-washing, the whole has been preserved in a tolerably perfect state, and has been recently repaired in a very good taste, and at an expense, it is said, of nearly two thousand pounds. It stands nearly in the centre of the parish, and is dedicated to St. Mary. It is a rectory, in the gift of St. John's College, Oxford, and in the 'Report of the Commissioners appointed by his Majesty to inquire into the Ecclesiastical Revenue of England and Wales,' published in 1835, the church is stated to be capable of accommodating one hundred persons, and the net yearly value of the rectory to be 182*l.*, exclusive of 200*l.* per annum allowed by the College. The soil of the parish on the hills is chiefly chalk, and not very fertile; the valleys have a deeper staple of clay, and are more productive. The whole is chiefly arable. It is said to be exceedingly healthy. Hasted gives a curious account of a funeral, in which the deceased, the persons officiating, and the mourners, had all attained ages varying from eighty to one hundred years. It has no fair, nor any charitable endowments.

We may add that the road to Barfreston (pronounced Barston) from Dover furnishes a very pleasant excursion, embracing a great variety of scenery; the heights of West Cliff, the low, quiet, rural seclusion of River, the plantations that occasionally intervene, the open downs with its border of cultivation near the road, and the ocean opening out from behind, after a considerable part of the elevation has been gained.

At the southern extremity of the parish are found some Roman tumuli, but the principal lie in the adjoining parish of Sibbertswell. The surface of the whole of these Downs, known as Barham Downs, though lying in several parishes, is an alternation of hill and dale. On one of the elevations is Three-Barrow Down, so called from three barrows or tumuli on it. At this spot are some curious remains of Roman intrenchments; the earthworks are large, the trenches deep, and the whole of considerable extent, occupying the entire front of Denn Hill on the edge of the Downs. These intrenchments are said to have formed the principal camp of Cæsar, and were certainly well adapted for such a purpose, as from thence he commanded the country he had passed, and on the shore of which he had left his fleet, before he prepared himself for an advance. There are many other Roman remains in different parts of these Downs.

CASSETTA DE' BURATTINI.

[Concluded from p. 109.]

At this time or early in the eighteenth century the puppet-show manager was not an Italian, but a native of this island, named Powell, who has been handed down to the admiration of posterity in the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator,' and whose fame has been preserved in other enduring records. This Powell, it appears, exhibited alternately in Covent Garden, London, and at a theatre of his own in the gay city of Bath. Steele and Addison—for both these eminent writers had a hand in the papers about Powell in the 'Tatler'—are supposed to have typified, by the character and doings of the puppet-showman and his rivals, a fierce literary controversy between Hoadley and Blackhall, Bishop of Exeter; but, read in their obvious sense, their descriptions are very amusing. All the women, they say, are gadding after the puppet-show, and Mr. Powell, speaking for his Punch, is bespattering people of honour, and saying many things which ought not to be said. "I am credibly informed," says Steele, "that he makes a profane low jester, whom he calls Punch, speak to the dishonour of Isaac Bickerstaff with great familiarity. . . . I think I need not say much to convince all the world that this Mr. Powell, for that is his name, is a pragmatist and vain person. . . . But I would have him to know that I can look beyond his wires, and know very well the whole trick of his art; and that it is only by these wires that the eye of the spectator is cheated, and hindered from seeing that there is a thread in one of Punch's chops, which draws it up and lets it fall at the discretion of the said Powell, who stands behind and plays him, and makes him speak saucily of his betters." In another place the 'Tatler' speaks out still more plainly.—"Mr. Powell," says the fictitious Bickerstaff, "was so disingenuous as to make one of his puppets (*I wish I knew which of them it was*) declare, by way of prologue, that one Isaac Bickerstaff, a pretended esquire, had written a scurrilous piece to the dishonour of that rank of men. . . . I do therefore solemnly declare, notwithstanding that I am a great lover of art and ingenuity, that if I hear he opens any of his people's mouths against me, I shall not fail to write a critique upon his whole performance; for I must confess, that I have naturally so strong a desire of praise, that I cannot bear reproach, though from a piece of timber. As for Punch, who takes all opportunity of bespattering me, I know very well his origin, and have been assured by the joiner who put him together that he was long in dispute with himself whether he should turn him into several pegs and utensils, or make him the man he is. The same person confessed to me that he had once actually laid aside his head, for a nut-cracker. As for his scolding

wife, however she may value herself at present, it is very well known that she is but a piece of crab-tree. This artificer further whispered in my ear, that all his courtiers and nobles were taken out of a quickset hedge not far from Islington; and that Dr. Faustus himself, who is now so great a conjurer, is supposed to have learned his whole art from an old woman in that neighbourhood, whom he long served in the figure of a broomstick."

This Powell the puppet-showman, and his drama of 'Dr. Faustus,' which is said to have been performed to crowded-houses throughout two seasons, to the utter neglect of good plays and living players, did not escape the keen picture-satire of Hogarth. In one of his plates a great crowd is seen rushing into a doorway, over which Punch or a harlequin is pointing to the inscription, "Dr. Faustus is here;" behind the crowd a woman is wheeling a barrow and crying about as waste paper the works of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Otway, Dryden, Congreve, &c., with which the said wheelbarrow is filled. In this picture* Powell and his puppets appear as rivals to that famous conjuror, mountebank, and sleight-of-hand man, Faux or Fawkes, who has taken post on the opposite side of the way, and is also drawing a crowd to see his performances; but it should seem that these two great luminaries sometimes shined in conjunction, and that the conjurer and the puppet-showman were occasionally close allies. In an advertisement and puff which has scarcely been surpassed even in the puffing age we live in, it is said—"Whereas the town hath been lately alarmed, that the famous Fawkes was robbed and murdered, returning from performing at the *Duchess of Buckingham's house at Chelsea*; which report being raised and printed by a person to gain money to himself, and prejudice the above-mentioned Mr. Fawkes, whose unparalleled performance has gained him so much applause from the greatest of quality, and most curious observers; we think, both in justice to the injured gentleman and for the satisfaction of his admirers, that we cannot please our readers better than to acquaint them he is alive, and will not only perform his usual surprising dexterity of hand, posture-master, and musical clock, but, for the greater diversion of the quality and gentry, has agreed with the famous Powell, of the Bath, for the season, who has the largest, richest, and most natural figures and finest machines in England, and whose former performances in Covent Garden were so engaging to the town as to gain the approbation of the best judges, to show his puppet plays along with him, beginning at the Christmas holidays next, at the Old Tennis Court, in James's Street, near the Haymarket." At one time (in the days of good Queen Anne) Powell, acting for himself and by himself, placed his show under the piazzas of Covent Garden. The ancient under-sexton and pew-opener of St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, complained to the 'Spectator' that he found his congregation now take the warning of the church bell, which he had daily rung for twenty years, for morning and evening prayer, as a summons to Powell's puppet-show under the piazzas, instead of a summons to church. "I have," says the poor bellman, "placed my son at the piazzas, to acquaint the ladies that the bell rings for church, and that it stands on the other side of the Garden; but they only laugh at the child. I desire you would lay this letter before all the world, that I may not be made such a tool for the future, and that Punchinello may choose hours less canonical. As things are now, Mr. Powell has a full congregation, while we have a very thin house."

Powell, as has been observed, was an innovator;* for while his contemporary puppet-show managers performed the 'Old Creation of the World' and 'Noah's

Flood,' after the fashion of the ancient mysteries and moralities, Powell introduced a pig to dance a minuet with Punch.* 'Whittington and his Cat,' as played by Powell's puppets, rivalled the popularity of the opera of 'Rinaldo and Armida,' as played and sung by flesh and blood Italians in the Haymarket.† Powell was deformed and a cripple, but he made hay while the sun shone, and grew rich by exhibiting his puppet-shows before that taste passed away. His friend, and some time coadjutor, Mr. Fawkes, the conjurer, also made a large fortune. Our conjurers and showmen are not so fortunate and so worldly wise now-a-days; but other exhibitors, and impostors of a much less innocent and infinitely less amusing kind, still grow rich upon the bad taste and credulity of the times. After a reign longer than that of most sovereigns, Punch was compelled to abdicate the realms of Covent Garden and St. James's, and all the puppets were fain to retreat to obscurer regions. The grown-up people of quality had renounced their allegiance, and after this revolution the puppet-show (however big the figures might be) was considered as an amusement fit for none but children and poor people. It, however, took a long time to put down the puppet theatres altogether. In the early part of the present century there was a theatre of the kind in the vicinity of Fleet Street,‡ and another in some street or lane in the heart of the city. We well remember seeing 'Romeo and Juliet' played at one of these houses, to the evident delight of an audience which certainly did not consist entirely of children. But now the only remnant of these glories is to be found in the Punch of the streets, and the little puppets that dance in the streets upon a board, or that exhibit their pleasant antics in the booth of some country fair. Partridge's friend, the puppet-showman, who was all for the grand and serious, boasted that he had thrown out Punch and his wife Joan, and all such idle trumpery, together with "a great deal of low stuff that did very well to make folks laugh, but was never calculated to improve the morals of young people, which (he continued) certainly ought to be principally aimed at in every puppet-show." "I would by no means degrade the ingenuity of your profession," answered Jones, "but I should have been glad to have seen my old acquaintance, Master Punch, for all that; and so far from improving, I think that by leaving out him and his merry wife Joan you have spoiled your puppet-show." But Master Punch and Mistress Joan, or Judy, could not be left out long: the sympathies of the world were with them, and so they were brought back, and made to survive all the fine lords, kings, emperors, queens, empresses, heroes, and patriarchs that ever figured in the puppet-show; and, indeed, (the dancing-dolls being so insignificant), Punch may now be considered not only as the only genuine representative which remains of our old stage, but also as the only living representative of the puppet world. The case is somewhat different in Italy, for there fantoccini theatres remain, and other dramas are played in the streets besides that of Punch and Judy; yet, even there, Punch indisputably takes the foremost rank; nay, it has been considered that he has a whole kingdom—Naples, the only kingdom in the Peninsula; as the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom of the Emperor of Austria is but a fiction—in allegiance to him. But Punch, under the various phases of his existence, in Italy and in the other parts of the wide world, in most of which he is found under some alias or other, is so grand a subject, that we must leave the discussion of it for another paper.

* 'Spectator.' † Id.

‡ In the days of Ben Jonson, the place where the Fantoccini were exhibited daily was by Fleet Bridge.

RED SNOW AND RAIN.

In the course of Captain Parry's Arctic Expedition it was a matter of curiosity and surprise with him and his party to find that nearly all the ice over which they passed yielded, by heavy pressure, a light rose-coloured tint. This was brighter in some places than in others, and the depth to which the colour extended in the snow was also various; but the fact itself was matter of every-day observation. The loaded sledges in passing over the hardened snow produced this tinge upon it; and though this was at first attributed to the colouring matter being pressed out of the birch of which they were made, yet when the runners of the boats and even their own footmarks presented a similar appearance, the observers were obliged to seek for other means of accounting for the phenomenon. But on bottling some of the red snow, and examining it closely with a microscope, they were unable to discover anything which could give it this unnatural colour.

The appearance of rose-coloured snow was remarked by Captain Ross on many occasions. In Baffin's Bay he found whole mountains reddened by it, to the extent of six miles in length and six hundred feet in height. This snow was examined, and was found to contain what appeared to be a living vegetable organization. The most plausible supposition as to the origin of these minute vegetables was, that they were foreign bodies wafted through the air from some distant spot, and accumulated into masses by the melting of the snow on which they had been deposited. They were considered as belonging to the class of cryptogamic plants, and as forming the species named by Agardh *Protococcus nivalis*.

The later researches of naturalists, and especially of Mr. R. J. Shuttleworth, have, however, established the fact that the greater part of the snow thus tinged with red is filled with vast numbers of animals of exceeding minuteness, but endowed with swift motion, and distinguished by varying depths of colour. Some patches of coloured snow collected on the Grimsel, in those places where the snow never entirely melts, were taken for the examination which supplied this extraordinary fact. The colouring matter was contained in the intervals of the coarse granular arrangement common in old snow, and thus gave a veined appearance to the surface. The coloured spots extended several inches, sometimes a foot, beneath the surface. Occasionally the colour was much brighter at a few inches depth than at the top. Wherever rocks or stones had occasioned little wells in the snow, the colouring was conspicuous, and extended the whole depth; but in general it penetrated to a very trifling extent.

When placed in vessels of earthenware, the snow gradually melted, and the colouring matter was deposited on the sides and bottom of the vessels in the form of a deep red powder. On being placed under a powerful microscope, this powder proved to be a collection of organized bodies of different forms and natures, some of which were vegetables, but a much larger proportion animals. Many of them were of a bright red approaching to blood-colour; some were crimson; others of a very deep brown, or of an opaque red. There were also other bodies, either colourless or greyish, the greater portion of which were evidently of vegetable origin. Those which mainly contributed to give the coloured tinge to the snow were small infusory animals of a reddish brown hue, and of an oval form. They were in great numbers, and nearly opaque: their movements were performed with astonishing rapidity, and were chiefly horizontal; but there were some among them whose bodies were observed to be pear-shaped rather than oval, and these often stopped in the middle of their course, and turned rapidly round on

their pointed extremities without changing their places. The only traces of organization observable in these creatures were one or two reddish and nearly transparent spots, occurring either in the centre or at one of the extremities. These were supposed to be the stomachs of the animals.

Others of the infusoria were much larger than the above, brighter in colour, and to a considerable degree transparent. They were round or oval in shape, and were surrounded with a margin or colourless membrane. There was no trace of internal organization in these animals, and they were perfectly motionless. Some very minute bodies were also found under the microscope, of a beautiful blood-red colour, though somewhat transparent. These appeared to have a small cleft or very narrow opening at one of their edges. Their movement was in circles, and they turned upon their axes at the same time. There were others of a deeper colour in the centre, but surrounded with a colourless membrane. There was a transparent opening in the mass, at one determinate point towards the edge, having the shape of a half-moon, and communicating with the membranous border. These were also motionless bodies, and it could not be determined with certainty to which genus to refer them.

Thus in Alpine and in Arctic regions, where the temperature might be supposed to be inimical to animal life, there exists, among fields of perpetual snow, an infinite number of microscopic beings, constituting, as it were, a new world of discovery, only to be explored by means of the highest powers of our scientific instruments, and even then so imperfectly that we must wait for the progress of improvement to perfect these ere we can hope for anything beyond the most superficial acquaintance with the inhabitants of that snowy territory.

To the existence of these red animalcula may also be chiefly attributed the several phenomena which have caused, at different periods, so much terror to superstitious and ignorant persons, namely, the red-coloured rain and dew, and the pools of red water, which have been repeatedly witnessed. Swammerdam's description of the latter appearance has already been given in our account of Preternatural Rains (No. 706); but there are others equally worthy of notice, to which we may briefly allude. It appears that, more than a century ago, a German named Weber, and also a French philosopher, witnessed the appearances alluded to, and both accounted for them in the same manner. They gave a microscopic as well as a chemical examination to the subject, and found that the sanguine hue resulted from the presence in the water of innumerable animalculæ not visible to the naked eye. Their investigations were thus confirmatory of what had been already stated by Linnæus and other philosophers, namely, that red infusoria were capable of giving that colour to water, which had been popularly supposed to forebode great calamities. Other descriptions of animalcula have also produced an extraordinary striped appearance in water. In 1820 Scoresby observed the waters of the Greenland sea to be striped alternately with green and blue, which colours were produced by myriads of small animals. In 1815 the waters of a lake in the south of Prussia were suddenly covered with red, violet, and grass-green spots, about the end of harvest. The neighbouring population were filled with superstitious dread; nor was their terror abated when, in winter, the ice exhibited a similar appearance, being distinctly spotted on the surface, while it remained colourless beneath. The chemist Klaproth fortunately happened to be then engaged in active researches in the neighbourhood, and he undertook to ascertain the chemical ingredients of the colours. In this case they were found to arise from an albumin

ous vegetable matter very similar to indigo, and which the chemist supposed to be produced by the decomposition of vegetables in harvest. The transition in colour from green to violet and red, he explained by the absorption of more or less oxygen.

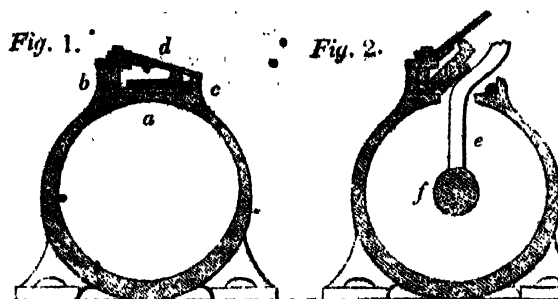
More than two centuries ago, popular alarm was greatly excited in the neighbourhood of the city of Aix, by the fact that large blood-coloured drops were seen on the walls of the churches and houses, both in the city itself and in the hamlets and towns for some miles around. The lower orders, in their terror and inability to account for this strange appearance, took up the notion that it was caused by demons or witches engaged in shedding the blood of innocent babes. The philosophers, on the other hand, tried to satisfy themselves with the belief that the rain came from vapours drawn up from red-coloured earth. But this was found to be untenable, on recollecting that evaporated fluids do not retain their former hues: for example, the distillation from red roses is a colourless water. The phenomenon was at last accounted for by M. Peiresc, whether truly or not perhaps admits of doubt. He had found, some months before, a chrysalis of a remarkable size and form, which he had confined in a box. Hearing one day a buzz within the box, he opened it, and discovered a beautiful butterfly, which immediately flew away, leaving at the bottom of the box a red drop the size of a shilling. It immediately occurred to him that the drops found on the walls of the city might have been caused by the change of great numbers of these insects from the chrysalis to the butterfly state. And he was the more disposed to believe this, because at that very time multitudes of the same description of butterfly were seen fluttering in the air. In company with some friends he made a more particular examination of the spots which were still visible on the houses, &c., and he found that they were more frequent in hollows, and on sloping surfaces, than on those which were fully exposed to the sky. This seems to favour his mode of explanation; but if the colour in this one case may be attributed to the changes of the butterfly, there are very many others in which no such explanation can be given, and where the only plausible explanation of the phenomenon is found in the fact, that the atmosphere at certain periods, and in certain parts of the world, is loaded with minute beings capable of giving a perceptible tinge to the rain, by which they are swept to the earth, and also of colouring, to a greater or less degree, such stagnant pools of water as may exist in the places where they fall.

ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAYS.

[Concluded from p. 110.]

THE most important point in which the atmospheric railway of Messrs. Clegg and Samuda differs from previous contrivances of the like character is the construction of the valve, which, even when the speed of the piston and train is increased to fifty or sixty miles per hour (a speed frequently attained in experiments upon the Dalkey line), performs its office with surprising efficiency. The subjoined diagrams, without pretending to give minute details, will show the nature of this contrivance: *Fig. 1* representing a cross-section of the atmospheric tube with the valve closed, and *Fig. 2* with the valve open for the passage of the connecting-bar between the piston and the external carriage. The tube, which is formed of cast-iron, in convenient lengths, and flanged together, is laid in the middle of the railway track, and firmly secured to sleepers imbedded in the road. Its diameter may be different on different lines, or (with a change of piston) on different parts of the same line, so as to accommodate the power

to the resistance to be overcome; but on the Dalkey line, which rises seventy-one feet in a distance of a mile and three-quarters, a tube of about fifteen inches is used. Along the upper side of the tube is the continuous slit or opening, at *a*, *Fig. 1*, and a little on either side of it are the vertical ribs or cheeks *b* and *c*,



cast with the tube, the space between which forms a trough wherein the valve may lie secure from injury. The valve itself consists of a piece of strong leather, firmly enclosed between two pieces of iron, the undermost of which exactly fits the slit in the pipe, and has its lower surface concave, so that when it is shut down, as in *Fig. 1*, the internal circumference of the tube is perfect and unbroken, while the uppermost is flat, and broader than the slit, so that it prevents the valve being forced into the tube by the superincumbent pressure of the atmosphere. The leather is, on the side marked *b*, considerably wider than the upper plate, and its projecting edge is attached to the flat floor of the valve-trough, at the base of the cheek *b*, so as to form a continuous hinge. The more perfectly to prevent the ingress of air, the opposite or opening edge of the valve is, when closed as in *Fig. 1*, hermetically sealed with a composition of wax and tallow, which fills the small groove or space left between it and the cheek *c*, and is indicated by a dark mark in the cut. To protect the valve more thoroughly the trough is closed in with a sheet-iron cover *d*, formed in lengths of about five feet, with lap-joints, hinged with leather to the top of the cheek *b*, and shutting down closely upon the top of the cheek *c*. The interior of the tube is completely lined with a soft composition, which fills up all little irregularities, and renders the passage perfectly smooth and even; and the piston is surrounded by leather collars in such a way as to be perfectly airtight, and yet to move with very little friction. It is attached to the fore end of a rod which is seen in section at *f* (*Fig. 2*), and which carries rollers so fixed as to lift up and open the valve immediately after the piston has passed, thus bringing it into the position indicated in *Fig. 2*, which allows room for the passage of the connecting-bar *e*, by which the piston is united to the foremost carriage of the train; the iron cover *d* being previously raised and held open by a coultter and a series of wheels or friction-rollers attached to the carriage. After the connecting-bar has passed, a roller, attached to the carriage presses the valve down into its seat, while a heater gliding along the mass of composition at its opening edge melts it, and thereby seals the joint afresh. The cover *d* is then allowed to fall into its place, and all is ready for the passage of another train so soon as the piston shall have quitted the pipe so as to allow of its being exhausted afresh. The end of the tube behind the train is left open to admit the air by which the piston is to be impelled; but the end in advance of the train is closed, and the air is pumped out from the tube by a branch pipe near it, leading to the air-pumps, which may be worked either by a steam-engine or by any other prime mover of sufficient power. It is proposed, in an extended line of railway, to place engines at intervals of two or three miles, and

to break or interrupt the continuity of the atmospheric tube at the principal stations, so as to allow of the use of switches, turn-tables, and the other ordinary arrangements of a railway station.

While the opinions of leading engineers continue at variance as to the merits of this mode of working a railway, it may be well to say very little of its proposed advantages. Some of these it claims in common with every other mode of working by stationary instead of locomotive engines, of which the principal are—the facilities which it affords for ascending steep gradients, and consequently for constructing railways at less cost than where heavy cuttings and embankments are necessary in order to procure easy slopes for the locomotive; the saving in the wear and tear, and consequently in the necessary strength and cost of the railway itself, in consequence of not having to convey the moving power with the train; and the security against collision, owing to the impossibility of moving two trains on the same stage or engine-length of railway at the same time. In like manner also some of the objections raised to this apply to every other mode of using stationary engines: such are the necessity of providing and constantly maintaining a power, sufficient to conduct the largest amount of traffic which can ever be conveyed, which would render it as costly, as regards some large items of expense, to maintain a railway for the passage of four or five trains per diem as one upon which trains are constantly succeeding each other; and the liability of derangement to the whole system in consequence of the failure of a single point in it. These are the principal grounds of objection to what has been termed the *inflexibility* of the system, or, in other words, the comparative want of power to modify the mode of working according to the fluctuations of a variable traffic or the exigencies arising from accident. In drawing a comparison between atmospheric and rope traction there is less difficulty, for while in many points the merits and demerits of the two are identical, the vacuum in the one supplying the place of the rope in the other, it cannot be questioned that the train of an atmospheric railway is by far the most secure from accident, especially upon curves, it being as it were tied down to the track by the piston travelling within the tube; and also that, the difficulty of producing a valve which shall open with sufficient facility and close with sufficient exactness being once overcome, which it appears to be most perfectly, the friction and waste of power must be very much less in the atmospheric system than where a heavy rope and a long series of pulleys have to be put and kept in rapid motion; to say nothing of the chances of accident by the breaking of the rope, to which there is no equal risk as a parallel objection to the atmospheric system. Its safety is indeed one of the great advantages claimed for this mode of working a railway, as the worst which could happen in consequence of the failure of the apparatus would be the stopping of the train. In case it should be necessary to stop in the middle of the tube, so as to avoid collision with an obstacle on the road, the breaks will generally be found sufficient for the purpose, as there is not the immense momentum of the heavy locomotive to overcome; but it is proposed, if needful, to introduce a safety valve in the piston, or an arrangement for admitting air in front of it, in case of emergency. It is proposed generally to lay out atmospheric railways so nearly on the natural surface of the ground as to take advantage of many slopes of sufficient steepness for working by gravity alone; but while this has been much insisted upon by some advocates of the system as an advantage, it appears to be too little remembered that the advantage gained in one direction must inevitably produce a corresponding disadvantage in

traversing the line in the opposite direction. Even some of those who still question the economical application of the atmospheric in lieu of the locomotive system, consider it well adapted for use upon such inclined planes as have hitherto been worked by ropes or by assistant engines.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

IV.—THE KNIGHT'S TALE—concluded.

THAT to their covenant, Palamon and Arcite appear at Athens at the appointed time, each with his hundred knights, all well armed for the contest. And surely since the world began never was there so noble a company. Every lover of chivalry and of fame hath prayed that he might be one of the illustrious players in that glorious game, and happy was he who was chosen.

Of the knights with Palamon, some were armed in a hauberk, breast-plate, and short cassock; some have a pair of larger plates round their bodies, and some have a Persian shield. Again, some will be well armed about their legs, and have an axe; some will have a mace of steel. In short, they were armed each after his own inclination. Among those who came with Palamon might be seen—

Licurge himself, the grete King of Thrace:
Black was his beard, and manly was his face;
The circles of his eye in his head
They gloweden betwixen yellow and red,
And like a griffon looked he about,
With combed hair on his browes stowt;
His limbs great, his brawnys hard and strong,
His shoulders broad, his armes round and long;
And as the guise was in his countree,
Full high upon a car of gold stood he,
With foure white bulles in the trace,
Instead of coat-armour on his harness,
With naked yellow, and bright as any gold,
He had a beare's skin, coal-black for old.
His longe hair was combed behind his back,
As any raven's feather it shone for black,
A wreath of gold, arm-great,* of huge weight,
Upon his heul sate full of stones bright,
Of fine rubies and of diamonds.

About his car there ran'twenty or more great white dogs, accustomed to hunt the lion or the bear, who were now fast muzzled, and had collars of gold about their necks.

With Arcite came the great Emetrius, King of India, who sat upon a bay steed, and—

trapped in steel,
Covered with cloth of gold diápred wele,
Came riding like the god of Armes, Mars;
His coat armour was of a cloth of Tars,†
Couched‡ with pearles white, and round, and great;
His saddle was of burnt gold new ybeat;

A mantle hung upon his shoulders,—

Bretful § of rubies red as fire sparkling;
His croupe hair like ringes was yrun,
And that was yellow, and glittered as the sun;
His nose was high, his eye bright citrine,||
His lippes round, his colour was sanguine.

And as a lion he his looking cast:

His age appeared to be about five and twenty years;

* Great or thick as a man's arm. † A kind of silk.
‡ Laid or trimmed, or, as we should now say, powdered with pearls.
§ Brimful. || Pale yellow, or citron colour.

His beard was well begunne for to spring,
His voice was as a trumpet thundering;
Upon his head he wear'd of laurel-green
A garland fresh and lusty for to seen;
Upon his hand he bore for his deduit*
An eagle tame, as any lily white:
A hundred lordes had he with him there,
All armed, save their heads, in all their gear,
Full richely in alle manner thinges;
For trusteth well that earles, dukes, kinges,
Were gathered in this noble company,
For love, and for increase of chivalry.
About this king there ran on every part
Full many a taine lion and leopart.†

And in this manner came all the lords to Athens, on Sunday, in the early part of the day, and there alighted; Theseus lodging them each according to his degree, and feasting them all in great honour.

At night, or before daybreak of the next morning, Palamon sprung up, on hearing the lark sing, and went to the temple of Venus, where he knelt, and with sad heart prayed to the goddess—

Thou gladder of the Mount of Cithoron!

have pity on me, for the love thou felt for Adonis. I do not desire on the morrow the vain glory of conquest, but the possession of Emily. Find thou in what manner this may be accomplished, and I will worship thy temple ever more; wheresoe'er I go I will do sacrifice on thy altar. And if ye will not do so, my lady sweet, I pray you then that Arcite may drive his spear through my heart to-morrow.

Palamon then made his sacrifices, and waited the issue. After some delay, the statue of Venus shook, and made a sign, signifying, as he thought, that his prayer was accepted; so with glad heart he went home.

Soon after Palamon went to the temple of Venus—

Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily,

and went with her maidens to the temple of Diana, and performed all the accustomed rites. On the altar she began to prepare two fires, and when they were kindled, she thus prayed—Oh, chaste goddess of the green woods, goddess of maidens, that for many a year hast known my heart, and what I desire, now help me! Send peace and love betwixt Palamon and Arcite. Turn their desires away from me. Quench all their busy torments. Or if my destiny be so shaped, that I must needs have one of them, send me him that most desireth me.

The fires burnt clear on the altar while Emily thus spoke, but suddenly one of them was quenched, and then revived again; and afterwards the other was also quenched, and quite died out, making a noise as though the brands were wet, and at the end of the brands issued what appeared to be bloody drops. Emily in a frenzy of alarm began to cry out, when Diana appeared, bow in hand, and said—Daughter, cease thy grief. Thou shalt be wedded unto one of those that have so much care and woe on thy account, but which I may not tell. Farewell, I may no longer dwell here. As the goddess disappeared the arrows in her quiver rang and clattered; Emily, much astonished, said—What meaneth this? alas! Diana, I put myself into thy protection.

The hour of Mars now following, Arcite went into his temple; and thus addressed the fierce divinity:—Oh, strong god, that in every kingdom and country holds the bridle of war in thine hand, have pity upon my sorrow, for the sake of the pain thou thyself felt when thou wooedst Venus. I am young, and ignorant, and suffer more for love than ever did any other living creature. She for whom I endure all this woe, careth not whether I sink or float, and I know well that by

* Pleasure.

† Leopard.

my strength in these lists can I alone win her; and I know that strength availeth not without thy aid. Then help me, lord; give the victory to-morrow, and evermore I will cause an eternal fire to burn before thee. I will also bind myself to this vow—my beard and my long hair, that have never yet known the razor or the shears, I will cut off and give to thee, and while I live be thy true servant. Now, lord, have pity on me. Give me the victory. I ask no more.

As he ceased, the doors and the rings that hung on them clattered loudly, and Arcite was somewhat alarmed. But the fires then began to burn so brightly that all the temple was illuminated; and the ground gave forth a sweet smell. Arcite threw more incense into the fire, and at last the hauberk of the statue of Mars rang, and Arcite

heard a murmuring,

Full low, and dim, that saide thus—Victory!

For which he gave to Mars honour and glory,

and returned with joy and hope to his lodging.

Great was the feast in Athens on the day of the combat. Incessant was the noise and clattering of horse and horsemen in the hostelrys. Rich and strange were the armour and trappings of the lords as they rode upon their steeds to the palace. Loud were the sounds of the pipes, trumpets, kettle-drums, and clarionets. The palace was full of people scattered in groups about, conversing on the battle, some leaning towards one party, some the other.

Theseus now caused the herald to announce his will to the assembled people; who said—The lord thus modifies his former purpose. No man on pain of death shall take arrows or dart or pole-axe or short pointed dagger into the lists, and no man shall ride more than one course with a sharp-headed spear. And whoever shall be overthrown shall not be slain, but be taken by force to a stake at the side, where he is to remain. And if the chief on either side be thus taken, or be otherwise slain, no longer shall the tourney last.

Up gone the trumpets and the melody,

and to the lists ride all the court, Theseus having the knights one on each side of him. Then come the queen and Emily, and all the remainder of the company. When all were seated, Arcite entered with his hundred companions, displaying a red banner, through the gateway of Mars. At the same moment Palamon and his hundred entered the lists from beneath the gateway of Venus, displaying a white banner. The gates were then shut, the heralds ceased to ride up and down, and the loud cry arose—

Do now your devoir, younge Knights proud!

The spear goeth into the rest, the sharp spear into the side; there shafts are shivered upon thick shields, here the point is felt gliding into the very heart; spears spring high into the air, bright swords are drawn out; helmets are hewn, blood streams forth, bones are broken by the weighty maces; now

Stumblen steelles strong, and down goeth all,

and now the knight rolleth under foot, still striking at his foe with his truncheon; but in vain, he is taken and brought to the stake, where he must abide, as one defeated.

Often during the day have Palamon and Arcite met, and unhorsed each other. There is no tiger in the vale of Galiphat that has lost her whelp, so cruel in the heart as Arcite; no lion in Barmarie that is hunted, or who is mad for hunger, so thirsteth for blood as Palamon. At last, after a mighty struggle with a host of combatants, Palamon was forced to the stake, amid the shouts of the people, the loud minstrelsy of the trumpeters, and the voices of the heralds.

Arcite, then taking off his helm, rode through the lists to where Emily sat; she looked at him pleasantly,

And was all his in cheer, as his in heart.

But then Pluto, at the request of Saturn, who had been moved by the entreaties of Venus, caused a storm to start up suddenly out of the ground, where Arcite, his horse starting aside, threw him; and he pitched on his head on the ground, so

That in the place he lay as he were dead;
His breast burst open with his battle-bow;
As black he lay as any coal or crow,
So was the blood yrunnen in his face.

He was borne to the palace of Theseus, and carefully tended. But nothing could heal his hurts;

Nature hath now no domination,
And certainly where Nature will not verche,*
Farewell physic; go bear the man to church.

Arcite then sent for Emily, and after dwelling upon his true love for her, and his strife with Palamon for her sake, said,

Know I none
So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
That serveth you, and will do all his life;
And if that ever ye shall be a wife,
Forget not Palamon, the gentle man.

His speech here began to cease,—

Dusk'd his eyes two, and fail'd his breath.

Most honourable were the burial rites and ceremonies prepared by Theseus. The funeral pile was erected in the grove where the lovers had privately met and combated, and where the lists had been afterwards formed. But how the pile was raised to a great height, and what are the names of the trees of every kind that were used, or how they were felled, shall not be told by me;

Ne how the Goddess rannen up and down
Disherited of their habitation;
In which they wouned in rest and peace,
Nymphs, Fauns, and Hamadriads;
Ne how the beasts and the birds all
Fladden for feare, when the wood gan fall;
Ne how the ground aghast was of the light,
That was not wont to see the sunne bright;
Ne how the fire was couched first with stre,†
And then with drie stickes cloven a-three,
And then with greene wood and spicery,
And then with cloth of gold, and with pierrie,§
And garlands hanging with full many a flower,
The myrrh, th' incense also with sweet odour;
Ne how Arcite lay among all this,
Ne what riches about his body is;
Ne how that Emily, as was the guise,
Put in the fire of funeral service;
Ne how she swooned when she made the fire,
Ne what she spake, ne what was her desire:
Ne what jewelles men in the fire cast,
When that the fire was great and brente fast;
Ne how some cast their shield and some their spear,
And of their vestimentes which they ware,||
And cuppes full of wine, and milk, and blood,
Into the fire, that burnt as it were wood;¶
Ne how the Greeks with a huge rout,
Three times riden all the fire about,
Upon the left hand, with a loud shouting,
And thrise with their speares clattering,
And thrise how the ladies gan to cry;
Ne how that he was homeward Emily;
Ne how Arcite is burnt to ashes cold;

but, briefly, I will conclude my tale.

After years had passed, there was a parliament held at

- | | |
|----------|-----------------------------|
| * Work. | † Were accustomed to dwell. |
| ‡ Straw. | § Precious stones. |
| Wore. | ¶ Died. |

Athens, in which among other points, matters of alliance between certain countries were debated. Theseus sent for Palamon, who not knowing the cause of his being sent for, came still habited in his mourning. Theseus also sent for Emily. And when all were seated, the Duke addressed the assemblage: showing that all things are ordained above, that it is true wisdom to make a virtue of necessity, that it was a matter of deep congratulation, since Arcite was to die prematurely, that he had died in the very flower of his youth and reputation.

Sister, quod he, this is my full assent,
With all the advice here of my parliament,
That gentle Palamon, your owen knight,
That serveth you with will, and heart, and might,
And ever hath done, since ye first him knew,
That ye shall of your grace upon him rue,
And taken him for husband and for lord.

Turning to Palamon, Theseus said—

I trow, there needeth little sermoning,
To make your assenten to this thing;
Come near, and take your lady by the hand.

The lovers were married at last;

And God, that all this wide world hath wrought,
Sent him his love that hath it dear ybought.
For now is Palamon in alle weal,
Living in bliss, in riches, and in heal;*
And Emily him loveth so tenderly,
And he her serveth all so gently,
That never was there no worde them between.

* Health.



[Death of Arcite]



THE BRITISH VALHALLA.

No. III.—ALFRED.



Our great one of King Ethelwulf must have a whole hall to himself in our national Valhalla. He figures as the greatest warrior, statesman, legislator, reformer, and—with the exception of the venerable Bede—greatest writer of the Saxon period. His name is as essentially national as that of Arthur, and the narrative of his life is less fabulous. Indeed the best of his adventures and the noblest of his actions are almost entirely free from legendary exaggeration, and rest upon records as authentic as any we possess. In despite of port critics and antiquaries who set up to be wiser than all who have gone before them, and who think scornfully of all

theories but their own, we render our thanks to Asser, the Welsh monk, through whom we know more of the great Alfred than we know of Henry IV. and the war of the Roses, or of several other sovereigns and events of periods which were much nearer to us, but which produced no writer like the honest, industrious, and pains-taking contemporary, instructor, counsellor, and bosom friend of the English Charlemagne.

The late Sir James Mackintosh, who cherished a national feeling and the things which had given it growth and strength, and who manfully set his face against the cavilling and fault-finding spirit of certain modern writers who attempted in various ways to debase our national pride, or to lower the pedestal upon which our old writers and the reverences of their country have placed our Alfred, said of Alfred—"The

Norman historians, who seem to have had his diaries and note-books in their hands, chose Alfred as the glory of the land which had become their own. There is no subject in which antiquarian tradition is so nearly sufficient evidence as in the estimation of a man over others of the same condition. His bright image may long be holding up before the national mind. This tradition, however paradoxical the assertion may appear, is in the case of Alfred, rather supported than weakened by the actions which have sprung from it. Although it be an infirmity of every nation to ascribe their institutions to the contrivance of a man rather than to the slow action of time and circumstances, yet the selection of Alfred by the English people, as the founder of all that was dear to them, is surely the strongest proof of the deep impression left on the minds of all of his transcendent wisdom and virtue."

This darling of England (Alfred had a much better claim to the title than that obscure prince Edgar Atheling, who afterwards bore it) was of the most ancient and illustrious lineage: his father Ethelwulf traced his descent from the most ancient and most renowned of Saxon heroes, and his mother Osburga descended from renowned Gothic progenitors. He was born at the royal manor of Wanathing (now Wantage) in Berkshire, in the year 849. Of four legitimate sons, Alfred was the youngest; yet in 853, when King Ethelwulf repaired to Rome, partly as a pilgrim to that holy city and partly to take counsel of the pope, and carried Alfred with him, Leo IV., who then wore the tiara or triple crown, consecrated the boy as king. This conferring of royal inaugural honours upon a child in the fifth year of his age, and the youngest of his family, has often been made matter of wonderment. The fact is, however, most distinctly stated both by Asser and by the famous and authentic old chronicle called the Saxon Chronicle. But at this time the seven states which had formed the Heptarchy were not thoroughly fused and amalgamated into the one great and indivisible kingdom of England; and Ethelwulf, who allowed one of his sons to reign in Wessex during his own life, may have contemplated, as other Saxon sovereigns did even at a later period, a re-division of the kingdom, and may have been eager to secure one of the crowns for Alfred, his darling boy, and the fairest and most promising of his sons. Moreover, immense importance was attached to a consecration or inauguration at the hands of the pope (a pope-made king being held by many degrees better than a king who had only been anointed and crowned by a bishop), and as a journey from England to Rome was a rare occurrence, and was attended with much fatigue, danger, trouble and expense, Ethelwulf may naturally have felt anxious to procure for his favourite son all the advantages of such a journey, while he was in the "eternal city." It is also to be borne in mind that the right of primogeniture was not yet recognised or firmly established, and that even for some centuries after the time of Alfred it was not unusual to set aside elder brothers in order to place upon the throne a younger brother who was of a more promising disposition or who happened to enjoy more favour with the nation. In any case the pope's consecration would prove beneficial to Alfred. His elder brothers, who successively ascended and descended the throne with great rapidity, soon left it vacant to him by their deaths, and it has been thought by some writers that, even during their life-time, Alfred was acknowledged as king in one part of the island.

It is not known how long Alfred remained at Rome, but it has been reasonably conjectured that, young as he was, he derived from his own observation some advantages from his sojourn in what was still the greatest

and most civilized city in Europe. His father could not have failed of deriving improvement from the visit, and from his residence in various other cities in Italy and in France, for in both those countries there was then much more civilization than in England, and what was learned by the affectionate father could hardly have failed of being communicated at a later date to the intelligent and inquiring son.

The earliest story related of Alfred treats of his aptitude for learning, and his love of poetry and books. He learned to read before his elder brothers, and before he could read he had learned by heart a great many Anglo-Saxon poems by hearing the minstrels and gleemen recite them in his father's hall. This passionate love of letters never forsook him, and he owes more fame to his pen than to his sword. In the year 871, when Alfred was in the twenty-second year of his age, Ethelred, the last of his kingly brothers, died of wounds received in battle with the Danish invaders, and the voice of the nobles and people immediately designated him as successor to the crown of all England. Alfred had already fought on many fields and had given proofs of political ability and wisdom, but it was with reluctance that he shut up his books and took up the sceptre. At this point his exciting and well-recorded adventures commence.

For many years the hero has to fight for territory and for life against the formidable Danes, who, having conquered a large portion of the kingdom in the time of his brothers and predecessors, continued to receive every spring and summer fresh forces from the Baltic. He has scarcely been a month upon the throne ere he fights the great battle of Wilton. In the next year he fits out a small fleet of ships, a species of force which the Saxons had entirely neglected, and forms the embryo of the naval glory of England. And, more than any single man or prince, Alfred is entitled to the name of the Father of the English Navy. His enemies, however, are too numerous to be resisted, and too faithless and cruel to be trusted; and after fighting many battles, he is obliged to retire to an inland island called Athelney, or the Prince's Island, near the confluence of the rivers Thone and Parret. It is Asser who tells the story that is known to all of us, and endeared to us all by our earliest recollections. In one of his excursions from Athelney Alfred takes refuge in the cabin of a swineherd, and carries there some time. On a certain day it happens that the wife of the swain prepares to bake her loaves, or loaves of bread. Alfred chances at the time to be sitting near the hearth, but he is busied in thinking of war and in making ready bows and arrows. The shrew soon beholds her loaves burning, and runs to remove them, scolding the stranger. "You man," saith she, "you will not turn the bread you see burning, but you will be glad enough to eat it." "This unlucky woman," adds Asser, "little thought she was talking to King Alfred, who had warred against the Pagans and gained so many victories over them."

Passing over sundry miracles, and marvels, and legendary tales, not told by Asser, but invented by the monks some ages after, to explain the present destitution, and the great benevolence, generosity, and devotion of the fugitive king, we next come to Alfred's apprehension of the wandering minstrel or gleeman.

Some of his friends have gathered armies together, * * * The old Welsh monk, in describing this scene, has recourse to verse, as if plain prose could not do justice to it. The household rule and order—

*Utrum quodammodo homines moribus,
Quam quantum possunt, hoc manducare calentes?*

Antiquæ Historiæ Britannicæ Magnæ, &c., as edited by F. Wile, A.M., Oxford, 1752.

* Hist. of England, chap. xi.

and have obtained successes over the enemy in various parts; Alfred himself has raised a small band into a formidable force, and he has good reason to believe that the Danes are becoming incautious and negligent. Putting on the gleeman's dress, and carrying instruments of music in his hand, he gains a ready entrance into the Danish camp; and as he amuses these idle warriors with songs and interludes, he makes all their sloth and negligence, and hears much of their counsels and plans. The Danes love his company and his songs so much, that they are loth to let him depart; but he is soon enabled to return to his friends at Athelney with a full account of the state and habits of the army; and secret and swift messengers are sent to all quarters to request all true Saxons to meet in arms by a given time, at Egbert's stone, on the east of Selwood Forest. The true Saxons meet, and fight, and defeat the Danes in the great battle of Ethandune, on the banks of the river Avon. And now follows the touching picture of the conversion, and baptism of Guthrum the Dane with King Alfred standing by him at the baptismal font as his sponsor.

It was about this time that Alfred, who had solaced his misfortunes during his retirement in Athelney by frequently reading in a book, sent into Wales to invite Asser to his court or camp, in order that he might profit by the instructive conversation of the most learned man then in the island of Britain. The monk of St. David's obeyed the summons, and, as he himself tells us, was introduced to the king at Dene in Wiltshire, by the thanes who had been sent to fetch him. This meeting of the monk and king, which was attended with most important consequences, and with inestimable benefits to Alfred and to the people over whom he ruled, is a picture history which ought not to be omitted in our *Valhalla*. A familiar friendly intercourse followed a most courteous reception, and then the king invited the monk to live constantly with him. The vows of Asser and his attachment to the monastery of St. David's interfered with this arrangement; but it was finally agreed that he should pass part of his time in his monastery and the rest of the year at court. When Asser returned to Alfred, he remained eight months constantly with him, conversing with him, and reading with him all such books as the king possessed. Few were these books in number—scarce and more precious than the most costly jewels, nor were there many contemporary sovereigns much better provided than the king of England. But efforts were made to obtain more books on the Continent, and to collect such as had escaped the destructive fires kindled by the Danes, and were scattered about the country; and to procure scribes learned enough to copy manuscripts, and so multiply the books. Alfred's gratitude to Asser knew no bounds. At first he gave the learned monk an abbey in Wiltshire, and another abbey at Bathwell in Somersetshire, and a rich silk pall, and as much income as a strong man could carry on his shoulders, assuring him that he considered these as small things for a man of so much merit, and that hereafter he should have greater. Asser was subsequently promoted to the bishopric of Sherburn, and thenceforward remained constantly with the king, enjoying his entire confidence and affection, and sharing in all his joys and sorrows.

The converted Guthrum kept his contract, but other hosts of pagan Danes came from beyond the sea. After six years of warfare, with several battles fought in each year, Alfred was enabled to rebuild and fortify the city of London, which the Danes had burned. His infant Navy gained several victories; and when a Danish host sailed up the Medway and laid siege to Rochester, Alfred with a land force fell suddenly upon them, and drove them back to their ships. During the

course of six or seven years Hasting, the greatest and ablest of all the Danish warriors and sea-kings, came over to England with a vaster and more desperate army than had ever been seen before; and a new war was commenced, which was prosecuted successfully in nearly every part of England, and which lasted with scarcely any intermission for four years. The Danes were many, and King Alfred was personally present in most of them. Great was the aid he received from the valiant citizens of London, whose gratitude and affection knew no bounds. These generous citizens not only furnished him with money and provisions, but they also put on warlike harness and went out, young and old, and fought under him. The valley of the Lea, from its mouth on the Thames near London up to Ware and Hertford and the country above Hertford, was the scene of many remarkable exploits in war, in which the Londoners had a very distinguished part. The pleasant river Lea—Izaak Walton's own stream, and a stream which ought to be dear to every Londoner—was very different a thousand years ago from what it now is. It was both broader and deeper, being filled by a far greater volume of water from the then undrained country. Nor did the Danish ships of war draw so much water as a modern trading sloop. Thus Hasting was enabled to carry his great fleet of ships up the river as far as Ware, or, as some think, Hertford, where he established one of his fortified camps, in the construction of which this great Danish commander displayed extraordinary skill. On the approach of summer, the burghesses of London, with many of their neighbours, who saw that their ripening corn was exposed to be reaped by a Danish sickle, attacked Hasting in this stronghold, but were repulsed with great loss. But presently Alfred, marching from a distant part of the country, came and encamped his army round about the city of London, and stayed there until the citizens and their neighbours got in their harvests. He then marched away to the Lea, which seemed covered by the enemy's ships, and at great personal risk surveyed with his own eyes this new fortified camp of the Danes. His active ingenious mind presently conceived a plan which was much safer and surer than any assault that could be made upon those formidable works. Bringing up his forces, and calling upon the brave and alert Londoners for assistance, he raised two fortresses, one on either side the Lea, a little below the Danish camp, and then dug three deep canals or channels from the Lea to the Thames, in order to lower the level of the tributary stream. So much water was thus drawn off, that the whole fleet of Hasting was left aground and rendered useless. Upon this the terrible sea-king broke from his intrenchments by night, and hardly rested till he had traversed the whole of that wide tract of country which lies between the river Lea and the Severn. While King Alfred followed Hasting, the Londoners fell upon the Danish ships and galleys, and some they broke to pieces, and some they got afloat again, and carried round in triumph, and with Saxon harp and other music, to the city of London. At Quatford on the Severn (the place is now called Quatford, and it lies not far from Bridgenorth in Shropshire), Alfred found the Danish host in another camp, which they had already strongly fortified. The Saxon king was compelled to respect the intrenchments at Quatford, and to leave the Danes there undisturbed all through the winter; but he established so good a blockade that the Danes could not plunder the country or often issue from their works, and at the approach of spring hunger drove them all out of England, and Hasting, after escaping with difficulty from the sword of Alfred, crossed the channel and lived at his home—without

proof of honour, as the story says. The sea-king ascended the river Helge, reached some settlement in Friesland, and never more reached King Alfred. This was the last great triumph of the dragon hero.

Alfred was himself present at the launching of his ships, and gave orders as they were launched to hoist the ship-owners' flag—the white ensign—thereafter very frequently used by our national navy. Not a long time after he sailed to the ship-yard, with his crown upon his head and his good steel sword "in his hand." And so let him be figured in our Valhalla, working at the timber of our first shipwrights. He ordered vessels to be built far exceeding those of his species in length of keel, height of board, swiftness, and endurance; some of them carried sixty oars or even more, to be used, as in the ancient Roman galleys, when the wind failed ; and others carried even more than sixty. They were all constructed after a plan of Alfred's own invention, and they were soon found to be peculiarly well adapted to the service for which they were intended.* Before the close of his reign the flag of Alfred floated over more than a hundred vessels of this sort. This truly royal fleet—the first that England ever had, and as such entitled to our veneration—was divided into squadrons, some of which were stationed at different ports round the island, while others were kept constantly cruising between our island and the Continent and the outlet from the Baltic Sea. The flag of England was already a meteor flag, and no ship of any other nation met it at sea without paying honour to it.

Alfred, who had learned the importance of fortifications during his wars with the Danes, and especially in his long contest with Hastings, who was a great master in the art of castrametation, and the art of choosing and fortifying positions, erected defensive works round all the towns he rebuilt, and taught the people how to keep them in constant repair. He caused a survey to be made of the coast and navigable rivers, and ordered castles to be erected at those places which were most accessible to the landing of the enemy. Fifty strong towers and castles rose in different parts of the country; and the number would have been threefold if the king had not been thwarted by the indolence, ignorance, and carelessness of the nobles and freemen.

The Danes and Norwegians, with whom Alfred had to contend, were the most accomplished warriors of the age. The appellation of the Scandinavian Hannibal, has been conferred on Hasting, and his extraordinary campaigns in England will justify the title even without looking to his exploits in France and other countries. The skill, the unflinching perseverance, the indomitable courage, the consummate prudence which Alfred displayed in his long contest with the heathen, and the complete triumph he achieved over him in the end, must assuredly give him rank among the greatest military commanders of that age. Yet was he even greater in peace than in war. In every interval of repose allowed him by the furthest labours, he gave himself up to study and contemplation, and occupied his mind by devising the means of improving the moral as well as the physical condition of the people, and of advancing their civilization by books and schools, and a better administration of the laws. When he rebuilt London he gave to it many advantages, civil institutions and laws, and appointed the citizens elected to be its governors. The rebuilt Winchester and many other cities, and instead of wood, the only material which had been used before his time, he introduced the use of stone and brick, and taught his people to build houses like those he had seen at Rome and Milan. And wherever he re-

edited a town he gave the people rules for re-
 structuring and improving their municipal institutions,
 and trained them to that system of self-government
 which has since become the pride and strength of
 England, and without which there can be no lasting
 liberty in any country. There had been codes of law
 in England long before the days of Alfred, and
 some of these, though rudely simple, had a fine free
 spirit about them. Ethelbert, King of Kent; Ina,
 King of Wessex; Offa, King of Mercia, and other
 Anglo-Saxon sovereigns, had been legislators, and
 had promulgated their several codes or Dooms; but all
 law and order had well nigh perished during the
 devastations, the horror, the anarchy, and the break-
 ing up of society occasioned by the Danish invasions;
 and the memory of them, together with all instruction
 and enlightenment, seemed to be wearing out in the
 popular mind. Alfred collected the codes and dooms
 of his predecessors, and apparently without adding
 much of his own, and without introducing any new
 matter whatsoever, he compiled a very intelligible and
 consistent code, and submitted it to the Witenagemot,
 or parliament, or great council, for their sanction. He
 tells us himself that he was afraid to innovate, and
 that he thought it better to permit a continuance of a
 defective law than to destroy that respect for estab-
 lished authority which is the foundation upon which
 all laws must rest. Plain and simple laws might do
 for a simple state of society, if they were only properly
 and impartially administered; and it was rather to
 this proper administration, than to the construction of
 any new theory, that Alfred directed his attention. In
 practice the judges had become shamefully corrupt.
 According to an ancient London tradition, Alfred
 caused forty-four judges, who had given false judg-
 ments, to be hanged in one year as men guilty of
 murder. This fact is not supported by any contem-
 porary or good authority; but Asser mentions that he
 exercised great vigilance over the judges, frequently
 reprimanding those who did amiss, and threatening
 them with deprivation and other punishments. We have
 the same good authority for the facts that the courts
 became pure; that the laws, such as they were, were
 fairly administered; and that town-people and villagers
 kept such good police that robbery and theft became
 almost unknown. Towards the close of his reign it
 was generally asserted, that one might have strowed
 golden bracelets and jewels on the public highways
 and cross-roads, and no man would have dared to touch
 them for fear of the law.

Alfred, who felt that if the divine law were duly observed there would be no necessity for human legislation, opened his code of laws with the ten commandments, a selection from the Mosaic precepts, and the canons of the First Apostolic Councils. "Do these," he said, "and no other doom-book will be needed."

But if Alfred did not introduce many new laws, he rejected some of the old ones. For this we have his own word. He says in his down-book, "I then, Alfred, King, gathered these laws together, and commanded many of these to be written which our forefathers held, those which to me seemed good; and many of those which seemed to me not good, I rejected them, by the counsel of my Witan, and as otherwise commanded them to be broken; for I durst not venture to set down in writing much of my own, for it was unknown to me what of it would please those who should come after us. But those things which I met with, either of the days of *Ella*, my foreman, or *Odo*, King of the Mercians, or of *Edmund*, who first among the English, was received by me, those which seemed to me the rightest, those I have here gathered together and rejected the others. I then, Alfred, King of the West-

Saxons, showed these to all my Witan, and they then said that it seemed good to them all to be heathen. This simple, primitive passage, beautiful in itself, may be suggestive of a fine picture.

It was Alfred's grand object to consolidate the dominions of England, to make one compact and inseparable whole of the various kingdoms which had been divided by the Saxon conquests (states which were still separated by old prejudices and antipathies), to regenerate the whole Anglo-Saxon people, and to create a new national spirit; and as he effected this not ostentatiously, but by unobtrusive political activity, he was in reality the King, the Liberator, the Reformer of all England. He, however, contented himself with being called King of the West-Saxons, and wisely avoided provoking disputes and awakening the old jealousies by assuming a loftier title. He was not only the first warrior, the first statesman and legislator, but he was also the first scholar in his dominions. The good monk Asser appears, with all kindness of heart and great affection for the king, to have been somewhat of a pedant, and to have regarded the progress made by his pupil with a feeling nearly approaching to jealousy although he himself was probably unconscious of it. But even from Asser's interesting memoirs the fact may easily be gathered that Alfred vastly exceeded even the most learned of his prelates in scholarlike accomplishments. It is Asser that tells us that in his boyhood his love of Anglo-Saxon poetry was so great that he would listen to the minstrels day and night. The monk says that he "remained illiterate till his twelfth year or longer." But it is conjectured that Asser here used the term *illiteratus* in a very restricted sense, meaning to say no more than that Alfred had not yet learned Latin. As a Welshman, Asser would make no account of Saxon literature, and as a priest, he would hold up the Latin language as the only orthodox vehicle of knowledge.† He states that the king's noble mind thirsted for knowledge from the very cradle, and that when a mere child he had got many of the Anglo-Saxon poems by heart. It appears highly probable that Alfred diligently studied the language between his twelfth and eighteenth year; that he had a few Latin books with him in his solitude at Athelney, and that he was (for that time) a good Latin scholar before he invited Asser to his court. But whenever or however he obtained his knowledge of that learned tongue, he certainly showed in his literary works a proficiency in Latin which was almost miraculous for a prince in Alfred's age. The style of his works in his native language proves that his acquaintance with a few good classical models was familiar, and extended to higher things than mere words and phrases—proves that he had imbibed some of the spirit of the imperishable writers of ancient Rome. After teaching himself by reading and translating, he was probably greatly improved in his mature manhood, when, besides the monk Asser, Johannes Erigena, Grimbold, and other learned men settled at his court and lived at his table. This Johannes Erigena, otherwise called Johannes Scotus, was a native of Ireland, and a very extraordinary personage: he had travelled much, in Asia as well as in Europe; he had visited Athens, and had resided many years in Asia Minor; he had learned the Greek, the Hebrew, the Syrian, the Chaldee, and the Arabic languages, and he was deep in all the philosophy of the age.

* Ancient Laws and Institutes of England, with an English translation of the Saxon. Printed by authority of his Majesty King William IV., under the sanction of the Commissioners of the Public Records of the Kingdom.

† Penny Cyclopædia, Biography of Alfred.

Alfred was accustomed to say that he regretted his imperfect education of his youth, the only way to proper teachers, and the many difficulties which he had to overcome, so that he had never been able to learn more than all the hard and narrow and unprofitable Latin that he could get. As one of his grandest achievements had been his difficult Latin language, he certainly recommended Latin to the youth, in a letter addressed to the bishops, that thenceforward "all good and useful books be translated into the language which we all understand; so that all the youths of England, but more especially such as are of gentle kind and in easy circumstances, may be provided in letters—for they cannot profit in any pursuit until they be well able to read English." His mind was too lofty for pedantry to teach it, and too liberal and expansive to entertain the idea that learning ought to be kept in a foreign disguise and out of the reach of the people. He looked to the intellectual improvement of the people and their religious instruction as to the only solid foundation upon which a government could repose or a throne be established. It was left to a later age to advance the monstrous principle that the bulk of mankind can be governed only by the suppression or debasement of their intellectual faculties, and that governments and all the institutions of civil life are best supported by the ignorance of the greatest part of those who live under them. The doctrine of this enlightened English king of the ninth century was—let there be churches, abbey, schools, books; let the churches be served by active and conscientious priests; let the abbey be filled by the most learned men that can be found; let the schools be taught by able masters; and let the books be in the language which is spoken by all the people. And the theory was carried into practice to an extent which is surprising for those times. He never rebuilt a town without furnishing it with a good capacious school; he founded or restored churches and monasteries at Athelney, Shaftesbury, Winchester, and many other places, in some of which the people had almost relapsed into heathenism; he sent into various countries in search of learned and industrious teachers; and in order that there might be books for the people to read, he wrote many himself. Even as an author, no native of England of the old Saxon period, except the venerable Bede, can be compared to Alfred either for the number or for the excellence of his writings. These works were in good part translations from the Latin into Anglo-Saxon. He thus translated for the instruction of his subjects—1. Orosius's History, six books; 2. St. Gregory's Pastoral; 3. St. Gregory's Dialogues; 4. Bede's History, five books; Boetius, on the Consolation of Philosophy; 5. The Merchant-Laws (Laws of the Mercians); 6. Asser's Sentences; 7. The Psalms of David. His original works—all in the same plain-spoken language of the people, were—1. An Abridgement of the Laws of the Trojans, the Greeks, the Britons, the Saxons, and the Danes; 2. Laws of the West-Saxons; 3. Institutes; 4. A Book against Unjust Judges; 5. Sayings of the Wise; 6. A Book on the Fortunes of Kings; 7. Fables and Jokes; 8. Acts of Magistrates; 9. Collection of Chronicles; 10. Manual of Medicines.

He was an elegant poet, and wrote a great many Anglo-Saxon poems and ballads, which were long or recited in all parts of England, but of which we believe no trace has been preserved, though we have a few verses of a still more ancient date. In his original works the extent of his knowledge is not less astonishing than the purity of his taste: the diction is classically easy and simple, yet not deficient either in strength or

in ornament. Asser tells us that his first attempt at translation was made upon the Bible, a book which no man ever held in greater reverence than King Alfred. In describing this commencement of his literary labours, the monk of St. David's presents us with another picture. He and the king were engaged in pleasant conversation; and it so chanced that Asser quoted a passage from the Bible with which the king was much struck. Alfred requested his friend to write the passage in a collection of Psalms and Hymns which he had had with him at Athelney and which he always carried in his bosom; but not a blank leaf could be found in that book. At the monk's suggestion the king called for a clean skin of parchment, and this being folded into fours, in the shape of a little book, the passage from the Scriptures was written upon it in Latin, together with other good texts; and the king setting to work upon those passages, translated them into the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

Bishop Afric, reputed the best philologist of his age, undertook a new version of the Pentateuch, and of some of the apocryphal books; and in his preface he refuted certain objections which had already been raised against similar labours, or against the practice of giving the Scriptures to the common people in a language they could understand. "The rubrics prefixed to the lessons of the Anglo-Saxon version of the Gospels," says Sir Francis Palgrave, "leave no reason to doubt but that they were regularly read in the churches on Sundays and festivals. Large portions of the Scripture were also reproduced in the Anglo-Saxon homilies or sermons, and the study of the Holy Scriptures was most earnestly recommended both to clergy and laity, as the groundwork of their faith.

From the Anglo-Saxon age down to Wicliffe, we in England can show such a succession of Biblical versions, in metre and in prose, as are not to be equalled amongst any other nation in Europe."

From this time Alfred continued the practice of writing down remarkable passages, and translating them into his own language. It has been said that he intended to make a complete translation of the Bible, and that he even completed the greater part of that immense undertaking. The latter fact seems very doubtful; but it cannot be doubted that an impulse was given by Alfred to others, and that translations of great part of the Scriptures were multiplied after his death.

Nothing is more astonishing in the story of this marvellous man than how he could find time for these laudable literary occupations; but he was steady and persevering in all things, regular in his habits, when not kept in the field by the Danes, and a rigid economist of his time. Eight hours of each day he gave to sleep, to his meals, and exercise; eight were absorbed by the affairs of government; and eight were devoted to study and devotion. Clocks, clepsydras, and other ingenious instruments for measuring time, were then unknown in England. Alfred was no doubt acquainted with the sun-dial, which was in common use in Italy; but this index is of no use in the hours of the night, and would frequently be equally unserviceable during our foggy sunless days. He therefore marked his time by the constant burning of wax torches or candles, which were made precisely of the same weight and size, and notched in the stem at regular distances. These candles were twelve inches long; six of them, or about two inches of wax, were consumed in twenty-four hours, or fourteen hundred and forty minutes; and thus, supposing the notches at intervals of an inch, one such notch would mark the lapse of twenty minutes,

and three such notches the lapse of an hour. These time-candles were placed under the special charge of the king's mass-priests or chaplains. But it was soon discovered that sometimes the wind, rushing in through the windows and doors, and the numerous chinks in the walls of the royal palace, caused the wax to be consumed in a rapid and irregular manner. This induced Alfred to invent that primitive utensil the horn lantern; which now-a-days is never seen except in the stable-yard of some lowly country inn, and not often even there. Asser tells us that the king went skilfully and wisely to work; and having found out that white horn could be rendered transparent like glass, he with that material, and with pieces of wood, admirably (*mirabiliter*) made a case for his candle, which kept it from wasting and flaring. And therefore, say we, let none ever look upon an ostler's horn lantern, however poor and battered it may be, and however dim the light that shines within it, without thinking of Alfred the Great.

In his youth he was much addicted to field sports, and a perfect master of hunting and the then newly introduced art of hawking; but in after life he begrudged the time which these exciting amusements demanded.

No prince of his time made such strenuous efforts in favour of education and the diffusion of knowledge among his people. Charlemagne acted upon a much vaster stage; but in this, as in several other respects, he was left far behind by our Alfred. Since the days of the venerable Bede the civilization of the country had sadly retrograded: the Danes, by directing their chief fury against the churches, abbeys, and monasteries, had destroyed the most learned of the Anglo-Saxon priests and monks—had burned their little libraries, and scared literature away from its only haunts. The schools had disappeared, there being at this period no schools or libraries in the country, except such as belonged to the monastic establishments.

Alfred's own account of the state in which he found the kingdom in this respect at his accession to the throne is most interesting; and his feeling of his own merits in effecting a change for the better is expressed with all the modesty of a truly great mind. In the circular letter which he prefixed to his translation of St. Gregory's *Pastorale*, he says—"Knowledge had fallen into such total decay among the English, that there were very few on the other side of the Humber who understood the common prayers, so as to be able to tell their meaning in English, or who could have translated into that language a Latin passage; and I ween there were not many on this side of Humber who could do it. Indeed there were so few such, that I do not even recollect one to the south of the Thames, at the time I succeeded to the crown. God Almighty be thanked, there are now some holding bishoprics who are capable of teaching."

We have seen with what anxiety he sought for learned men, and with what liberality he rewarded their services which he felt to be above all price. In the midst of the surrounding barbarity of Western Europe, his court shined out like an Academe. Many of these eminent scholars were invited from foreign countries, where their merits were less regarded. He corresponded very frequently with the learned Fulco, Bishop of Rheims, who acted as his agent in seeking out and engaging good teachers. An epistle, in Latin, has been preserved, which Bishop Fulco addressed to "the most glorious and most Christian King of the English, Alfred." The bishop praises the king's great learning, love of justice and peace, devotion, and charity; and especially applauds his successful efforts, his diligence and industry, in re-

* Hist. of England:—Anglo-Saxon Period.

moving the ignorance into which his subjects had fallen through the interruptions of the Pagans and the carelessness of the Saxon prelates. Dumb dogs, he says, cannot bark—*Cænes muti, non valentes latrare*; but he has sent the king a learned priest and monk, Grimbold by name (though he grieves at parting with him), who is admirably qualified to teach and preach, and aid Alfred in the great work he has in hand.* Asser describes Grimbold as being a venerable man, an excellent singer—*cantator optimus*—versed in every kind of ecclesiastical discipline; most erudite in the holy Scriptures, and of all good morals the ornament—in *divina Scriptura eruditissimum, et omnibus bonis moribus ornamentum*.

The national gratitude and admiration, which amplified the traditions relating to him, made Alfred the first founder of the University of Oxford. His claim to this honour seems to be exceedingly doubtful; but if there was no university (properly so called), there was certainly a monastic school at Oxford prior to the birth of Alfred, and if he did not convert it into a university, it is equally certain that he did much for its improvement: he provided the school with better teachers; and when differences arose among them, he went thither in person, in order to re-establish harmony and discipline.

His own large mind was ever open to instruction on any subject. The science of geography was then in a most imperfect, mutilated state. The works of the Greek and Roman geographers (themselves very defective) were unknown in England, and very little known in any part of Western Europe. The dark ages had furnished nothing to supply their place. But barbarous invention had disfigured this fair world by promulgating the most absurd fables about distant countries and the men who inhabited them. Johannes Scotus, as we have seen, had been a great traveller before he came to Alfred's court to impart the varied knowledge of which he was master. Other travelled men preceded or followed him; and it was evidently one of the greatest delights of the king's life to converse with these men about the distant lands in which they had been, and the still remoter parts of the earth of which they had obtained some information by reading books in other languages, or by hearsay. One of these adventurous men was Audher, or Othere, who had coasted the continent of Europe towards the North Pole, from the Baltic to the North Cape, with the view of ascertaining how far that continent extended; and who, in his skiff, had run along all the northern coast of Lapland, and had ventured to the shores occupied by the wild men of Finland. Another of these travellers was Wulstan, apparently a born subject of the king, who undertook a voyage all round the Baltic, and who succeeded in gathering many particulars concerning the divers countries situated on that sea. Others among these bold men who either had been sent out expressly by Alfred, or had been brought by him into England on account of the journeys they had previously made, had visited Germany, Bulgaria, Sclavonia, and Bohemia. All the information about foreign parts that Alfred obtained from these, his rough but honoured guests, he committed to writing in the plain mother tongue, and with the noble design of imparting it to his people; and in enlarging the text of Orosius, the Spanish chronicler, whose work he translated, he introduced a geographical account of Germany, and the voyages of Audher towards the North Pole and of Wulstan in the Baltic; this now, and for the time most valuable matter, being the cream of his conversations with his travelled guests. We have here an-

other picture in our mind's eye. The king is seated in the royal hall with these rough and weather-beaten men; there is a table with rudely drawn maps and charts upon it; and there is eager curiosity in the countenance of the king; and there are various and strong expressions in the faces of the voyagers and travellers, who are relating all that they have seen, and all the perils they have undergone. It is the sitting of the first Geographical Society in England.

Having obtained information—probably from Johannes Scotus, who had been in the East—that there were colonies of Christian Syrians settled on the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, who spoke the same tongue which Christ spoke when he was upon earth, Alfred, partly from feelings of devotion, and partly no doubt to increase his geographical knowledge, resolved to send out his well-instructed friend Swithelm, Bishop of Sherburn, to India, a tremendous journey in those days, and one which had never been made by any Englishman. But the stout-hearted bishop, making, as it should seem, what is now called the Overland journey, went and returned in safety, bringing back with him presents of gems and Indian spices. Hereby was Alfred's fame increased, and the name and existence of England probably heard of for the first time in that remote country, of which, nine centuries after, she was to become the almost absolute mistress.* Gifts also and a letter were received from the patriarch of Jerusalem, and some precious objects from Rome. To the popes Alfred sent many letters. Even in a temporal sense, his obligations to Rome were great.

This Saxon king, who could practise with his own hand the mechanical arts, extended his encouragement to all the humble but useful arts, and always gave a kind reception to mechanics of superior skill, of whom no inconsiderable number came into England from foreign countries. "No man," says Milton, "could be more frugal of two precious things in man's life, his time and his revenue. . . . His whole annual revenue, which his first care was, should be justly his own, he divided into two equal parts: the first he employed in secular uses, and subdivided those into three; the first, to pay his soldiers, household servants, and guard; the second, to pay his architects and workmen, whom he had got together of several nations, for he was also an elegant builder, above the custom and conceit of Englishmen in those days; the third he had in readiness to relieve or honour strangers, according to their worth, who came from all parts to see him and to live under him. The other equal part of his yearly wealth he dedicated to religious uses, those of four sorts: the first, to relieve the poor; the second, to build and maintain monasteries; the third, to a school, where he had persuaded the sons of many noblemen to study sacred knowledge and liberal arts (some say Oxford); the fourth was for the relief of foreign churches, as far as India to the shrine of St. Thomas."

This great prince was anxious above all things that his subjects should learn how to govern themselves, and how to preserve their liberties; and in his will he declared that he left his people as free as their own thoughts.† He frequently assembled his Witenagemot, or parliament, and never passed any law, or took any important step whatsoever, without their previous sanction. Down to the last days of his precious life he heard all law appeals in person with the utmost patience; and, in cases of importance, he revised all the proceedings with the utmost industry. His mabi-

* Pictorial History of England.

* Wise published this letter from the original MS. than in the possession of T. Ford, Vicar of Banwell, Somersetshire.

† Alfred's will (*Testamentum Regis Alfredi*) is given at length both in Spelman's *Life of Arthur* and Wise's edition of *Asser*.

told labours in the court, the camp, the field, the hall of justice, the study, must indeed have been prodigious. "One cannot help being amazed," says Burke, "that a prince who lived in such turbulent times, who commanded personally in fifty-four pitched battles, who had so disordered a province to regulate, who was not only a legislator, but a judge, and who was continually superintending his armies, his navies, the traffic of his kingdom, his revenues, and the conduct of all his officers, could have bestowed so much of his time on religious exercises and speculative knowledge; but the exertion of all his faculties and virtues seemed to have given a mutual strength to all of them. Thus all historians speak of this prince, whose whole history is one panegyric; and whatever dark spots of human frailty may have adhered to such a character, they are entirely hid in the splendour of his many shining qualities and grand virtues, that throw a glory over the obscure period in which he lived."*

Our amazement at all this bodily and mental activity must be increased by the indisputable fact that all these incessant exertions were made in spite of the depressing influences of physical pain and constant bad health. Though remarkable for the beauty of his person, Alfred, in his early years, was sorely afflicted by the disease called the *ficus*. This left him but at the age of twenty or twenty-one it was replaced by another and still more tormenting malady, the inward seat and unknown nature of which baffled all the medical skill of his "leeches." The accessions of excruciating pain were frequent at times almost unintermittent, and then, if by day or by night a single hour of ease was mercifully granted him, that short interval was embittered by the dread of the sure returning anguish. But the good monk Asser, who withdraws the curtain and admits us into the sick room of the great Saxon sovereign, tells us that Heaven vouchsafed him strength to bear these mortal agonies, and that

they were borne with a devout fortitude. The same antique biographer says that, in the midst of wars and all the impediments of his life, in the midst of the importunities of the Pagans, and his own daily corporeal infirmities, he attended to the arts and his artificers *artifices et artifices suos omnes*—and taught his fiddlers, huntsmen, and dog-trainers; and built edifices fine beyond the use of his ancestors, and recited Saxon books, and learned Saxon verses all by heart, and oft in the midst of his study he forgot to dine, and daily he heard mass and the divine ministrings; and at night he was in the church at the nocturnal services, and praying, and all the while he was more affable and jocund than all other men. The disease never quitted him, and was no doubt the cause of his death. "The shepherd of his people," "the darling of the English," "the wisest man in England," the truly illustrious Alfred, expired in the month of November, on the festival of SS Simon and Jude, in the year 900, when he was only in the fifty-first year of his age.* He was buried at Winchester, in a monastery he had founded.

Our old writers abound with beautiful pictures relating to Alfred. Of the modern poets who have attempted to turn his history into epic poems and tragedies, nothing very favourable can be said. We hope some of our rising artists may, in their way, be more successful. The best subjects for their pencil will be found not in the military adventures and battles and victories, numerous and brilliant as they were, but in Alfred's civil life, or in his deeds as a legislator, as a student and diligent inquirer after knowledge, and as an ardent promoter of whatever might contribute to the improvement of his country.

* The old writers, however, differ as to the day of Alfred's death. Some fix it in the month of October, 901 on the evening day before the festival of All Saints, and others give other dates.

* 'Abridgment of English History.'





[Ralpho rescuing the Knight.]

HUDIBRAS.—No. XIII.

THE pretended goblins having got Hudibras completely in their power, terrified and subdued by his own fears, and his superstitious belief in their supernatural character, proceed with his examination thus:—

"Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
By our friend, thy evil genius,
Who for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
The brethren's privilege (against
The wicked) on themselves, the saints,
Has here thy wretched carcass sent
For just revenge and punishment;
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open free confession; •
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the lady's heart away?
To spirit her to matrimony?"

"That which contracts all matches, money.
It was th' enchantment of her riches,
That made me apply t' your crouching witches;
That in return would pay th' expense,
The wear and tear of conscience:
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
For the hundredth part of what I earn'd."

"Didst thou not love her then? Speak true."

"No more (quoth he) than I love you."

"How wouldst th' have us'd her and her money?"

"First turn'd her up to alimony;
And laid her dowry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw,
Which I before-hand had agreed
To have put, on purpose, in the deed;
And bar her widow's making ever
To a friend in trust, or private lover."

"What make thee pick and chuse her out
To employ their sorceries about?"

"That which makes gamblers play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose."

"But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us?"

"I see you take me for an ass:
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass
Upon a woman well enough.

"As 't has been often found by proof;
Whose humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon.
For love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates, and woo."

"Why didst thou forge those shameful lies
Of bears and witches in disguise?"

"That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe;
A trick of following their leaders
To entertain their gentle readers.
And we have now no other way
Of passing all we do or say;
Which when 't is natural and true
Will be believ'd by a very few.
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of sense."

"Why didst thou chuse that cursed sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in?"

"Because it is the thriving'st calling,
The only saints-bell that rings all in;
In which all churches are concern'd,
And is the easiest to be learn'd:
For no degrees, unless th' employ 't,
Can ever gain much or enjoy 't.
A gift that is not only able
To domineer among the rabble,
But by the laws empowered, to rout
And awe the greatest that stand out,
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their hands should slip, and come too near;
For no sin else among the saints
Is taught so tenderly against."

It will be seen in this attack on hypocrisy how impartially Butler inflicts his satire. In the continuation, which contains some ridicule of the forms of the various catechisms promulgated by the dissenters at the time he does not spare the foibles of his own church.

"What made thee break thy plighted vows?"

"That which makes others break a house,
And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the plague of being poor."

Quoth he, "I see you have more tricks
Than all our doating politicians,
That are grown old, and out of fashion,
Compar'd with your New Reformation;
That we must come to school to you,
To learn your more refin'd, and new."

Quoth he, "If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'd find yourself an arrant chouse,
If y' were but at a meeting-house."

"Tis true, (quoth he) we ne'er come there,
Because w' have let 'em out by th' year."

"Truly, (quoth he) you can't imagine,
What wondrous things they will engage in:
That as your fellow-friends in hell
Were angels all before they fell:
So are you like to be again,
Compar'd with th' angels of us men."

Quoth he, "I am resolv'd to be
Thy scholar in this mystery;
And therefore first desire to know
Some principles on which you go."

"What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?" "A livelihood."

"What renders beating out of brains,
And murder, godliness?" "Great gains."

"What's tender conscience?" "Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch;
But breaking out, dispatches more
Than th' epidemical plague-sore."

"What makes y' encroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?" "To be paid."

"What's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience?" "A good living."

"What makes rebelling against kings
A good old cause?" "Administ'ring."

"What makes all doctrines plain and clear?"
"About two hundred pounds a year."

"And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again?" "Two hundred more."

"What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?" "Food and clothes."

"What laws and freedom, persecution?"
"Being out of power, and contribution."

"What makes a church a den of thieves?"
"A dean and chapter, and white sleeves."

"And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?" "Our own."

"What makes morality a crime,
The most notorious of the time;
Morality, which both the saints
And wicked too cry out against?"

"Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin:

And therefore no true saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse;
For saints can need no conscience,
That with morality dispense:

As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In nature only, and not imputed;
But why the wicked should do so,
We neither know, or care to do."

"What's liberty of conscience,
I' th' natural and genuine sense?"

"Tis to restore, with more security,
Rebellion to its ancient purity;

And Christian liberty reduce
To th' elder practice of the Jews.
For a large conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none."

"It is enough (quoth he) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones;

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick
(Tho' he gives name to our Old Nick),
But was below the least of these
That pass i' th' world for holiness."

The goblins now vanish, and while, in the dark, the
Knight bewails his fate, Ralpho, who had been a concealed auditor of all the proceedings, replies to him in the character of ghost, reproaching him with his prac-

tices and fraudulent intentions. The opening of the following quotation is poetical in spite of its burlesque character:—

"The queen of night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west,
To go to bed, and take her rest;
When Hudibras, whom stubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor:
And tho' he shut his eyes as fast
As if h' had been to sleep his last,
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards
Do make the devil wear for vizards,
And pricking up his ears, to hark
If he could hear too in the dark;
Was first invaded with a groan,
And after in a feeble tone,
These troubling words—"Unhappy wretch,
What has thou gotten by this fetch;
Or all thy tricks in this new trade,
Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade?
By saunt'ring still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a Centaur,
To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs?
For still th' bust had the worst out yet;
As well in conquest as defeat,
Night is the Sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind;
Which now thou art denied to keep,
And cur'd thy labour'd corpse with sleep."

We cannot give their debate, which contains some severe expositions of the more extravagant doctrines of the dissenting sects, but Ralpho having satisfied his splenetic humour, at length assists the knight to escape from his supposed perils, without however discovering himself in his real character. After the knight, supposing him an evil spirit, has urged the services of his sect in his favour, Ralpho replies:—

"Right, (quoth the voice) and as I scorn

To be ungrateful, in return

Of all those kind good offices,

I'll free you out of this distress,

And set you down in safety, where,

It is no time to tell you here.

The cock crows, and the morn grows on,

When 'tis decreed I must be gone:

And if I leave you here till day,

You'll find it hard to get away."

With that the spirit grop'd about,

To find th' enchanted hero out,

And try'd with haste to lift him up;

But found his forlorn hope, his cry,

Unserviceable with kicks and blows

Receiv'd from hard'n'd hearted foes.

He thought to drag him by the heels,

Like Gresham carts, with legs for wheels;

But fear that soonest cures those sores,

In danger of relapse, to worse,

Came in to assist him with his aid,

And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.

No sooner was he fit to trudge,

But both made ready to dislodge;

The spirit horsed him like a sack,

Upon the vehicle, his back,

And bore him headlong into th' hall,

With some few rubs against the wall.

Where finding th' outer postern lock'd,

And th' avenues as strongly block'd,

* This is a sneer at a then recent invention, which had been exhibited by the incipient Royal Society, then meeting at Gresham College, of a cart which was moved by a sort of step.

H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
 And in a moment gain'd the pass;
 Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's
 Fore-quarters by the head and shoulders;
 And cautiously began to scout,
 To find their fellow-cattle out,
 Nor was it half a minute's quest,
 Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,
 Tied to a pale instead of rack,
 But ne'er a saddle on his back,
 Nor pistols at the saddle-bow,
 Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
 He thought it was no time to stay,
 And let the night too steal away;
 But in a trice advanc'd the knight
 Upon the bare ridge bolt upright,
 And groping out for Ralph's jade,
 He found the saddle too was gray'd,
 And in the place a lump of soap,
 On which he speedily leap'd up;
 And turning to the gate the rein,
 He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.
 While Hudibras, with equal haste,
 On both sides laid about as fast,
 And spur'd as jockeys use, to break,
 Or padders to secure, a neck."

Wages in the South of France.—Stopping for a quarter of an hour to-day at a small way-side inn, an intelligent and obliging hostess gave me freely such communication as I sought regarding the condition of the people in the neighbourhood. She said, that when labourers were hired it was always the custom to feed them; and that in addition, from twelve to fifteen sous were given. She sometimes employed them herself; when they had for breakfast bread or chestnuts; for dinner, soup and such things as omelette, meat, rye-cakes; for supper, the same as at dinner. Generally also wine; but this year it is so extremely dear, that, she said, this was out of the question. Lowering her voice, she made an admission, such as that which the Teetotallers often enforce, that when wine was given the appetite was not so strong; and in a shrewd confidential manner, she explained that on this principle it was quite as well for her to give some wine.—*Travels in France and Spain, by the Rev. F. Trench.*

Robbers and Smugglers of Spain.—Hearing that a caravan was but a mile in advance, we galloped forward and joined it as it entered the forest. We soon afterwards heard a cry of robbers, and were shown three men in the wood, leaning on their guns, whom our companions recognised as forming members of the great banditti, whose numbers, I suspect, had been much exaggerated. Protected by the caravan, I felt some curiosity to see the highwayman of Andalusia; who, like the legitimate smuggler, was distinguished by a particular dress, was mounted on the high-necked horse of the country, and had some redeeming points in his character; he was seldom known to commit murder, or inflict any personal outrage, except in cases of continued resistance; and affected, in the full exercise of his vocation, a lofty courtesy of manner, and a contempt for sordid d tails: but these men were not mounted, and were not remarkable for any peculiarity of appearance. We crossed the Xenil, and arrived with the caravan, as night set in, at the Posada of Benaméni, where we collected, as usual, round the great fire. As we retired to our apartment, we offered our companions some wine, which they received with haughty reluctance, and were not satisfied till we had pledged them in their cup and broken their bread; but they afterwards came to our room, shook hands warmly with us, and entreated us to join their party on the next morning. On the following day, Pusey and myself left Benaméni at an early hour. The mountains of Ruffi and Priego rose magnificently before us, and rested in the bright beams of the morning: we passed along some very craggy paths, and arrived about the middle of the day at Laceda. We found the inn crowded with smugglers, who conversed freely with us, and sold their goods without any affectation of concealment: their dress was handsome and their manner civil, which was not invariably the case at that period. Before the revolution, the Spanish smugglers formed a distinct class, that retained, with much originality of character, certain defined principles, and an esta-

blished code of honour, upon which they professed to act. By this code, all robbery except the plunder of the revenue was highly censured, unless it took place under very peculiar circumstances. In traversing the country, they discharged their daily reckonings with exactness, and often with generosity; and, in spite of their illicit occupations, showed the most incorruptible fidelity towards persons who placed themselves under their protection or relied on their honour. Such principles were recognised, if not acted upon, by every individual who became a member of the fraternity; and continued, more or less, in force, while the number remained limited; but when the change that was operated in the commercial policy of Spain had given a violent stimulus to the illicit trade, a new class of smugglers suddenly arose, unformed by previous habits, and solely created by the demand for foreign merchandise; which, in consequence of the new regulations, could no longer be supplied by the regular channels. This new class had no restraining points of pride, and becoming alternately smuggler and robber, they plundered the revenue, and oppressed the people; but a marked distinction existed in the public mind, and a bitter feud prevailed between the old and the new race.—*Lord Porchester's Notes to his Poem of the Moor.*

Life of a Squatter.—The reader is prepared from what I have said of the country to find the dwelling of the squatter surrounded by picturesque scenery. Suppose, for instance, a valley of about one or two miles wide, confined by banks, in some places steep, rocky, and wooded, in others sloping and grassy. A few large trees are scattered here and there over a rich alluvial flat. Either a chain of water-holes, or a river, runs along the centre, whose course is marked in some places by reeds, in others by tall gum-trees. You see at some distance an enclosure of eight or ten acres, fenced with post and triple rail; in this there is a promising-looking crop of oats and potatoes. There is also a garden, fenced something in the same manner. Near this are three or four huts, which seem to have been dropped in the places they occupy, without the least reference to each other. The principal one, however, stands somewhat apart from the rest, and is surrounded by a paling, which also encloses a small flower-garden. This hut is a rude erection, the sides of which are made of upright slabs, about seven feet high, plastered at the interstices, and whitewashed; the roof is of bark; a rude verandah occupies the front, and there are two windows of about two feet square, one on each side of the door. The whole hut is about twenty-two feet long, and about twelve feet wide. The door opens into the sitting-room, which is about twelve feet square, and has a fine large fire-place. It is furnished with a couple of tables, a sofa covered with an opossum rug, and a few chairs. The walls are lined with a coarse canvas, and are hung with bookshelves, a few prints, some guns, daggers, shot-belts, whips, &c. The floor is of slabs, adzed smooth. This room is divided from the sleeping-room by a wall or screen reaching as high as the wall-plate of the hut, with an opening above it, the whole height of the pitch of the roof: behind it there is a kitchen. The other huts consist of men's hut, store hut, shed for carts, overseer's hut, &c.: at a greater distance there is a wool-shed, generally a large building. Some huts are better and many worse than what I have described: it is rather under than over the usual size—the mode mentioned of dividing sitting-room and bed-room by a screen is almost universal. I only allude to bachelor's huts; where married people reside in the bush, there is of course much more accommodation. Slabs are the most common material for building. These are a kind of plank, generally about two inches thick, and varying in width from eight inches to a foot: they are obtained by splitting with wedges the gum-tree, the stringy bark and iron bark. The mode of building is this: Upright corner-posts, of about a foot in diameter, are fixed firmly in the ground, being sunk about two feet deep; a wall-plate is placed at the top, from one to the other of these, and firmly secured, and a sleeper at bottom, so as to connect all together, and form a kind of frame. Both wall-plate and sleeper are grooved, and the slabs are fitted into the grooves, and run up close together. Some huts are roofed with the bark of the stringy bark or with that of the box-tree; many are thatched with a kind of wire-grass; and a few are roofed with a kind of large shingle called broad paling.—*State and Prospects of Port Philip, by C. Griffith.*



[Parmigiano.]

ESSAYS ON THE LIVES OF REMARKABLE PAINTERS.—No. XXXVIII.

PARMIGIANO.

FRANCESCO MAZZOLA, or MAZZUOLI, called 'PARMIGIANO, and, by the Italians, IL PARMIGIANINO (to express by this endearing diminutive the love as well as the admiration he inspired even from his boyhood), was a native of Parma, born on the 11th of January, 1503. He had two uncles who were painters, and by them he was early initiated into some knowledge of designing, though he could have owed little else to them, both being very mediocre artists. Endowed with a most precocious genius, ardent in every pursuit, he studied indefatigably, and at the age of fourteen he produced a picture of the Baptism of Christ, wonderful for a boy of his age, exhibiting even thus early much of that easy grace which he is supposed to have learned from Correggio; but Correggio had not then visited Parma. When he arrived there four years afterwards, for the purpose of painting the Cupola of San Giovanni, Francesco, then only eighteen, was selected as one of his assistants, and he took this opportunity of imbuing his mind with a style which certainly had much analogy with his own taste and character: Parmigiano however had too much genius, too much ambition, to follow in the footsteps of another, however great. Though not great enough himself to be first in that age of greatness, yet had his rivals and contemporaries been less than giants, he must have overtopped them all; as it was, feeling the impossibility of rising above such men as Michael Angelo, Raphael, Correggio, yet feeling also the consciousness of his own power, he endeavoured to be original by combining what has not yet been harmonised in nature, therefore could hardly succeed in art—the grand drawing of Michael Angelo, the antique grace of Raphael, and the melting tones and sweetness of Correggio. Perhaps, had he been satisfied to look at nature through his own soul and eyes, he would

have done better; had he trusted himself more, he would have escaped some of those faults which have rendered many of his works displeasing, by giving the impression of effort, and of what in art is called *mannerism*. Ambitious, versatile, accomplished, generally admired for his handsome person and graceful manners, Parmigiano would have been spoiled by vanity, if he had not been a man of strong sensibility and of almost fastidious sentiment and refinement; when these are added to genius, the result is generally a tinge of that melancholy, of that dissatisfaction with all that is achieved or acquired, which seem to have entered largely into the temperament of this painter, rendering his character and life extremely interesting, while it strongly distinguishes him from the serenely mild and equal-tempered Raphael, to whom he was afterwards compared.

When Parmigiano was in his twentieth year, he set off for Rome. The recent accession of Clement VII., a declared patron of art, and the death of Raphael, had opened a splendid vista of glory and success to his imagination. He carried with him to Rome three pictures. One of these was an example of his graceful genius; it represented the Infant Christ seated on his mother's knee, and taking some fruit from the lap of an angel. The second was a proof of his wonderful dexterity of hand: it was a portrait of himself seated in his atelier amid his books and musical instruments; but the whole scene represented on the panel as if viewed in a convex mirror. The third picture was an instance of the success with which he had studied the magical effects of chiaroscuro in Correggio—torch-light, daylight, and a celestial light being all introduced without disturbing the harmony of the colouring. This last he presented to the pope, who received both the young painter and his offering most graciously. He became a favourite at Rome, and as he studiously imitated, while there, the works of Raphael, and resembled him in the elegance of his person and manners and the generosity of his disposition, the poets compli-

mented him by saying, or singing, that the late-lost and lamented Raphael had revived in the likeness of Parmigiano: we can now measure more justly the distance which separated them.

While at Rome, Francesco was greatly patronised by the Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici, and painted for him several beautiful pictures; for the pope also, several, and the portrait of a young captain of his guard, Lorenzo Cibo, which is supposed to be the fine portrait now at Windsor. For a noble lady, a certain Donna Maria Buffalini, he painted a grand altar-piece to adorn the chapel of her family at Città di Castello. This is the celebrated 'Vision of St. Jerome,' now in our National Gallery: it represents the Virgin holding a book, with the Infant Christ leaning on her knee, as seen above in a glory, while St. John the Baptist points to the celestial vision, and St. Jerome is seen asleep in the background. This picture is an eminent example of all the beauties and faults of Parmigiano. The Madonna and the Child are models of dignity and grace: the drawing is correct and elegant; the play of the lights and shadows, in delicate management, worthy of Correggio; the attitude of St. John the Baptist is an attempt at singularity in drawing, which is altogether forced and theatrical; while the foreshortened figure of St. Jerome in the background is most *uncomfortably* distorted. Notwithstanding these faults, the picture has always been much celebrated. When the church in which it stood was destroyed by an earthquake, the picture was purchased from among the ruins, and afterwards sold to the Marquis of Abercorn for fifteen hundred guineas; subsequently it passed through the hands of two great collectors, Mr. Hart Davis and Mr. Watson Taylor, and was at length purchased by the members of the British Institution, and by them generously presented to the nation.

It is related that Rome was taken by assault and pillaged by the barbarous soldiery of the Constable de Bourbon, at the very time that Parmigiano was painting on this picture, and that he was so absorbed by his work, that he heard nothing of the tumult around him till some soldiers, with an officer at their head, broke into his atelier. As he turned round in quiet surprise from his easel, they were so struck by the beauty of his work, as well as by the composure of the artist, that they retired without doing him any injury. But another party afterwards seized him, insisted on ransom, and robbed him of all he possessed. Thus reduced to poverty, he fled from Rome, now a scene of indescribable horrors, and reached Bologna barefoot and penniless.

But the man of genius has at least this high privilege, that he carries with him everywhere two things of which no earthly power can rob him—his talent and his fame. On arriving at Bologna, he drew and etched some beautiful compositions. He is said by some to have himself invented the art of *etching*, that is, of corroding, or, as it is technically termed, *biting* the lines on the copper-plate by means of nitrous acid, instead of cutting them with the graver. He was thus relieved from the immediate pressure of poverty, and very soon found himself, as a painter, in full employment. He executed at Bologna some of his most celebrated works: the Madonna della Rosa of the Dresden Gallery and the Madonna dell' *collo lungo* (or long-necked Madonna) in the Pitti Palace at Florence; also, a famous altar-piece called the St. Margaret: of all these there are numerous engravings.

After residing nearly four years at Bologna, Parmigiano returned, rich and celebrated, to his native city. He reached Parma in 1531, and was immediately engaged to paint in fresco a new church which had recently been erected to the honour of the Virgin Mary, and called the *Steccata*. There were, however, some

delays on the side of his employers, and more on his own, and four years passed before he set to work. Much indignation was excited by his dilatory conduct, but it was appeased by the interference of his friend Francesco Boiardo, who offered himself as his surety for the completion of his undertaking within a given time. A new contract was signed, and Parmigiano, thereupon, presented to his friend his picture of 'Cupid framing his Bow,' a lovely composition;—so beautiful, that it has been again and again attributed to Correggio, and engraved under his name, but it is undoubtedly by Parmigiano. Several repetitions of it were executed at the time, so much did it delight all who saw it. Engravings and copies likewise abound; a very good copy is in the Bridgewater Gallery: the picture which is regarded as the original is in the gallery of the Belvedere at Vienna.

At last he began his works in the *Steccata*, and there he executed his figure of Moses in act to break the Tables of the Law, and his Eve in act to pluck the forbidden fruit: the former is a proof of the height he could aspire to in sublime conception; we have few examples in art of equal grandeur of character and drawing: the poet Gray acknowledged that when he pictured his Bard,

"Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor on the troubled air,"

he had this magnificent figure full in his mind. The Eve, on the other hand, is a perfect example of that peculiar grace in which Parmigiano excelled.

After he had painted these and a few other figures in the church, more delays ensued. It is said by some that Parmigiano had wasted his money in gambling and dissipation, and now gave himself up to the pur-



[Moses breaking the Tables.]

suit of the philosopher's stone, with a hope of repairing his losses. One of his biographers has taken pains to disprove these imputations; but that he was imprudent, restless, and fond of pleasure, is admitted. Whatever might have been the cause, he broke his contract, and was thrown into prison. To obtain his freedom, he entered into a new engagement, but was no sooner at liberty than he escaped to the territory of Cremona; here his constitutional melancholy seized him, and though he lived, or rather languished, long enough to paint some beautiful pictures, he died in a few months afterwards, and was, at his own request, laid in the earth without any coffin or covering, only a cross of cypress-wood was placed on his breast. He died just twenty years after Raphael, and at the same age, having only completed his thirty-seventh year.

Parmigiano, in his best pictures, is one of the most fascinating of painters—dignified, graceful, harmonious. His children, cupids, and angels are, in general, exquisite: his portraits are noble, and are, perhaps, his finest and most faultless productions,—the Moses and the Eve excepted. It was the error of Parmigiano that in studying grace he was apt to deviate into affectation and become what the French call *maniéré*: all studied grace is disagreeable. In his female figures he lengthened the limbs, the necks, the fingers, till the effect was not grace, but a kind of stately feebleness; and as he imitated at the same time the grand drawing and large manner of Michael Angelo, the result conveys an impression of something quite incongruous in nature and in art. Then his Madonnas have in general a mannered grandeur and elegance, something between goddesses and duchesses; and his female saints are something between nymphs and maids of honour. For instance, in the Marriage of St. Catherine, of which there are so many repetitions, (a famous one in the collection of Lord Normanton; another, smaller and most exquisite, in the Grosvenor Gallery, not to speak of an infinitude of copies and engravings—for none of his compositions, not even the Cupid shaping his bow, has been so popular;) is not the Madonna with her long slender neck and her half-averted head far more aristocratic than divine? and does not St. Catherine hold out her pretty finger for the ring with the air of a lady-bride?—and most of the sacred pictures of Parmigiano are liable to the same censure. Annibal Carracci, in a famous sonnet, in which he pointed out what was most worthy of imitation in the elder painters, recommends, significantly, "a little" of the grace of Parmigiano; thereby indicating, what we feel to be the truth, that he had *too much*.

GALLEY SLAVES.

"Thus, man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast."

COWPER.

UNTIL comparatively recent times, it was the custom of those countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, such as the Italian States, France, Spain, &c., to condemn criminals, and even those who did not deserve such an appellation, to labour at the galleys, where they were known as galley-slaves. Every one who has read the history of those countries, or even works of fiction of which they are the scene, must have met with some allusions to this most deplorable custom.

The vessels which navigated the Mediterranean during the middle ages were principally *galloasses*, *galloes*, and *galleys*, all of which bore certain points of

resemblance to each other, and were propelled chiefly by oars. The *galloes*, employed by the Venetians, was commonly 162 feet long on deck, 133 at the keel, and about 32 feet wide. It was furnished with three masts, and thirty-two banks of oars: every bank containing two oars, and every one being managed by six or seven slaves, who were usually chained to it: it generally carried six small guns, and about a thousand men. The *galloes* was a Spanish vessel, and the readers of the naval history of Great Britain cannot fail to remember the exploits of our seamen in former years, in capturing the Spanish *galloes*, returning home from their foreign possessions laden with treasures.

The *galley*, or *galère*, was chiefly used by the French, and has come more distinctly under notice on account of its connection with the criminal code of the country. A man condemned to the galleys for life was thrown out of the pale of society: his lands and goods were confiscated; he could not dispose of any of his effects; he could not inherit property; if married, his marriage became instantly null, nor could his widow have any of her dower out of his goods. Such were the civil disabilities attending a condemnation to the galleys; but these were as nothing compared with the life which the condemned person passed on board the vessel. The *galley* was a much smaller vessel than either the *galloes* or the *galloes*. The banks of oars were ranged along the sides of the vessel; and along the middle between them ran a gangway called the *coursier*. A small cabin projected from the stern, and served as an apartment for the officers: all else, soldiers, sailors, and slaves, lay above deck. The crew generally consisted of a captain, a chaplain, 150 men (forming the various classes of petty officers, soldiers, seamen, and servants), and 300 galley-slaves. Five slaves were attached to each oar: four of whom, being convicts, were chained to it; and the fifth, who was generally a Turk, presided at the head of the oar, and was a ruler over the other four.

That criminal offences should be visited by the consignment of the perpetrators to extraordinary and continued hard work, is a mode of procedure which receives countenance from the practice of our own times. But this fact does not prepare us to read with indifference the details of galley slavery, which at certain periods of history are peculiarly revolting. Under no circumstances and at no time were the horrors of this slavery so dreadfully experienced as at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and of the persecution which followed that event. Such Protestants as had neither abjured their faith nor emigrated were then sent to the galleys. Men of the best educated and most endowed minds were chained to the oars, and subjected to all the toil and privation incident to that wretched mode of life. Accounts have been published of the sufferings of several clergymen and others, who were subjected to the most depressing cruelties. The most impartial testimony, perhaps, is that furnished by M. Bion, who was chaplain of one of the galleys, and, therefore, an every-day witness of what occurred. We will here give a few details of the life of a galley-slave in the vessel in which M. Bion officiated about the year 1704; which will serve to convey some idea of the general system of galley slavery, for all the galleys more or less resembled each other.

Although there were two masts to the vessel, for the support of sails, and also an awning to cover the deck; yet the build of the vessel was so slight that neither sails nor awning could be safely put up, except in very calm weather: consequently the motion of the ship almost wholly depended upon the rowers; and the withdrawal of the awning left them exposed to the scorching sun by day, and to the damps and inclemencies of the night. Thus exposed to the sky they lay at

night on boards a foot and a half wide. The physical exhaustion produced by working at the oar was very great, on account of its enormous size and weight, which made it necessary for them to rise to draw the stroke, and then fall back again. Whether in winter or summer, the perspiration trickled down their harassed limbs from the violence of the exertion; and if they lagged or fainted through excess of fatigue, an officer posted on the central gangway inflicted personal chastisement with a long stick which he held ready in his hand.

Their principal food was biscuits, and a kind of porridge made of oil and peas or beans, generally in a stale or musty state. When the weather was too rough for the galley to put out to sea, such of the slaves as had learned trades were required to work at them on board; the overseer sharing half of their profits; the other half being paid to them, not in money, but in extra food; and those who had never learned a trade, — perhaps had lived in ease and comfort, — were condemned to clean the clothes of their associates. Such a course of life obviously led to frequent illness, and the treatment of the sick was still worse than that of the healthy. In the hold of the galley was a close dark room, with no more air or light than was given by the entrance-trap or hole. At each end of this room was a scaffold on which the sick were laid promiscuously, with nothing but bare boards under them. M. Bion states that when the duties of his office called him to visit the miserable sufferers in this hole, he was presently covered with vermin, but was obliged to stay to confess such as were about to expire. The room was so low that he was forced to lie down by their sides; and often while he was confessing one, another would expire just by him.

The slaves on board this galley were Turks, criminals, and Protestants. The Turks had been purchased by Government in order to have the guidance of the oars. In token of their slavery they wore iron rings round their ankles; but they were not chained, and they had a certain degree of liberty when the galley was in port. The criminals were such as were, for some serious crimes, condemned to the galleys; and the Protestants, about twenty in number, were consigned to this miserable mode of life because they refused conformity to the Roman Catholic religion. The French Protestants or Huguenots were reduced to the level of the criminals on board the galleys. The yearly allowance of clothing for these slaves was two shirts made of the coarsest canvas, and a little jerkin of red serge, slit on each side up to the arm-holes and having short open sleeves reaching to the elbows. Once in three years they were provided with a coarse frock and a little cap for their heads, which were kept close shaven as a mark of infamy.

M. Le Fevre, a councillor of Paris, was about the year 1686 condemned to the galleys for life for refusing to abjure the Protestant religion; but being too weak to work the oar, he was confined in a miserable dungeon at Marseilles, where he died after a lingering captivity of sixteen years. M. de Marolles was arrested while endeavouring to escape with his family to some Protestant country, and transferred to the galleys. He was treated somewhat better than the convicts, as the following extract from one of his letters to his wife will show:—"I am lodged in one of the extremities of the galley, which is called the prow or beak, in a little cabin about seven or eight feet square. The ceiling is so low that I cannot stand upright in it. We generally lie four of us therein; two galériens and two slaves. Twice or thrice a week I commonly boil the pot, into which is put five pieces of mutton, each weighing a quarter of a pound. There is very little beef here, and scarcely any veal. The other galérien and I eat

together, though I alone pay for it; but he does me service enough for it in other ways. Bread is dear, but I sometimes eat of the king's bread. As for the other food, that which the king allows is a half porringer-full of beans, dressed in oil, for the whole day. I eat none of it; so my usual food is bread, with which I have of late eaten a few dried raisins, a pound of which cost me eighteen deniers. I lie upon a galley-mattress made of three or four old coats." The reason why he was allowed such indulgences does not clearly appear, except that his health was too far injured to permit him to work. As he continued unfit for labour, he was finally removed to a dungeon on shore, where he was kept a prisoner for the remainder of his life.

William Davies, a surgeon on board an English vessel sailing to Tunis in 1597, was, together with all the crew, captured by a Florentine galley, and conveyed to Leghorn. Their heads were shaved and they were dressed in red coats and caps, and then employed for three years on shore, chained to carts laden with sand, lime, bricks, &c., which they drew from place to place, receiving more blows than any cart-horse in England, and having only as much bread and water in three days as they could have devoured at one meal." He and his companions were then sent to the galleys, where their misery was increased tenfold. He thus describes the condition of a galley-slave:—"The misery of the galleys doth surpass any man's judgment or imagination; neither would any man think that such torture or torment was used in the world, but only they that feel it. The extremity of misery causeth many slaves to kill themselves, or else seek to kill their officers; but we were not suffered to have so much as a knife about us; yea, if we had gotten one by any extraordinary means, and offered any violence to any officer, we should presently have lost our noses and ears, and received a hundred blows on our bare back, and another hundred on the stomach, continuing slaves still. But I entreated Almighty God to grant me grace that I might endure it patiently."

Such is a brief sketch of the mode of life to which a large number of educated persons were subjected during the existence of galley-slavery. This mode of punishment is inconsistent with the improved state of society and the higher tone of humanity happily existing at the present time, and accordingly we find that galley-slavery is now almost if not entirely extinct. It was abolished in France some years before the revolution of 1789.

The name of galley-slave is, however, still applied to those criminals who are sentenced to the galleys, or to the *bagne* (as the punishment is now more generally called); that is, to hard labour in the docks and military harbours of France, Spain, and Italy. The house of detention at Toulon and Brest is called the *Bagne* (from the Italian *bagno*, a bath), from the circumstance of the criminals, as soon as they arrive, being made to bathe in warm water. The *bagne* is described as a horrid assemblage of misery, filth, and vice, a reproach to the criminal legislation of the country; but attempts are being made to reform it by the introduction of improved systems of prison discipline. The misery and depravity of the galley-slaves are vividly depicted by one of the number—Vidocq, in his *Mémoires*, tom. i. ii. Paris, 1828.

THOMAS FULLER

ONE of the most remarkable writers in the English language is Thomas Fuller. Scarcely a writer in any language could be named whose works on general subjects more exactly reveal the character of their author; unless in the case of Montaigne, the author speaks as

much about himself as about any other person or subject. Wit, as Coleridge wrote at the end of the 'Church History,' "Wit was the stuff and substance of Fuller's intellect. It was the element, the earthen base, the material which he worked in; and this very substance has defrauded him of his due praise for the practical wisdom of the thought, for the beauty and variety of the truths into which he shaped the stuff. Fuller was incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced great man of an age that boasted a galaxy of great men. He is a very voluminous writer; and yet, in all his numerous volumes on so many different subjects, it is scarcely too much to say that you will hardly find a page in which some one sentence out of every three does not deserve to be quoted for itself as motto or as maxim."

To become ever so slightly acquainted with such a man cannot but be interesting. We shall briefly sketch his life, and then endeavour to afford some insight into the peculiarities of his remarkable intellect. On the south banks of the Nene in Northamptonshire, two little villages, nearly allied in name, stand close beside each other, each of which boasts of being the birth-place of a man of genius. In the rectory of Aldwinkle, All Saints, John Dryden is said to have been born: in that of Aldwinkle St. Peter's was born, in June, 1608, the subject of this notice. Little is known of his early day. Aubrey, in his Letters, relates that Master Fuller "was a boy of a pregnant wit," and in his usual gossiping way, goes on to tell that "he was of a middle stature, strong set, curled hair, a very working head, inasmuch, that walking and meditating before dinner, he would eat up a penny loaf not knowing that he did it."

After a few years' private instruction at Aldwinkle he went to Cambridge, in 1621, and entered at Queen's College, where he remained till 1629, when he removed to Sidney Sussex. He took his degree of B.A. 1624, of M.A. 1628. During his residence at Cambridge his uncle, Bishop Davenant, watched over his interests, and in 1634 presented him to the rectory of Broad Windsor in Dorsetshire. At Sidney he had Dr. Samuel Ward for his tutor, a man of considerable learning and of inflexible integrity: Fuller has noticed his worth in his 'Worthies of Durham'—"he turned with the times, as a rock riseth with the tide." While at college he published the first heir of his invention—like the firstlings of so many authors—a poem: it is entitled 'David's Hainous Sin, Heartie Repentance, Heavie Punishment.' It was written in his twenty-third year, and is a very immature production. It is very scarce, indeed almost unknown, and very little would be gained by its resuscitation. Yet, as illustrating the progress of Fuller's mind, it has its value. Most of his peculiarities are discernible in it: there are the fondness for alliteration and playing upon words, the discursions, and not a little of the wit that distinguish his later productions. Speaking of the death of David's child, he writes—

"In vain the Wit of wisest men doth strive
To cut off this entail, that doth derive
Death unto all, when first they are alive!"

Yet this is followed by a passage of much beauty, though disfigured by its expression:—

"As when a tender rose begins to blow,
Yet scarce unswaddled is, some wanton maid,
Pleas'd with the smell, allured with the show,
Will not reprove it till it hath display'd
The folded leaves, but to her breast applies
The abortive bud, where coddled it lies
Losing the blushing die, before it dies."

From this time, however, his Muse was rather sparing of her favours; except a few verses prefixed to the publication of an acquaintance, he meddled no more with verse till, towards the end of his life, he was inspired to celebrate 'His Majesty's Happy Return' in a 'Panegyric,' which was first printed separately, but afterwards inserted in his 'Worthies' (Worcestershire), with an intimation that his "Muse craves her own *Nam Dignitis*, never to make verses more."

At Broad Windsor he so gained the good-will of his charge, that on his proceeding to take his degree of B.D., four of his chief parishioners requested to be allowed "to wait on him to Cambridge, to testify their exceeding engagements, it being the sense and request of his whole parish." The seven years he remained here were not idly spent; besides being diligent in the discharge of his ministerial functions, he wrote one of the most popular of his works, 'The History of the Holy War,' and some minor matters, as sermons and the like; and finally won and wedded his first wife. In 1641 he removed to London, though not to a cure; "supplying" in any of the pulpits that were offered to him. He speedily became one of the most popular preachers in the metropolis, crowds resorting to any church where he was to minister. Attracted by his ability, the master and brotherhood of the Savoy chose him to be their lecturer; which office, says the author of his Life (Oxon, 1662), "he did most piously and effectually discharge, witness the great confluence of affected hearers from distant congregations, inasmuch that his own cure were (in a sense, excommunicated from the church, unless their timorous diligence kept pace with their devotion, the doctor affording them no more time for their extraordinaries on the Lord's day than what he allowed his habitual abstinence on all the rest. He had in his narrow chapel two audiences, one without the pale, the other within; the windows of that little church, and the sextonry so crowded, as if bees had swarmed to his mellifluous discourse." A year before, he had published some sermons in his 'Joseph's Parti-coloured Coat,' and if we may judge from them, it was not surprising that he was so run after; at any rate, there could be little fear of a sleepy congregation. The very titles are attractive: one, from the passage "Love not the world" is headed "An ill match well broken off;" another is called "A Glass for Gluttons."

(To be continued.)

The Elephant.—In British India the elephant is seldom seen upon occasions of ceremony except at the courts of those princes who still possess any independent authority. Their general use at Calcutta, or within five miles of it, is prohibited, on account of the frequent accidents which they occasion by frightening horses. In the hideous ceremonials of Juggernaut, elephants are used. Five elephants precede the car of the idol, "bearing towering flags, dressed in crimson caparisons, and having bells hanging to their caparisons." When the two sons of Tipoo were received as hostages by Lord Cornwallis, they were each mounted on an elephant, richly caparisoned, and seated in a silver howdah. At Vizier Ali's wedding, in 1795, "the procession was grand beyond conception: it consisted of about twelve hundred elephants richly caparisoned, drawn up in a regular line, like a file of soldiers. About one hundred elephants in the centre had, however, dahi, or castles, covered with silver. In the midst of these appeared the nabob, mounted on an uncommonly large elephant, within a howdah covered with silver, richly set with precious stones." It was a custom with the Moguls to have their elephants and horses daily paraded before them.—*Knight's Weekly Volume. 'The Elephant.'*



CHAUCER'S
CANTERBURY TALES.

THE MAN OF LAW'S TALE.*

Oh! pernicious condition of poverty! to ask help shames thee in thy heart, yet if thou do not ask, the very extremity of thy need exposes the wound that thou wouldest conceal.

Thou blamest Christ, and sayest full bitterly, that he distributeth unequally temporal wealth. It is better to die than to be indigent. Thy very neighbour despises thee.

If thou be poor, farewell thy reverence!

But ye, O merchants, are full of riches. Through land and sea ye seek your winnings. All the condition of kingdoms ye know. Ye be the messengers of tidings and tales both of peace and war, and now that I have a tale to tell, I were sadly at a loss, but that a merchant long ago taught me one, that ye shall now hear.

In Syria once dwelt a company of rich traders, who

* The commencement and general tone of the Man of Law's narration, recall to mind forcibly the description of him given by the poet:—

Discreet he was, and of great reverence,
He seemèd such, his wordes were so wise.

No. 836.

were accustomed to send far and wide their spices, cloths of gold, and satins. And it happened that the masters of the company went to Rome, and sojourned there a certain time. And every day they heard some rumour or other of the excellence of the Emperor's daughter, Custance. The general voice said,

In her is high beauty withouten pride,
Youthe withouten greet head,* or folly,
To all her workes virtue is her guide;
Humbles hath slayen in her tyranny,
She is mirrour of alle courtesy,
Her heart is very chambr of holiness,
Her hand minister of freelom for almest.†

When the merchants had freighted their ships, and seen this noble maiden, they returned to Syria.

Now it so chanced that the merchants stood high in the favour of the Sultan of Syria; who, when they came from any strange place, would entertain them hospitably, and learn what tidings they brought from foreign lands. Among other matters they tell him of Custance, and that with such earnestness, that the Sultan

* Childishness. † Alms—charitable deeds generally.

finds a great pleasure in keeping her constantly in his remembrance; in short, all his delight and care are to love her. At last, sending for his council, he tells them briefly, that he is but as one dead, unless he may win the regards of Constance, and bids them devise a remedy.

They endeavoured to reason with him, suggested that he had been deluded and wronged by magic, and finally urged the difficulty attending the proposed marriage on account of the diversity of religions. No Christian prince, they thought, would give his child in wedlock to one who lived under the law of Mohammed. But the Sultan answered, Rather than lose Custance, I will become a Christian. And in the end, by treaties, and through the mediation of the Pope, the alliance was concluded, to the injury of Mohammedanism and the promotion of Christianity. And now, fair Custance, may the Almighty God guide thee.

The day is comen of her departing,
I say the woful day fatal is come,
That there may be no longer tarrying
But forward they them 'dressen* all and some.
Custance that was with sorrow all o'ercome
Full pale arose, and 'dresseth her to wend,†
For well she seeth there is none other end.

Father, she said, thy wretched child, Custance,
Thy young daughter, fostered up so soft,
And ye, my mother, my sovereign pleasure
Over all thing (out-taken‡ Christ on loth§),
Custance, your child, her recommendeth oft
Unto your grace, for I shall to Surrié.||
Ne shall I never see you more with eye.

Alas! unto the Barbare nation
I muste gone, since that it is your will,
But Christ, that starv'd¶ for our redemption,
So give me grace his heates** to fulfil.

To ship the sorrowful maid is brought in all solemnity. Now Christ be with you all, she said. Farewell, fair Custance, was the reply.

In the mean time the mother of the Sultan, a well of vices, has called her council about her, and thus spoken to them. Ye know, lords, that my son is about to leave the holy laws of the Koran; but I vow to God, the life shall start out of my body, rather than the law of Mohammed out of my heart. But now, lords, will ye consent to what I advise? and I will then make us safe. Every one agreed to live and die by her. Then, she said, We will first feign to receive Christianity, and I will make such a feast,

That, as I trow, I shall the Sultan quite;
For though his wife be christened ne'er so white,
She shall have need to wash away the red,
Though she a font of water with her led.

So, on a certain day, the Sultanness rode to her son, and told him she renounced her faith, repented she had been so long a heathen, and besought him to grant her the honour of receiving the Christian people at a banquet. The Sultan said, I will do your pleasure; and kneeling, thanked her for her request:—

So glad he was, he wist†† not what to say.

She then kissed her son, and went home.

The Christians now arrived. Great was the crowd, and rich the procession of the Syrians and the Romans. The mother of the Sultan first received Custance with a glad cheer, and then the Sultan himself welcomed her with all joy and bliss. The time comes for the

feast ordained by the Sultanness; and the Christians, young and old, are present. Men see there royalty in all its magnificence, and feast on dainties more than I can describe; but all too dear they are bought. In a word, the Sultan and the Christians—every man—are suddenly cut down and stabbed at the board by the Sultanness and her friends; also every Syrian that had been converted. And then Custance is taken in great haste to the shore, with her treasure, clothes, and a store of provisions:—

And in a ship all steerless (God wot)
They have her set, and bidden her learne sail
Out of Surrié againward to Itaille.

And forth saileth Custance alone in the salt sea. O my Custance! He that is the lord of fortune be thy pilot!

For days and years she floated throughout the Grecian Sea, until she came to the Strait of Maroc. Many a sorry meal does she make: often does she wait in expectation of the coming death, before the wild waves bear her to the place where she is destined to arrive. Men might ask why she was not slain at the feast?—why she was not drowned in the sea?—how it happened that for three years and more her provisions lasted? I answer, Who saved Daniel in the horrible cage?—enabled the Hebrew people to cross the sea dry-shod?—and fed the Egyptian Mary in the cave and in the desert?

Custance now driveth forth into our ocean; and at last, under a fort on the Northumbrian coast, the ship sticks fast in the sands. The constable of the castle goes down to see the wreck, and there finds this weary woman, and brings her to the land. Custance kneeleth down and thanketh God's goodness. But who or what she was she would tell no one, not even though she were to die for her silence. But

She said she was so mased in the sea,
That she forgot her minde, by her truth.

The constable and his wife Hermegild wept for pity as they looked on her. They were both pagans, as were most else in the country, the early Christians having been driven out; but Custance was so diligent to serve and to please,

That all her love that looken in her face;

and especially Hermegild, who cherishes her as her own life, and who is finally converted by Custance to the Christian faith. There were then dwelling near the castle three persons who in their privacy honoured Christ, one of whom was blind:—

Bright was the sun as in that summer's day,
For which the constable and his wife also
And Custance have ytake the righte way
Toward the sea, a furlong way or two,
To playen and to roamen to and fro;
And in their walk this blinde man they met,
Crooked and old, with eyen fast yshet.*

In the name of Christ, cried this blind man, give me my sight again, Dame Hermegild! The constable's lady was in alarm, lest her husband should kill her; but Custance made her bold, and bade her accomplish Christ's will. In astonishment the constable asked what the matter meant? Sir, replied Custance, it is Christ's might that helpeth people out of the fiend's snare, and therewith she explained the Christian law to him; and before that evening passed, the constable was converted.

A young knight of the town now began to love Custance with so ardent an affection, that he verily thought he should perish, unless he could accomplish her dishonour. But all his wooing availed not. He could not draw Custance into sin, and in his malice he

* Shut.

* Them 'dressen—i. e. address themselves.

† Go.

‡ Out-taken—excepted.

§ High.

|| Syria.

¶ Died.

** Delists.

†† Ne-wist not—knew not.

determined to bring on her a shameful death. Creeping privily one night into the chamber of Hermegild whilst the constable was absent, he slew her, and laid the bloody knife by the side of Custance, who slept in the same bed, and then went his way, unperceived. Soon after, the constable came home to his castle, with Alla, King of Northumberland, his sovereign, and saw his wife slain, and the bloody knife lying by Custance in the bed!—

Alas! what might she say?
For very woe her wit was all away.

Alla was told of these circumstances, and of Custance's story, and he shuddered when he saw so benign a creature before him in such trouble. The false knight accuses her, but the people murmur, and say they cannot think she is guilty of such wickedness, having seen her ever so virtuous and so full of love for Hermegild. Alla, as he listened, felt strongly incited by the testimony in Custance's favour, and thought he would inquire more deeply into the case. On her knees, Custance prayed to God to succour her:—

Have ye not seen sometime a pale face
Among a press,* of him that hath been led
Toward his death, where, as he getteth no grace,
And such a colour in his face hath had,
Men mighten know him that was so tested;†
Amongst all the faces in that rout,
So stant‡ Custance, and looketh her about.

Alla, with his heart full of pity, and the tears dropping from his eyes, said, Now, quickly fetch a book, if the knight will swear how that Custance slew this woman. A book of the Evangelists was brought, and upon it the knight swore she was guilty. At that moment, a hand smote him upon the neck; he fell like a stone; and both his eyes burst from his head, in the sight of all who were in the place. Through the miracle thus vouchsafed in favour of Custance's innocence, Alla, and many others also, were converted. And afterwards Alla wedded Custance:—

This holy woman, that is so bright and sheen;
And thus hath Christ ymade Custance a queen.

But there was one who looked with deep woe on this marriage—who thought her heart would burst as she saw what Alla had done, and that was Donegild, his mother.

* Crowd. † Reset. ‡ Staudeth.

[To be continued.]

Melbourne.—Looking on the metropolitan city from either of its goodly eminences, the eastern or western hill, we can hardly persuade ourselves that a few years ago it was only—the ground on which it stands—traversed by dusky paint-smearing savages, and a few kangaroos; for now, running parallel with the river Yarra, it is a mile in length and half a one in breadth: a lusty, stately, bantling of a city it is; vigorous in its growth, of a cheerful aspect, and graceful in its proportions. Fronting the river is Flinders-street, displaying many noble houses, with English-grassed lawns, one of them crowned with a graceful dome. Of these streets, running east and west, the principal is Collins-street, containing the most respectable assemblage of shops; in it are the banks, most of the places of worship, and it is indeed the great and well-known thoroughfare. Many other streets there are as large, all of convenient width, none so thronged and respectable. Queen-street and Elizabeth-street are the next in importance, running south and north. Burke-street is the most frequented of any on the arrival of English and Scotch ships, for in it, at the corner of Elizabeth-street, is a convenient and good building—the Post-office; now respectable, for now it has a respectable postmaster. The Mechanics' Institute in Collins-street is very well as a building—not so the debt upon it, 1800*l*. It has a library, very small; and its secretary, an intelligent man, and an artist well known, reflects credit on the establishment. It would reflect as great credit on the Colonial Government if it would liquidate the debt, especially as it is the

only town hall; therein being held the meeting of the Town Council. Of the buildings next in importance are the Court-house, the gaol, the Custom-house; and pre-eminently will be the best building in Melbourne—a new bank in Collins-street, of brown stone, and, with its Grecian architecture, graceful exceedingly. The market-place is large enough for an infant city, and so are the market dues. Since Melbourne has been incorporated, the streets have improved considerably, good order has increased and been enforced, and so have the town rates. A change has also taken place in the magistracy much for the better; and in other respects also. After all, the best and most encouraging object in Melbourne, and in Australia Felix, is not its Court-house, nor yet its capacious prison, but its large handsome bank in Collins-street; for it is a bold announcement that the country will progress, and become prosperous and wealthy. The objects which in the town first attract the stranger's notice are the flags—not flag-stones—though of these there are some, but more dirt—flags flying about auction-rooms, and the everlasting jingle of auction bells. Some dozen of such rooms there are: there is a constant gleam of crimson flags, and distressing is the clang of bells. These auctions serve instead of English pawn-brokers' shops. Here are disposed of whatever almost in the shape of merchandise can be mentioned, paid for by insolvent-merchant schedules; and therefore, as they cost little, are sold amazingly cheap. Next to the bell noise makers, what strikes us as quite colonial is the immense numbers of drays, many loaded with wood drawn by four, six, and eight bullocks: few drays drawn by horses in proportion. There is not so much variety in the shops as in old countries, necessity having, whilst there were few, compelled the shopkeepers to deal in almost everything. Thus "General Stores" are common. Another peculiarity: you see many people not to be mistaken; hard-faced, grim-visaged, dry-countenanced workmen—and women too—whom at a glance you recognise to have been convicts. Even amongst the richer folk there are some not disguised by dress or wealth. The dresses of the people are peculiar too; light colours, and of lighter texture. The houses are roofed with wooden shingles—not nucleated e.tering—and the heads of the human creatures with straw. Walking along Collins-street, you see of shops kept by Jews very many—Levi's, Lazarus's, Nathan's, Solomon's, Simeon's, and Benjamin's. There is no lack of Liverpool, Manchester, and London Marks—grand shops (one of them the smartest in Melbourne), all kept by these people. Other peculiarities there are, quite Australian. On our first arrival we frequently met walking about on the Eastern Hill—tame, of course—two emus. Parrots, the gorgeous native parrots, abound in cages; cockatoos also, but generally at liberty. On lawns and grass-plots hop about, or bask in the sun, tame kangaroos. At one of the inns a pelican stalks in and out very leisurely. Nor is it anything extraordinary to see tame opossums and other animals of the country—tame exceedingly. But of all objects the wild, grotesque, painted, feather-ornamented, tea-tree-besom carrying natives, with their singular costumes, war implements, and their wild gestures, grouped and scattered over the town, and with the shaggy accompaniment of dogs, give its most original feature to Melbourne. The most delightful circumstance regarding Melbourne is its present position, standing as it does open on every side; your ingress and egress unobstructed by any kind of fences. You have not to enter it by roads, as you do towns in old countries. All the country so smooth, tree-studded, and park-like; with a deal of its old primeval freedom and gracefulness about it. Much of this land will be sold, sometime enclosed, and built upon; but surely Melbourne will not be suffered to become a large overgrown town, in a hot country, without ample provision of spacious parks and squares being made for its ornament, and for the healthful exercise and recreation of its outpouring, wall-pent, work-wearied people.—*Impressions of Australia Felix, by Richard Howitt.*

Rice-Paper.—The plant from which the pithy substance vulgarly called "rice-paper" is prepared, seems to be a leguminous species growing in marshes, and found in some parts of India. The square pieces purchased in China are obtained from the stem, which, not being above an inch or two in diameter, is cut in a circular manner, and the cylinder in this manner rolled out and flattened. It is from the same plant, in all probability, that the pith-hats of India are made; and the fishermen there are said to use the substance as floats for their nets, the specific gravity being less than that of cork, and the buoyancy being so much greater.—*Knight's Weekly Volume: The Chinese.*



[Stag Hunt—Swimming.]

LOCOMOTION OF ANIMALS. —No. XIV.

SWIMMING continued.—**Quadrupeds.** The specific gravity of nearly all mammiferous quadrupeds is less than that of water, and hence they are capable of floating on its surface without requiring the interposition of the limbs. We have familiar examples of the specific gravity of quadrupeds in the horse, dog, cat, deer, &c. If, for instance, we cause either of the above-named animals to be thrown into deep water, we observe that they speedily rise to the surface, and remain there as long as the limbs are quiescent, and when the limbs move they strike out in the proper direction with precision, although they may never previously have been out of their depth in water. But if we inquire how it happens that these animals are enabled, without the aid of experience, to swim at once the first time they are plunged into water, we find on investigation that the limbs of mammiferous quadrupeds move in water precisely as they do on land, and no new action, either as regards direction or order, is required, as is the case with man, to enable them to swim; and as they are specifically lighter than water, they need no force to be employed to keep them above the surface. In hunting the stag or the fox, it is not an uncommon occurrence for the animal, when hard pressed in the chase, to plunge into a stream and swim across the water, the hounds following. The huntsman, relying on the tact of his horse, plunges fearlessly with it into the water, and arrives safely on the opposite bank. In these cases the horse carries its rider above the surface, thus showing that the specific gravities of the man and horse combined are much less than that of the water.

Many of the mammiferous animals are amphibious, and possess the faculty of sustaining themselves during lengthened periods under water. Of these, several species have the feet furnished with a membrane between the fingers and toes; such, for example, as the otter tribe. These animals are excellent swimmers, and their agility in the water is surprisingly great. It appears that nearly all mammiferous animals can swim if necessitated to do so; and it should be borne in mind that this has been accounted for by their being gifted with two qualities essential in swimming; the one arising from the specific gravity, and the other from the circumstance of the natural movements of the limbs being the same both on land and in water.

Birds (Aves).—Amongst the birds, those of the order *Natatores* are, as their generic name implies, best adapted for swimming. The figure of the breast resembles that of the keel of a boat; the body being clothed with a thick plumage, tends to increase the bulk without very materially augmenting the weight. The plumage is very compact, and being lubricated with an oleaginous secretion, the water cannot penetrate to the skin. The bones of the skeleton are extremely

light, and many of them are hollow, so that the specific gravity of birds is much less than that of water: indeed were it not so they would be utterly unable to swim, and much less to fly in the rarer medium of air. The specific gravity of birds is so much less than that of water, that we observe, as in the grebe petrel, &c. (Fig. 1), that by far the greater portion of the body



Fig. 1.

[Grebe Petrel]

is above the water as they lie flat on its surface. They require, therefore, no action of the limbs to sustain them on the water, and, for the purpose of progression, the feet, which act as oars, are variously and most exquisitely contrived. For example, in the grebe each toe is furnished with a distinct membrane (Fig. 2),

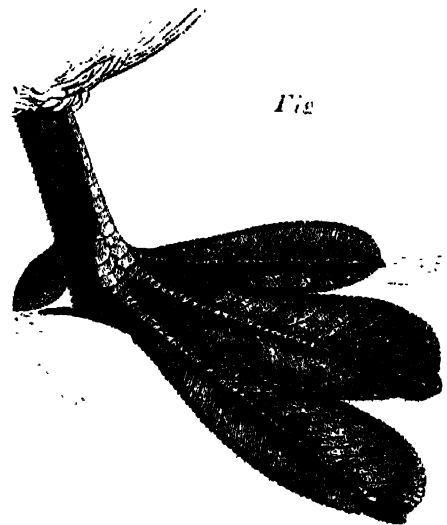


Fig.

[Foot of Grebe]

the margins of which overlap each other; but in the merganser, and many other aquatic birds, such as the duck and goose, the same membrane extends to the three toes (Fig. 3). In swimming, the effective stroke is produced by the feet alternately; that is, whilst one foot is pushed backwards the other is drawn forwards (Fig. 4). In the effective stroke the foot is extended and the toes

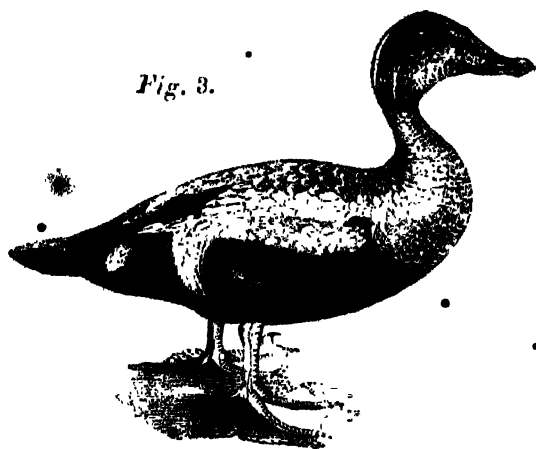
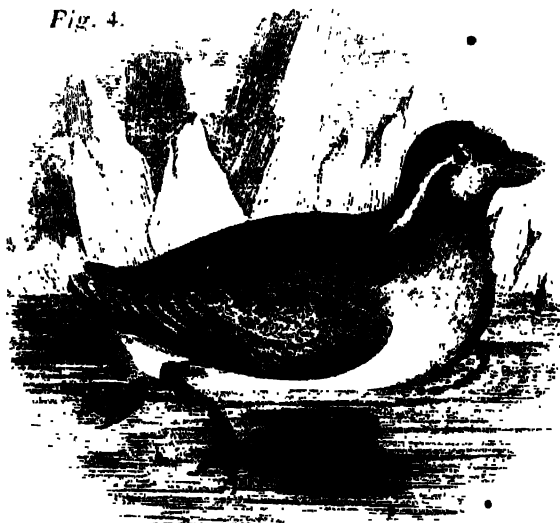


Fig. 3.

[Eider Duck.]

expanded so as to present the greatest surface possible to the water; it is then driven backward with force, the effect of which is to drive the body forwards. In the back stroke the foot is flexed, and the toes are brought together so as to present the least surface to the water, and produce as little action as possible. The back

Fig. 4.



stroke of the leg tends to retard the body, and it is only the difference in the amount of the force of these strokes that is effective. Sometimes both feet are driven backwards and drawn forwards simultaneously, and the body moves by a series of jerks.

Some of the water-birds make use of their wings as sails; the swan, for instance, may be often observed partially to elevate the wings and spread them out to the wind, and thus move by the force of the wind alone, like a sailing vessel.

Fishes.—It is well known that fishes reside constantly in water; they are indeed so organised that they can neither live nor move out of it but for a very short time. Their specific gravity is very nearly equal to that of water; but they are also endowed with the power of varying their specific gravity, so as to raise or lower themselves in the fluid at pleasure. We have seen that the human race can vary the specific gravity of the body, by drawing in and expelling the air from the lungs; but fishes, not having the same kind of respiratory organs, cannot do so in the mere act of respiration. As a large number of fishes, however,

are obliged to sustain themselves surrounded on all sides by the water, it would require an endless play of muscular force to retain them in such a position, if their specific gravity were either greater or less than that of the water. To prevent this continual waste of vital power, they have been provided with an *air-bladder*, which they have the power of distending and contracting at pleasure; this bladder is placed in the body immediately under the spine, and above the centre of gravity, being the best position to keep the body steady, and prevent its turning over when the air-bladder is distended. When the air-vessel is filled, the animal is lighter than water, and it rises; and when the air is expelled, it becomes heavier and sinks. This hydrostatic apparatus cannot but strike with admiration every one who contemplates the beautiful adaptation of fishes to the end they are destined to serve in animal creation.

Some fishes, such as the rays and soles, are destitute of a swimming-bladder; but as they generally reside at the bottom of the sea, they do not require one: when they swim, in order to prevent their sinking they must use as much extra force as is conferred on other fishes by the air-bladder. The locomotive organs of fishes consist of fins and tail, the former of which are variable in size, number, and direction. The figures of fishes are also various, but in some of them, such as the cod, salmon, and mackerel, the figure is supposed to approximate, more nearly than others, to that which is considered by mathematicians to offer the least resistance to their progress in the dense medium they inhabit. In the perch tribe we find the greatest number of fins, being as many as eight; these are termed the two pectoral, two dorsal, two ventral, one anal, and one caudal. These several names are given in consequence of their relative situations on the body. The pectoral fins are supposed to represent the arms, and the anal fins the legs, of the higher orders of animals. In the gurnard it may be remarked that the pectoral fins (*Fig. 5, a, a'*), are

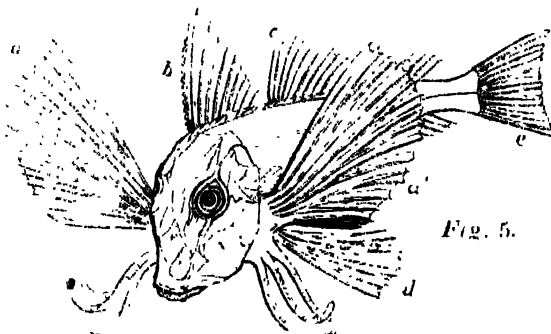
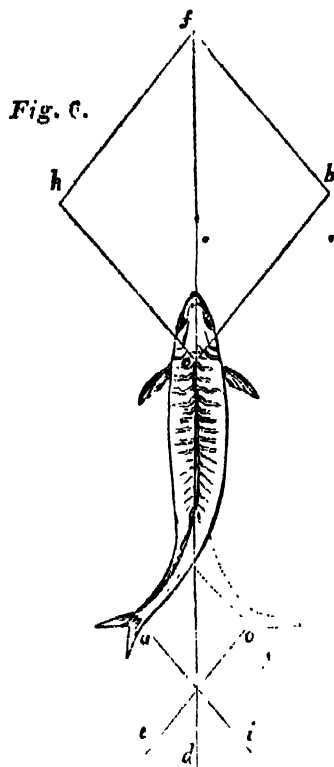


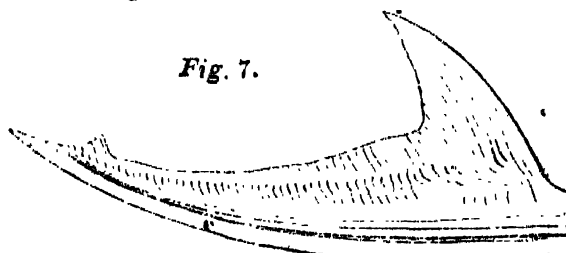
Fig. 5.

[Gurnard.]

very large, as are also the dorsal (*b c*); the caudal (*e*) increases in surface as it recedes from the body. The whole of the fins are more or less employed in certain kinds of movements. In order to ascertain the true use of the fins in swimming, Borrelli having cut off the ventral fins of a living fish, put it back again into the pond. It then rolled from side to side like a drunken man, and could not keep an upright position. When the fish move with great velocity, the pectoral fins are laid close to the body, in order that they may not retard its motion, and in rapid motion, the tail becomes the great propelling organ of motion. We shall therefore now investigate its mode of action. The first movement of a fish from a state of rest is produced by the flexion of the tail (as seen in *Fig. 6, at a*); during this movement, the centre of gravity (*c*) is drawn slightly backwards. When the tail has



arrived at *a*, it is forcibly extended by its muscles in the direction *a i*, perpendicular to its plane; the force of its action upon the water, in *a i*, is translated to the fish in the direction of *i a*, causing the centre of gravity (*c*) to move obliquely forwards, in the direction *c h*, parallel to *i a*. The tail having reached the central line *c d*, its power of urging the body forwards not only ceases, but during its flexion on the opposite side in the line *a o*, it tends to draw the body backwards, in the direction *o c*. Having reached the point *o*, it is again rapidly extended in the line *o e*, causing an impulse on the centre of gravity in *c b*, parallel to *o e*. If the two forces *c h* and *c b* acted simultaneously, we should obtain the resultant *c f*; but as they do not, the point (*c*) will not move exactly in the right line *c f*, but in a curved line which lies evenly between *d e f* and a line drawn parallel to it through *h*. The fish being in motion whilst the tail moves from side to side, according to Borelli, it describes an ellipse instead of a circular arc, which would be the case if the body were stationary and the tail only moving. The velocity with which fishes move, and the continuance of their movements, are enough to give us an idea of the great strength of their muscles, especially when we reflect on the density of the fluid which is opposed to their speed. Those fishes which have occasion for great speed (such as the shark, as well as



[Tail of Shark.]

other predaceous fishes), have their tails forked (*Fig. 7*). In these the area of the surface of the tail is in the

inverse ratio of the distance from its axis of motion. This figure is that which may be considered best adapted for great velocity of progression. When the surface of the tail increases as its distance from the centre of gravity of the animal, the muscles act at a mechanical disadvantage, and the animal can proceed but slowly. In whales the surface of the tail is proportional to the enormous bulk of the body; but the plane of the tail is transverse, or in the mesial plane of the body, instead of being perpendicular as in fishes; and its action is at right angles to that of fishes also. The force of the tail must be very great, inasmuch as they have been observed to throw themselves quite out of the water, many feet in height, into the air.

As we descend lower in the scale of organised beings, we find an illimitable number of aquatic animals. The lobster, prawn, and shrimp swim backwards by the action of the tail; but in these the effective stroke is during the flexion of the tail, and not the extension, as in fishes. Many insects are also aquatic; such as the *dytiscus* and others. The various forms of animalcules also present objects of curious research in their moving in liquids; but we must forbear entering into the numerous details connected with these microscopic animals, in order to take very briefly into consideration the mechanism and conditions under which animals are capable of flying in the air.

CASSETTA DE' BURATTINI.

POLICINELLA—PUNCH.

[Concluded from p. 109]

PUNCH is a universality, and of a remote and indisputable antiquity. He is found in so many countries and at such distant periods of time, that it is impossible to say where or when he had his origin. He is as popular in Egypt and Syria and Turkey as ever he was in London or Naples. Under the name of Karaguse, or Black-Snout, he has amused and edified the grave, bearded citizens of Cairo and Constantinople for many an age. Some living traces of him have been found in Nubia, and in other countries far above the cataracts of the Nile; while types or symbols of him have, according to some interpreters, been discovered among the hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptians. He was popular at Algiers ages before the French went to conquer that country. The children of the wandering Arabs of the desert know him and cherish him. He is quite at home among the lively Persians, and beyond the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, and the Indian Ocean, Karaguse, or Black-Snout, is found slightly travestied in Hindustan, Siam and Pegu, Ava and Cochin-China, China Proper and Japan. The Tartars behind the great wall of China are not unacquainted with him, nor are the Kamtchatkans. He has recently been discovered leading an uncomfortable sort of existence among some of the Afghan tribes, to whom no doubt he has been introduced by the Persians.

Some of the learned have opined that Punch and the whole family of Burattini, or puppets, were originally introduced into Europe from the East at the time of the Crusades; but their hypothesis seems to be deficient in any solid foundation of fact. Others, perplexed with the difficulty of his genealogy, have supposed that Punch must have had several fathers, or several distinct origins at different times and in different parts of the world; and as Punch is made up of the stuff which is found wherever man is, this seems to be a good theory. Yet, to treat of him only in his European existence, he is rather a mysterious character. Cappouli and other erudite Italian authors consider him as a lineal representative of the Atellan farcers, who amused the people of Campania and the citi-

zens of Rome as far back as the time of the Tarquins. These Atellan farcers were Oscans, and took their name from the town of Atella, which stood where the village of Sant' Elpidio now stands, about two miles to the south-east of the modern town of Aversa, and only some six or seven miles from the city of Naples, the head-quarters of Policinella. The Italian antiquaries found a convincing resemblance between Policinella's master and a little figure in bronze with a beak or chicken nose to its face, which was discovered at Rome; and from this chicken nose they derive Punch's Neapolitan name, *Pullus* signifying a chicken, *Pullicinus* a little chicken, &c. Another bronze figure with the same nose or beak was discovered a few years ago among the bronzes dug out of Herculaneum; and in the ancient guard-room at Pompeii (before parts of the stucco were broken and purloined by some shameless travellers), there was a figure drawn upon the wall by some idle Roman soldier, which closely resembled the Neapolitan Punch, not only in feature but also in costume and gesture; and this rude but no doubt faithful delineation had been buried for sixteen centuries under the scorix, pumice, ashes, and cinders of Mount Vesuvius before it was restored to light.

The Atellanæ Fabulæ, or Ludi Osci (the Atellan or Oscan farces), were anterior to any Roman or Italian stage. They were played upon planks and tressels—their theatre not being unlike that of the modern Charlatano, or mountebank. The actors spoke their own Oscan dialect, even as Policinella always speaks the Neapolitan dialect. One of their never-failing characters was Macchus, a roguish clown or buffoon, who made merry with everybody and everything, and who is believed to have worn a mask exactly like that of the modern Neapolitan Punch. But there were indisputably other and better family resemblances and points in which the most ancient Oscan Macchus claims affinity with the true Punch of all ages and countries (excepting only the English Punch when engaged in his conjugal differences). The old Oscan had a natural elegance and an unfathomable store of good-nature: he had no envy or malice, he loved those he made sport of, and in his most satirical allusions his object was to excite joyous and innocent laughter, and not to rouse feelings of hatred or contempt. Hence, in the most high and palmy state of Rome, he and his Oscan farces were admired by all classes of the community. Livy laid down the pen of history to listen to his drollery; Cicero paused to hear him as he went to or returned from the Forum; and critics of refined taste applauded his jests: nay Sylla, or Sulla, that mighty and terrible dictator, was said at one time of his life to have written Atellan farces for the Oscan Punch to play in. Throughout the period of the Empire, or at least from the time of the Emperor Augustus down to that of the last of the Cæsars, these Ludi Osci enjoyed an undisturbed popularity. Like other good things they were eclipsed or trodden under foot in the anarchy and barbarism which followed. Some think that they were entirely destroyed, together with every memory of their having once existed; but this is at the least problematical. We rather lean to the opinion of those who maintain that, like the Delhi Lama in Thibet, Punch within the limits of Naples was the great 'Undying One.' We look upon the story told by the learned and acute Galiani, in his Vocabulary of the Neapolitan dialect, as upon a mere revival. The story goes thus:—"Once upon a time (it was a very long time ago) a company of strolling comedians changed to arrive at the town of Acerra, near the city of Naples, in the season of vintage. At that merry season, even more than in Carnival time, the country people are allowed all the liberty and licence of the ancient Saturnalia: they

daub and stain themselves with the wine-ices, put wreaths or garlands upon their heads, dress up a young man as Bacchus, and an old one as Silenus, give full play to their lungs and tongues, and play nearly all the Pagan pranks that were performed by their ancestors or predecessors in the soil two thousand years ago at the same joyous season of the year. Whosoever they see they accost with songs and jests. Judge, therefore, how the vintagers gathered round the strolling players with their jokes and vociferations. The universal rule is that everybody must either pay a fine or cap the jests. The comedians, being jest-makers by profession, and poor by destiny, tried the latter course, but were beaten and silenced. One of the vintagers, called Puccio d'Aniello, or Puccio the son of Aniello, remarkable for a very queer nose, and for an appearance altogether grotesque, was the most forward and witty of all his band, and it was his torrents of drollery and fancy that drove the poor players out of the field. Reflecting on this occurrence professionally (so goes Galiani's story), the comedians thought that a character like that of their antagonist Puccio d'Aniello might prove very attractive on the stage; and going back to the vintager they proposed an engagement to him, which he accepted. The engagement proved profitable to both parties; and wherever they went and acted, whether in the capital or in provincial towns, Puccio d'Aniello drew crowded houses. After some years Puccio died, but his place was presently filled by a competent and every way worthy successor, who assumed his name, liquified into Poleccinella (the strictly correct designation in the Neapolitan dialect), and also his manner and costume, and not having the same natural nose, he perpetuated that feature of the facetious vintager by wearing a mask for the upper part of his face, upon which Puccio's nose was lively represented. By degrees, personifications of the original Puccio d'Aniello were multiplied all over the kingdom; and the name and character of Poleccinella became immortal."

• This is the whole of Galiani's story; and a very good story it is. But the acute reader will see and bear in mind that Acerra, the named birth-place of Puccio, lies in the Oscan territory, and a very little way from Atella, the native home of Macchus and the Ludi Osci. He will also remember the antique bronze figures with their typical noses, and the delineation on the wall of the guard-house at Pompeii, as well as the good etymology which derives the name from the hooked nose or beak. Moreover it remains to be mentioned that though Policinellas were multiplied after the demise of Puccio d'Aniello, and have been multiplied in all succeeding ages, there has never been more than one true and real Policinella living at any one given time, while there has never been any time since the obscuration of Puccio without its one real and super-excellent Policinella. The Neapolitans no more expect two at a time than they expect two suns or two moons. Their one Punch has his temple and shrine in the capital; the rest that flit about in the provinces are pseudo-Punches, with nothing of the character save the mask and dress. We say little; we never try to broach a theory or to build up a system; but we think of the Delhi Lama in Thibet who was born again young as soon as he died old, and of the perpetual re-juvenescence of Punch in this Oscan corner of the kingdom of Naples; and then,—but a word to the wise is enough.

During our long stay at Naples we had *la felicità di conoscere*—the happiness of knowing two Policinellas. The first was so admirable, so killingly droll, that we could not hope to see his loss supplied; but no sooner had he sickened and died than another Policinella sprung up, ready and perfect, and so like his pre-

decessor that he might have passed for him but for the misfortune and blemish of his having only one eye. We knew this second Punch off the stage as well as on it. The poor fellow could scarcely read, and yet his mind was a well-spring of wit and fun, and of the raciest and richest humour. Much of what he said on the stage was his own invention or composition, and it very often came from him as an impromptu. He had always something to say on the event or predominant folly of the day, and most facetiously did he say it in his broad open-mouthed Neapolitan dialect, which we take to be the most happy of all vehicles for the conveyance of humour, and perhaps also of wit. One of the pieces in which he was very great was entitled 'Le Novanta-Nove Disgrazie di Polecchella,' or 'The Ninety-nine misfortunes or mishaps of Punch.' He was also very eminent in 'l'Accademia de' Poeti,' or the 'Academy or Club of Poets,' where he revelled in sports and jests at the expense of the poetasters and sonnetteers of the day, who, like the Roman versemakers in Horace's time, had an inveterate habit of stopping their acquaintances in the streets and public places, and there holding them fast while they recited with loud voice and passionate gesticulations their last compositions. All these plays or farces were from beginning to end in the Neapolitan dialect: the drollest of the standing characters next to Punch being Il Biscegliese, or Man of Bisceglia, and Il Tartaglione, or the Stutterer. The Biscegliese, who was a true comic genius, and a native of Bisceglia in the province of Apulia, where the modification of the national vernacular is exceedingly droll, represented a whole class, being that of the Apulian townspeople. The stammerer or stutterer was always attired as a provincial lawyer or notary, and his fun consisted chiefly in the strange way in which he dislocated his words and sentences. As Policinella was always Policinella, so was the Biscegliese always the Biscegliese, and the Tartaglione the Tartaglione. They never played any other parts; but the pieces in which these standing characters were introduced varied in plots and incidents, and while some of them were new, others boasted a very respectable antiquity. This truly national theatre was situated not far from the great theatre of San Carlo (the most extensive and, on the whole, most splendid opera-house in Europe), on one side of the Largo del Castello, or Castle-square: it was called San Carlino, or little San Carlo; and little it was, and far from being splendid in its appointments and accessories. The boxes were on a level with the street or square, but to get to the pit you had to descend some thirty feet into the bowels of the earth, and to dive down a steep staircase not unlike that by which Roderick Random and his faithful Strap dived for their dinner. The price paid for admission was very small; we think it was about a shilling for a seat in the boxes and about sixpence for a seat in the pit. Everywhere there is a "fashionable world," and a set of superfine people who deprive themselves of much racy and innocent amusement from a notion that it is not *genteel*. San Carlino was rarely visited except by the second and third rate classes of burghesses, for the native fashionables considered it as "low," and very few foreigners ever acquired a sufficient knowledge of the patois or dialect to enjoy and fully understand these rich Neapolitan farces, and the perennial wit and humour of our friend Punch. But before we quitted Naples this ridiculous prejudice seemed to be on the decline, for a few young men of family, who had wit as well as high birth, had appreciated the genius of that living Policinella, and had made the little cellar almost fashionable. For ourselves, we very often strolled away from the gorgeous and fine and thoroughly artificial Opera-house, to enjoy a little homely nature and drollery in San Carlino, where we

have laughed more than we shall ever laugh again. As in every other theatre in the city, there was always present a commissary of police, to preserve order and decorum, and check any too free use of the tongue on the stage. This representative of the laws and of majesty itself, wore a blue court-cut coat embroidered with silver; he sat in what we call a stage-box, on a high-backed chair, covered with faded crimson velvet; and behind his back there were two large wax-candles and the royal arms of the Two Sicilies painted upon a bit of board. But not all this official splendour could repress the hilarity or stifle the roguish impromptus of friend Punch; and we have at times seen the starch-visaged commissary, after some vain attempts to maintain his dignity, hold both his sides and join in the universal roar of laughter: and this too even when Signor Policinella had gone beyond bounds and handled matters strictly tabooed. What Forsyth said of the Molo and the Marionettes, and out-door Punch, might be more correctly applied to San Carlino:—"This is a theatre where any stranger may study for nothing the manners of the people. At the theatre of San Carlo the mind, as well as the man, seems parted off from its fellows in an elbow-chair. There all is regulation and silence: no applause, no censure, no object worthy of attention except the court and the fiddle. There the drama—but what is a drama in Naples without Punch? or what is Punch out of Naples? Here, in his native tongue, and among his own countrymen, Punch is a person of real power: he dresses up and retails all the drolleries of the day; he is the channel and sometimes the source of the passing opinions; he can inflict ridicule, he could gain a mob, or keep the whole kingdom in good humour. Such was De Fiori, the Aristophanes of his nation, immortal in buffoonery."*

How it fares with the little theatre of San Carlino and the inn-door Punch we know not; but we have just received a letter from a travelling friend which contains the mournful intelligence that the out-of-door Punch and the Burattini in general have been suffering a worse than heathen persecution at the hands of the present king and government; that povero Policinella is banished from his home and country, and that in consequence of these and similar improvements all life and brio are vanishing from the streets of Naples. It is some comfort to know that Punch at the same time is becoming more popular at Paris than ever he was before.

* * Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters, during an excursion in Italy, in the years 1802 and 1803.

Scenery of Palestine and England.—Alas! for the little wild flowers of England, that here and there peep forth and sparkle among the brambles of the thicket, or cluster in bunches far apart upon the short turf of the open grove, when compared with the blaze of rich ranunculus, anemone, and gaudy iris, carpeting the green sward of the woods of Palestine, and the cyclamen that absolutely perfumes the air far around. Yet one principle of gladness is wanting in these lands, to which the classical and sacred writers were not insensible in their descriptions of the charm of woodland scenery, but which they never enjoyed in the measure in which it abounds in our northern countries—the song of birds. Nothing is to be seen moving in these shades, but here and there the majestic crane stalking between the boles of the trees—nothing heard but the rustle of the kite or vulture when he bursts from among the boughs, and soars screaming to the skies. And these but bespeak the deep loneliness, which for a moment they disturb, to leave it without a living thing to be seen, or a living sound to break the silence of your solitary path.—*Lands, Classical and Sacred, by Lord Nugent.*



Il Ciarlatano. — From Pinelli.

IL CIARLATANO.

THE Ciarlatano, or Charlatan, or mountebank, was a very frequent sight in the streets and squares of Rome in the days of Bartolommeo Pinelli; although then, and a few years later, that personage was seen still more frequently in the streets of Naples. Generally, however, he was native to neither of those two places. Judging from their language and accent, we should say that nearly all these Italian Charlatans, between the years 1815 and 1827, were natives of Tuscany, only a few being from Lombardy, from Brescia, Bergamo, &c. Their impudence and loquacity, their quickness of hand and eye, and of repartee, were exceedingly amusing. Some of them almost rivalled the popularity of Punch and the Burattini, whom they always affected to treat with great contempt. Their dress was varied, but always very fantastical and fine. Although they dealt exclusively in the healing art, they gave a decided preference to the costume of the killing art: we never saw one of them dressed at all like a doctor (not even like the quack-doctor of Venice and of Italian comedy); but we have seen scores of them habited like soldiers. Most of our acquaintances had a decided predilection for the showy cap, and gold-laced, embroidered, and tagged jacket of the hussar, and for Turkey-red or amaranthine-coloured pantaloons. Moreover, they often wore Hessian boots, with many wrinkles over the calves, and with long ringing brass spurs at the heels. Nor was the trailing sabre or the natty cartouche-box missing, the latter often serving as the depository of the most precious of the drugs they were trying to vend. They invariably wore glittering ear-rings in their ears, and heaps of rings on their hands. They would tell the poor peasants what great man or great dame had given them this ring, or that, for some wonderful cure; and in the eyes of the credulous their glass and paste easily passed for diamonds and other precious stones. Nor is it to be supposed that the ear-rings detracted from their martial appearance. As late as the end of Bonaparte's career most of the French and Italian army wore ear-rings. We have seen mounted colonels of dragoons and bearded grenadier officers wearing diamond ear-rings. Murat, the greatest of cavalry officers and sabreurs, never gave up the fashion. He had a pair of diamond rings in

his ears when all his adventures were so tragically finished at Pizzo in Calabria.

The stage on which the Ciarlatano exhibited consisted of a few planks laid upon tressels, with a canvas screen at the back, and sometimes with a smaller screen on either side, on which were painted dragons, serpents, and other monsters, both real and imaginary. At most the stage was little more than a bench, called in Italian *bunco*, whence the professional synonyme of mountebank. When well furnished, the professor (they always styled themselves *professori*) had a number of bottles and phials, containing snakes, vipers, scorpions, huge spiders (not omitting the Calabrian tarantula, the bite of which can be cured by nothing but dancing!), and some three or four live serpents of different sizes. The "tortoise hung" was not uncommon: and we have now and then seen the "alligator stuffed." The "other skins of ill-shaped fishes" were quite common, as were also the "empty boxes," and

"Green earthen pots, ladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses;"

which make up the stock-in-trade of Shakspeare's Mantuan apothecary.

The live snakes are made to play a very great part in all these exhibitions. In Italy, as in England, the only reptile of this shape whose bite is at all poisonous is the viper or adder, and there, as here, that creature is not very often found in the commission of mischief. But the Ciarlatano counts on the deep-rooted and universal antipathy men bear the serpent, and although no peasant ever knew any harm done by any of the species he handles so fearlessly, they are all astonished at his courage or at his magical skill as they see him let the great black and green snakes twist round and round his neck, and hiss (as he pinches them) into his open mouth, or as he throws back his hussar jacket and converts his bare arm into a sort of Caduceus wand, with serpents coiling round it, and across one another, and uniting their hissing heads above his uplifted hand. We cannot say that we ever saw them deal either with live vipers or live scorpions (all of their scorpions and vipers being preserved in spirits), but we are told by the ingenious Francesco Redi, author of the best modern dithyrambic and anacreontic, 'Bacco in Toscana,' in one of his prose works, that the

Charlatani of his time, in order to show the power and the value of their antidotes, were accustomed to eat scorpions and the heads of vipers. And this they might do without any danger, provided only they killed the creatures first and avoided being stung or bitten; for the venom, which is dangerous when introduced into the blood, is perfectly innocent when introduced into the stomach, and *vice versa*—so that Queen Eleanor might have sucked the wound inflicted upon her husband by the poisoned dagger with very little peril to herself. The antidotes which Redi (who was a learned physician and naturalist, as well as an excellent poet) treats with little respect, are still sold by the professori, and consist entirely of viper-broth or of some of the spirit in which the scorpion or the other reptiles have been preserved. But we have seen these liquids sold not merely as cures, but also as preventives, the vender assuring his credulous customer that so long as he kept them no noxious creature could sting or bite him. To the viper-broth many other additional virtues were attributed. But, without any direct aid from Charlatans, the faith in this panacea is still very strong among the rural population of England; and we were recently assured by a Kentish gamekeeper that there was nothing like a decoction of vipers, or "viper's oil," for the curing of all manner of bad eyes. Indeed there was not a physical evil under the sun but these professors would cure with their decoctions, their elixirs, their powder charms, and their pills; while most of these evils were to be prevented if the good people would only buy their charms in time. Some of our home-born and home-practising quacks display considerable genius with the pen, and in advertising and puffing by means of newspapers and hand-bills and placards; yet their performances are dull indeed compared with the extemporised effusions and spoken eloquence of the Italian professors we were acquainted with a quarter of a century ago. Their name of Charlatano is derived from the verb *Charlare*—to talk a great deal, and without any attention to truth. No men could have better merited the name, or could have talked more and with a bolder defiance of fact. Yet their lies, stupendous in their magnitude, were generally well linked together, being all, as Tony Lumpkin expresses it, "in a concatenation accordingly." There was one professor that used to exhibit among the Trasteverini at Rome, and to travel frequently between the Eternal City and Loretto, Sinigaglia, and the various papal towns on the Adriatic shore. Most of his brethren had a scrap or two of old and dirty parchment, which they would flourish in the eyes of the ignorant as diplomas from foreign universities; but this fellow, instead of one or two, had a score of such parchments, some of which, as he softly represented, were diplomas conferred upon himself, some of them diplomas conferred upon his father, and some upon his grandfather; for the medical sciences were hereditary in his family, and his grandfather had attained to the highest fame as family physician to the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa or the Red-beard! It was nothing to him that this great emperor had been dead considerably more than six hundred years. He cared nothing for chronology, or for geography, or for any other stubborn science; he counted with an illimitable confidence upon the ignorance of his auditory, and upon the effect to be produced by great names and sonorous phrases; and his imagination being altogether untrammelled, it took the boldest flights. He could cure the emperor of China of a fever and ague at Peking on one day, and draw a tooth of the Great Mogul of India at Delhi on the next; from India to England was but a step to him, and he could traverse Spain, France, Germany, Russia, with a speed tenfold greater than that of the

seven-leagued boots. Wherever he had been, his pills and elixirs, his charms and antidotes, had done miracles, and had procured for him gold and glory. The Cham of Tartary was in despair when he quitted his court, and the Czar of Muscovy had gone into deep mourning the day he had left him. But such was his love for his own native country of Italy, and more especially for the Trasteverini of Rome, or the good people of Loretto or of Sinigaglia (or of any other place where he might chance to be), that he had renounced all the advantages which foreign courts and potentates could confer upon him, in order to offer to the said good people a cure for every complaint and the means of reaching a healthful and a happy old age for a few half-pence or farthings a-piece. "Here's a box of pills," he would say, opening and showing the contents of the box, "here's a box of pills for ye! I have had twenty scudi for a smaller one, but ye shall have it for twenty bajocchi! What, nobody to buy? Ah, untutored people, ye know not what ye are losing! Well, such is the love I bear ye, ye shall have it for ten bajocchi. How! no one to buy at ten? There, old yellow face, take it at five, 't will cure thy tertian and drive away all future effects of malaria. What! not take it at five? The Great Mogul would give me the golden crown off his head for it! Well, give me three bajocchi, for I see thou art but poor, old yellow face. So! and now here's an elixir! My elixirs are more wonderful than my pills. I wish ye could only go to Peking and ask the principal wife of the emperor's head minister, that great mandarin Fom-fo-fee, what one of these little bottles did for her. Mayhap, too, the great king of England could tell you something about this magical potion, for it was all through one of these little bottles that he beat Bonaparte and put the Dey of Algiers in an iron cage! There is health and strength in this elixir, there is beauty and love in this elixir, there is long life in this elixir, there is everything that is good in this elixir!"—and so he would go on with a never flagging extravagance, until he sold the balm of life for two or three pence.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

THE MAN OF LAW'S TALE—concluded.

IN course of time Custance gave birth to a male child, and the Constable sent a messenger to Alla, who was then engaged in warfare with the Scots, to convey to him the joyous tidings. The messenger, on his way, went to the king's mother, saying, Madame, ye may be glad and blithe, my lady queen hath a child. Lo, here this sealed letter that I bear in all haste; and if ye will send aught unto the king, I am your servant ever. Donegild answered, Not now; but thou shalt rest here all night, and to-morrow I will say what I wish.

The messenger then drank much ale and wine, and while he slept afterwards, his letter was taken from the box, and a counterfeited one put in its place. In this it was said the queen had been delivered of a creature so horrible and fiend-like, that no one durst abide in the castle, and that the mother was a witch, whom every man hated.

Unhappy was the king when he received this letter, but he wrote back:—Ever welcome to us be the will of Christ. Keep the child, be it fair or foul, and also my wife, till I come home. When Christ pleases, he may send me an heir more agreeable to me. He wept as he sealed the letter.

Returning from the king, the messenger again alighted at the court of Donegild, who was glad to see

him, and did all she could to please him. Again he drank and slept, and again were his letters stolen, and counterfeits substituted, in which the king commanded the Constable that he should not suffer Custance to remain four days longer in the kingdom :—

But in the same ship as he her found,
Her and her younge son, and all her geer
He shoulde put, and crowd her from the lond,
And charge her that she never est* come there.

The messenger took the letter to the Constable, who, when he had read it, exclaimed, again and again, Alas! alas!

Lord Christ, quoth he, how may this world endure,
So full of sin is many a creature?

Old and young—all wept, when they heard the contents of the letter; and Custance, with a face pale as death, went toward the ship; and kneeling on the shore, said—Lord, ever welcome be thy command:

He that me kepte from the false blame
While I was in the land amonges you,
He can me keep from harm and eke from shame
In the salt sea, although I see not how;
As strong as ever he was, he is yet now;
In him trust I, and in his mother dear,
That is to me my sail, and eke my steer.†

Her little child lay weeping in her arms,
And kneeling piteously, to him she said,
Peace, little son, I will do thee no harm
With that her coverchief off her head she braid,‡
And over his little eyen she it laid,
And in her arm she lulled it full fast,
And unto the heaven her eyen up she cast.

Mother, said she, Mary, maiden bright! true it is that through woman's incitement mankind was lost, for which thy child was rent on the cross. Thy eyes saw all his torment. Thou sawest him slain before thine eyes, whilst my little child yet lives :—

Now, Lady bright! to whom all woful crien,
Thou glory of womanhood, thou faire May,
Thou haven of refuge, § bright star of day,
Rue on my child, that of thy gentleness
Ruest on every rueful in distress.

Alas! little child, what is thy guilt? Oh, dear Constable, have mercy, and let my child dwell with thee; or if thou dar'st not save him, kiss him once in the name of his father.

Looking back to the land, she said—Farewell, ruthless husband! then rose and walked toward the ship, the crowd following her.

And ever she prayeth her child to hold his peace; and so she takes leave of the people, and goes into the ship, which, abundantly victualled, was now let loose, and driveth forth into the sea.

Soon after this Alla came home into his castle, and asked for his wife and child. The Constable felt his heart grow cold as he listened, but presently showed him the letter, saying, Lord, as ye commanded me, so have I done. The messenger was put to the torture, and at last it was discovered who had written the letter, when Alla put her—his own mother—to death :—

The sorrow that this Alla night and day
Maketh for his wife, and for his child also,
There is no tongue that it telleth may:
But now I will again to Custance go,*
That fleeteth in the sea in pain and woe
Five year and more.

At last, under a heathen castle, the sea cast up Custance and her child. People came down from the castle to gaze on her and on the ship. Among them, one night, the lord's steward, a man who had renounced

our creed, came into the ship alone, and offered violence to her.

Her child cried, and she cried piteously; but suddenly the thief fell overboard, and was drowned in the sea.

Once more goes forth the ship, driving through the narrow mouth of Gibraltar and Ceuta :—

Sometime west, and sometime north and south,
And sometime east, full many a weary day.

Let us now leave Custance awhile, and turn to her father, the Emperor of Rome.

When he heard of the slaughter of the Christians, and of the dishonour done to his daughter by the Sultanness of Syria, he sent his Senator, with other lords, to take vengeance on the Syrians. These lords burn, slay, and bring great evil on the country, for a long time, and then take ship to return home. As the Senator saileth royally towards Rome, he meets the ship driving along with Custance.

Nothing he knew he what she was, ne why
She was in such array, ne will she say
Of her estate, though that she should dey.*

He bringeth her to Rome; and to his wife
He gave her, and her younge son also,
And with the Senator she led her life.
Thus can our Lady bringen out of woe,
Woful Custance, and many another mo:
And longe time dwelled she in that place
In holy workes ever, as was her grace.

The Senator's wife was the aunt of Custance, but nevertheless knew her not.

About this time King Alla, in remorse for the death of his mother, determined to take a journey to Rome in penance. On his approach, the Senator rode forth to meet him and to do him honour; and in a day or two after, the Senator went to a feast given by King Alla, and took with him the son of Custance :—

Some men would say at request of Custance
This Senator hath led this child to feast:
I may not tellen every circumstance;
Be as he may, there was he at the least,
But soth in this, that at his mother's he†
Before Alla, during the meat's space
The child stood, looking in the king's face.
This Alla king hath of this child great wonder,
And to the Senator he said anon,
Whose is that faire child that standeth yonder?

I know not, said the Senator; a mother he hath, but no father to my knowledge. Then he told Alla how the child and Custance had been found. But, God knows, I never before beheld so virtuous a woman.

Now was this child as like unto Custance
As possible is a creature to be:
This Alla hath the face in remembrance
Of Dame Custance, and thereon mused he
If that the child's mother were aught she
That is his wife:

Then sighing, he suddenly quitted the table. By my faith, he thought, there is a fantasy in my head. I ought to rest satisfied that my wife is dead in the salt sea; yet again, how know I, but Christ may have sent my wife hither, as he first sent her to my own land. In the afternoon he went home with the Senator, who hastily sent for Custance. She could scarcely stand upon her feet when she knew the cause of the message. As soon as Alla saw his wife, he

wept, that it was ruth for to see,
For at the firste look he on her set
He knew well verily that it was she;
And she for sorrow as dumb stood as a tree,
So was her heart shut in her distress
When she remembered his unkindness.

* Again. † Helm, guide. ‡ Took. § Refuge.

* Die. † Reluct.

Twice she swooned. Weeping piteously, he excused himself. Now God, said he, have mercy on my soul, as I am as guiltless of your harm, as is Maurice, my son, so like yourself in countenance.

Ever was the sobbing and the bitter pain
 Ere that their weeful heartes mighten cease,
 Great was the pity for to hear them 'plain,
 Through which plaintes 'gan their woe increase.
 I pray you all my labours to release
 I may not* tell their woe unkil to-morrow;
 I am so weary for to speak of sorrow.

But when the truth is known, I trow, they kissed each other a hundred times;

And such a bliss is there betwixt them two,
 That save the joy that lasteth evermo',
 There is none like that any creature
 Hath seen or shall, while that the world may dure.

Custance then prayed Alla to incline the emperor her father to dine with him, and in the meantime to say no word of her. The day came, and Alla and his

* Cannot.

wife prepared to meet the emperor; and they rode forth in joy and in gladness; and when she saw her father approach, she alighted, and fell at his feet.

Father, quoth she, your younge child, Custance
 Is now full cleau out of your remembrance.

I am your daughter, your Custance, that was put in the salt sea and condemned to die. Now father, mercy, send me no more unto heathen lands, but thank my lord here for his kindness.

Who can the piteous joye tellen all
 Betwixt them three, since they been thus ymet?

The child Maurice was afterwards made emperor by the Pope, and did great honour to Christ's church. Alla with his sweet and holy wife returned to Britain, and there lived in happiness for a short year or so, when he died. Custance then returned to Rome, and her father and friends, where

In virtue and in holy almes deed
 They live all.



[Cuckoo and Hedge-Sparrow.]

THE YEAR OF THE POETS.

No. V.—BIRDS.

THE cuckoo—"the plain-song cuckoo" of Bottom the weaver,—the "blithe new-comer," the "darling of the spring," the "blessed bird" of Wordsworth,—the "beauteous stranger of the grove," the "messenger of spring" of Logan,—the cuckoo coming hither from distant lands to insinuate its egg into the sparrow's nest, and to fly away again with its fledged ones after their cheating nursing-time is over, little knows what a favourite is her note with school-boys and poets. Wordsworth's lines to the cuckoo—

"O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice—"

have been given long ago in this Magazine, and we do not repeat them. The charming little poem of Logan, which preceded Wordsworth's, is not so well known:—

"Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
 Thou messenger of spring!
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.
 What time the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear;
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year?
 Delightful visitant! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou flyest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring."

LOGAN.

The Swallow has been another favourite of the poets,
even from the days of the Greek Anacreon:

"Once in each revolving year,
Gentle bird! we find thee here,
When Nature wears her summer vest,
Thou comest to weave thy simple nest;
But when the chilling winter lowers,
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours of verdure smile.
And thus thy wing of freedom roves,
Alas! unlike the plumed loves,
That linger in this helpless breast,
And never, never change their nest!"

ANACREON, translated by MOORE.

But "the bird of all birds" is the Nightingale.
Drummond of Hawthornden, though he never heard
the "jug-jug" in his northern clime, has left a beauti-
ful tribute to this noblest of songsters:

"Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow'rs:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bow'rs.
Thou, thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven."

Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays."

DRUMMOND.

Milton came after Drummond, with his sonnet to
the nightingale:

"O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart doth fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May!"

In the 'Il Penseroso,' the poet, *dramatically* speaking,
addresses the nightingale—

"Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!"

The *general* propriety of the epithet has been contro-
verted in one of the most delightful pieces of blank
verse in our language:—

"No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West; no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge.
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring: it flows silently,
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,
'Most musical, most melancholy' bird!
A melancholy bird! Oh! idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.

But some night-wandering man whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,

Low distemper, or neglected love,
(And ~~at~~ poor wretch! filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow)—he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain.
And many a poet echoes the concert;
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretched his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By sun or moonlight, to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful! so his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality,
A venerable thing! and so his song



Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like Nature! But 'twill not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilight of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My Friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disturbeth his full soul
Of all its music!

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's songs
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug-jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such a harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moon-lit bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and dark
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle Maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
That gentle Maid! and oft a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence, till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
Many a nightingale perched giddily
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head."

COLERIDGE.

But the *chorus* of birds, the full harmony of the grove, is the great charm of a sunny spring-time. Old Drayton has made his rough verse musical with the ever-varied songs of the leafy Arden:

"When Phoebus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,
But hunts-up to the morn the feathered sylphs sing:
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knole,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
Those quiverers are perch'd with many a speckled breast.
Then from her burnish'd gate the goodly glittering East
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night
Bespungled had with pearl, to please the morning's sight:
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all compos'd of sounds, about them everywhere.
The thrush, with shrill sharps; as purposely he song
To awake the lustless sun; or chiding that so long
He was in dozing forth, that should the thickets thrill;

The woodcock near at hand, that hath a golden bill;
As nature him had mark'd of purpose, to let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be
For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May;
Upon his dulcet pipe the merle doth only play.
When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw;
And, but that nature (by her all-constraining law)
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else, alone to hear that charmer of the night
(The more to use their ears) their voices sure would spare,
That modulate her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of her.
To philomel the next, the linnet we prefer;
And by that warbling bird, the wood-lark place we then,
The red-sparrow, the rook, the red-breast, and the wren.
The yellow-pate; which though she hurt the blooming tree,
Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
And of these chaunting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,
That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
The tydy, from her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay,
The softer with the shrill (some hid among the leaves,
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves)
Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun,
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,
And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps
To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly sleeps."

DRAYTON.

Heywood, no great poet, but as a dramatist full of simple pathos, has given us a pretty love-song in which the birds are to serenade his mistress:

"Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft,
To give my love good-morrow!
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my love good-morrow!
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast,
Sing birds in every furrow;
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow!
Blackbird, and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow!
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow!
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing birds in every furrow!"

HEYWOOD.

Coleridge says that the language of birds is love:

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush say, "I love and I love."
In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong;
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing, and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings; and for ever sings he—
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"

COLERIDGE.

Wordsworth holds, and with a deep philosophy, that the language of birds is the expression of pleasure. Let those whose hearts are attuned to peace, in listening to this language, not forget the poet's moral:—

"I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that ever flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played;
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

From Heaven if this belief be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man."

WORDSWORTH.

DEAFNESS.

ONE of the most interesting auto-biographical books, perhaps, that ever was published, whether considered in a physiological or moral point of view, has just appeared in the series of Weekly Volumes. It is entitled 'The Lost Senses—Deafness,' and is written by Dr. Kitto, the editor of the Pictorial Bible, whose interesting condition and character became generally known some twelve years ago through some papers written by him in the Penny Magazine. The introductory chapter of this little book, which we proceed to quote, is most curious in itself, and renders any further explanation on our part unnecessary:—

"Any one who has spent a considerable portion of time under peculiar, or at least undescribed, circumstances, must have been very unobservant if he has nothing to relate in which the public would be interested. It may be, indeed, that such a person lies under the same obligation to the public of describing his own condition, as a traveller is under to render his report respecting the unexplored countries which he has traversed in his pilgrimage. It is under this impression that I now write. I am unwilling to quit this world without leaving behind me some record of a condition of which no sufferer has yet rendered an account.

"The condition itself is not entirely new; and that it has not been hitherto described, may be owing to the fact that a morning of life subject to such crushing calamity, has seldom, if ever, been followed by a day of such self-culture—which is the only culture possible,—and of such active exertion, as seems indispensably necessary to prevent the faculties from rusting under the absence of the diverse influences by which they are, in ordinary circumstances, brought into working condition for the useful labours at which all men should aim, and for the struggles necessary to self-advancement in a country and in a time like this.

"My case is this. It has pleased Providence that three-fourths of a life now at its meridian, should be passed in the most intense DEAFNESS to which any living creature can be subjected; and which could not be more entire had the organs conducive to the sense of hearing been altogether wanting. It is the consequences resulting from this position that form the theme which I have now placed before me. For one who is deaf, my life has been studious; and for one who has been both deaf and studious—or indeed for any one—my life has not been uneventful. I know not, however, that I have any right to obtrude the events or studies of my life upon the public notice, and it is not my intention to refer to them further than may be necessary to bring out the points and peculiarities of the deaf condition. From the multifarious matters arising from the activities of a life which once seemed doomed to inaction, I shall select those only

which arise from, which illustrate, or which are in any remarkable way connected with my deafness. It is needful to explain this, lest in sketching the natural history of my deafness, I should be supposed to offer a biography of myself.

"I became deaf on my father's birthday, early in the year 1817, when I had lately completed the twelfth year of my age. The commencement of this condition is too clearly connected with my circumstances in life to allow me to abstain from troubling the reader with some particulars which I should have been otherwise willing to withhold.

"My father, at the expiration of his apprenticeship, was enabled, by the support of his elder brother, an enginner well known in the West of England,* to commence life as a master builder, with advantageous connections and the most favourable prospects. But both the brothers seem to have belonged to that class of men whom prosperity ruins: for after some years they became neglectful of their business, and were eventually reduced to great distress. At the time I have specified, my father had become a jobbing mason, of precarious employment, and in such circumstances that it had for some time been necessary that I should lend my small assistance to his labours. This early demand upon my services, joined to much previous inability or reluctance to stand the cost of my schooling, and to frequent head-ache, which kept me much from school, even when in nominal attendance, made my education very backward. I could read well, but was an indifferent writer, and worse cipherer, when the day arrived which was to alter so materially my condition and hopes in life.

"The circumstances of that day—the last of twelve years of hearing, and the first of twenty-eight years of deafness, have left a more distinct impression upon my mind than those of any previous, or almost any subsequent, day of my life. It was a day to be remembered. The last day on which any customary labour ceases,—the last day on which any customary privilege is enjoyed,—the last day on which we do the things we have done daily, are always marked days in the calendar of life; how much, therefore, must the mind not linger in the memories of a day which was the last of many blessed things, and in which one stroke of action and suffering,—one moment of time, wrought a greater change of condition, than any sudden loss of wealth or honours ever made in the state of man. Wealth may be recovered, and new honours won, or happiness may be secured without them; but there is no recovery, no adequate compensation, for such a loss as was on that day sustained. The wealth of sweet and pleasurable sounds with which the Almighty has filled the world,—of sounds modulated by affection, sympathy, and earnestness,—can be appreciated only by one who has so long been thus poor indeed in the want of them, and who for so many weary years has sat in utter silence amid the busy hum of populous cities, the music of the woods and mountains, and, more than all, of the voices sweeter than music, which are in the winter season heard around the domestic hearth.

"On the day in question my father and another man, attended by myself, were engaged in new slating the roof of a house, the ladder ascending to which was fixed in a small court paved with flag-stones. The access to this court from the street was by a paved passage, through which ran a gutter, whereby waste water was conducted from the yard into the street.

* "This brother held the contract for constructing the Upper Road across the Lara marshes from Plymouth towards Exeter, and for embanking a great portion of this road from the tide. This embankment, which was locally regarded as an important public work, gained him much credit, being (as I have understood) on a new construction, with slate set on edge."

"Three things occupied my mind that day. One was, that the town-crier, who occupied part of the house in which we lived, had been the previous evening prevailed upon to intrust me with a book, for which I had long been worrying him, and with the contents of which I was most eager to become acquainted. I think it was Kirby's 'Wonderful Magazine;' and I now dwell the rather upon this circumstance, as, with other facts of the same kind, it helps to satisfy me that I was already a most voracious reader, and that the calamity which befel me did not create in me the literary appetite, but only threw me more entirely upon the resources which it offered.

"The other circumstance was, that my grandmother had finished, all but the buttons, a new snock-frock, which I had hoped to have assumed that very day, but which was faithfully promised for the morrow. As this was the first time that I should have worn that article of attire, the event was contemplated with something of that interest and solicitude with which the assumption of the toga virilis may be supposed to have been contemplated by the Roman youth.

"The last circumstance, and the one perhaps which had some effect upon what ensued, was this:—In one of the apartments of the house in which we were at work, a young sailor, of whom I had some knowledge, had died after a lingering illness, which had been attended with circumstances which the doctors could not well understand. It was, therefore, concluded that the body should be opened to ascertain the cause of death. I knew this was to be done, but not the time appointed for the operation. But on passing from the street into the yard, with a load of slates which I was to take to the house-top, my attention was drawn to a stream of blood, or rather, I suppose, bloody water, flowing through the gutter by which the passage was traversed. The idea that this was the blood of the dead youth, whom I had so lately seen alive, and that the doctors were then at work cutting him up and groping at his inside, made me shudder, and gave what I should now call a shock to my nerves, although I was very innocent of all knowledge about nerves at that time. I cannot but think it was owing to this that I lost much of the presence of mind and collectedness so important to me at that moment; for when I had ascended to the top of the ladder, and was in the critical act of stepping from it on the roof, I lost my footing, and fell backward, from a height of about thirty-five feet, into the paved court below.

"Of what followed I know nothing; and as this is the record of my own sensations, I can here report nothing but that which I myself know. For one moment, indeed, I awoke from that death-like state, and then found that my father, attended by a crowd of people, was bearing me homeward in his arms; but I had then no recollection of what had happened, and at once relapsed into a state of unconsciousness.

"In this state I remained for a fortnight, as I afterwards learned. These days were a blank in my life; I could never bring any recollections to bear upon them; and when I awoke one morning to consciousness, it was as from a night of sleep. I saw that it was at least two hours later than my usual time of rising, and marvelled that I had been suffered to sleep so late. I attempted to spring up in bed, and was astonished to find that I could not even move. The utter prostration of my strength subdued all curiosity within me. I experienced no pain, but I felt that I was weak; I saw that I was treated as an invalid, and acquiesced in my condition, though some time passed—more time than the reader would imagine—before I could piece together my broken recollections so as to comprehend it.

"I was very slow in learning that my hearing was entirely gone. The unusual stillness of all things was

grateful to me in my utter exhaustion; and if in this half-awakened state a thought of the matter entered my mind, I ascribed it to the unusual care and success of my friends in preserving silence around me. I saw them talking indeed to one another, and thought that, out of regard to my feeble condition, they spoke in whispers, because I heard them not. The truth was revealed to me in consequence of my solicitude about the book which had so much interested me in the day of my fall. It had, it seems, been reclaimed by the good old man who had sent it to me, and who doubtless concluded that I should have no more need of books in this life. He was wrong; for there has been nothing in this life which I have needed more. I asked for this book with much earnestness, and was answered by signs which I could not comprehend.

"Why do you not speak?" I cried; "pray let me have the book."

"This seemed to create some confusion; and at length some one, more clever than the rest, hit upon the happy expedient of writing upon a slate, that the book had been reclaimed by the owner, and that I could not in my weak state be allowed to read.

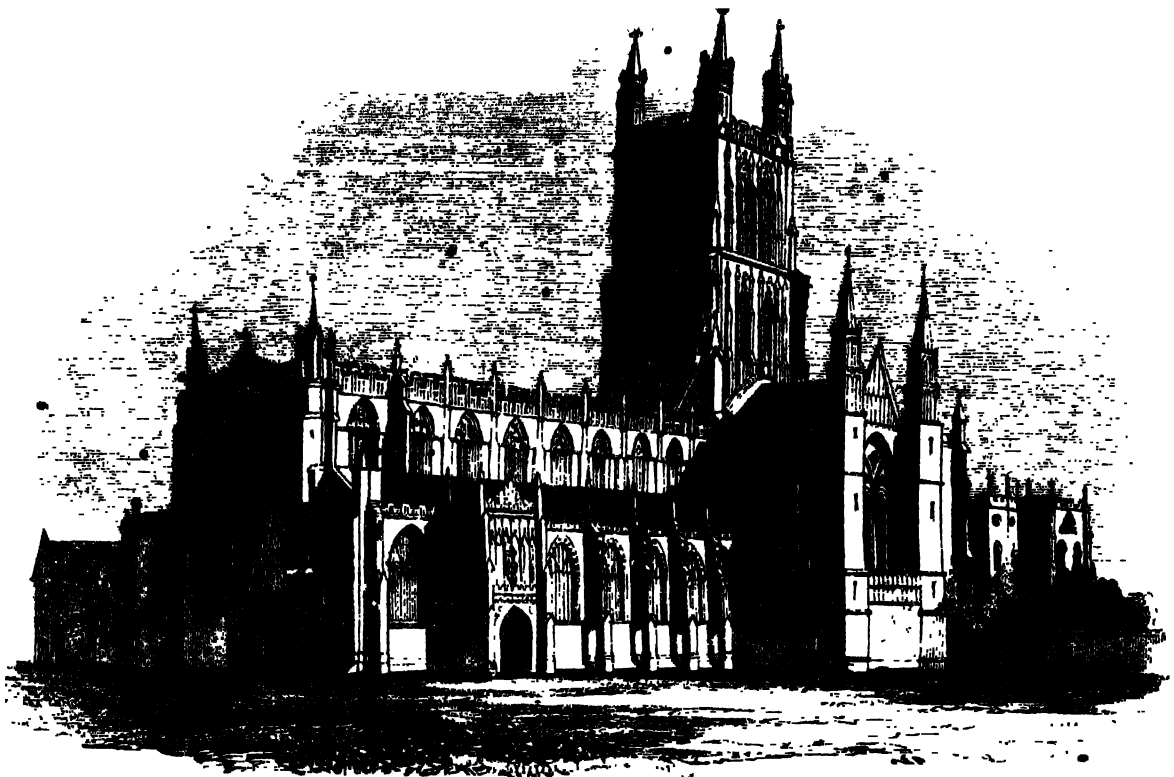
"But," I said in great astonishment, "why do you write to me; why not speak? Speak, speak."

"Those who stood around the bed exchanged significant looks of concern, and the writer soon displayed upon his slate the awful words—'YOU ARE DEAF.'

"Did not this utterly crush me? By no means. In my then weakened condition nothing like this could affect me. Besides, I was a child; and to a child the full extent of such a calamity could not be at once apparent. However, I knew not the future—it was not I did not; and there was nothing to show me that I suffered under more than a temporary deafness, which in a few days might pass away. It was left for time to show me the sad realities of the condition to which I was reduced.

[To be continued.]

Intellect and Instinct.—Where the act is done in ordinary and natural circumstances, it may be called instinctive or not, according as it is what our reason could, in the like circumstances, enable us to perform or not, and according as the animal is in a situation which enables him to act knowingly or not. Thus a bee's cell is made by a creature untaught; a solitary wasp provides food for an offspring it never can see, and knows nothing of. We set these things down to instinct. If horses, fearing danger, appoint a sentinel, it may be instinct certainly, but there is here nothing to exclude intelligence, for they do a thing which they may well do by design, and so differ from the bee; they are aware of the object in view, and mean to attain it, and so differ from the wasp. But these remarks apply to acts done in ordinary circumstances, and which I admit may or may not be instinctive. Another class is clearly rather to be called rational. I mean where the means are varied, adapted, and adjusted to a varying object, or where the animal acts in artificial circumstances in any way. For example, the horse opening a stable door, the cat a room door, the daw filling a pitcher with stones. So there is a singular story told by Dupont de Nemours in *Autun's Animaux Célèbres*, and which he says he witnessed himself. A swallow had slipped its foot into the noose of a cord attached to a spout in the Collège des Quatre Nations at Paris, and by endeavouring to escape had drawn the knot tight. Its strength being exhausted in vain attempts to fly, it uttered piteous cries, which assembled a vast flock of other swallows from the large basin between the Tuileries and Pont Neuf. They seemed to crowd and consult together for a little while, and then one of them darted at the string and struck at it with his beak as he flew past; and others following in quick succession did the same, striking at the same part, till after continuing this combined operation for half an hour, they succeeded in severing the cord and freeing their companion. They all continued flocking and hovering till night; only, instead of the tumult and agitation in which they had been at their first assembling, they were chattering as if without any anxiety at all, but conscious of having succeeded.—*Knight's Weekly Volume: 'Dialogues on Instinct.'*



[Gloucester Cathedral, from the south-west.]

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

GLOUCESTER was a place of importance when the Romans had possession of England, and is said to have been the seat of a Christian bishop before the coming of the Saxons. In the Saxon times, about the year 680, a nunnery was founded near the site of the present cathedral of Gloucester. This nunnery, in the reign of Canute, about 1022, was converted into a monastery of Benedictines under the government of an abbot. The church of the monastery was rebuilt about 1058 by Aldred, bishop of Worcester, but the New Minster, as it is called in the records, was burnt about 1088. Serlo, the third abbot, began a new church in 1089, which was completed in the following year, and was dedicated to St. Peter by the bishops of Worcester, Rochester, and Bangor.

St. Peter's Abbey, though more or less injured by several fires, continued, under successive abbots, to improve its buildings and enlarge its possessions, till, on the murder of Edward II. at Berkeley Castle, in 1327, Abbot Thokey had the body conveyed to St. Peter's for interment; the ceremony was performed with great state and solemnity; the offerings and gifts of numerous persons who afterwards came to perform their devotions at his tomb, greatly enriched the abbey; and from this time till the dissolution of the abbey in 1540, the church and monastic buildings were repaired, renewed, and extended, till St. Peter's Abbey became the mass of architectural beauty and grandeur, which, after the lapse of upwards of three hundred years, it still continues to be, so sound have been the structures, and so carefully, at least as compared with some of the other English cathedrals, have the injuries of time been repaired.

The Abbey was surrendered to Henry VIII. in January, 1540, at which time its revenues were estimated at 1550*l.* per annum. By letters patent, dated Sept. 3, 1541, Henry erected "the city of Gloucester

and the county of that city, and all the county of Gloucester, into a bishopric, with a dean and chapter, by the name of the Diocese of Gloucester;" and ordained that "such part of the vill and county of Bristol as was formerly in the diocese of Worcester, should be from thenceforward in the diocese of Gloucester for ever."

By the act 6 & 7 Wm. IV., c. 77, the bishopric of Gloucester became the bishopric of Gloucester and Bristol. The diocese includes Gloucestershire, the city and deanery of Bristol, and the deaneries of Malmesbury and Cricklade in Wiltshire. The revenue of the bishop is 3700*l.* The corporation consists of the dean, five canons, three minor canons, and other functionaries. The revenue of the dean and chapter is 4200*l.*, divided into eight shares, two of which are appropriated to the dean, and one to each canon. The proceeds of one suspended canonry are paid over to the ecclesiastical commissioners.

Gloucester Cathedral consists of a nave and aisles; north and south transepts, over the centre of which is a lofty tower; a choir and aisles, with four annexed chantry chapels; a lady chapel, with two annexed chantry chapels; an entrance-porch on the south side of the nave; the great cloisters, on the north side of the nave; the chapter-house, on the east side of the cloisters; and a crypt.

The crypt is believed to be of Saxon architecture, and to have formed a part of the church built by Abbot Aldred in the reign of Edward the Confessor; and though it has, if this supposition be correct, existed nearly eight hundred years, the masonry is apparently as sound as when it was first built. It is exceedingly massive, with short pillars of amazing thickness, from which spring semicircular arches of proportionate strength, suited to sustain the immense weight which rests upon them.

The lower part of the nave is probably as ancient as the crypt, though the height of the columns and walls may have been increased by subsequent additions.

The columns of the nave are sixteen, eight on each side, circular, plain, very thick, very high, and of equal diameter from base to capital; the arches which extend from column to column are small and semicircular, with bold mouldings and zigzag ornaments. The central vaulting of the nave was completed in 1242 by Abbot Foliot, and then

"the arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made gladfast and immoveable,"

was gazed upon by the devout spectator with awe and solemn wonder. The north aisle of the nave was probably completed soon afterwards. The exterior of the south aisle, built by Abbot Thokey between 1307 and 1329 "at a great and sumptuous expense," is of very peculiar character. The buttresses, windows, and parapet, in style and ornament, differ from every other part of the church, and though not unhandsome, strike more by their singularity than their beauty.

Originally there were two towers at the west end, but they were taken down by Abbot Morwent, who between 1420 and 1437 built the present west front, which in its composition is unlike that of any other cathedral in England. At the angles are two beautiful clustered pinnacles, between which extends a line of pierced parapet of great elegance, concealing the gable and roof. There is a parapet of equally graceful open work at the bottom of the west window and above the central west door. A smaller door forms the entrance to the north aisle. The doors are hardly of corresponding excellence with the rest of the west front. Morwent added two arches and pillars to the west end of the nave, forming the vaulting of intersecting ribs and ornamented key-stones, of a character different from the rest of the vaulting of the nave, which is elsewhere plain and massive, with only three ribs springing from each column.

The most admirable part of Abbot Morwent's architectural additions is the porch attached to the side of the south aisle of the nave at the west end; it is a work of the highest taste, and of surpassing delicacy of execution and richness of effect.

The south transept is said to have been first built about 1100, but little of the original architecture remains. The windows and ornamental parts were completed about 1330. The north transept belongs to the same period, or a little later.

The choir, built by Abbot Sebroke, is a work of florid gothic architecture, hardly surpassed by any other in England. The lofty vaulted roof, composed of ribs intersecting each other in the most varied manner, and adorned with the most elaborate and rich trellis-work, has an appearance of incredible lightness, while the rich tracery of the walls, the tabernacle-work of the stalls, of oak carving not inferior to those of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and the magnificent east window, filled with stained glass, and said to be the largest in this kingdom, produce a combined effect of the highest astonishment and admiration.

The tower is not unworthy of the choir. It was also the work of Abbot Sebroke, who removed the former tower, and about 1454 began the present tower: he died, however, in 1457, leaving the completion of it expressly in the charge of Robert Tulley, a monk belonging to the abbey. The tower is divided into two stories, with eight windows in each story. Each window is ornamented with mouldings, and surmounted by a finial. Four pinnacles of open-work adorn the angles of the tower, while a parapet of pierced work, exceedingly light and graceful, extends from pinnacle to pinnacle.

The Lady Chapel is attached to the semicircular east end of the choir: it was begun by Hanley, who succeeded to the abbacy in 1457, and completed by

Abbot Farley, who died in 1498. In its plan it is singular, being considerably narrower at the west end, where it forms a sort of entrance-vestibule, than it is at the east end, where the two chantries on each side resemble a north and south transept connected with the chapel by open screens. The Lady Chapel is hardly less rich in its architecture than the choir itself, of which it is a sort of continuation. The roof is one superb pointed arch, with the intersecting ribs adorned with flowers, foliage, rosettes, and other ornaments, in endless variety. The two chantries are of corresponding architecture, and, though smaller, not less beautiful.



[Effigy of Edward II.]

The exterior walls of the nave are supported by buttresses, but those of the choir are not. A parapet of pierced work extends not only round the top of the tower, but round the top of the nave, choir, and Lady Chapel.

The effigy of Edward II., whose truly splendid monument forms one of the many attractions of the interior, is a work of sculpture of rare excellence. The canopy has been renewed, but has not been strictly copied from the original. The effigy of the munificent Abbot Sebroke, in his full ecclesiastical robes, is in the chapel at the south-west angle of the choir.

The great cloisters form a square 146 feet by 148, and are universally admired not only for their extent, but for the elaborate elegance of the architecture. The groined roof, 17 feet high, the windows, and the side-walls, are embellished with a profusion of the richest ornaments and exquisite tracery. The principal entrance-gate from the cloisters into the north aisle of the nave is also a beautiful piece of gothic work. The cloisters were begun by Abbot Horton, who succeeded to the abbacy in 1351, and were completed by Abbot Froucester, who died in 1412.

The Chapter-House, attached to the east side of the cloisters, from which there is an arched entrance-door, was converted into the library during the Commonwealth. It is an oblong room of large dimensions, with a very lofty arched ceiling. Some parts of it are evidently of early Norman work.

The extreme length of the cathedral is 427 feet, of which the nave is 170, the choir 140, and the Lady Chapel 92. The extreme breadth is 154 feet, of which each transept includes 66 feet. The height of the nave is 68 feet, and that of the tower is 225 feet. The width of the nave, exclusive of the aisles, is 33 feet.

DEAFNESS.

(Concluded from page 152)

"Time passed on, and I slowly recovered strength, but my deafness continued. The doctors were perplexed by it. They probed and tested my ears in various fashions. The tympanum was uninjured, and the organ seemed in every respect perfect, excepting that it would not act. Some thought that a disorganization of the internal mechanism had been produced by the concussion; others, that the auditory nerve had been paralyzed.

"They poured into my tortured ears various infusions, hot and cold; they bled me, they blistered me, leeches me, physicked me; and, at last, they put a watch between my teeth, and on finding that I was unable to distinguish the ticking, they gave it up as a bad case, and left me to my fate. I cannot know whether my case was properly dealt with or not. I have no reason to complain of inattention, of my own knowledge; but, some six months after, a wise doctor from London affirmed that, by a different course at the commencement, my hearing might have been restored. He caused a seton to be inserted in my neck; but this had no effect upon my deafness, although it seems to have acted beneficially upon the general health. Some years after, Mr. Snow Harris, with a spontaneous kindness, for which I am happy to be able at this distant day to express my obligations, put my ears through a course of electrical operations. He persevered for more than a month; but no good came of it: and since then nothing further has been done or attempted. Indeed, I have not sought any relief; and have discouraged the suggestions of friends who would have had me apply to Dr. This and Dr. That. The condition in which two-thirds of my life has been passed, has become a habit to me—a part of my physical nature: I have learned to acquiesce in it, and to mould my habits of life according to the conditions which it imposes; and have hence been unwilling to give footing for hopes and expectations, which I feel in my heart can never be realized.

"It was some time before I could leave my bed, and much longer before I could quit my chamber. During this time I had no resource but reading; and the long and uninterrupted spell at it, which I had now, went far to fix the habit of my future life. The book to which I have repeatedly referred was re-borrowed for me, and was read without restraint. I wish this book had been the 'Paradise Lost,' or some other great work: the reader would be better pleased, and the dignity of this record would have been much enhanced. But I still think it was Kirby's 'Wonderful Magazine;' and, on second thoughts, I do not know but that this was a very proper book for the time and the circumstances. The strange facts which it recorded were well calculated to draw my attention to books as a source of interest and a means of information; and this was precisely the sort of feeling proper for drawing me into the habits which have enabled me, under all my privations, to be of some use in my day and generation.

"I had been so much in the habit, like others in my class of life, of regarding the Bible as a book specially appointed for reading upon Sundays, that I had never ventured to look into it on any other day. It seemed a sort of profanation to handle the sacred book with work-day fingers; but the exhaustion of all other materials at length drove me to it, and then I read it quite through, Apocrypha and all. It is not in this place my business to trace the religious impressions which resulted from the direction which my reading had thus taken; but as much of my attention has been in the course of my life devoted to sacred literature, with results which have long been before the public, it may be desirable to state the means by which this bent of study seems to have been created.

"At the period to which my present recollections refer, the art of reading was by no means diffused among the class in which I then moved, in the same degree as at present. Many could read: but the acquirement was not in the same degree as now applied to practical purposes. It was regarded more in the light of an occult art,—a particular and by no means necessary attainment, specially destined for and appropriate to religious uses and Sunday occupations. Besides, books were then extravagantly dear, and those which were sold in numbers, to enable the poor to purchase them by instalments, were dearest of all. Hence men could not afford to procure any merely current or temporary literature, but desired to have something of substantial and of permanent worth for their money, something which might form a body of edifying Sunday reading to themselves and to their children. The range of books embraced by these considerations was very narrow: a folio Family Bible; Fox's Book of Martyrs; Life of Christ; Josephus's Antiquities of the Jews; Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; Hervey's Meditations; Drelincourt on Death (with Defoe's Preface, containing the Ghost Story of Mrs. Veal); Baxter's Saint's Rest; Watts's World to Come; Gesner's Death of Abel; Sturm's Reflections, &c. Those who launched forth beyond this range into profane literature, were for the most part content with Robinson Crusoe; Pamela; The Arabian Nights' Entertainments; and Henry, Earl of Moreland. This was a selection of books not to be despised. They were all good, and some of them immortal works. But the thing was, that you could see no other books than these. The selection from these books varied, and it was rare to see the whole or a great part of them together; but whenever a book was to be seen, it was sure to be some one of these. Periodical literature had not reached even the class of tradesmen in any other shape than that of religion. The only periodicals within their reach were of a religious kind, being the magazines of their respective denominations, which were sold at sixpence each. Tradesmen doubtless read the newspapers, but the use of them (except in public houses) had not descended below their class; and I can declare that I never saw a newspaper, to read, till I was nearly twenty years of age, and after I had been in fact removed out of the position to which these first experiences apply.

"From this account it will appear that any studies founded upon the books to be found under these circumstances, could not but be of an essentially religious tone. At a later period I fell in with books of a different description in the same class, and was enabled to satiate myself with controversies on the five points, and to treasure up the out-of-the-way knowledge to be found in such books as Dupin's Ecclesiastical History. The day came when I plunged into the sea of general literature, and being able to get nothing more to my mind, read poems, novels, histories, and magazines.

without end. A day came, in which any remarkable fact which I met with, was treasured up in my tenacious mind, as a miser treasures gold; and when the great thoughts which I sometimes found, filled my soul with raptures too mighty for utterance. Another day came, in which I was enabled to gratify a strange predilection for metaphysical books; and with all the novelists, poets, and historians within the reach of my arm, gave my days to Locke, Hartley, Tucker, Reid, Stewart, and Brown. I think little of these things now, and my taste for them has gone by: but although I now think that my time might have been more advantageously employed, my mind was doubtless thus carried through a very useful discipline, of which I have since reaped the benefit. But amid all this, the theological bias, given by my earlier reading and associa-

tions, remained; and the time eventually came, when I was enabled to return to it, and indulge it with redoubled ardour: and after that another time arrived, when I could turn to rich account whatever useful thing I had learned, and whatever talent I had cultivated, however remote such acquirement or cultivation might have at first seemed removed from any definite pursuits. This point is one of some importance; and as I am anxious to inculcate upon my younger readers the instruction it involves, it may be mentioned, as an instance, that an acquaintance with the Hebrew language, which has eventually proved one of the most useful acquirements I ever made, was originally formed with no higher view than that of qualifying myself to teach that language to the sons of a friend, whose tuition I had undertaken."



['Poor Presbyterian'—Field-preaching.]

HUDIBRAS.—No. XIV.

In this, the Second Canto of the Third Part, the author, as we have already stated, altogether leaves his story, and gives a rapid sketch, as a political partisan, of the Rebellion, and the first steps to the Restoration. Into this whirlpool we shall not enter, but merely endeavour to draw a few flowers to the shore, to show the humour and art with which he has painted characters and

events to suit his own purpose. Of the origin of the religious discords, he says—

"So, ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout
Of petulant, capricious sects,
The maggots of corrupted texts,
That first ran all religion down,
And after ev'ry swarm, its own."

And of these various sects he adds—

“ And yet no nat’ral tie of blood,
Nor int’reast for the common good,
Could, when their profits interfer’d,
Get quarter for each other’s beard.
For when they thriv’d they never fadg’d,
But only by the ears engag’d :
Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
And play together when they’ve none.
As by their truest characters,
Their constant actions, plainly appears.
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack ;
The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
And Providence to be out of season :
For now there was no more to purchase
O’ th’ king’s revenue, and the church’s ;
But all divided, shar’d, and gone,
That us’d to urge the brethren on.
Which forc’d the stubborn’st for the Cause
To cross the cudgels to the laws,
That what by breaking them th’ had ggin’d,
By their support might be maintain’d ;
Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,
Secur’d against the hue-and-cry,
For Presbyter and Independent
Were now turn’d plaintiff and defendant,
Laid out their apostolic functions,
On carnal orders and injunctions ;
And all their precious gifts and graces
On outlawries and *scire facias* ;
At Michael’s term had many a trial,
Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael,
Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,
Into the bottomless abyss.
For when, like brethren, and like friends,
They came to share their dividends,
And ev’ry partner to possess
His church and state joint-purchases,
In which the ablest saint, and best
Was nam’d in trust by all the rest,
To pay their money ; and, instead
Of ev’ry brother, pass the deed ;
He straight converted all his gifts
To pious frauds and holy shifts

And settled all the other shares
Upon his outward man and ’s heirs :
Held all they claim’d as forfeit lands,
Deliver’d up into his hands,
And past upon his conscience,
By pre-entail of Providence,
Impeach’d the rest for reprobates,
That had no title to estates,
But by their spiritual attainments
Degraded from their right of saints.”

He next proceeds to characterise the two principal sects, the Presbyterians and Independents, whom the artist has cleverly embodied in the cuts we have given.

“ Poor Presbyter was now reduced,
Secluded, and cashier’d, and chous’d—
Turn’d out, and excommunicate
From all affairs of church and state,
Reform’d to a Reformato saint,
And glad to turn itinerant,
To stroll and teach from town to town,
And those he had taught up teach down,
And make those uses serve again
Against the new-enlight’ned men ;
As fit as when at first they were
Reveal’d against the Cavalier ;
Damn Anabaptist and fanatic,
As pat as Popish and Prelatic ;
And with as little variation,
To serve for any sect i’ th’ nation.
The good old Cause, which some believe
To be the devil that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and does still invite
The world to mischief with New Light,
Had store of money in her purse,
When he took her for bett’r or worse ;
But now was grown deform’d and poor,
And fit to be turn’d out of door.

The Independents (whose first station
Was in the rear of reformation.
A mongrel kind of church-dragoons,
That serv’d for horse and foot at once,
And in the saddle of one steed
The Saracen and Christian rid :
Were free of ev’ry spiritual order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder :)



[An Independent—“ A mongrel kind of church dragon.”]

No sooner got the start to lurch
Both disciplines, of war and church,
And providence enough to run
The chief commanders of 'em down,
But carried on the war against
The common enemy o' th' saints,
And in a while prevail'd so far,
To win of them the game of war,
And be at liberty once more,
T' attack themselves as th' had before."

There is no occasion to enter upon the disputed question of the true character and motives of the religious sects, but the dissensions are well described which paved the way to the Restoration; nor shall we attempt to depreciate the beautiful sketch which follows of the character of the Royalists. He has himself done this in other parts of his writings, which we shall subsequently quote:—

"This when the Royalists perceived
(Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the right they had paid down
So dearly for, the Church and Crown),
Th' united constanter, and sided
The more, the more their foes divided.
For tho' outnumbered, overthrow'n,
And by the fate of war run down;
Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;
For loyalty is still the same
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.
But when these brethren in evil,
Their adversaries, and the devil,
Began once more to show them play,
And hopes, at least, to have a day;
They rallied in parades of woods,
And unfrequented solitudes,
Conven'd at midnight in out-houses,
T' appoint new-rising rendezvous,
And with a pertinacy unmatch'd,
For new recruits of danger watch'd.
No sooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party started,
And, as if nature too in haste,
To furnish out supplies as fast,
Before her time had turn'd destruction
T' a new and numerous production;
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their room,
That, like the Christian faith, increas'd
The more, the more they were suppress'd:
Whom neither chains, nor transportation,
Proscription, sale, or confiscation,
Nor all the desperate events
Of former tried experiments,
Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off loyalty and dangling,
Nor death (with all his bones) affright
From vent'ring to maintain the right,
From staking life and fortune down
'Gainst all together, for the crown,
But kept the title of their cause
From forfeiture, like claims in laws:
And prov'd no prosperous usurpation
Can ever settle on the nation,
Until, in spite of force and treason,
They put their loy'ly in possession;
And by their constancy and faith,
Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath."

After noticing the death of Oliver Cromwell, and the efforts of the Millennium and Fifth Monarchy men, he gives a description of two eminent men of the opposite party, with all his own peculiar wit and all the prejudice of a partisan. Of the first, the celebrated Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, he says—

"'Mong these there was a politician,
With more heads than a beast in vision,
And more intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the whores of Babylon;
So politic, as if one eye
Upon the other were a spy:
That to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink:
And in his dark pragmatic way
As busy as a child at play.
H' had seen three governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one;
Was for 'em and against 'em all,
But barb'rous when they came to fall;
For by trepanning th' old to ruin,
He made his int'rest with the new one;
Play'd true and faithful, though against
His conscience, and was still advanc'd.
For by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble state-cameleon,
By giving aim to either side,
He never fail'd to save his tide,
But got the start of ev'ry state,
And at a change ne'er came too late;
Could turn his word, and oath, and faith,
As many ways as in a lathe,
By turning, wriggle, like a screw,
Int' highest trust, and out for new.
For when h' had happily incur'd,
Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd,
And pass'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went;
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon
The public ruin, and his own.
So little did he understand
The desperate feats he took in hand.
For when h' had got himself a name
For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game;
Had forc'd his neck into a noose
To show his play at fast and loose;
And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook
For art and subtlety his luck,
So right his judgment was out fit,
And made a tally to his wit,
And both together most profound
At deeds of darkness underground:
As th' earth is easiest undermin'd
By vermin impotent and blind.
By all these arts, and many more,
H' had practis'd long and much before,
Our state-artificer foresaw
Which way the world began to draw.
For as old sinners have all points
O' th' compass in their bones and joints;
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And better than by Napier's bones,
Feel in their own the age of moons:
So guilty sinners in a state,
Can by their crimes prognosticate,
And in their consciences feel pain
Some days before a shower of rain.
He therefore wisely cast about,
All ways he could, t' insure his throat;
And hither came t' observe and smoke
What courses other riskers took:
And to the utmost do his best
To save himself, and hang the rest."

These general characteristics he has also embodied in his prose works, where, under the head of a 'State Convert,' he says—

"Is a thrifty penitent, that never left rebellion until it left him. He has always appeared very faithful and constant to his principles to the very last: for as he first engaged against the crown for no other reason but his own advantages, so he afterward faced about, and declared for it for the very same consideration; and when there was no more to be made of it, was

thoroughly convinced, and renounced it from the bottom of his heart. . . . He was very much unsatisfied in his conscience with the government of the church, as long as Presbytery bore the bag, and had money to receive for betraying Christ; but as soon as those saints were gulled and cheated of all, and that the covenant began to be no better than a beggarly ceremony, his eyes were presently opened, and all his scruples vanished in a moment. He did his endeavour to keep out the king as long as he could possibly; but when there was no hopes left to prevail any longer, he made a virtue of necessity, and appeared among the foremost of those that were most earnest to bring him in: and, like Lipsius's dog, resolved to have his share in that which he was able to do no longer. What he gained by serving against the king he laid out to purchase profitable employments in his service; for he is one that will neither obey nor rebel against him for nothing; and though he inclines naturally to the latter, yet he has so much of a saint left as to deny himself, when he cannot have his will, and denounce against self-seeking, until he is sure to find what he looks for. He pretends to be the only man in the world that brought in the king, which is in one sense very true; for if he had not driven him out first, it had been impossible ever to have brought him in. He endures his preferment patiently (though he esteems it no better than a relapse), merely for the profit he receives by it; and prevails with himself to be satisfied with that and the hopes of seeing better times, and then resolves to appear himself again, and let the world see he is no changeling: and therefore he rejoices in his heart at any miscarriages of state-affairs, and endeavours to improve them to the uttermost, partly to vindicate his own former actions, and partly in hope to see the times come about again to him, as he did to them."

The other personage described by him is Colonel John Lilburn, of whom he says—

"To match this saint, there was another,
As busy and perverse a brother,
An haberdasher of small wares
In politics and state-affairs;
More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel,
And better gifted to rebel:
For when h' had taught his tribe to spouse
The Cause, aloft, upon one house,
He scorn'd to set his own in order,
But tried another, and went farther;
So sullenly addicted still
To a only principle, his will,
That whatso'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor force of argument could move,
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Holborn,
Could render half a grain less stubborn.
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity t' harangue;
And rather on a gibbet dangle,
Than miss his dear delight to wrangle;
In which his parts were so accomplish'd,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was non-pluss'd;
But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease,
And with its everlasting clack
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
No sooner could a hint appear,
But up he started to picquer,
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he engaged in controversy.
Not by the force of carnal reason,
But indefatigable teasing;
With volleys of eternal babble,
And clamour more unanswerable.
For though his topics frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a freak,
He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,
Against the desperate assaults;
And back'd their feeble want of sense,
With greater heat and confidence.
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they're cudgell'd grow the stiffer.
Yet when his profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated:
For nothing but his interest
Could lay his devil of contest:

It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
T' espouse the Cause for bett'r or worse,
And with his worldly goods and wit,
And soul, and body, worshipp'd it:
But when he found the sullen trapes,
Possess'd with th' devil, worms, and claps
The Trojan mare in fual with Greeks,
Not half so full of jadish tricks,
Though squeamish in her outward woman,
As loose and rampant as Dull Common;
He still resolved to mend the matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obstinate:
And still the skittisher and looser
Her freaks appear'd, to sit the closer.
For fools are stubborn in their way,
As coins are harden'd by th' alloy;
And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
These two, with others, being met,
And close in consultation set;
After a discontented pause,
And not without sufficient cause,
The orator we nam'd of late,
Less troubled with the pangs of state,
Than with his own impatience,
To give himself first audience,
After he had a while look'd wise,
At last broke silence, and the ice."

It is curious, however, to see how very different an estimate may be made of the same man. An intelligent foreigner, who has well and deeply studied English history, M. Augustine Thierry, in his 'Historical Essays,' speaking of the character of the great men of the Revolution of 1640, says of Lilburn: "Lilburn, mutilated by order of King Charles the First for having dared to write; and who, thus marked with the reprobation of tyranny, braved it again by writing under Cromwell. Tyranny did not forget him; 'he died in prison,' eloquently says M. Villemain, 'a martyr to liberty under all authorities, and treated as a chimerical and senseless mind by those who cannot conceive resistance to the strongest.'"

THOMAS FULLER.

[Continued from p. 136.]

It would be out of place here to touch ever so slightly on his theological teaching, but it may not be amiss to show his singular manner of handling morals from the pulpit, and this sermon on gluttony affords us a fair opportunity. He warns against its danger, because of the difficulty of discerning its earliest advances. "Some sins come with observation, and are either ushered with a noise, or, like a snail, leave a slime behind them, whereby they may be traced and tracked, as drunkenness. The Ephraimites were differenced from the rest of the Israelites by their lisping; they could not pronounce *h*. Thus drunkards are distinguished from the king's sober subjects by clipping the coin of the tongue; but there are not such signs and symptoms of gluttony." Further, it is dangerous because of its injury to the mind. "That soul must needs be unfitting to serve God so encumbered. That man hath but an uncomfortable life who is confined to live in a smoky house. The brain is one of these places of the residence of the souls, and when that is filled with steams and vapours arising from uncooked crudities in the stomach, the soul must needs dwell uncheerfully, ill accommodated in so smoky a mansion; and as hereby it is unapt for the performance of good, so it is ready for most evil—for uncleanness, scurrility, ill speaking. Secondly, this sin impairs the health of the body: the outlandish proverb saith, that the glutton digs his grave with his own teeth. Must there not be a battle and insurrection in his stomach, wherein there is meat, hot, cold, sod, roast, flesh, fish?

and which side soever wins, nature and health will be overcome, when as a man's body is like unto the ark of Noah, containing all beasts, clean and unclean; but he the most unclean beast that contains them. Our law interprets it to be murder when one is killed with a knife. Let us take heed we be not all condemned for being *felos de se*; for wilfully murdering our own lives with our knives, by our superfluous eating. . . . Lastly, it wrongeth the poof; for it is, the overmuch feasting of Dives which of necessity maketh the fasting of Lazarus; and might not the superfluous meat of the rich be sold for many a pound, and given to the poor?" He dwells strongly on the necessity of moderation in diet, but admits that no rule can be laid down to suit all; for "that quantity of rain will make a clay ground drunk which will scarce quench the thirst of a sandy country." There is along with this homely and plain-spoken manner of denouncing ill practices an abundance of more directly theological instruction, and it is evident from ever so slight a perusal of these or of his later sermons, that he was a man of real piety.

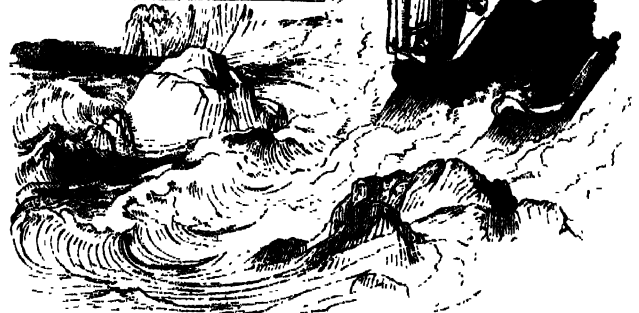
But a storm was about to pass over the land, destroying in its progress those institutions that were most dear to him. He saw the black cloud approaching, and bitterly lamented the folly of those who, thinking it would blow over without bursting, refused to prepare against, if they could not avert it. When the evil day came, he preached earnestly for mutual concessions: "Blessed are the peacemakers" was the text of a sermon he published at this time; and, like Lord Falkland, he continued to cry Peace so long as there was any hope of its preservation. When the war really commenced, Fuller left London, and joined the king at Oxford. But here he was slighted by the court, who denounced him as a Puritan: while in London he was condemned as a Royalist, and had his goods and library sequestered. Finding his position at Oxford uncomfortable, he joined the royal army, having accepted the office of chaplain to Sir Ralph Hopton. He was at Basing House when it was taken, and remained with the king's army so long as there remained an army for the king. It is a proof of his industry and zeal, that it was while removing from place to place with the troops that he began to collect the materials for his 'Worthies.' We shall not pursue his wanderings, nor can we record here all his literary occupations: wherever he was, he was busy alike with tongue and pen. He returned to London before the death of the king, and appears again to have preached at various churches, but not to have resumed his duties at the Savoy. His last biographer states that in the churchwardens' accounts of the parish of St. Clement's, East Cheap, for the year 1647, there is this entry:—"Paid for four sermons preached by Mr. Fuller, 00l. 06s. 08d."

In 1648 he was presented by the Earl of Carlisle with the perpetual curacy of Waltham Abbey. While here he was examined by the "Triers," and, according to Calamy, got through the ordeal by the prudent advice of John Howe, to whom he had applied to "give him a shove, being a little corpulent." At Waltham he continued his literary pursuits with unabated energy. In 1650 his curious account of the Holy Land appeared, entitled 'A Pisgah-Sight of Palestine and the Confines thereof.' Like nearly all the rest of his works, it is in folio. He had been a widower now many years, and growing tired of a single life, he married, in 1654, his second wife, a sister of Viscount Baltinglass. He published in the following year his 'Church History,' to which the histories of Cambridge University and of Waltham Abbey were appended. The 'Church History' involved him in a controversy with Dr. Heylin, who attacked it with considerable animosity, and with some skill; but Fuller's reply,

which he entitled the 'Appeal of Injured Innocence,' was considered very satisfactory. He admits that he had made some mistakes, which he thanks his animadverter for pointing out to him, and promises to rectify; but he declares that he in no case wilfully perverted or concealed anything; and so large a work, written at such a time, could scarcely be expected to be free from errors. But, as he says, "As it is impossible in distracted times to please all, so it is easy for any at any time to cavil at the best performance. A pigmy is giant enough for this purpose." His answer had the unusual fortune of satisfying his opponent, and he and Dr. Heylin became good friends afterwards. That he took all possible pains to collect his materials, and consulted the best living authorities, is evident from what he says in his reply to Heylin: the way in which he sums up his vindication on this head, after he has enumerated the sources from which he drew his matter, is characteristic:—"Give me leave to add, that a greater volume of general church history might be made with less time, pains, and cost; for in the making thereof I had straw provided me to burn my brick; I mean, could find what I needed in printed books; whereas in this *British Church History* I must (as well as I could) provide my own straw, and my pains have been scattered all over the land, by riding, writing, going, sending, chiding, begging, praying, and sometimes paying too, to procure manuscript materials." This active industry must needs have routed up a good deal of hidden stuff, and he has stowed away in his History an abundance of it, good, bad, and indifferent. Very similar was his activity in searching for all sorts of information for his *Worthies*. The old writer of his life says that while he was "in progress with the king's army, his business and study then was a kind of errantry. . . . In what place soever he came, of remark especially, he spent most of his time in views and researches of their antiquities and church monuments; insinuating himself into the acquaintance, which frequently ended in the lasting friendship, of the learnedest and gravest persons residing within the place, thereby to inform himself fully of those things he thought worthy the commendation of his labours. . . . Nor did the good Doctor ever refuse to light his candle, in investigating truth, from the meanest person's discovery. He would endure contentedly an hour or more impertinence from any aged church-officer, or other superannuated person, for the gleanings of two lines to his purpose. And though his spirit was quick and nimble, and all the faculties of his mind ready and answerable to that activity of despatch; yet, in these inquests, he would stay and attend those circular rambles till they came to a point; so resolute was he bent to the sifting out of abstruse antiquity. Nor did he ever dismiss such adjutators, or helpers, as he was pleased to style them, without giving them money and cheerful thanks besides." This last sentence gives us a pleasant picture of the kind-hearted man. His 'Worthies' were not published during his life, and he continued his collections for them till within a short period of his death.

[To be continued.]

French Cultivation in Angoulême.—Occasionally we passed large tracts presenting the richest and most cultivated appearance. They were not enclosed, but occupied by all kinds of crops dispersed in small parallelograms. Every inch of soil was tilled. The lines between each division were as straight and fine as possible. Not a weed was to be seen. The stones were all carefully picked out and laid in regular heaps. At one part the land sloped towards us from a considerable distance, and I could not help thinking of it as like one vast and flourishing "allotment" garden. Those who take an interest in the agricultural labours of our own country will at once recognise the term and comparison.—*Travels in France and Spain, by the Rev. F. Trench,*



THE BRITISH VALHALLA

No. IV.—CANUTE THE GREAT.



HE victories of Alfred the Great did not clear England of the Danes. That hardy and most warlike people had struck too deep a root in a part of the island to be dispossessed. It was Alfred's glory not to exterminate them, but to convert the Danes to Christianity. His victories and his treaties prevented any fresh invasion of the island by the unconverted Danes and Norwegians; and this was an inestimable benefit. The great mind of Alfred probably contemplated the gradual fusion of the Saxons and Danes, two people who differed in very few essentials; and he no doubt foresaw that the humanizing Christian doctrine, and the pursuits

of agriculture and trade, growing up among them after a tranquil settlement, would win the sea-kings and rovers of the North from their passion for war, and all their old plundering, piratical habits. There was territory enough, and to spare: the great want of England was people. In the most flourishing time of the Roman occupation, a great part of Britain was but thinly inhabited; and the wars and pestilences which had followed since then had nearly depopulated entire counties, and left immense tracks of fertile land without hands to till them, or mouths to eat the abundant produce which they offered to the industrious agriculturist. If it had been in Alfred's power to expel all the Danes, he could have had no security against their prompt return and incessant attacks; for, notwithstanding his glorious exertions to create an Anglo-Saxon navy, the Danes and Norwegians had still the command of the sea. It was better to give the Danes in England an interest in defending the coasts which

they had formerly desolated; and, by converting them to Christianity, unite them in one faith and in one family with the Saxons. And by this conversion of the Danes in England, the overthrow of the savage paganism of Scandinavia, and the general conversion of the Danes and Norwegians, were materially facilitated and hastened. The cruelty of Charlemagne, who endeavoured to propagate the Gospel with fire and sword, had retarded this conversion of the people of the North of Europe, and the missionaries who, since his time, had been sent into the countries on the Baltic from France and from Italy, had made very little progress; but from the time of Alfred's treaty with Guthrun, the worship of the blood-stained Odin began to decline in most parts of the great Scandinavian peninsula. Several pirates, who came over to England in search of plunder, or of a settlement, were converted by Alfred's missionaries, or by the Christian Danes of the Danelagh; and these men, returning to the Baltic, made proselytes among their fierce countrymen.

In that treaty Alfred thus drew the line of demarcation between the Anglo-Saxons and the Danes in England:—"Let the bounds of our dominion stretch to the river Thames, and from thence to the water of Lea, even unto the head of the same water; and thence straight unto Bedford, and finally going along by the river Ouse, let them end at Watling-street." Beyond these lines all the east side of our island, as far as the Humber, was surrendered to Guthrun; and as the Danes had established themselves firmly in Northumbria, the whole eastern country from the Tweed to the Thames, where it washes a part of Essex, took the name of "Danelagh" or "Dane-law," which it retained down to the time of the Norman Conquest. Within these extensive limits the Danes were masters, and their own laws were administered. But, by mutual agreement, the laws of the Danes were assimilated to those of the Saxons; and the converted Guthrun, the godson of Alfred, pledged himself, in the treaty, to promote the Christian faith, to punish apostasy, and to curb with all his might the predatory and ferocious habits of his countrymen. Guthrun, who was christened under the Saxon name of Athelstan, continued ever afterwards the faithful friend and ally of Alfred, and, to all appearance, a sincere convert. His nobles and people followed his example: the work of conversion was promoted by priests and monks from various parts of England, from Scotland, and perhaps also from Ireland; monasteries and churches which had been destroyed by these Danes were rebuilt by them; and Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, became again the seat of devotion and civilization. By these healing means the manners of the people and the whole aspect of the country were changed: the subjects of Guthrun, turning their swords into ploughshares, gradually renounced their contempt for industry, assumed tranquil habits, and adopted the manners and customs of more civilized life. Upon the death of Guthrun, a large part of the Danelagh, including Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, fell completely into the power of Alfred, and was governed for him by a Saxon ealdorman. The rest of the Danelagh now acknowledged the supremacy of the Saxon sovereign. The arrangements of the great Alfred gave nearly a hundred years of peace and tranquillity to the whole of England. But the feeble reign of Ethelred the Unready tempted the Scandinavian rovers to revisit our shores. Svend, or Sweyn, a son of the King of Denmark, had quarrelled with his father, and been banished from his country. Young, brave, and enterprising, he soon drew to his standard a host of mariners and adventurers, with whom he resolved to obtain wealth, if not a home and a throne, in England. After some minor expeditions, which proved the weakness of our island, and the cowardice and ineptitude

of its king and government, Sweyn, in the year 981, made a descent near Southampton, and plundered that city and the neighbouring countries. He was allowed to depart with impunity, and to carry off his spoil and a great many of the inhabitants, whom he sold on the Continent for slaves. A succession of inroads followed: before long Chester and London partook of the fate of Southampton; and attacks were multiplied on different points, in the north, in the south, and in the west, as far as the extremity of Cornwall. For a long time the Anglicized Danes in the Danelagh opposed these invaders, and made common cause with the Saxons; and this union was the closer on account of the fact that Sweyn, though professing Christianity, was the leader of unconverted heathens, and more than half a pagan himself. In the year 981 a formidable host of the sea-kings landed at Ipswich, ravaged all that part of the country, and won a great battle, in which Earl Brithnoth, a Dane of the Danelagh, but a devout Christian, was slain while fighting for King Ethelred. Ethelred, then, for the first time, had recourse to the fatal expedient of purchasing the forbearance of the sea-kings with money; and these invaders departed with ten thousand pounds of silver as tribute, and with the head of Earl Brithnoth as a trophy. "The Danes," says William of Malmesbury, "infesting every port, and making descents on all sides with piratical agility, so that it was not known when they could be opposed, it was advised by Siricius, second archbishop after Dunstan, that money should repel those whom the sword could not. This was an infamous precedent, and totally unworthy of men, to redeem liberty, which no violence can ever extirpate from a noble mind, by money." The money only served as a ground-bait. Other fleets and squadrons came over in rapid succession from the Baltic to plunder the country or to demand more money. The crazy government of King Ethelred could do little for the protection of the island, and the little it did was made of no avail by the treachery and disaffection of the Saxon officers. In this state of affairs it was not surprising that the people of the Danelagh should at last join the invaders, and seek security in placing a powerful Danish prince upon the throne of England. In 993, when a fresh host had landed in Northumberland, and had stormed and taken Bamborough Castle, three great chiefs of the Danelagh, who had hitherto fought against it, ranged themselves under the standard of the Danish raven; and in a short space of time nearly all the inhabitants of the Danelagh either joined their brethren from the Baltic or ceased to fight against them.

By murdering his father, Sweyn ascended the throne of Denmark, and thus became a more formidable enemy to England. Shortly after he gained a powerful ally in Olave, King of Norway, a prince of the true Scandinavian breed and character, the son of an old pirate, or sea-king. In the year 994 these two north kings ravaged and desolated all the south of our island, meeting nowhere with a valid resistance. In token of having taken a lasting possession of the land, Sweyn and Olave planted a lance on the shore, and cast another lance into the first great river which they reached. King Ethelred was now so unpopular, that he was afraid of assembling any army, lest it should fall upon him rather than upon the Danes and Norwegians. It was therefore again agreed to buy off the invaders with money; and this time not ten, but sixteen thousand pounds of silver, were paid down as Dane-gelt. But by a clause in the treaty, King Olave and some of his unconverted Norwegian chiefs bound themselves to embrace the Christian religion, or at least to receive baptism. One of these chiefs boasted that he had already been washed twenty times by those

waters, by which it is to be understood that the marauder had submitted to what he considered an idle ceremony whenever he had found it convenient so to do. But King Olave stood at the fount with a better spirit; his conversion was sincere; and an oath he took never again to molest the English was honourably kept. Sweyn, the Danish king, continued his depredations, and at every visit paid by him or his chiefs, the amount of the shameful tribute or Dane-gelt was raised. These large sums were procured by direct taxes upon land, and the oppressive and humiliating burthen seemed to have become permanent. Moreover the treaties of peace or truce generally allowed bands of the marauders to winter in England—at Bristol, Southampton, the Isle of Wight, or other places; and the English people, whom they had plundered and beggared, were obliged to lodge and feed these voracious men. The people became desperate, and the insults offered by the invaders to the women extinguished the last sentiments of humanity. The national despair was signalized by a fearful act of vengeance, which has scarcely a parallel unless in the simultaneous massacre of the French conquerors of Sicily.* A great conspiracy was entered into, under the eyes, and apparently with the connivance, of the local magistrates and the officers of King Ethelred, against the Danes of the recent invasions, who were to be indiscriminately assailed in their various places of abode, and to be all slaughtered on an appointed day and hour by their hosts and their neighbours. According to some accounts, the unwarlike and cowardly Ethelred gave an order under his own hand for this simultaneous and indiscriminate slaughter. By whatever means it was arranged, it certainly took place. On the 13th of November, 1002, the holy festival of Saint Brice, the Danes, dispersed through a great part of the south of England, were attacked by surprise, and massacred without distinction of quality, age, or sex. The good perished with the bad, the innocent infant with the hardened ruffian, the neighbour of years with the intruder of yesterday; and it appears that such Saxon women as had married Danes were included in the slaughter. In the greater part of the Danelagh, or in the northern and eastern provinces of the kingdom, the old established Danes, who had become peaceful agriculturists, and who formed the major part of the population, were neither attacked nor disturbed; but the entire body of the new invaders or conquerors perished on Saint Brice's day.† Even Gunhilda, the sister of King Sweyn, who had embraced Christianity and married an English earl of Danish descent, after being made to witness the death of her husband and child, was barbarously murdered herself. She died predicting that the shedding of her blood would be fearfully avenged; and, upon receiving the news of these events, Sweyn vowed that he would either subdue all England, or perish in the attempt. He was encouraged by the report made to him by Turketul, a Dane, well acquainted with the weak wretched state into which England had fallen under the "Unready." "A country," said the Dane, "once illustrious and powerful; a king asleep, caring for nothing but women and wine, trembling at war, hated by his people, and scorned and mocked by strangers; com-

manders jealous of each other; and weak soldiers ready to fly at the first shout of battle."* This was the condition into which the kingdom of Alfred had fallen under Ethelred. In the course of the five following years many destructive invasions were made. In 1007 Ethelred paid thirty thousand pounds of silver for a short and uncertain truce. The great sums thus acquired year after year enabled Sweyn to fit out an immense armament. In 1012 the Danish monarch set sail from the Baltic with a mightier and more splendid fleet than had ever been seen. The choicest warriors embarked in lofty ships, every one of which bore the ensign or standard of its separate commander. Some carried at their prow such figures as lions, bulls, dolphins, dragons, or armed men, all made of metal and richly gilded: others carried on their mast-heads the figures of large birds, as eagles and ravens, which stretched out their wings and turned with the wind like vases: the sides of the ships were painted with different bright colours; and larboard and starboard, from stem to stern, shields of burnished and glittering steel were suspended in even rows. Gold, silver, and embroidered banners were profusely displayed; and the entire wealth of the pirates of the Baltic seemed to have been expended upon this barbaric pomp. The ship which bore the royal standard of Sweyn was called the Sea Dragon, or the Great Dragon: it was moulded in the form of an enormous serpent, the sharp head of which formed the prow, while the lengthening tail coiled over the poop.‡ For the painter, there never was such a fleet as this!

Sweyn sailed up the Humber, and landed near the city of York. In all his host there was not a slave, or an emancipated slave, or a single old man, but every combatant was a free man, the son of a free man, and in the prime of life.§ The Danes considered the cause in which they were engaged as a national and sacred one, and their king had come to make a lasting conquest; and not to plunder. They were presently joined by all the hardy people of the Danelagh, and with his own people and the armed population of the north of England he fell upon the southern and western provinces, wasting them by fire and sword. Oxford and Winchester surrendered; and the citizens of London, after making a brave defence and beating back the Danes, threw open their gates to them upon learning that King Ethelred had privately and basely fled from the city. By the beginning of the year 1013 Sweyn was considered as full King of England; but he did not long enjoy his conquest: within a few months, being at Gainsborough in Lincolnshire, he died. Some say that he was treacherously assassinated. The Saxon monks of Bury St. Edmund's afterwards gave out that the ungodly pagan was slain by the wrath of St. Edmund, whose patrimony he had desolated; but the more probable story is that he died of apoplexy, after a great feast and hard drinking. Upon his death the Danish warriors recognised his son Canute as King of Denmark and King of England; but a strong party among the Saxons recalled King Ethelred, who had fled to Normandy. By means of his heroic son Edmund Ironside, Ethelred maintained a struggle during two or three years with Canute for possession of the south of the island. The Unready King died on St. George's day in the year 1016. Edmund Ironside, who was acknowledged as lawful king by a part of the nation, made a gallant but short stand against Canute. Several fierce battles had been fought, and two great armies stood confronted and ready for another slaughter. The Saxon Ironside challenged the royal Dane to single combat, saying it was pity that so many men's lives should be risked for

* The massacre called 'Sicilian Vespers' was perpetrated in 1282.

† The Saxon Chronicle relates the great massacre with horrible conciseness:—"And in the same manner died Archbishop Eadulf; and also in the same year the king gave an order to slay all the Danes that were in England. This was accordingly done on the mass-day of St. Brice; because it was told the king that they would bestrew him of his life, and afterwards all his council, and then have his kingdom without any resistance."—*Ingram's Translation.*

* Will. Malmesbury.

† 'Pictorial Hist. of England.'

‡ Saxon Chronicle.

their ambition. But Canute declined the duel, alleging that he was a man of small stature and strength. The Dane, however, added that he too regretted that so many lives should be put in jeopardy, and that he thought the best mode of settling their differences would be to divide the kingdom of England between them. Both armies hailed this last proposition with exceeding great joy, and Edmund Ironside was compelled to yield to the wishes of the Saxons and to content himself with only a part of the south of England. The two rival princes visited each other, and before separating exchanged arms and clothes. In a very short time after this arrangement the heroic Saxon prince was assassinated by a Saxon traitor. As Canute profited so much by it as to become sole monarch of England, it is suspected that he connived with the murderer. A great council of the bishops, dukes, and optimates, which was forthwith convened at London, recognised the Dane for their king and took oaths of fidelity to him; and Canute, in return, swore to be just and benevolent, and clasped their hands with his naked hand in sign of sincerity. A full amnesty was promised for all that had been said and done in times past. But the Dane did not consider his throne safe until he had banished or put to death the principal of the Saxon chiefs who had opposed his elevation to it; and the Saxon Witenagemot, or parliament, sanctioned and concurred in these acts of vengeance and precaution. Edwy, a grown-up brother of Edmund Ironside, was declared an outlaw in the Witenagemot, and when he was pursued and slain by Canute's express orders, the bishops, dukes, and optimates tacitly acknowledged the justice of the execution. But when Edmund and Edward, the two infant sons of the deceased king and hero Edmund Ironside, were brought to Canute by heartless men who recommended him to put the children to death, the conqueror, stern as he was, would not do it or allow the deed to be done in England. He sent the two children to the sub-king of Sweden, his ally and vassal, requesting him, it is said, to dispose of them in such a manner as should for ever remove his uneasiness on their account. It is thought he intended that the King of Sweden should murder them, but if this was really his wish, it was not complied with. Touched, it is said, by their innocence and beauty, the Scandinavian prince sent the two children to the distant court of the King of Hungary, where they were affectionately and honourably entertained beyond the reach of Canute. Of these two Saxon and royal orphans Edmund died without issue, but Edward married a daughter of the Emperor of Germany, by whom he became father to Edgar Atheling, Christina, and Margaret. This Margaret became afterwards the wife of Malcolm, King of Scotland, and through her the rights of the ancient Saxon line of Cerdic and Alfred the Great were transmitted to King Malcolm's progeny, after the Norman conquest of England.

One of the savage Scalds or Bards of the conqueror sang, in his honour, that he slew or banished *all* the sons of Ethelred. This was not true; but much blood was shed.

When Canute had disposed of all those who gave him fear or umbrage, he stayed his hand, and became the just and benevolent king he had promised to be. Considering his Danish education or training, and all the circumstances of his previous life, his conduct as King of England is extraordinary and truly commendable. In extent of dominion, as well as in the ability which he displayed in governing so many countries, he was the greatest sovereign of that age. Besides the English crown which he had won, he wore the crowns of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. England, the richest of all these kingdoms, was nearest to his heart,

and as he became popular through the equity and wisdom of his government, the Anglo-Saxons readily flocked to his standard whenever he wanted forces to put down insurrection and rebellion in his other dominions; and these English troops gained many great victories for him in Denmark and Norway, the two countries which had so long poured forth their warriors to plunder and ravage England. It is said that, on one occasion, fifty ships, manned by English thanes, accompanied the conqueror to Norway.*

Unlike his father Sweyn, Canute was a thorough and an enthusiastic Christian. His father had permitted the worshippers of Odin to destroy the Christian churches and to revive the abominations of human sacrifices; but Canute laid the pagan temples prostrate, shattered the grim idols, and forbade the inhuman rites. He built many churches, and drew good preachers and teachers into Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, by liberally granting them houses and lands. He had the glory of completing the conversion of the Scandinavian race, and of destroying a faith which was calculated to perpetuate the spirit of war and cruelty. By his exertions and encouragement the Gospel was firmly established in all the cultivated districts, the old idolatry was driven to the sequestered woods and wilds in the isles of Fionia, Laaland, and Falster, where some faint vestiges of it are still to be traced in popular usages and traditions; churches, cathedrals, monasteries and abbeys, with their several schools and out-chapels, were erected, and filled in good part with Saxon priests, who gave back to Scandinavia the spiritual benefits their forefathers had received from the Italian missionaries of Pope Gregory, and who also imparted many temporal advantages by teaching the Danes and Norwegians sundry arts which they had hitherto neglected and despised.

The tranquillity of England, which could have been secured only by wise and good government, was so perfect, that he was enabled to absent himself from the island frequently, and for long intervals, during none of which there appears to have been the least commotion or disaffection. Yet he did not neglect the richest and fairest of his realms. He took measures for re-converting all the people of the Danelagh, many of whom had relapsed into idolatry during the invasions and wars which had been prosecuted by his father Sweyn and by himself. He prohibited, under severe penalties, all pagan rites and observances; he reconstructed the churches and monasteries which had been burned, and honoured and enriched the clergy, with whom he passed much of his time. Under his rule the country recovered rapidly from the desolation it had suffered, and assumed that aspect of internal tranquillity and prosperity which it had enjoyed during the last years of the reign of King Alfred. Like that great sovereign, Canute was cheerful and accessible to all his subjects, whether Danes or Saxons, and took great pleasure in old songs and ballads, and in the society of poets and musicians. He most liberally patronised the scalds, minstrels, and gleemen,—the musicians and poets of the time,—and wrote verses himself in the Anglo-Saxon dialect, which were orally circulated among the common people, and taken up and sung by them in the streets and market-places. His popularity was hereby greatly increased. It does not appear that he possessed anything like the learning and literary industry of the great Alfred, but his acquisitions must, for the time in which he lived, have been very considerable, and he must always take rank among the "royal authors." A ballad of his composition long continued to be a favourite with the English people. All of it is lost except the first verse,

* Saxon Chronicle, A.D. 1028.

which has been preserved through the monkish chroniclers of the great house of Ely, who were more interested than all other men in its preservation, for it was written in praise of their establishment, to which Canute and his queen were great benefactors. The interesting royal fragment is simply this:—

Merie sungen the muneches binnen Ely
Tha Cuut Ching^{re}w there by;
Roweth, crihtes, noer the land,
And here we thes muneches saeng.

That is, literally,—

Merrily (sweetly) sung the monks within Ely
(When) that Cuute King rowed thereby;
Row, knights, near the land,
And hear we these monks' song.

Being in verse and in rhyme, it is thought that Canute's words are reported in their original form; or that they cannot at any rate have been much altered.* The verses are said to have been suggested to the royal Dane one day as he was rowing with some of his warlike chiefs on the river Nene near Ely Minster, by hearing the sweet and solemn music of the monastic choir floating on the air and along the tranquil water. The Ely historian says that in his day, after the lapse of a hundred and fifty years, the song was publicly sung among the people, and remembered in proverbs.

It should appear that the monks of Ely were long accustomed to sing it themselves in honour and in grateful remembrance of their benefactor. One of them, four centuries after the death of Canute, thus Latinized the single verse which was all that then remained of it:

"Dulce cantaverunt Monachi in Ely,
Dum Canutus Rex navigaret prope ibi,
Nunc, milites, navigate propius ad terram,
Et simul audiamus monachorum harmoniam."

Canute had no Asser, like Alfred. If it had been his fortune to have such a biographer as the honest earnest monk of St. David, his fame would have been greater, and his history fuller of picture than it is. The grateful monks of his favoured minster, though not good biographers, recorded Canute's many visits to their house, and in so doing preserved incidentally several little anecdotes and traits of character. From these we gather that the great conqueror was a little man, merry and jocose, fond of rural sports and simple pleasures, magnificent upon public occasions, and at all times munificent to the church and churchmen; and without these brief monkish details, which are mixed up with inventories of the rich presents he made to Ely Abbey, we should know very little indeed of the personal character of this remarkable sovereign.

The monks say that he had a singular affection for the fen-country and for their church, which was even then a magnificent structure; and that he several times took occasion to keep the festival of the Purification of the Virgin Mary with great solemnity and a boundless hospitality at Ely Abbey. They tell one story which is both picturesque and humorous—a good subject for the painter as well as the poet.

One year, at the season of the Purification, the weather was uncommonly severe, and all the rivers, meres, and surrounding waters were frozen over. The courtiers recommended the king to put off his visit to Ely, and keep that holy festival in some other godly house, whither he might repair without the risk of being drowned under breaking ice; but such was the love the king bore to the abbey and monks of Ely that he could not be prevailed upon to take this advice. Ca-

nute proposed going over the ice by Soham mere, which was then an immense sheet of water, declaring that if any one would go before and show him the way, he would be the first to follow. The courtiers and soldiers hesitated, and looked at one another with some confusion. But there chanced to be standing among the crowd one Brithmer, a churl or serf, a native of the Isle of Ely, and nicknamed Budde or Pudding, from his stoutness; and this fat man stood forth and said that he would go before the king and show him the way. "Then go on in the name of our Lady," said Canute, "and I will follow;" for if the ice on Soham mere can bear a man so large and fat as thou art, it will not break under the weight of a small thin man like me!" And so the churl went forward, and Canute the Great followed him, and the courtiers, one by one, and with intervals between, followed the king; and they all got safely across the mere, with no other mishap than a few slips and tumbles on the slippery ice, and Canute even as he had proposed kept the festival of the Purification with the monks of Ely. And in recompense for his opportune services the fat man Brithmer was made a free man, and his little property was made free; "and so," concludes the chronicler, "Brithmer's posterity continue in our days to be free-men, and to enjoy their possessions as free by virtue of the grant made by the king to their forefather."

At times his queen accompanied him in his visits to Ely, and gave magnificent gifts to adorn the church. The old monks describe in rapturous terms certain altar-cloths, adorned with plates of gold and gold fringe, which Queen Emma gave them at one of her visits.

Canute founded the monastery of St. Bennet of Holme, and the great abbey of Saint Edmundsbury in honour of the Saxon king and martyr St. Edmund. He recovered the body of Alphege, the bishop of Canterbury, whom the Danes had so barbarously murdered, and removed the relics with great solemnity to Canterbury, where they were deposited in the Cathedral as those of a saint and martyr. These were very popular acts with the Saxons, and gave no offence to the now thoroughly converted Danes. Yet, according to one of the monkish historians, the translation of the body of Saint Alphege was not effected without violence on the part of Canute, and terrible discontents on the part of some of the English people. In these times, and indeed long after, town would fight against town for the possession of the dried bones of holy men or other relics, without thinking that Heaven could be displeased with strife and bloodshed in such a cause; and it was by no means uncommon for the people of one place to procure by fraud or by forcible theft the relics deposited in the church of their neighbours, such fraud and theft being considered as meritorious achievements whenever they were attended with success. The monastic histories abound with these occurrences. The citizens of London had obtained possession of the body of Saint Alphege, and when Canute claimed it in order that it might be re-interred at Canterbury, its more proper resting-place, they refused to give it up. "Then," said Canute the king, "must it be done by force." And he called together a warlike force, and between double lines of men armed with sword, pike, and battle-axe, the mortal remnant of the good Alphege was carried through the streets down to the river side, and embarked in one of his own right royal ships—which was probably the great flag-ship of his father Sweyn, for it is described as being dragon-shaped, with the sharp head of a serpent at its prow.* The ship glided down the Thames and landed its precious freight at that port

* 'Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England, with specimens of the principal writers,' by George L. Craik, M.A.

* According to Matthew of Westminster, King Canute took up the body of the Saint from its grave in London with his own hands.

of the coast of Kent which is nearest to Canterbury—somewhere near the spot where the village or town of Herne-bay now stands. The Londoners lamented the loss they had sustained, but did not attempt to recover the body.* Until the canonization of Thomas a'Becket St. Alphege was held in highest honour at Canterbury: pilgrimages were made to his tomb, and the fierce Danish warriors or their immediate descendants went thither with the peaceful Saxons.

Canute, as a legislator, paid the greatest attention to ecclesiastical matters, laying it down as a rule that religion must be the basis of all civil polity and good government. He, however, coupled himself with religion and the church. "This then is first," said he, in his dooms, or laws, "that above all other things ye should ever love and worship one God, and unanimously observe one Christianity, and love King Canute with strict fidelity."

Large allowances must be made for the state of Christianity in those ages, and for the faith and superstition of a Scandinavian prince and legislator who had only recently been converted from paganism. Yet there is an earnest and solemn grace in the manner in which he recommends all men to honour their spiritual teachers, to pay them their dues, to seek frequently God's churches for the salvation of their souls, and to keep those churches in good repair, and with suitable adornments. He says in his dooms:—"It is very justly incumbent on all Christian men, that they very strictly observe grith and frith towards holy things, and holy orders, and the hallowed houses of God; and that they reverence every holy order, according to its rank: because much and great is that which the priest has to do, for the behoof of the people, if he justly please his Lord. . . . And we order, that every Christian man learn so that he may at least be able to understand aright the faith, and know and repeat the paternoster and creed: because with the one every Christian shall pray to his God, and with the other manifest his faith. Christ himself first sang Pater Noster, and taught that prayer to his disciples; and in that divine prayer there are seven prayers. Therewith, whosoever inwardly says it, he ever sends to God himself a message regarding every need a man may have, either for this life or for that which is to come. But how can any man ever inwardly pray to God unless he have an inward true love for, and a right belief in God?"

In these dooms Canute revised and revived all the best of the ancient statutes of the Saxon kings. It is said that although he did not make them himself, he caused these laws to be strictly observed in every part of the kingdom. But it should appear that some of these dooms were his own, or were at least new in English jurisprudence. The season and the place are recorded, but we do not find the date of the year in which this code was promulgated. It opens with these words:—"This is the ordinance that King Canute, King of all England, and King of the Danes and Norwegians, decreed, with counsel of his Witan, to the praise of God, and to the honour of himself: and that was at the holy time of mid-winter, at Winchester."†

Like Alfred he promoted the making of good roads through the country, and made several roads himself. Being so fond of the fen-country and so often in it, he could not but be sensible of the capital want of that district—roads, and canals for draining. The early monks had done much, but a vast deal remained to do, even until our own time. Canute, however, raised in the midst of the meres and marshes that noble causeway called the King's Delf or the King's Dyke, which

still connects Peterborough and its ancient and glorious abbey, with Ramsey. In various continental countries it is the fashion to commemorate the maker of a great or difficult road by erecting a tablet at the road-side, inscribed with his name, his titles or honours, with the dates when the work was begun and finished, and occasionally with a few other brief particulars. These tablets occur rather frequently among the lofty and difficult passes of the Apennines, in the Pontine marshes, and in the marshy country near the banks of the Po. We ought to have some such memorial among us, and surely these ought to be some tablet or obelisk inscribed with the name of Canute on the King's Delf to remind the traveller of the antiquity of the work and of the fame of him who first made it.

In the year 1030 our great monarch of the north made a pilgrimage to Rome, with a view, it is said, to expiate the bloodshed and crimes which paved his way to the English throne. There can be no reasonable doubt that his devotion and superstition had much to do with this long journey; but Canute may also have been impelled by other strong motives, for there was still much to learn, in government and the useful arts, at the eternal city, and it seems that a sort of royal and ecclesiastical congress had been appointed to meet there this year, to deliberate upon the means of bettering the condition of Christendom. Whatever were the mixed motives and objects of the journey, it is admitted that it was highly beneficial to the heart and understanding of Canute, and to the peoples over whom he ruled. He is represented as starting on his journey to Rome equipped like a common pilgrim, with a wallet on his back, and a pilgrim's staff in his hand; his earls, knights, and other attendants being equipped in the like manner. The departure and the journey must have abounded in picturesque incidents. Alfred when a boy had gone the same road with his father, had crossed the same stupendous mountains by the same rugged paths, and had paused and knelt on the same sunny slopes from which the wayfarer catches the first view of the eternal city.

Canute remained a considerable time at Rome, in company and conference with other sovereign princes. On his return homeward he purchased in the city of Pavia, for a hundred talents of gold and a hundred talents of silver, the right arm of St. Augustine, "the great doctor." This precious relic he afterwards presented to the church of Coventry, obtaining by the donation many friends and many prayers. He visited all the most celebrated churches, abbeys, and monasteries on or near to his road, praying at their shrines, and making gifts to them, and giving alms to the poor. According to a foreign chronicler, all the people on his way had good reason to exclaim—"The blessing of God be upon the great King of the English."

On recrossing the Alps, Canute did not make his way direct to England, but went into Denmark, where he stayed several months, having apparently still some troubles and difficulties to settle in that country, where his countrymen complained more than once of the partiality he showed to the English. He, however, dispatched the abbot of Tavistock with a long letter of explanation, command, advice, and exhortation, addressed to "Egelnoth the Metropolitan, to Archbishop Alfric, to the bishops and chiefs, and to all the nation of the English, both nobles and commoners, greeting." This interesting letter, remarkable for its mildness and simplicity, appears to have been carefully treasured. It is given entire by that best of English chroniclers William of Malmesbury, who was born about the time of the Norman conquest, and the substance of it is given by several old Danish and Norwegian chroniclers. It has been well said that it contrasts singularly with

* The Saxon Chronicle gives a different account of the translation of the body, and assigns the date 1023.

† 'Ancient Laws and Institutes of England.' Published by the Commissioners on the Public Records of the Kingdom, 1840.

the early education of the son of the fierce and heathen Sweyn, and with the first acts of Canute's own reign. It begins with explaining the spiritual motives of his late pilgrimage, and the nature of the spiritual power of the successor of St. Peter. It then continues:—

"And be it known to you all, that at the solemn festival of Easter there was held a great assemblage of illustrious persons; to wit, the Pope John, the Emperor Conrad, and the chiefs of all the nations (omnes principes gentium) from Mount Garganus to our own northern sea. They all received me with distinction, and honoured me with rich presents. I have received vessels of gold and silver, and cloaks and garments of great price. I discoursed with the lord pope, the lord emperor, and the other princes, on the grievances of my people, English as well as Danes. I endeavoured to obtain for my people justice and security in their journeys to Rome; and, above all, that they might not henceforward be delayed on the road by the shutting up of the mountain-passes, the erecting of barriers, and the exaction of heavy tolls. My demands were granted both by the Emperor and King Rudolph, who are masters of most of the passes; and it was enacted that all my people, as well merchants as pilgrims, should go to Rome and return in full security, without being detained at the barriers, or forced to pay unlawful tolls. I also complained to the lord pope that such enormous sums had been extorted up to this day from my archbishops, when, according to custom, they went to the Apostolic See to obtain the pallium; and a decree was forthwith made that this grievance likewise should cease. Wherefore I return sincere thanks to God that I have successfully done all that I intended to do, and have fully satisfied all my wishes. And now, therefore, be it known to you all, that I have dedicated my life to God, to govern my kingdoms with justice, and to observe the right in all things. If, in the time that is past, and in the violence and carelessness of youth, I have violated justice, it is my intention, by the help of God, to make full compensation. Therefore I beg and command those unto whom I have intrusted the government, as they wish to preserve my good will, and save their own souls, to do no injustice either to poor or rich. Let those who are noble and those who are not, equally obtain their rights, according to the laws, from which no deviation shall be allowed, either from fear of me, or through favour to the powerful, or for the purpose of supplying my treasury. I want no money raised by injustice."

The concluding paragraph of the epistle had reference to the clergy. "I entreat and order you all, the Bishops, Sheriffs, and Officers of my kingdom of England, by the faith which you owe to God and to me, so to take measures that before my return among you all our debts to the church be paid up; to wit, the plough alms, the tithe on cattle of the present year, the Peterpence due by each house in all towns and villages, the tithes of fruit in the middle of August, and the kirk-shot at the feast of St. Martin to the parish church. And if at my return these dues be not wholly discharged, I will punish the defaulters according to the rigour of the laws, and without any grace. So fare ye well."

It is said that after the visit to Rome Canute was milder and juster than he had been before, and that inasmuch as he was concerned he acted up to the spirit of his famous letter. He reigned four or five years longer, and these appear to have been years of tranquillity and happiness for England. No power from beyond sea could touch our coast or dispute the sovereignty of the ocean with his fleets; and the turbulent and marauding Scots, Cumbrians, and Welsh were chastised and kept in awe by his English militia. Malcolm, the Scottish king, is said to have become his

liegeman, or to have acknowledged his supremacy. The "Basileus" or emperor of the Anglo-Saxons—for this was the title which Canute took to himself in the latter part of his reign—could thus boast that the English, the Scotch, the Welsh, the Danes, the Swedes, and the Norwegians were his subjects; and he was called the "King of Six Nations." Throughout Europe he was looked upon as the greatest of modern sovereigns. Conrad the Emperor, who claimed to be the representative of the imperial Cæsars, and supreme head of the Christianized and holy Roman empire, might make a show of prouder titles, but in extent of real dominion, in wealth and power, Conrad was as nothing compared with Canute, the descendant of the pirates of Denmark. The ability, the energy, the industry which could keep such vast and distant countries together, and bring so many barbarous, warlike, and cruel people within the pale of Christendom, must have been altogether extraordinary. The disseverance which immediately followed his death is a proof that the union depended on the personal character and genius for government of Canute the Great. In England he had the rare art and happiness to make a conquered people forget that they had been conquered, and that he was a conqueror and an alien. When the first cruel excesses were over, and when his throne was established in peace, the Anglo-Saxons appear to have ceased to consider him as a foreigner. The chroniclers scarcely ever allude to his foreign birth: with them he is "Rex Noster—our King; our King, just and good; our pious King," &c. No doubt his accomplishments as a poet in the Anglo-Saxon language aided in bringing about this advantageous and rare result, which must have been further promoted by his reverence for the old Anglo-Saxon laws, by his zeal for the Christian religion, and by his exceeding liberality to the Anglo-Saxon church.

It was after his return from Rome, and when he was in the plenitude of his power, that the following universally known incident is related of him and his flattering courtiers. One day, disgusted with their extravagant adulations, he determined to read these courtiers a practical lesson. He caused his golden throne to be placed on the verge of the sands on the sea-shore as the tide was rolling in with its resistless might, and putting his jewelled crown upon his head, and seating himself upon the throne, he addressed the ocean, and said—"Ocean! The land on which I sit is mine, and thou art a part of my dominion; therefore rise not, but obey my commands, nor presume to wet the edge of my royal robe." He sat for some time silent with his eye fixed on the broad water as if expecting obedience; but the sea rolled on in its immutable course, succeeding waves broke nearer and nearer to his feet, the spray flew in his face, and at length the skirts of his garment were wetted and his legs were bathed by the waves. Then, rising and turning to his flatterers, Canute said—"Confess now how frivolous and vain is the might of an earthly king compared to that Great Power who rules the elements, and says unto the ocean, Thus far shalt thou go and no farther!" The monks conclude the epilogue by saying that he forthwith took off his crown, and, depositing it in the cathedral of Winchester, never wore it again. There is a grand picture in this story, and we would not quarrel with the triteness of the moral, as Milton does in his dislike of kings and courtiers.*

* The passage in Milton is characteristic and droll.

"A truth so evident of itself, as I said before, that unless to shame his court flatterers, who would not else be convinced, Canute needed not to have gone wet-shod home. The best is, from that time forth he never would wear a crown, esteeming earthly royalty contemptible and vain."—*Hist. of England to the Norman Conquest.*

Canute died at Shaftesbury in the year 1035, in the month of November. He had reigned over England seventeen years. His age seems to be rather uncertain, but the probability is that he was not more than forty-two or forty-three years old. He was buried at Winchester, in the old minster, the usual place of interment of the Saxon kings. His English subjects mourned his death, for they had been happy under his dominion, and foresaw future storms. Many were the eulogiums paid to him in after times, when the country was as yet full of his traditional fame.

The quarter of a century which followed his demise, and preceded the Norman Conquest, was, as had been anticipated, an unhappy time; and in the vices of his sons, and the feebleness of Edward the Confessor, the last sovereign of the line of Alfred and Cerdic, the virtues and the vigour of the great Dane were made more brilliant by contrast. In the midst of their sufferings, the English people were wont to say these things would not have been if good King Canute had lived. His sons were so unworthy of him, that the people took refuge in a scandal, and declared that two of them could never have been begotten by him. Harold Harefoot, they said, was the son of a cobbler, and Sweyn the son of a priest; and both had been imposed upon the hero and wise man by Alfgiva, his acknowledged concubine, daughter of the ealdorman of Southampton. There was another son, Hardicanute, who was considered as legitimate, or as the child of Canute's lawful wife, Queen Emma; but this youth was as far as were Sweyn and Harold from inheriting the great qualities of the deceased king, who had never intended that Hardicanute should have any share in the government of England. Canute's design was that his dominions should be divided among the three young men, and this without any apparent prejudice or preference for legitimacy; for England, by far the best and richest portion, was to go not to Hardicanute, the lawful son, but to Harold, his reputed son by Alfgiva. Hardicanute was to ascend the throne of Denmark, and Sweyn that of Norway. It should seem that these two last-named princes were both on the Baltic, and in possession of some power there, as sub-reguli, or under-kings, or viceroys, when Canute died. But Harold, held to be the cobbler's son, and well known in England, met with many opponents, who, not knowing the character of the absent Hardicanute quite so well, set up a cry that to him, and not to Harold, the crown rightfully belonged. It would be a great mistake to apply our rules of legitimacy and primogeniture to these times. Bastardy, particularly in royal families, was no bar in these days; and out of several sons, or nephews, or brothers, or cousins, the most promising, or the most popular, or most powerful individual was chosen to succeed to the throne. It took the church and the canonical law three or four centuries more to establish firmly a different rule. But Harold the illegitimate being unpopular with the Anglo-Saxons, on the greater part of them, the call was raised for Hardicanute. At the same time all the dwellers in the Daneslagh, and all the great thanes north of the river Thames, supported the claims of Harold; and when, after a time, the influential citizens of London took this side, the cause of Hardicanute seemed almost hopeless. But as his mother, Queen Emma, exerted herself in his favour, and was aided heart and hand by the great Earl Godwin, the people south of the Thames took up their arms, and declared that they would fight for the absent Hardicanute. A fierce war was imminent, when it was wisely determined to effect a compromise by means of the Witenagemot. That great national council, meeting at Oxford, decided that Harold should have all the provinces north of the Thames, with London for his capital; and that Hardi-

canute should have all the country south of that river. Queen Emma and the great Earl Godwin governed his portion for Hardicanute, who did not come back to England until after the death of Harold, which happened after a very short reign, in 1040. Then Hardicanute returned from the Baltic, and was crowned full King of England. He caused the body of Harold to be dug out of its grave and cast into the Thames. This was an oppressive, tyrannical, and brutal reign; but in duration it was shorter even than that of Harold. That passion for strong drink which Canute had overcome, had an entire mastery over Hardicanute. It is said that while in Denmark he was never sober, and in England rarely. He died most royally drunk. There was a great marriage-feast. Goda, daughter of Osgod Clapa, a wealthy Englishthane, was united to Towid the Proud, a powerful Dane, banner-bearer to Hardicanute. The king graced the feast with his presence, and the feast was held at Clapham, the home or home of the wealthy Clapa, the father of the bride, which is now none other than the suburban village of Clapham.* The chroniclers lament that Englishmen learned their excessive gormandizing and unmeasurable filling of their bellies with meats and drinks from the example of Hardicanute. On this high occasion the young man drank more than usual. At a late hour of the night, as he stood up to pledge that jovial company, he fell down speechless with the wine-cup in his hand, upon the rushes which strewed the hall. He was raised up, and carried into an inner chamber; but word he never spoke more, and he was soon carried from Clapham to the royal sepulchres at Winchester. And thus, in drunkenness, and in the year 1042, ended in England the dynasty of Canute the Great. Counting from the time of Canute's accession, it had lasted only twenty-five years.

* Sir Francis Palgrave: 'History of England during the Anglo-Saxon Period.'





[Sloth, in Zoological Gardens

NOTES UPON A LIVING SLOTH IN THE GARDENS OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

For a considerable period a living sloth has existed in the Gardens of the Zoological Society; and as this is the first instance, so far as is known, of this singular creature being brought alive to this country, a few remarks upon the animal, drawn from actual observation, may not be uninteresting; and the more so, as it is but within the last few years that the misrepresentations respecting it have been cleared away,—misrepresentations in which writers on zoology, with little philosophical acumen, have followed each other, taking their key-note from the florid but erroneous details of Buffon. A moment's reflection, indeed, on the acknowledged fact that these animals, natives of the vast and dense forests of South America, are essentially arboreal in their habits, might have induced naturalists to pause before they set them down as cripples "sent into this breathing world but half made up;" and *that* lamely and clumsily, as if "Nature's journeymen" had made them, and not made them well. Such ideas are inconsistent with philosophy; and, besides, not a little presumptuous, inasmuch as they involve the admission that the Creator may fail in the workmanship of his hands. Such an admission may not be intended, but certainly it is a fair deduction from their own premises. So far, however, is the sloth from being the wretchedly deformed creature which it has been represented, that it is one among thousands of examples which might be particularly selected as an instance of design and wisdom. Among the branches of the trees, the sole residence of the sloth, it is active and alert, and displays the utmost ease travelling from branch to branch, suspended by its hooks (for into such are its claws modi-

fied), with singular address; and when climbing, throwing itself into various singular attitudes, indicative of perfect security. From these few preliminary remarks, we shall at once proceed to our notes on the individual in question.

On entering the room in which the sloth at the Zoological Gardens is kept, we perceived it clinging to a staff, which was placed in its cage for its convenience: it was apparently asleep; its head was doubled down between its fore limbs, and the face buried in the fur of the chest; the limbs were drawn together, and it appeared huddled up, so as to present an almost ball-like figure, attached to the under side of the staff. On being roused it protruded its head from between its fore limbs, gazed around it, and began to move. Its actions, and the contour of its limbs, particularly the tournure of its hinder limbs, forcibly reminded us of the orang; while its singular muzzle bore great resemblance to that of the common bat. It appeared, when roused, to recognise its keeper, and was evidently pleased with his playful caresses, demonstrating its satisfaction by twisting about while on its back, or while clinging by its hind feet to the staff repeatedly opening its mouth, and uttering a low growling tone, accompanied by occasional expirations sounding like "Yah" feebly uttered. The freedom of its limbs was surprising; for though on the ground it can only drag itself along, yet on its perch, or clinging to the wire-work of its cage, it used them in every direction. It used its claws with much address; in the same manner as the long hook-like toes or fingers of the orang, antagonising with the elongated narrow palm or sole, act as graspers, so the hook-like claws of the sloth, conjoining with the long narrow palms against which they press, constitute admirable organs of secure

prehension. We observed it frequently, while clinging, stretch out one of its arms, the comparative length of which, as in the orang, is conspicuous, and seize a distant object, or hook itself on to another support, turning its head about, and earnestly gazing at whatever attracted its attention. It is daily allowed exercise in a large den, within which are various perches and branches, formed into a tree; and sometimes, if the weather be fine, it is allowed to climb about one of the trees in the paddock adjoining the building in which it is kept. Under these situations its actions are very amusing; and though it generally proceeds leisurely from branch to branch, yet it often travels up them, or along their under side, with considerable alertness. While thus suspended by its hooks it is fond of making the branch to which it clings vibrate for a considerable time, by its powerful muscular impulse. The muscles of all the edentate order (to which the sloth belongs) are remarkable for vigour; and in this animal they possess astonishing energy: hence by its own exertion, while clinging with the back downwards, it is easily enabled to shake the branch till it violently vibrates. We think it is Mr. Waterton who says that when the wind blows the sloth travels. May not the waving or vibrating motion of the branches under the influence of the wind act as an excitement to the sloth, and animate it to action? and when the sloth agitates the branch itself, may it not be from a desire to increase or produce the motion from which it receives pleasure? or is it merely from a simple animal impulse to strenuous muscular exercise? Were it a frolicsome, lively creature, we should say the latter; but such is not the case.

In its natural condition the sloth lives on young and tender leaves and buds, especially those, as Mr. Burchell states, of a species of *Cecropia*; but the present individual is fed upon plain soaked biscuit, and appears in excellent health and condition. We observed that it champs its food, thereby bruising it between the simple cylindrical molars, without any lateral or grinding action of the lower jaw. There are no front or incisor teeth; but the canines appeared to be large and sharp, and the intelligent keeper in whose care it is placed informed us that, when irritated, it would bite with great severity. Nor is it destitute of other means of defence. It strikes very violently and rapidly with its long powerful arms, making a sweeping blow at its opponent; and we can easily imagine what a lacerated wound its huge, sharp, hook-like claws would inflict; but on the ground, to which it seldom or never resorts in a state of nature, it throws itself on its back, and both strikes and endeavours to grapple with its antagonist. Kircher informs us that a sloth, in possession of Father Torus, professor of the Jesuits in America, had a sloth which, after clinging to a pole for forty days, without meat, drink, or sleep, was taken down, and subjected to the attack of a dog, "which after a little while the sloth seized with his feet, and held him four days, till he died of hunger." This extreme tenacity of life, and long-enduring irritability of the muscular fibres, together with other important anatomical peculiarities, which we shall not now describe, indicate a low grade in the scale of the mammal series of animals.

Rigid and hook-like as the claws are, we noticed that the animal could use them well, not only as grasping-hooks, but also as holders; it moves them together, and can not only draw anything towards itself but can take up portions of its food and so convey it to the mouth. Having no incisors it cannot browse on the leaves or buds, but it collects them by means of its claws, and thus feeds itself.

In a state of nature the sloth never drinks; the moisture of its vegetable diet being sufficient; and the

moisture of the soaked biscuit is the only fluid taken by the individual in question. The alvine excretion occurs only once a fortnight. Though, as we have said, this individual seems to be pleased with the keeper's play, writhing itself about, and uttering a low growl, yet it appears on the whole extremely apathetic. It betrayed not the slightest sign of fear, or decomposure, when we approached and touched it; on the contrary, it even made its way towards us, and extending its arm endeavoured to take hold of us, fixing at the same time an intent gaze upon us, or upon whomsoever came near it. Its eyes, indeed, have a very singular staring expression; they are placed wide apart, and are quite circular, appearing to have no distinct lids: the iris is of a red hazel, with a very small pupil in the centre. The bat-like muzzle is abrupt and short, and terminates broad and rounded, in a large moist black nasal space, distinctly marked, in which are two large circular nostrils, widely separated from each other. The muzzle, as far as the eyes inclusive, the lower jaw excepted, is naked and of a dusky black. The mouth is so placed that it cannot be seen unless the head be turned or the animal be on its back; it is underneath the muzzle, which expands, as it were, beyond it, and is reflected below to meet it. The form of the mouth is an acute angle, of which the apex is foremost; it shuts remarkably close; the tongue is smooth and long. The head is large and rounded, and the ears are concealed by the fur, which has not that dry withered and crisped character so remarkable in other species of these animals, but is long, soft, and straight. The specimen in question is closely related to the Collared sloth or *Ai* (*Bradypus collaris*), which differs in many points from the Common three-toed Sloth; it will very likely prove to be an undescribed species. The upper surface of the head and all the four limbs are blackish-brown: this colour also extends to the cheeks, but is there interspersed with whitish hairs. The back, the sides, and the whole under surface of the body are whity-brown: this colour also fringes the back-part of the hind legs; it also passes over the shoulders, thus separating the dark colour of the arms from that of the head. Total length of head and body two feet six inches. The hair on the shoulders is five inches long.

That this animal should live and thrive in our climate is a matter of some surprise, and certainly proves the judicious management bestowed upon it. Mr. Burchell kept these animals both at Santos, in Brazil, and also at Para, near the mouth of the river Amazon; but though in their native country, and supplied with their natural food, they died in the course of about two months. Mr. Waterton, however, appears to have been more successful. Lesson says that the two-toed sloth does not see well by daylight; and from the contraction of the pupil of the eye in the present individual, we could not help suspecting that, in its native climate, it is crepuscular in its habits: undoubtedly, however, the eyes are adapted to the sombre gloom of the deep and humid forests in which it habitually dwells; so that, in one sense at least, it may be said to be crepuscular.

The sloth produces only a single young one at a birth: it clings round the body of the mother, and is thus carried about, suspended, as its parent travels along the under side of the branches.

THOMAS FULLER.

[Continued from p. 160.]

SHORTLY before the Restoration, he was called upon to resume his old station at the Savoy, and after the king's return was made one of the royal chaplains. In that unfailing storehouse of the

London-life gossip of this period, the 'Diary of Samuel Pepys,' there is a notice of Fuller's preaching, on which Pepys passes one of his usual odd judgments. "May 12 (1661). At the Savoy, heard Dr. Fuller preach upon David's words, 'I will wait with patience all the days of my appointed time, until my change comes;' but methought it was a poor dry sermon. And I am afraid my former high esteem of his preaching was more out of opinion than of judgment." Fuller a poor dry preacher! This is as good as Pepys' criticisms on Shakspeare and Butler. Samuel has some other entries in his journal about our author worth quoting. "Jan. 22 (1660-1). I met with Dr. Fuller; he tells me of his last and great book that is coming out: that is, the History of all the Families in England; and could tell me more of my own than I knew myself. And also to what perfection he had brought the art of memory; that he did lately, to four eminently great scholars, dictate together in Latin, upon different subjects of their proposing, faster than they were able to write, till they were tired." The Doctor did not, however, insert any account of Pepys' family, as we find by a subsequent entry. "Feb. 5 (1662). To Paul's churchyard, and there I met with Dr. Fuller's 'English Worthies,' the first time that ever I saw it; and so sat down reading in it; being much troubled that (though he had some discourse with me about my family and arms,) he says nothing at all nor mentions us, either in Cambridgeshire or Norfolkshire. But I believe, indeed, our family were never very considerable." Notwithstanding this slight, the good man bought the book some twenty months afterwards. "Dec. 10 (1663). To St. Paul's churchyard, to my bookseller's, and could not tell whether to lay out my money for books of pleasure, as plays, which my nature was most earnest in; but at last, after seeing, Chaucer, Dugdale's 'History of St. Paul's,' Stow's 'London,' Gesner, 'History of Trent,' besides Shakspeare, Jonson, and Beaumont's plays, I at last chose Dr. Fuller's 'Worthies,' the 'Cabala' or 'Collection of Letters of State,' and a little book, 'Delices de Hollande,' with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure; and 'Hudibras,' both parts, the book now in greatest fashion for drollery, though I cannot, I confess, see enough where the wit lies. My mind being thus settled, I went by link home, and so to my office, and to read in Rushworth; and so home to supper and to bed." Allusion is made in one of the above extracts to Fuller's memory, of which many marvellous anecdotes are told. His Oxford biographer says "he undertook once in passing to and fro from Temple Bar to the farthest conduit in Cheapside, to tell at his return every sign as they stood in order on both sides of the way, repeating them either backward or forward, as they should choose, which he exactly did, not missing or misplacing one, to the admiration of those that heard him." A feat of no small magnitude, seeing that every house then bore a sign; but we suppose this may be taken with a little abatement. As also that he could repeat five hundred strange words at twice, and a sermon at once, hearing without letting slip a word. He says himself, "none alive ever heard me pretend to the art of memory who, in my book (Holy State) have decried it as a trick, no art; and indeed is more of fancy than memory. I confess, some ten years since, when I came out of the pulpit of St. Dunstan's East, one (who since wrote a book thereof) told me in the vestry, before credible people, that he in Sidney College had taught me the art of memory; I returned unto him that it was not so, for I could not remember that I had ever seen him before! which, I conceive, was a real refutation." We should think so too; about one of the most sufficient on record. When before the Triers it is said he was desired to give them "some proof of

his extraordinary memory, upon which he promised them, if they would restore a certain poor sequestered minister, never to forget that kindness as long as he lived."

There now appeared some probability that he would be promoted to a bishopric. He had been called upon to preach before the king, who is reported to have resolved on his early preferment. But his preferment was not to be to an earthly dignity. In August, 1661, at a time when London was suffering from one of its periodical visitations of sickness, he preached at the Savoy a marriage sermon for a friend. He was ill when he went into the pulpit, but he finished his sermon, though with difficulty; at its conclusion, "he sat down, not able to rise again, but was fain to be led down the pulpit stairs, by two men, into the reading-desk." He was carried home, where his fever increased; and on the Thursday following he died.*

Having thus traced his life it remains for us to see what he accomplished in it. In looking at the intellectual character of any man it is, of course, proper to bear in mind the time in which he wrote and the circumstances in which he was placed. The seventeenth century, we need not say, was a most remarkable one; from the strongly-excited feelings of the people in this country on many questions of highest concern, there was a clashing and general ferment in minds of every variety of temperament, with the results of which all are more or less familiar. The theological writers partook of this excitement, and there is a greater diversity of intellectual power displayed in their writings than in those of the divines of any other age; yet among them Fuller stands alone. He is the most original writer among them—perhaps the most original writer of his age. Wit is what is most striking in him; it is not his only excellence by any means; but it is that which colours everything he touches. As we have seen, he freely uses it in the pulpit, where now it would of course not be tolerated. South, some twenty years his junior, also has an abundance of wit in his sermons, but there is this vast difference—while South uses his most plenteously in rendering ridiculous the sectaries whom he so dislikes, Fuller's is never directed against any person or body of men. Probably there could not be another writer named, with such a weapon at command, who used it so gently: in no page he ever wrote is there either irony or sarcasm. His lip never curls into a sneer. Gentle as a child, though mirthfulness is the essence of his character, it is as harmless as a child's full-hearted fun. Abundant as is his wit, its richness is equally so; because it is fed from an imagination fertile, exuberant: but the exercise of it is a never-failing source of surprise. It plants a flower on the barest rock, forces mirth out of dulness herself, even from clay strikes a spark. What subject on earth could be less promising than a list of names of towns? Yet he manages to make it yield some pleasantries. In his Pisgah-sight of Palestine (in the 'Holy War'), he thus notices some of the places:—"Tyre, the Royal Exchange of the world. Ephek, whose walls falling down gave both the death and grave-stones to 27,000 of Benhadad's soldiers. Harosheth, the city of Sisera, who, for all his commanding of 900 iron chariots, was slain with one iron nail. Decapolis, a small territory on both sides of the Jordan, so called of ten cities it contained; though authors wonderfully differ in reckoning them up. The river Kishon, God's besom to sweep away Sisera's army. Shiloh, where

* Pepys has this entry in his Diary, Aug. 16. "It is such a sickly time, both in the city and country everywhere (of a sort of fever), that never was heard of almost, unless it was a plague-time. Among others the famous Tom Fuller is dead of it; and Dr. Nicholls, Dean of St. Paul's; and my Lord General Monk is very dangerously ill."

the ark was long leiger; and where Eli, heart-broken with bad news, brake his neck with a fall. Ashdod, where Dagon did twice homage to the ark, not only falling bare, but putting off his head and hands. Ekron, where Beelzebub, the god of flies, had a nest or temple. Timnath, whence Samson fetcht his wife, whose epithalamium proved the dirge to so many Philistines. Gaza, chief of the five satrapies of the Philistines, the gates whereof Samson carried away; and hither being sent for to make sport in the house of Dagon, acted such a tragedy that plucked down the stage, slew himself and all the spectators. Edrei, the city of Og, on whose giant-like proportions the rabbins have more giant-like lies. Gadara, whose inhabitants loved their swine better than their Saviour." And this is but a small selection. The monuments still extant within or without the city of Jerusalem, he says, "are reducible

to one of three ranks; 1. Certainly true; as the mountains compassing it, which are standards too great and too heavy for either time or war to remove. 2. Of a mixt nature; where the text is true, but superstition and fancy have commented on it. 3. Stark lies, without a rag of probability to hide their shame; where the believer is as foolish as the inventor impudent. We will bundle them together, and let the reader sort them at his discretion; for it is as hard to fit the throats as to please the palates of men; and that will choke one man's belief, which another will swallow as easily credible." He notices the people almost as oddly as the places they inhabit. The Phœnicians were so ingenious "that their fingers might seem all of bone, so strong and hardy to endure any labour; and yet all of flesh, so flexible and limber to any employment."



[Stone Church, from the north east.]

STONE CHURCH.

One of the most interesting and elegant specimens of our early English architecture lies about two miles north-west of the pretty town of Dartford, and is easily accessible from Gravesend. It is the large and ancient church of Stone. The advowson and manor were given in 995 by Ethelred to the church and see of Rochester, to which it still belongs: and the bishops of Rochester had formerly a palace here, in which they occasionally resided. In a valuation of the latter end of the reign of Henry III. it is stated that the annual rent "in money, and in hens, eggs, plowshares, wood, and in the stream," amounted to 26*l.* 13*s.* 7*d.*, besides a mill which paid 40*s.* per annum. There was also a castle in the parish, held in the reign of Edward III. by Sir John Northwood, the estate attached to which was sometimes reputed a manor, and after passing through several possessors, became the property of

Dr. Thomas Plume, who by his will bequeathed his estate of Stone Castle, and a farm at Ludeley, also in Kent, for the augmentation of livings of less value than 60*l.* per annum in the diocese of Rochester, and for the preaching of twenty-six sermons in the summer half-year every Wednesday alternately in the churches of Dartford and Gravesend. He likewise left a sum of money for the establishment and maintenance of a Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, known as the Plumian Professorship. Of the castle nothing now remains but a part of an old tower in the present mansion.

The church is dedicated to St. Mary, and is supposed to have been erected in the place of an older one, probably founded by the Saxons, about the time of Edward III., the period when the second form of the Gothic—the decorated—was displacing the early English. It is in good preservation, although on January 14, 1638, a violent storm of wind, thunder, and lightning, damaged it considerably. The steeple was burnt, and



the heat is said to have been so intense as to have melted the bells. It is picturesquely situated on the

side of a hill rising from the banks of the Thames, and has recently been repaired in a judicious and tasteful manner. In it we have a good deal of the trefoil, quatrefoil, rose, and other ornaments of the decorated Gothic. The interior exhibits another beautiful feature, tall and slender columns linked by light and elegant arches, dividing the nave from its two aisles. The chancel is seen through a single arch of the same graceful form. Traceried arches on each side show the circular figure which is so common in the early English style. A more flowing tracery prevails in the windows, especially the large east one. Round the chancel runs a low range of trefoil-headed arches, in relief, springing from slight pillars of grey marble. The door-head presents a cluster of rich mouldings one within the other. The tower is extremely curious for its scientific construction. Not to mar the lightness of the nave and aisles, it is open beneath on three sides, which rest on arches. At the same time, to give it stability, the fourth side is solid from the foundation of the church, supported by two graduated buttresses of considerable strength and projection, and by two light and elegant flying buttresses that shoot directly athwart the north and south aisles. Such tact and precision are evinced in the design and execution of the tower, that it has been from the first, is, and is likely to remain, immovable and solid as any piece of Gothic workmanship in the land. The chapel adjoining the chancel was built by a lord of Stone Castle of the reign of Henry VII., Sir John Willsbyre, Knt., comptroller of the town and marches of Calais. He and his lady were interred under a rich altar-tomb, with an arched recess behind, where, in addition to niches and other ornamental work, there is a cornice of grapes and vine-leaves, and the arms of Sir John and Dame Margaret.



Interior of Stone Church.

This chapel was for many years in ruins, but has now been restored.

In Gough's 'Sepulchral Monuments' is engraved a remarkable brass in Stone Church. Such memorials, we may take this occasion to observe, were but in very partial use before the middle of the present period; after that they rapidly became general among all ranks, were often extremely elaborate in point of ornament, and of elegant design. The brass in the chancel of Stone Church is inlaid in a slab in the pavement, about six feet in length. The figure represents a priest in his canonical vestments standing in the centre of a cross composed of eight trefoil arches, and adorned with vine-leaves. The stem of the cross rises from four steps, and on it is the Latin inscription "*Hic jacet dn's Joh'es Lumbarde quondam rector eccl'ie de Stone, qui obiit xii die mensis Marcii Anno d'ni M°. cccc°. viii°.*"* Another inscription is on a scroll over the priest's head—"miserere mei deus scd'm magnam m'iam tuam;"† and a third round the face of the arches, being a text from Job xix. 25, "*credo q'd redemptor meus vivit et in novissimo die de t'ra surrecturus, sum et in carne mea videbo deo salvatorem meum.*"‡ The whole has been completely restored.

Near the south-east boundary of the parish, on the road from Green Street Green to Retsum, is a place called Shell-bank, from the circumstance of a stratum of marine shells being there deposited. It is about a foot in depth, containing shells both bivalve and turbinated.

The living is a rectory of the net annual value of 765*l.*, and the parish by the last census is stated to contain about 1850 acres, and to have 1066 inhabitants.

ON THE SAGACITY OF CERTAIN NATIONS IN TRACKING THE FOOTSTEPS OF MEN AND ANIMALS.

THE skill with which the Arabs of the Desert and the free Indians of America read and explain the impressions which the feet of men and animals have left on the ground, has suggested to the novelist some of his most interesting and surprising incidents; but, admitting that his details derive some colour from an exuberant fancy, there still remains enough to excite our admiration and astonishment, when the subject is examined by the light of truth, instead of that of fiction.

The importance of this knowledge will be at once appreciated by considering, for a moment, the nature of the countries where it is exercised. The general appearance of the Arabian desert is that of "a vast plain, terminated on all sides by the horizon, where the eye seeks in vain for some intervening object to rest upon; and after passing over a dismal waste of sand, or scorched brambles, it returns to enjoy relaxation in the herbs and other property of which the Arabian is himself the bearer. A deep and dismal silence reigns over this heavy landscape: no beast, no bird, no insect is seen to diversify the sad uniformity of the scene." In the prairies of America similar features are presented, although a more cheerful surface than dry sand gladdens the eye, for they are mostly covered with a verdant green turf of grass six or eight inches in height; and, in their season, wild flowers and strawberries are abundant. In such a situation, when the horizon everywhere presents a perfect straight line, and

nothing is seen to rise above it, "the traveller is then "out of sight of land," to use an expressive phrase of the country; and "he feels weak and overcome when night falls; and he stretches his exhausted limbs apparently on the same spot where he slept the night before, with the same prospect before and behind him—the same canopy over his head, and the same cheerless sea of green to start upon in the morning."

As in the acquisition of every kind of knowledge different individuals show different degrees of skill, so among the Bedouin Arabs, the knowledge of the *athr* or "footsteps" varies according to the capacity of the student. The most diligent and successful students in this art (for such it may be called) can generally decide from an inspection of the impression in the sand, to what individual of his own or of some neighbouring tribe the footstep belongs. By the depth of the impression, he judges whether the man carried a load or not; by the distinctness of the trace, he knows whether the man passed that day or one or two days previously; by the regularity of the intervals between the steps, he decides whether the man was fatigued or not; and by collecting and reasoning upon these and similar data, he calculates the possibility of overtaking the man, and decides accordingly. In fact, it is almost impossible for a Bedouin to hope to escape detection in any clandestine proceeding, because, says Burckhardt, "his passage is recorded upon the road in characters that every one of his Arabian neighbours can read."

In passing through hostile districts the Bedouin guides will not allow a stranger to walk; for if he wear shoes, the impression will at once detect him; and if he go with naked feet, the mark of his step, being less full than that of a Bedouin, will also show that a stranger has passed that way, and he will probably be pursued; for the Bedouin naturally argues that a man who can afford to entertain a guide must have something to lose. The constant employment of the guide during the march is to examine the impressions on the sand, by which he judges of the safety of advance or of the necessity for retreat.

The Arab is also familiar with the printed footsteps of his camels, and of those of his nearest neighbours. He can tell, from the impression, whether a camel was pasturing and not carrying a load, or mounted by one person only, or heavily laden. If the marks of the two fore-feet be fainter or deeper than those of the hind ones, he judges of the state of the animal's health, and this serves him as a clue to discover the owner. "In fact," says Burckhardt, "a Bedouin, from the impressions of a camel's or of his driver's footsteps, draws so many conclusions, that he always learns something concerning the beast or its owner; and in some cases this mode of acquiring knowledge appears almost supernatural. The Bedouin sagacity in this respect is wonderful, and becomes particularly useful in the pursuit of fugitives or in searching after cattle. I have seen a man discover and trace the footsteps of his camel in a sandy valley where thousands of other footsteps crossed the road in every direction; and this person could tell the name of every one who had passed there in the course of that morning. I myself found it often useful to know the impression made by the feet of my own companions and camels; as, from circumstances which inevitably occur in the Desert, travellers sometimes are separated from their friends." This enterprising traveller has known instances of camels being traced by their masters during a distance of six days' journeys, to the dwelling of the man who had stolen them.

The North American Indians find their way over the prairies by following in the trail of previous travellers: they also discover, by the prints of the feet, and other marks and signs perceptible only by themselves,

* Here lies Master John Lumbarde, late rector of the church of Stone, who died on the 12th day of the month of March, A.D. 1468.

† Pity me, Lord, according to thy great mercy.

‡ For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.

not only that men have passed through a particular path, but they can distinguish the particular nation to which they belong, and whether they are friends or enemies. A remarkable instance of this faculty is given by Buchanan, of which the following is an abstract :—

In 1755 a most atrocious murder was committed by a party of Indians on fourteen white settlers within five miles of Shamokin. The surviving whites in their rage determined to take their revenge by murdering a Delaware Indian who happened to be in their power. He was friendly to the whites, and by them held in general esteem; so much so, that they familiarly called him Duke Holland. This Indian, satisfied that his nation was incapable of committing so foul a murder in a time of profound peace, told the enraged settlers that it was the act of some wicked Mingoes or Iroquois, whose custom it was to involve other nations in wars with each other by committing midnight murders, and causing some other people to be suspected as the murderers. He was unable to convince his accusers of the innocence of his countrymen, until he offered to accompany a party in search of the murderers, whom he undertook to discover by the prints of their feet and other marks well known to him. This proposal was accepted, and he led a party of whites into the tracks. They soon arrived in the most rocky parts of a mountain, where no white man could discover a single track, for they had to leap over a number of crevices between the rocks, and in some instances to crawl over them. Suspecting treachery, they threatened the Indian with instant death, unless he convinced them that he was really following a track. The Indian did so in the most unreserved manner; he pointed out to them that the moss on the rock had been trodden down by the weight of a human foot, or torn and dragged forward from its place; in one spot he showed that pebbles or small stones on the rocks had been removed from their beds by the foot hitting against them; that dry sticks by being trodden upon were broken; and in some places an Indian's blanket had been dragged over the rocks, and removed or loosened the leaves lying there,—all which the guide pointed out as he walked along, without even stopping. At last arriving at the foot of the mountain on soft ground, where the tracks were deep, he discovered that the enemy were eight in number, and from the freshness of the foot-prints he concluded that they must be encamped at no great distance. Such was indeed the case, for on gaining an eminence on the other side of the valley, the Indians were seen encamped; some having already laid down to sleep while others were drawing off their leggings; and the scalps they had taken were hanging up to dry. "See!" said the guide to his astonished companions, "there is the enemy; not of my nation, but Mingoes, as I truly told you." He advised them to wait until they should be asleep, and then to put them to death; but the whites seem to have been overcome with fear by the adventure, and hastening back, reported the number of the Iroquois to be so great that they durst not venture to attack them.

But if the Indians are thus skilful in discovering and explaining the tracks on the ground, they are also ingenious in concealing their own "trail" whenever it is necessary to do so. For this purpose they walk as much as possible in the water, along the margin of marshes or rivers, on the trunks of fallen trees, or wherever the foot makes the least impression. To conceal their numbers, a large body will walk in file, one behind the other, each placing his foot on the print made by his forerunner, while the largest foot of the company brings up the rear; by which contrivance a large body appears to consist of only one man. They sometimes attach to their feet the hoof of the buffalo

and the paw of the bear, and run for miles in the winding course of these animals.

If the grass of a prairie takes fire, it does not destroy the trail, because the grass being generally beaten offers some resistance to the fire, and partly escapes its fury, so that it remains "a green line upon a sea of black;" but in the succeeding season, when the new grass is grown, the trail is so much obliterated that the experienced eye of an Indian can alone detect it.

In the "rolling prairies" of the western wilderness a wide extent of country is often composed of a succession of hills and ridges; these ridges cross each other in a transverse direction, and form large dips and ravines producing an appearance of hopeless confusion to the eye of an inexperienced traveller: there is, however, for every district a principal or dividing ridge, which forms, as it were, the backbone of the range to which it belongs. The first quality of a guide through an unknown range is to have "a good and quick eye for hitting off the dividing ridge;" but it is still quite necessary to follow in the trail, and it is often a painfully exciting crisis when it is lost; hours being often consumed in seeking for it. When very indistinct, it is usual to divide a party and make them go abreast twenty or thirty yards apart, so that when the trail is missed by one, it may be discovered by another.

The Honourable Mr. Murray, in his wanderings among the Pawnees, describes this method of travelling by distinguishing the dividing ridge and following the trail. As he was often in fear of an attack from a hostile tribe, he soon became expert in reading the trail and deciding whether it was left by friend or foe; by buffalo, horse, or deer. He could tell a war party from a hunting or migrating party: in the one case, the trail of the horses or the slighter tracks of men's feet were alone seen; in the other the tracks of the squaws and children were apparent, together with those of the long curved poles on which their lodges are stretched. It was also not difficult to distinguish a mid-day from a night camping-place: in the former were found some cut branches which sheltered the party from the noontide sun; in the latter, generally, some scraps of charred wood, or round marks in the grass, showing where a fire had been made. Even where these indications are wanting, as in the open level prairies, there are others which enable an Indian to estimate the number of the party and their horses; whether the former consisted of men only; the time that had elapsed since they passed; whether they made a short or a long halt, and many other particulars.

In following the trail of a large number of persons, Mr. Murray found great difficulty in striking it after coming to a place where they had camped, for paths ran in every direction; some to where the horses had been pastured; others to the nearest water, &c. In such a case, the safest way is to pay no attention to the various ground-marks, but to keep straight on in the general direction, which the trail had borne previously to reaching the camping-place.

Mr. Burchell while travelling in the wilds of Southern Africa found the Hottentots and Bushmen, as well as many of the tribes of the interior, admirably quick and discerning in every circumstance connected with the track of animals and waggons. They could distinguish almost with certainty the foot-mark of animals closely resembling each other, although to a European eye no difference could be detected even when pointed out. They examine carefully the form of the footsteps, their distance apart, and their greater or less depth in the soil. These marks, together with a knowledge of the different situations preferred by each species, lead them to conclusions in which they

seldom err. In estimating the time elapsed since the animal had passed, they notice the effects of the sun, the wind, or the rain; if these have not altered the freshness of the impression, they conclude it to have been made since the last of these occurred: if the impression appears to have been made on wet ground, but is filled with dust, or sand, or leaves, they know that the animal must have passed since the last shower, but before the storm of wind. Of this nature there are a multitude of other circumstances from which they deduce information, and cases occurred frequently when this knowledge proved of the utmost importance to Mr. Burchell and his party.

On one occasion they discovered the track of a waggon, and after a careful series of observations, it was decided that the waggon had passed two years before, and that its direction was to the south-east. At first the track was not very discernible; but one of the Hottentots having noticed the middle stems of a low shrub to be broken down close to the ground in a manner different from that in which they would have been broken by the foot of any animal, immediately examined all around at the distance where the other wheel should have passed, and soon discovered other similar appearances. All the stems or branches were observed to incline forwards to the south-east in the direction the observers were travelling, because it is obvious that a wheel would push forward any small bodies or obstacles in its way. The same conclusion was drawn from those stems which had not been broken down, but the bark of which had been torn. Those which had been beaten to the ground still remained in that position; but "we observed," says Mr. Burchell, "other shoots rising upright from them, and from these being of two years' growth, we drew the conclusion that it must have been two years since the waggon had passed that way."

Thus it will be seen that in widely separated parts of the world, and under very dissimilar circumstances, a high degree of skill is attained in the art of reading the tracks of animals, &c. on the ground, and the acquirements of the aborigines of Southern Africa in this respect would lead to a belief that their powers of reasoning and reflection are not so low as they are said to be by most travellers. It is true that their food, clothing, and personal safety so greatly depend on knowledge of this kind, as to make them acutely observant of every thing relating to it; but may it not be true that, if stimulated by equally powerful motives, their mental faculties would soon be equal to higher undertakings than reading the footsteps on the ground?

A Belgian Farm.—Near Alost we met with one of the smallest farms which will maintain a family without other work—it was barely five acres. The house was much larger than such an occupation warranted; but it was an old farm-house, and the land had been divided into small holdings, leaving only five acres to go with the house. There was a small orchard of about a quarter of an acre, in which there were some thriving apple and plum-trees. The grass under these was good, and the only cow which the man had was led by the wife in a halter to graze there for a short time every day, apparently more to give her exercise than for the food she could pick up. The grass seemed to have been cut for her in another part. This cow had cost eight pounds, and the man regretted that he had not had the means to purchase a second, as he could have maintained two very well. Half of the land was in wheat, the other half in clover, flax, and potatoes; so that the clover did not recur sooner than every sixth year, the flax and potatoes in nine. As soon as the wheat was reaped he began to hack the stubble about four inches deep with a heavy hoe, and as fast as he got a piece done it was sown with turnips, after having had some of the contents of his urine tank poured over it; for, small as the farm was, it had its reservoir for this precious manure. Thus a considerable

portion of the wheat stubble was soon covered with young turnips of a quick-growing sort, which, if sown in the beginning or middle of August, were fit to pull in November and December, and were stored in the cellar for winter use. There was a small patch of *Cameline*, which was sown less for the seed than for the stems, of which he made brooms in his leisure hours in winter. But these hours could be but few, and only when snow covered the ground, and prevented him from digging and trenching, which was a constant operation; for the whole five acres had to be dug in the course of the year, and as much of it as possible had to be trenched, the soil being a stiff loam of a good depth, which was much improved by stirring and trenching. The milk and potatoes, with a little salt pork, fed the family; for a pig was fed on the refuse of the food given to the cow and a little corn. Most of the wheat, and all the flax, were sold, and more than paid the rent, which was not high—about 10*l.* a year, without any rates, tithes, or taxes. Incessant labour kept the man in good health, and his wife was not idle. They had two or three young children, one at the breast; but, except the wish for another cow, there seemed no great dissatisfaction with their lot, nor any great fears for the future. They had no parish fund to fall back upon, not even an union-house; but had they come to wait by unforeseen accidents they would have found the hand of private charity ready to help them.—*Outlines of Flemish Husbandry.*

Spanish Cigars.—Not the least among the curiosities of Seville is the tobacco manufactory. Tobacco is one of the royal monopolies, and it is manufactured in a palace. A very cursory glance at this singular establishment will afford some idea of the value of this monopoly. It is a noble and stately edifice, of a quadrangular form, six hundred feet in length by four hundred and eighty broad. It is surrounded by a moat, and approached by a drawbridge, like a regular fortification. Soldiers are continually on duty at the entrance and in the courts—all the workpeople are carefully searched every night on leaving the establishment—and no cloaks are permitted within its precincts—all precautions against the abstraction of this precious weed. It employs no fewer than five thousand hands. Of these, three thousand are women—almost all of whom are employed in twisting cigars. Of the two thousand men, a great portion are similarly occupied; while a considerable number are employed in the manufacture of the different articles and implements which are required in the establishment. Women are preferred for the manufacture of cigars, as lightness and delicacy of touch are of importance in this branch of the business. Two immense halls are set apart for the cigar-twisters—one for the men and the other for the women. The largest of these, in which three thousand women are seated, busily engaged in rolling up the fragrant leaf, each with a little basket of bread and meat beside her for dinner, presents a very extraordinary spectacle. The work is performed with amazing rapidity, and a single individual will roll up from five hundred to six hundred cigars per day. The time of labour is from 7 o'clock A.M. to 4 P.M. One part of the process is sufficiently disgusting, but, out of consideration for the lovers of cigars, we refrain from mentioning it.—*Rev. W. Roberson.*

The Anglo-Saxon Church and Improvement of Agriculture.—The estates of the lay proprietors were cultivated by the compulsory labour of bondmen and theowas, or slaves: but in every monastery the greater number of the brotherhood was devoted to the occupation of husbandry; and the superior cultivation of their farms quickly demonstrated the difference between the industry of those who worked through motives of duty, and of those whose only object was to escape the loss of their holdings or the lash of the surveyor. Of the lands bestowed on the monks, a considerable portion was originally wild and uncultivated, surrounded by marshes, or covered with forests. They preferred such situations for the sake of retirement and contemplation, and as they were of less value, they were more freely bestowed by their benefactors. But every obstacle of nature and soil was subdued by the unwearied industry of the monks. The forests were cleared, the waters drained, roads opened, bridges erected, and the waste lands reclaimed. Plentiful harvests waved on the coast of Northumbria, and luxuriant meadows started from the fens of the Givvi. The superior cultivation of several counties in England is originally owing to the labours of the monks, who, at this early period, were the parents of agriculture as well as of the arts.—*Lingard's History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church.*



[Royal Hospital of St. Katherine, Regent's Park.]

ST. KATHERINE'S HOSPITAL.

THE Royal Hospital of St. Katherine was founded in 1148, by Queen Matilda, wife of King Stephen, for a master, three brothers chaplains, three sisters, and six poor scholars, reserving to herself and her successors, the future queens of England, the nomination of the master upon every vacancy; but she granted the perpetual custody of the hospital to the monastery of the Holy Trinity, or Christ Church, which was then in high repute. The ground on which the hospital was built was on the east side of the Tower of London, on the north bank of the river. The site is now occupied by St. Katherine's Docks. In 1255 Queen Eleanor brought a suit against the monks, and acquired the custody of the hospital and its entire revenues. After the king's death she re-founded it for a master, three brothers, three sisters, ten poor women called bedeswomen, and six poor scholars. Her charter is dated the 5th of July, 1273. Had not the original hospital been dissolved, St. Katherine's Hospital would now have been the most ancient ecclesiastical community in the kingdom: and it is still the fourth in point of antiquity, coming after Peter House, Cambridge, and Merton and Balliol Colleges, Oxford. The queens of England are by law the perpetual patronesses, it being considered, say the lawyers, as part of their dower. They nominate the master, brethren, and sisters, and may increase or diminish their number, and alter the statutes for the government of the institution. "The Queen Dowager hath no power or jurisdiction when there is a Queen Consort;" but "if there is a Queen Regnant and a Queen Dowager, the latter would have the power in preference to the Queen Regnant." In Queen Eleanor's charter the object of her foundation is stated to be "for the health of the soul of her late husband and of the souls of the preceding and succeeding kings and queens." One of the priests was daily required "to sing the mass of the Holy Virgin Mary; another, daily to celebrate the divine service of the day, solemnly and devoutly for the aforesaid souls." She ordained that every day throughout the year until the 16th day of November, which was the deposition of Edmund, the Archbishop and Confessor, there should be given, at the ordering of the master and his successors, to twenty-four poor men, for the aforesaid souls, twelve pence; and on the said day of St. Edmund the Confessor, namely, the day of the death of

her husband, King Henry, there should be bestowed, in form aforesaid, upon one thousand poor men to each a half-penny.

In 1442 privileges of a most remarkable kind were granted to St. Katherine's, which, we may feel assured, never wanted a "friend at court" while there was a queen consort. The master had reported that the revenues of the hospital were insufficient for its maintenance, on which the king, Henry VI., granted a charter constituting a certain district in the neighbourhood of the hospital a precinct exempt with all its inhabitants from all ecclesiastical and secular jurisdiction, except that of the lord chancellor and the master of the hospital. This charter further granted to the hospital a fair to be held at Tower Hill within the precinct every year, for twenty-one days after St. James's Day; also the assize of bread, wine, beer, and other victuals, custody of weights and measures, civil and criminal jurisdiction; exemption from payments of tenths or other quota granted by the clergy; also exemption from subsidies imposed by the Commons; and they were to have as many writs as they pleased out of the king's courts without fee of sealing. The hospital held this precinct as its own property and demesne, its revenues being increased by fines on renewal of leases and by ground-rents of the houses which it contained. It is said, and with much probability, that the intercession of Anne Boleyn with Henry VIII. saved the hospital from dissolution. The revenues at that time appear from a survey to have amounted to 338*l*. The first master appointed by Queen Elizabeth sold the privilege of holding the fair to the City for seven hundred marks; and he was suspected of other peculations not very creditable to the newly reformed religion. In 1698 Lord Chancellor Somers, as visitor, removed the master, and drew up rules and orders for the better government of the hospital. In 1705 a school was established for the children of the precinct at the charge of the hospital, and after they left school they were apprenticed and placed at service.

Early in 1824 some of the principal merchants in the City obtained the sanction of government to apply for an act of parliament to construct wet-docks between the Tower and the London Docks, a space which would include the site of the chapel, hospital, and entire precinct of St. Katherine; and when the act was obtained, the new Dock Company made com-

pensation to the hospital, under the direction of Lord Chancellor Eldon, to the following amount, namely, 125,000*l.* as the value of the precinct estate; 36,000*l.* for building a new hospital; 2000*l.* for the purchase of a site; and several smaller sums, as compensation to certain officers and members of the hospital, whose interests would be affected by removal to another situation. The precinct possessed at this time both a spiritual and temporal court. The spiritual court was a royal jurisdiction for all ecclesiastical causes within the precincts, probates of wills, &c.; and appeals from it could be made to the lord chancellor only. The officers of this court were a registrar, ten proctors, and an apparitor. In the temporal court the high-steward of the jurisdiction of St. Katherine's presided, and heard and determined all disputes arising within the precinct. A high bailiff, a prothonotary, and a prison were appendages of the court. In 1661 the number of houses within the precinct was 731; in 1708 there were 850; and the number successively diminished to 505 in 1801, and 427 in 1821, which were inhabited by 685 families.

A site having been granted on the east side of the Regent's Park by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, the new hospital buildings were erected there. The centre consists of a chapel, with chapter-house; and on each side of the chapel are three houses, those on one side being for the brothers, and the others for the sisters, with requisite offices and outbuildings, including a coach-house; and at each end, by the Park side, there is a lodge. The residence of the master, on the opposite side of the carriage-road, is situated in about two acres of land laid out in ornamental grounds and shrubberies. The ancient and interesting monuments were transported at the expense of the Dock Company to the new chapel, where they have been restored at an enormous expense. The cost of setting up and restoring the monument of John Holland, Duke of Exeter, who died in 1448, which constituted the most remarkable feature of the old hospital, amounted to nearly a thousand pounds; and no expense was spared, which could add to the embellishment of the edifice. Large sums were expended for stained glass, and for the iron railings and walls round the premises. The well and an ornamental pump cost many hundred pounds, and, after all, the water proved totally unfit for use. The site is so bad, from the nature of the soil, as to have required a very large sum for the repair of the foundations.

The affairs of the hospital are managed by the chapter, which consists of the master, the three brothers, and the three sisters. The brothers are in holy orders, but are not restrained from marriage; and the sisters are usually unmarried, though instances have occurred of widows being appointed. All important business must be transacted in the chapter-house, and by a majority of the chapter present, as voting by proxy is not allowed. The master, brethren, and sisters have each a vote, and the requisite majority of four must include one of each; that is, the master, one brother, and two sisters, or the master, one sister, and two brothers. One brother is required to be in residence constantly, in order to conduct the service in the chapel. He is assisted by a reader, who is paid 100*l.* a-year from the funds of the hospital. The sisters, as before stated, do not always reside. The original number of ten bedeswomen has been increased to twenty, and an addition made of twenty bedesmen. They are non-resident, and receive 10*l.* a year for life, but have no duties to perform. The appointment of bedesmen and bedeswomen rests solely with the master, and they are usually decayed small tradespeople, old servants of good character, or other aged people. The school is on a small scale, and contains

twenty-four boys and twelve girls, who are clothed during their continuance, and dine at the hospital every Sunday. At a suitable age the boys are apprenticed, with a premium; and on the girls going to service they receive an outfit, and a sum is deposited for them in a savings' bank. If they conduct themselves well, both enjoy some subsequent pecuniary benefit. The income of the hospital in 1837 was 5504*l.*, and the expenditure 4454*l.* The sum paid to the master, three brothers, three sisters, and forty bedesmen and bedeswomen, amounts to 2100*l.* a-year. The fines on the renewal of leases are distributed into three parts; one of which goes to the master, one to the brethren and sisters conjointly, and one-third for repair of buildings. The master has an income of 1200*l.* a-year and an elegant mansion in the Regent's Park, situated in the midst of its own pleasure-grounds. The three brethren have each 300*l.* a-year, and the three sisters each 200*l.* The real alms-people are non-resident, and three or four years ago two of the sisters were non-resident also, and let their residence in the hospital at a rent of 90*l.* a-year each.

THOMAS FULLER.

[Concluded from p. 172.]

FULLER's chief works are historical and contain much that is highly valuable, and are the result of considerable research. Yet it would be idle to speak of them as great works; they are wanting in those qualities that belong to a historian of the highest order. Coleridge, in a passage from which we have already quoted, says, "Next to Shakspeare, I am not certain whether Fuller, beyond all other writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotion of the marvellous." If this had been written for the press it would doubtless have been qualified, though, in a certain sense, true; but there is a vast difference between them. Fuller has left no work moulded into a nearly perfect form. He has enunciated no great truths such as his own age needed, and are as bright lights to all succeeding ages. There are no evidences in his works of any great reach or profundity of thought. Everywhere is proof sufficient of a very high order of intellect, but nowhere we think of the highest. Yet there is hardly a more thoroughly enjoyable writer; and his life seems to have been one of enjoyment. Cast upon troublesome times he escaped with as little trouble as any man well could. Seeing great and manifest faults on both sides engaged in the mighty struggle, he did not like Lord Falkland sink into melancholy because he could not heartily join either, but pursued, as quietly as they would let him, his own course, taking the cheerful footpath way. But we must not trespass further; but will give a few examples of his mode of writing, and endeavour to select them so as to illustrate our remarks. His histories are strange fragmentary pieces inlaid with wit, without any regard to the dignity of style or appropriateness to the seriousness of the subject; and the wit itself is of every kind, for he is not at all choice about its quality, nor always about its refinement: it sometimes indeed makes you stand aghast for a moment, but it is certain to be followed by an explosion of most genuine and irresistible laughter. Then they abound with digressions and stories, and these are always well told, and in truth are their most attractive portions. There is considerable judgment displayed in his estimation of character; his view of that of the Emperor Saladin might be mentioned as an example; so clear, keen, generous, and manly: it is, however, too long to extract. We will give, as a sample of his mode of narration, in its good and bad qualities, his account of a sea-fight between the Genoese and Venetians in 1260, from his 'Holy War.' The Venetians

had burnt five-and-twenty of the Genoese ships which they found in the haven at Ptolemais. "To avenge this loss the state of Genoa sent from home a navy of fifty ships of all sorts, which came to Tyre. There met they Reinerius Zenus, Duke of Venice, with the united power of the Venetians and Pisans, counting no fewer than seventy-four vessels well provided. They would have fought in the very haven of Tyre, but the governor of the city forbade it: it would be more scandalous to Christianity; the roving fireballs might hurt the city, and sinking ships hinder the harbour; besides, the conquered party would probably complain of the partiality of the place, that it more favoured one side: they should not fight under his nose; if they had a mind to it, let them out and try their fortune in the open sea. Accordingly it was performed; out they go and fall to their work. Their galleys, like ostriches, used their legs more than their wings, more running with oars than flying with sails. At this time, before ordnance was found out, ships were both guns and bullets themselves, and furiously ran one against another. They began with this aritation: herein strength was much, but not all; nimbleness was also very advantageous to break and slent the downright rushings of a stronger vessel. Then fell they to grappling: here the steady ship had the better of it; and those soldiers who best kept their legs could best use their arms, the surest stander being always the soundest striker. Much valour was showed on both sides, and at last the victory fell to the Venetian. The Genoans losing five and twenty of their ships, fled, and saved the rest in the haven of Tyre, after a most cruel and desperate battle. And surely sea-fights are more bloody than those on the land, especially since guns came up, whose shot betwixt wind and water (like those wounds so often mentioned in the Scripture under the fifth rib) is commonly observed mortal. Yea, full harder it is for a ship, when arrested and engaged in battle, to clear itself than for soldiers by land to save themselves by flight. Here neither his own two nor his horse's four legs can bestead any; but like accidents they must perish with their subjects, and sink with their ship." The above, apart from its odd allusions and strange garnishings, exhibits no mean powers of narration.

Charles Lamb, than whom few men were ever better fitted to enjoy his singularities as well as his excellencies, and who was, almost of necessity, a hearty admirer of him, says "Above all, his way of telling a story, for its eager liveliness and the perpetual running commentary of the narrator happily blended with the narration, is perhaps unequalled." The above description of a sea-fight might serve to show this "eager liveliness," but we will add one of his stories; for the complete enjoyment of which, it ought to be borne in mind that it is taken from the 'Church History:' it forms part of his account of the insurrection of Sir Thomas Wyatt in Queen Mary's reign. "The queen, hearing of his commotion, sent an herald unto him to desist, which herald came to Sir Thomas's house; deeply moated round about, the bridge being drawn up, yet so that a place like a ford, pretended a safe passage thereunto. On the inside thereof walked the proper case of a man well habited, and his face carrying no despair of wisdom therein. The herald asked him whether he might safely go over there? to whom the other slightly answered, 'Yea, yea.' But had not the strength of his horse been more than ordinary, he either had been drowned in the water, or buried in the mud. The herald hardly escaping, fills all the house with complaints, that, being an officer sent from the queen under the protection of the public faith (having his coat, his conduct, upon him), he should be so wilfully abused by false directions to the danger

of his life by one of Sir Thomas's servants. The knight, highly offended at the fault (as gentleman enough and enemy to actions of baseness), summons all his servants to appear before the herald, vowing that the offender should be sent prisoner to the queen with his legs bound beneath his horse's belly, to receive from her the reward of his wickedness. The herald challengeth the party at the first sight of him. 'Alas!' said Sir Thomas, 'he is a mere natural; as will appear, if you please to examine him.' 'Why Sirrah,' said the herald, 'did you direct me to come over where it was almost impossible to pass without drowning?' To whom the other answered, 'The ducks came over not long before you, whose legs were shorter than your horse's.' Hereat the herald smiled out his anger, adding withal, 'Sir Thomas, hereafter let your fool wear the badge of his profession on him, that he may deceive no more in this kind.' Equally good in their way are his digressions. Take one from the midst of his description of the siege of Jerusalem in his 'Holy War.' "As for the want of ladders that was quickly supplied: for the Genoans arriving with a fleet in Palestine brought most curious engineers, who framed a wooden tower, and all other artificial instruments. For we must not think that the world was at a loss for war tools before the brood of guns was hatched: it had the battering-ram, first found out by Epeus at the taking of Troy; the balista, to discharge great stones invented by the Phœnicians; the catapulta, being a sling of mighty strength, whereof the Syrians were authors: and perchance King Uzziah first made it; for we find him very dextrous and happy in devising such things. And although these bear-whelps were but rude and unshaped at the first, yet art did lick them afterwards, and they got more teeth and sharper nails by degrees; so that every age set them forth in a new edition, corrected and amended. But these and many more voluminous engines (for the ram alone had an hundred men to manage it) are now virtually epitomized in the cannon. And though some may say that the finding of guns hath been the losing of many men's lives, yet it will appear that battles now are fought with more expedition, and victory standeth not so long a neuter, before she express herself on one side or other. But these guns have shot my discourse from the siege of Jerusalem: to return thither again." Then again the way in which he brings in anecdotes, which his large memory has ever ready, on all occasions to illustrate or enliven his text is very amusing. In winding up his history of the Crusades, he says that the King of Spain is the nominal King of Jerusalem, though "at this day the Turk hath eleven points of the law in Jerusalem;" whether the Spaniard shall ever recover it he "will leave to others; and meantime conclude more serious matters with this pleasant passage:—When the late wars in the days of Queen Elizabeth were hot between England and Spain, there were commissioners on both sides appointed to treat of peace: they met in a town of the French kings: and first it was debated what tongue the negotiation should be handled in. A Spaniard, thinking to give the English commissioners a shrewd gird, proposed the French tongue as most fit, it being a language which the Spaniards were well skilled in; and for these gentlemen of England, I suppose (said he), that they cannot be ignorant of the language of their fellow-subjects; their queen is queen of France as well as England. Nay in faith, masters (replied Doctor Dale, the Master of Requests), the French tongue is too vulgar for a business of this secrecy and importance, especially in a French town; we will rather treat in Hebrew, the language of Jerusalem, whereof your master is king; I suppose you are herein as well skilled as we in French." Fuller's indulgence

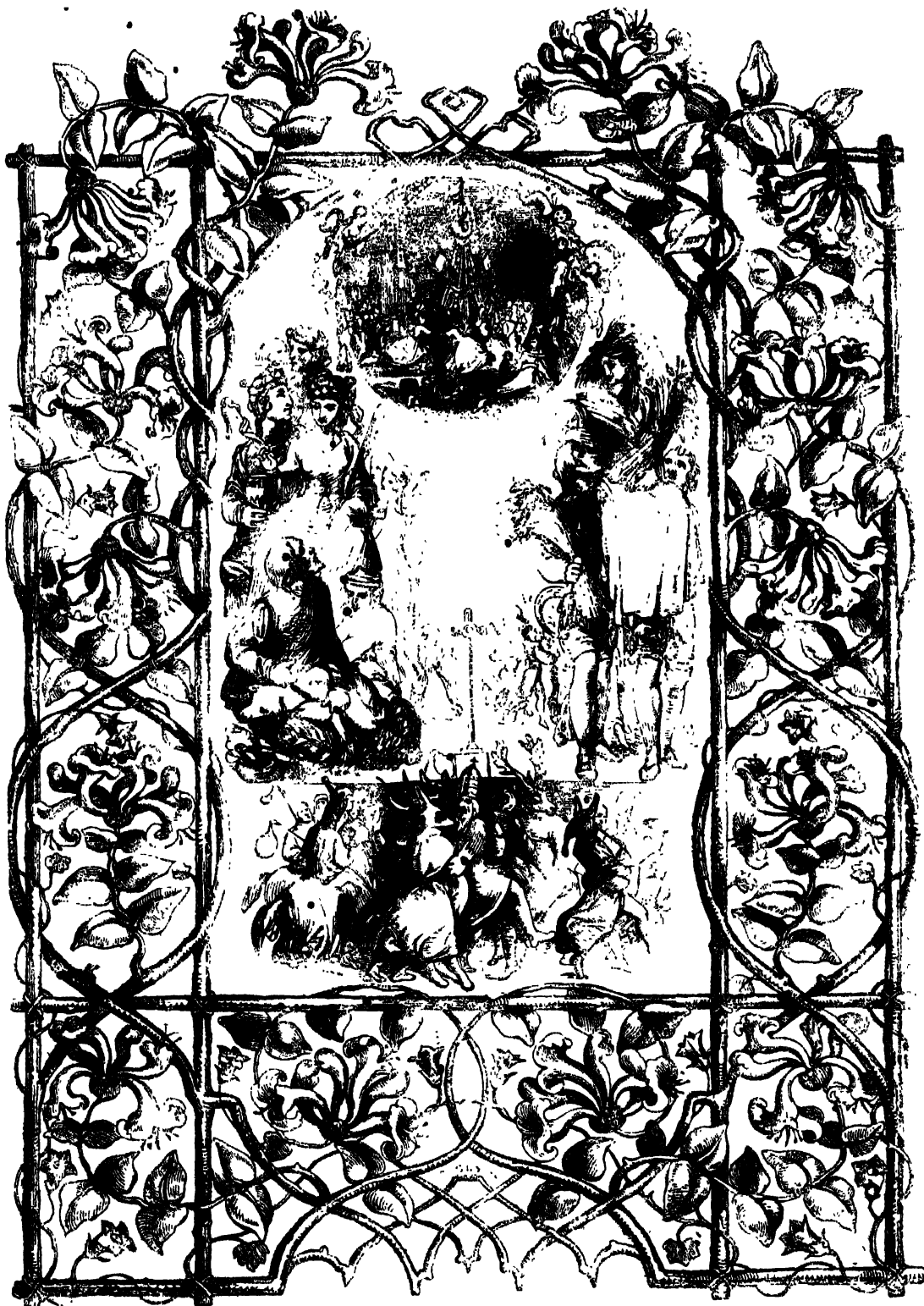
in quaintness and odd sayings is so notorious that we suppose we must give one or two of them which we may take nearly at random, for they are scattered over every page, and then we will wind up this notice, which has stretched out very far beyond the limits we intended. "Difficult trifles, hard to do, useless when done; who will pity the aching of his teeth, who hath wilfully hurt them, with cracking that shell wherein he knew there was no kernel?" Plausible lies the most dangerous. "Unconscionable liars, though they most hurt themselves, do the least harm others, whose loud ones are both the poison and the antidote, seeing no man will believe them. Small grit and gravel may choke a man; but that stone can never stop his throat which cannot enter into his mouth."

But all these chips can give but a poor notion of the infinite riches of the original. It is as the old story of the pedant and the brick. Yet something perhaps will be gained; and it will be seen that much that at first sight has a look of mere quaintness has a deeper significance within it. How complete an answer does the last sentence quoted apply to those who while they look with all complacency at what appears like truth, perverted and unwholesome as it may be, cannot endure, nay declaim loudly against what is above or beyond the letter of it; though the highest truth may be its essence. We have taken none of our extracts from Fuller's 'Worthies,' yet there perhaps the keenness of his discrimination and robustness of intellect are most apparent. The sagacity with which he pierces through and decides on the various characters is admirable, and considering the large number that passes before him, it is surprising in how few instances he is far wrong in his verdict. Here as in his 'Church History' his freedom from prejudice, his sympathy with goodness wherever he discerns it, the honesty with which he endeavours to see what is good in all, and the heartiness with which he testifies to its presence when he does find it, are deserving all honour, and stand in strong contrast with the ordinary practice of his contemporaries. This is especially noticeable in his accounts of the old monasteries and their inhabitants, of the Roman Catholic divines, and of the Puritans, although from all of them parted by strong feelings of repulsion. To sum up all in a word: he was a true-hearted honest man, sincere, charitable, generous; in his social duties blameless: as an author, thoroughly original, possessed of a lively imagination, sound sense, much wisdom, and an everflowing, indeed overflowing, cheerfulness. He wanted alone, perhaps, a severer mental discipline to have become a really great man, as he is now but a great one comparatively. His works have in some measure lost their use. They are for the student of our literature rather than for the general reader. But the contemplation of his character as we read it in his Life and works is not without good for all of us. We may learn there that to keep our hearts open to all kindly feelings, to avoid forming harsh notions of men who may differ from us ever so widely, to cherish wide sympathies, and to seek after comprehensiveness of thought and clearness of vision—that this is the best way to attain truth and happiness; and that in pursuing our own proper course, whatever that may be, with cheerful earnest sincerity, consists at once our strength and our safety.

Terrace Cultivation in Ladakh.—The first step in the process of tillage is to clear the ground of its incumbrances, and, as far as possible, equalize the surface. The larger blocks of stone are left undisturbed, but the smaller fragments are collected and arranged in longitudinal piles or walls, traversing the face of the declivity, which every field more or less presents, forming a series of parallels, the space between which is made as level as possible by conveying materials from the upper to the lower edge of the

slope. In this manner a succession of terraces is constructed, each supported by a stone breastwork, and down which stone channels communicating with some spring or natural reservoir on the higher ground conduct a plentiful supply of water. This is the disposition of the grounds in the vicinity of the villages and towns which are situated in the different valleys forming the inhabited and cultivable portion of Ladakh; but even in solitary spots, remote from human habitations, stone dikes may be observed crossing the sloping sides of mountains near their base: these are constructed by the peasants to assist the deposit of soil and gravel by the melting snows, and they are thus left for many years, perhaps for some generations, for the operation of natural agency to prepare for the labour of man, and the more ready conversion of an abrupt and sterile declivity into an accessible flight of terraces of cultivation. Upon the field thus gained from the mountain, soil has to be, in the first instance, supplied, and afterwards enriched by manure. As there is great scarcity of wood, the dung of cattle is mostly consumed as fuel, and the means of ameliorating the ground must, therefore, be sought in the habitations of man. The houses are well provided with apartments for this purpose: the floors of these are strewn with a coating of gravel three or four inches in thickness, which is removed from time to time, and with the ashes of the burnt fuel forms the paladium that sustains the nutritive properties of the soil. In some villages public receptacles are constructed for the people, and the accumulation of soil for general use.—*Moorcroft and Trebeck's Bokharu.*

The Selva, or Forest Desert of the Amazonas.—The largest river of the globe, the Amazonas, in South America, drains the most extensive forest-plain we are acquainted with. It extends from the mouth of the river westward to the base of the immense rocky masses of the Andes, and in this direction measures at least 1500 miles. Its extent towards the south, and also partly towards the north, has not been exactly ascertained. But a supposition, resting on probable facts, assigns to it, near the mouth of the river, a width of 350 miles, which increases in proceeding westward, so that at the place where the Amazonas is joined by the Madeira the plain is at least 800 miles wide, and still wider where it reaches the Andes. Its surface probably comprehends an area of 1,200,000 square miles, equal to nearly half the extent of the Sahara, and to six times that of France. . . . The whole of this low region is covered with an exceedingly thick wood. It is composed of large trees of various sizes and heights, and what is very remarkable, they differ greatly in species; no two trees standing together are of the same kind. On a space of twenty square yards perhaps thirty or forty trees are found, but all of different species. The spaces between them are filled up with grass-trees and bushes of different kinds and sizes, standing close together, and the whole is united into one mass by numerous climbing plants and creepers, which as it were constitute the web of the tissue. Thus a woolly fabric is raised, as impenetrable to man as a wall of stone, and more difficult to be removed; near the ground only is found here and there a small and low opening, by which the jaguars and other wild beasts find access to the beds of the rivers. These woods can only be entered where they are traversed by water-courses deep enough to be navigated by canoes, but such attempts are usually very laborious: the branches of the trees overhang the channels from each bank, and as they are also entwined by climbing plants, the progress of the canoe can only be effected by cutting the branches. The larger rivers afford a more open and free access, but at many places similar obstacles occur in them. As these impenetrable woods, along the banks of both the larger and smaller rivers, surround the higher grounds which are not inundated, it is almost impossible to get access to them; nor does it appear that either natives or Europeans have ever settled on these tracts. In the few elevations which approach nearer to the rivers, and which have been reached, it has almost always been found that they are also covered with wood, but of a character less wild and dismal. The variety and confusion of species are not so great, and the trees are commonly less incumbered with underwood and climbing plants. At a great distance from the banks of the Amazonas there are savannahs, or woodless, grassy plains, which would afford good pasture-grounds, but have not yet been applied to that purpose, being situated too far from the settlements. It is stated, that in those places where the great plain borders on the more elevated regions, these savannahs are more numerous and of greater extent.—*Curiosities of Physical Geography: Knight's Weekly Volume.*



THE YEAR OF THE POETS.

NO. VI.—SPRING HOLIDAYS.

THE old English poets never contemplated the advent of Spring without associating the happiness of human beings with the "spirit of life in everything" which especially belongs to the season. The Church wisely encouraged the same holiday pleasures, whether of Easter or Whitsuntide, of the Wake or the Perambulation. This is a large subject, and one which involves

many serious considerations for those who see in national customs a reflection of institutions and habits of thought. We are no longer a holiday-making people, in the old sense of the word. Are we wiser or happier for the change?

But we shall at present confine ourselves to one or two extracts which exhibit the poetical aspect of Spring Holidays.

And first we will turn to a foreign poet, and present the Easter of Germany in the words of Göthe, as translated by Dr. Anster:—

"River and rivulet are freed from ice
 In Spring's affectionate inspiring smile—
 Green are the fields with promise—far away
 To the rough hills old Winter hath withdrawn
 Strengthless—but still at intervals will send
 Light feeble frosts, with drops of diamond white,
 Mocking a little while the coming bloom—
 Still soils with showers of sharp and bitter sleet,
 In anger impotent, the earth's green robe;
 But the sun suffers not the ling'ring snow—
 Everywhere life—everywhere vegetation—
 All nature animate with glowing hues—
 Or, if one spot be touched not by the spirit
 Of the sweet season, there, in colours rich
 As trees or flowers, are sparkling human dresses,
 Turn round, and from this height look back upon
 The town: from its black dungeon gate forth pours,
 In thousand parties, the gay multitude,
 All happy, all indulging in the sunshine!
 All celebrating the Lord's resurrection,
 And in themselves exhibiting as 'twere
 A resurrection too—so changed are they,
 So raised above themselves. From chambers damp
 Of poor mean houses—from consuming toil
 Laborious—from the work-yard and the shop;
 From the imprisonment of walls and roofs,
 And the oppression of confining streets;
 And from the solemn twilight of dim churches—
 All are abroad—all happy in the sun.
 Look, only look, with gaiety how active,
 Thro' fields and gardens they disperse themselves:
 How the wide water, far as we can see,
 Is joyous with innumerable boats!
 See, there, one almost sinking with its load
 Parts from the shore; yonder the hill-top paths
 Are sparkling in the distance with gay dresses,
 And, hark! the sounds of joy from the far village!
 Oh! happiness like this is real heaven!
 The high, the low, in pleasure all uniting—
 Here may I feel that I too am a man!"

GÖTHE.

The Whitsuntide of England, as it was, is given in some verses of the young poet Kirke White. They are not of the first order, but in all likelihood the result of actual observation:—

"Hark, how merrily, from distant tower,
 Ring round the village bells: now on the gale
 They rise with gradual swell, distinct and loud;
 Anon they die upon the passive ear,
 Melting in faintest music. They bespeak
 A day of jubilee, and oft they bear,
 Commixt along the unfrequented shore,
 The sound of village dance and tabor loud,
 Startling the musing ear of solitude.

Such is the jocund wake of Whitsuntide,
 When happy superstition, gabbling eld,
 Holds her unhurtful gambols. All the day
 The rustic revellers ply the mazy dance
 On the smooth shaven green, and then at eve
 Commence the harmless rites and auguries;
 And many a tale of ancient days goes round.
 They tell of wizard seer, whose potent spells
 Could hold in dreadful thrall the labouring moon,
 Or draw the fixed stars from their eminence
 And still the midnight tempest; then, anon,
 Tell of uncharnelled spectres, seen to glide
 Along the lone wood's unfrequented path,
 Startling the nighted traveller; while the sound
 Of undistinguished murmurs, heard to come
 From the dark centre of the deepening glen,
 Struck on his frozen ear."

KIRKE WHITE.

Herrick is especially the poet of our old holidays, and he shall tell us of the English Wake of the beginning of the seventeenth century:—

"Come, Anthea, let us two
 Go to feast, as others do;

Tarts and custards, creams and cakes,
 Are the junketts still at wakes;
 Unto which the tribes resort,
 Where the business is the sport:
 Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
 Marian, too, in pagentry;
 And a mimick to devise
 Many grinning properties.
 Players there will be, and those
 Base in action as in clothes;
 Yet with strutting they will please
 The incurious villages:
 Near the dying of the day,
 There will be a cudgell-play,
 Where a coxcomb will be broke,
 Ere a good word can be spoke:
 But the anger ends all here,
 Dreucht in ale, or drown'd in beer.
 Happy rustics! best content
 With the cheapest merriment;
 And possess no other fear
 Than to want the wake next year."

HERRICK.

We shall have more to say on the subject of Holidays when we come to May Games.

RAIN-MAKERS.

It is interesting to notice the great similarity in the manners and customs of different uncivilized nations. However much they may differ in the broad features of language and religion, yet the workings of the human heart and understanding, of human hopes and fears, produce results more or less common to all. In similar climates, similar means of defence against the weather are adopted, modified chiefly by the natural productions which are at hand; similar wants engender similar contrivances, and similar objects of fear or dread engender similar superstitions. The crafty operate upon the credulous by similar appeals to their cupidity; and generally, wherever an object is to be gained or a desire to be gratified, persons are ready to proffer the means for satisfying every want.

The Caffers of Southern Africa, the natives of Ceylon, the Mandans of North America, and other widely separated tribes, have their *rain-makers*, who pretend to command the clouds by means of certain magic charms of which they have the secret. These impostors naturally have most power in countries which are subject to frequent droughts and where the people depend for subsistence upon corn or cattle. Such is the case with the Caffers, among whom a belief prevails that rain can be withheld or granted at the will of their 'Igiakalumsulu,' or rain-doctors. They therefore seek the assistance of one of them with much ceremony:—The chief and his attendant warriors proceed in state to his dwelling with presents of cattle; and after signifying their request they institute a grand feast which often lasts many days, during which the impostor pretends that he is using his magic charms. They are at length dismissed with a variety of instructions, on the due observance of which the expected boon is made to depend. These instructions are generally of the most trivial nature—they are not to look back during their journey home; or they are not to speak; or they are to compel every one they meet to return home with them; and so on. If rain occurs, the credit is of course assumed by and conceded to the rain-maker; if disappointment ensues, they blame themselves and are blamed by him for want of exact attention to his instructions; the idle ceremony is again repeated; the poor people have again to make presents and to feast and to receive instructions; thus much time is consumed, during which the season of drought frequently passes away.

The Missionaries among these people have attempted to dispel the illusion. One of the most intelligent of the Caffers once visited Mr. Shaw and said he was determined to have the question set at rest, whether or no the rain-maker could produce rain. "We will have our rain-maker summoned to meet you in an open plain," said he, "when all the Caffers of the surrounding kraals shall be present, to judge between you and him." This was agreed to, and at the appointed time and place thousands of Caffers from the neighbouring country appeared in their war-dresses. Mr. Shaw being confronted with a celebrated rain-maker, declared openly that God alone gave rain; and offered to present the rain-maker with a team of oxen if he should succeed in causing any to descend within a certain specified time. This was agreed to; the rain-maker commenced his ceremonies, which are said to have been well calculated to impose upon an ignorant and superstitious people. The time having expired without any signs of rain, the chief who had convened the meeting inquired of the rain-maker why he had so long imposed upon them? The rain-maker evaded the question and complained that he had not been paid well enough for the rain, and he appealed to all present to say whether rain had not always been forthcoming on proper remuneration. Mr. Shaw here pointed out some half-famished cattle belonging to the rain-maker which were to be seen on an adjacent hill starving for want of pasturage; thus clearly proving that had he possessed the skill to which he pretended it was not likely he would have neglected his own interests. To this the rain-maker adroitly replied, addressing the people—"I never found a difficulty in making rain, until he came among us" (pointing to Mr. Shaw); "but now no sooner do I collect the clouds, and the rain is about to fall in copious showers on the dry and parched soil, than there immediately begins a sound of *ting, ting, ting*" (alluding to the chapel bell), "which puts the clouds to flight, and prevents the rain from descending on your land."* Mr. Shaw could not decide as to the effect of this ingenious plea upon the majority of the Caffers, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that the intelligent native who consulted him on the subject never made any more presents for rain.

The natives of Ceylon are also accustomed in dry seasons to seek the aid of the rain-maker. Major Forbes gives an account of one of these pretenders who having long plied a lucrative trade wished to retire from business; but the attempt nearly cost him his life. He had succeeded in thoroughly convincing the people of his ability to command rain; but they argued that a person endowed with so useful a faculty ought not to have the exercise of this talent left to his own caprice; but when required by a whole village he should be obliged to furnish rain in sufficient quantities: that if he did so he was to be liberally rewarded; but if he refused he was to be tormented with thorns or beaten into compliance. He had suffered many severe punishments, and it was in vain that he protested his want of authority over the clouds. A long continued drought was destroying the crops, and the people at length lost all patience. They dragged the poor rain-maker from village to village inflicting stripes at each halt. Even the chief of the district had determined on having rain by force, if fair means should fail, and accordingly ordered the cloud-compeller to be

conveyed to the village where rain was most required; while on his road thither he was so fortunate as to meet Major Forbes, whose protection he immediately claimed. "The old man stated that he was in terror of his life, for at present there was every appearance of continuance of the same dry weather that had already done so much mischief; and then gravely proceeded to prove to me by many oaths that it was no fault of his that no rain was forthcoming. I had some difficulty in protecting this old impostor, particularly as a few slight showers fell near his village, which was situated on one of the highest inhabited parts of the district; and I have no doubt the people thought, not that they had been the infatuated dupes of a rogue, but that I was imposed upon by a churlish wizard."

According to Catlin, the Mandans of North America not only have their rain-makers but their rain-stoppers also. These people raise a great deal of corn, the cultivation of which is entrusted to their women, who in times of drought implore their lords to intercede for rain. On the arrival of Catlin among them the little patches of corn were turning pale and yellow for want of rain. "The chiefs and doctors sympathised with the complaints of the women, and recommended patience. Great deliberation, they said, was necessary in these cases; and though they resolved on making the attempt to produce rain for the benefit of the corn, yet they very wisely resolved that to begin too soon might ensure their entire defeat in the endeavour, and that the longer they put it off the more certain they would feel of ultimate success." At length the "medicine-men," as their sages are called, assembled in the council-house with the necessary implements and a quantity of wild sage and other aromatic herbs, and a fire prepared to burn them, that their savoury odours might ascend to the Great Spirit.

Now as the "medicine-men" are selected from those who appear to be the chosen instruments of the Great Spirit, ten or fifteen young men on this occasion, offered to engage in the ceremonies about to be performed. They only were allowed to witness the spells of the doctors in the medicine-lodge; and they were nominated by lot, each one in his turn, to spend a day upon the top of the lodge to test the power of his medicine; that is, to see whether the clouds would obey his voice, while the doctors were burning incense and singing and praying for his success.

At sunrise, Wah-kee (the shield) was the first who ascended the wigwam; he stood all day and counted over and over again his mystery beads; the whole village assembled round him and prayed for his success; but not a cloud mitigated the heat of the day, and at sunset he descended from the lodge and went home: "his medicine was not good—it kept off the rain—he can never be a medicine-man!"

The next morning at sunrise Om-pah (the elk) ascended the lodge. His body was plastered over with yellow clay; he was armed with a shield and a lance; on his head was the skin of a raven, "the bird that soars amidst the clouds and above the lightning's glance;" he flourished his shield and brandished his lance, but no rain came.

The attempt on the third day was also without results; but on the fourth Wak-a-dah-ha-hee, or the White Buffalo's Hair, ascended the lodge. Now it happened that on this day the steam-boat Yellow Stone was on her first trip up the Missouri river, and in honour of the event approached the Mandan village, firing salutes from a twelve-pounder on her deck. The poor fellow on the roof of the lodge mistaking the report of the cannon for the thunder, although there was not a cloud to be seen, directed all his attention to the point from which the sound appeared to emanate, when from his elevated position he saw with horror a

* It is not a little curious that this idea should have entered the mind of the Caffer, corresponding as it does with the superstitions of nations more civilized than his own. That the sound of church bells had some supernatural power to drive away thunder-clouds and tempests was long believed in Europe; and therefore, on occasion of violent storms, regular peals were rung for that especial purpose.

roaring puffing monster approaching. He stood motionless for a long time and then in trembling accents addressed the people, "My friends, we shall get no rain; you see there are no clouds; but the power of my medicine is great; it has brought a *thunder-ship*! look and see it! the thunder you hear is out of her mouth, and the lightning which you see is on the waters."

The terror of the friendly Mandans being somewhat appeased on finding friends on board the steamer, and White Buffalo's Hair being somewhat flattered at the admitted power of his medicine, the cloud-compelling operations were for a time suspended, but the candidate having observed a black cloud jutting up in the horizon, he instantly seized his shield and with a bow in his hand again mounted the lodge. With his face and shield presented to the cloud and his bow drawn, he stood and harangued the village; he boasted of his superhuman powers whereby he could command the cloud to come nearer and draw down its contents upon the heads and the corn-fields of the Mandans. Thus he stood waving his shield, stamping his foot, and frowning as he drew his bow and commanded the cloud to rain. When the cloud was over the village he drew the arrow to its head, shot at the cloud and then exclaimed, "My friends! it is done. Wak-a-dah-hee's arrow has entered that black cloud, and the Mandans will be wet with the water of the skies!" His predictions were true; the rain shortly began to fall in torrents, and he descended from his high place to receive the style and title of *medicine-man*.

Mr. Catlin (whose account of the above we considerably abridge) remarks, that when the Mandans undertake to make it rain, they never fail to succeed, for their ceremonies are continued until the rain begins to fall. By some such infallible process have the *medicine-men*, the soothsayers, the conjurors, and the magicians of different ages and countries maintained their credit with the simple.

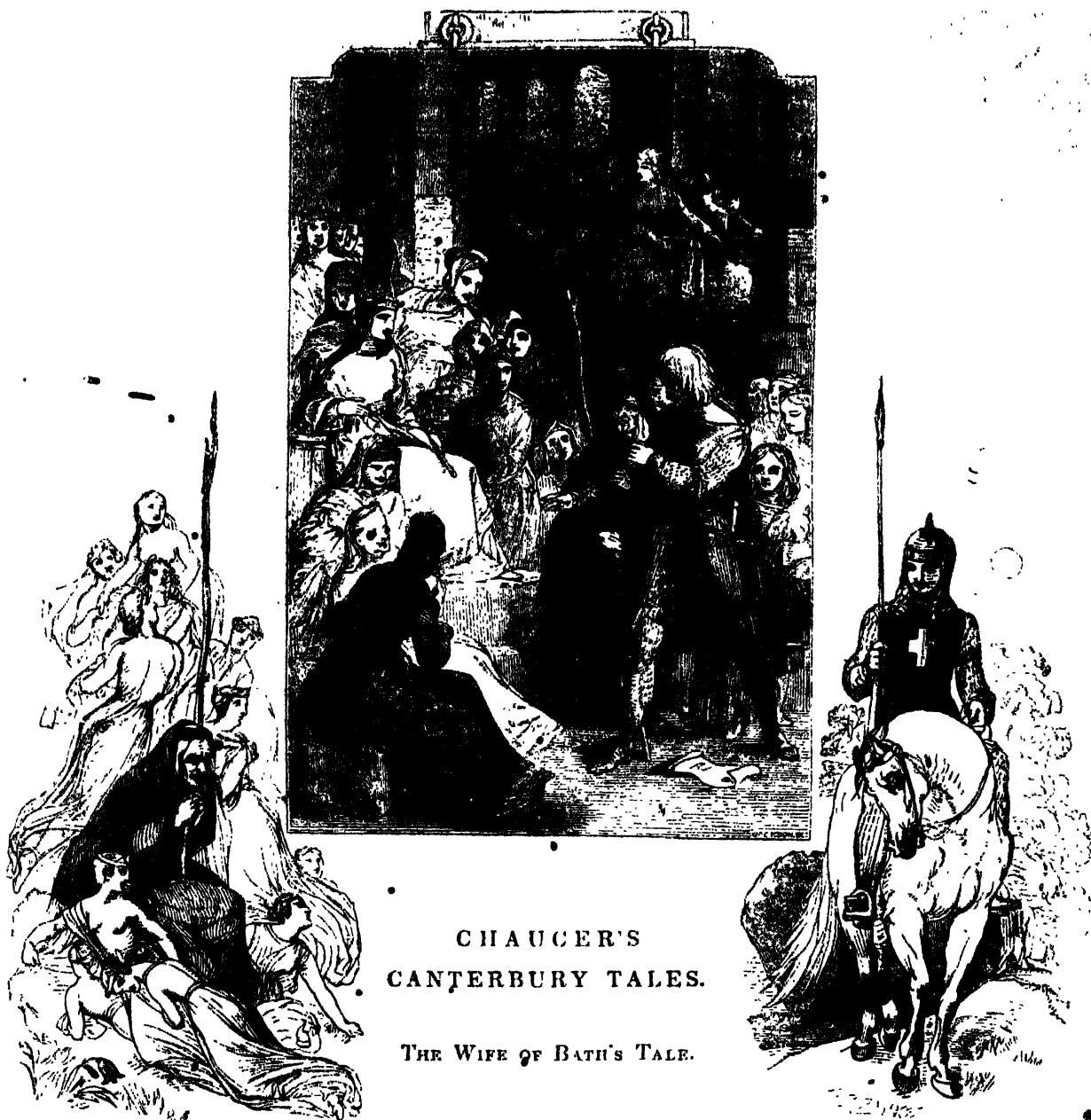
The Kangaroo.—This, the largest description of animal of any kind as yet discovered in Australia, abounds in many of the unsettled or thinly-populated portions of the country, and affords an object of both chase and food to the settler. In the Portland Bay district, I have seen flocks of these animals as numerous as thirty, or even more; and I have shot a *boomer*, in the vicinity of Mount Rouse, that weighed upwards of two hundredweight. The head and neck are gracefully formed, and small; the fore-feet short—not more than one-third the length of the hind ones; the body gradually increases in size towards the hind quarters; the hind legs are of great length, particularly the extreme joints, off which, and the tail, the animal springs. The termination of the leg is a sharp-pointed hoof, with which they will easily tear the largest dog completely open, if they are rushed on too unwarily. Across the hips is strong, thick, and firm; but in their enormous tails their greatest strength lies: off this, in nearly an erect posture, resting also on their hind legs, they will spring to an incredible distance—as much as twenty yards and more at a single bound. Up a hill, owing to their short fore-legs, their speed is great, whilst down it they are at a disadvantage—if going at speed, actually rolling completely over at times. This is the point at which they are most easily run into. The tail of the kangaroo is frequently found as large as twenty-five pounds, and makes one of the best soups that possibly can be imagined. The hind quarters, which are all the settler generally troubles himself to bring home (as the fore are uncommonly lean), make a capital substitute for venison; and I have eaten of a kangaroo stew—as good a dish as I ever would wish to partake of. The skin is largely used for upper leather for boots; and for softness, pliability, and beauty, is much superior to the best calf-skin. As an object of the chase, it affords much amusement both to the marksman and huntsman, but particularly the latter. Hunting in Australia is far different to a mere fox-chase in England. There the undulating open forest country, strewn here and there with the prostrate giants of its bosom, presents a far different and more exhilarating scene.

Your couple of powerful kangaroo dogs (twice the size and strength of greyhounds) are by your side; you ascend, quietly, a gentle acclivity; and before you, at some two hundred yards, a couple of *boomers* are quietly grazing. For a moment they gaze at you, and the next instant are bounding through the forest at a racing pace. Your dogs catch a glimpse of them, and are off in pursuit, whilst you, exhilarated with the opening sport, send your echoing cry through the glades and join in the chase, clearing dead trees, rocks, and all that obstructs your course. After a rapid run of some four or five miles, the kangaroo stands at bay, with his back to a tree; the dogs are either watching an opportunity to rush in, or are afraid to try the experiment: you slide up, and either distract the kangaroo's attention, so as to give the dogs an opportunity to effect their object, or at once settle the sport by the aid of your rifle.—*Reminiscences of Australia.*

Cry of the Jackal.—Troops of jackals, after dark, serenaded us with their mournful yelpings, of all cries the most sad and melancholy. Imagine some dozen children of tender age, mourning and sobbing to allay their pain, then bursting forth in chorus with bitter and heartrending lamentation; such is the cry of the jackal.—*Eothen.*

Whales mistaken for Rocks.—Captain King, of his Majesty's ship "Adventure," says:—"On the 1st of January, 1828, in latitude 43° 17', and longitude 61° 0', I was informed that we were close to a rock. Upon going on deck I saw the object; but in a very short time I perceived it was a dead whale, upon whose half-putrid body large flocks of birds were feeding. Many on board were, however, sceptical, until, on passing to leeward, the strong odour testified the fact. Its appearance certainly was very like the summit of a dark brown rock, covered with weeds and barnacles, and the myriads of birds which surrounded it added to the deception. It could, however, be distinguished by its buoyancy; for the water did not break over it, as of course it would have done had it been a fixed body. Such is probably the origin of half the 'vigias' that are formed on the charts. Whales, when struck by the fishers, frequently escape, and perish; the carcass then floats on the surface of the sea, until decomposed, or eaten by birds and fishes. A small vessel striking against such a mass would probably be severely injured; and at night the body, from its buoyancy, and the sea not breaking against it, would not be readily seen." Captain Fitz-Roy, of the "Beagle," writes:—"14th January, 1830. We were at this time running free, under treble-reefed topsails, with top-gallant yards and masts on deck; the wind being strong from west-north-west, but the weather tolerably clear. Suddenly the boatswain hailed, 'Hard a-port—a rock under the bows!' Round the little vessel turned, almost as fast as the order was given; but the thrill that shot through us was happily not the precursor of our destruction; for the supposed rock proved to be a huge whale which had risen close to the bows, and was mistaken for the top of a rock by the boatswain, who was looking out on the fore-castle, while I was at the mast-head, and the 'hands' were upon deck."—*Voyages of the Adventure and Beagle.*

Singular Aqueduct.—On entering the town of Perge (Asia Minor) I noticed a wall which at first I thought was Cyclopean, but afterwards found it to be of rock or stone without joints. On following it there appeared in places some jointed stone wall, and to my surprise I discovered that this had been an aqueduct, and that the deposit from the water had formed a solid mass, or cast, from which the stone walls which had formerly enclosed it had fallen away; in some places these walls remained, but were entirely encrusted in the deposit, which, having filled up the original water-course, extended over its sides, covering the whole structure, and giving the appearance of a solid stone wall. In many water-courses in the town I found the arch of masonry inclosing a solid mass of the stone formed by this deposit; and the earthen pipes which were placed upright against the buildings, some of six inches in diameter, were in many instances completely filled up, or had an opening or bore left not larger than a quill; these were probably rendered useless during the existence of the town.—*Fellows.*



CHAUCER'S CANTEBURY TALES.

THE WIFE OF BATH'S TALE.

In the olden days of King Arthur, this land was full of fairies, and

The Elf-queen, with her jolly company,
Dancèd full oft in many a greene mead.
This was the old opinion as I read ;
I speak of many hundred years ago ;
But now* can no man see none elves mo ;
For now the greates charity and prayères
Of limitours, and other holy freres,
That searchen every land, and every stream,
As thick as motes in the sunne-beam,
Blessing halles, chambers, kitchenes, and bowers,
Cities and boroughs, castles high and towers,
Thorpest† and barnes, sheepenes,‡ and dairies,
This maketh that there be no faeries,
For there as wont to walken was an elf,
There walketh now the limitour himself,

* It will be remembered that it is the Wife of Bath who is speaking, and in the fourteenth century.

† Villages, or other small places

Stables.

No. 842.

In undermeales,* and in morrowings,†
And saith his matins and his holy things,
As he goeth in his limitationn.‡
Women may now go safely up and down,
In every bush and under every tree,
There is none other incubus but he,
And he ne will do them no dishonour.

And it so befel, that this King Arthur had in his court a knight, a bachelor, who having grossly ill-treated a maiden, was brought before the king, and condemned in due course of law to death. The queen and other ladies, however, prayed very earnestly to the king for his pardon, who consented to place him in the queen's hands that she might save him or execute him as she pleased. The queen then said to the knight, "Thou standest yet in such a position, as to have no surety of thy life ; but

* Supposed by Tyrwhitt to refer to the period immediately following dinner.

† Mornings.

‡ The part in which the friar or limitour is licensed to beg.

I grant thee life, if thou canst tell me
What thing is it that women most desiren :
Beware, and keep thy necke bone from iron.
And if thou canst not tell it me anow,
Yet will I give thee leave for to gone
A twelvemonth and a day,

in order to seek and learn a sufficient answer. And I must have security before you depart, that you will again appear at this place."

Woe was the knight, and sorrowfully he siketh ; *
But what ?—he may not do all as him liketh ;

So he engaged to come again to the court at the year's end, with such answer as God would permit, and there-with took his leave.

And now wherever he has any hope to find favour, he seeks to learn what thing women love most, but no two agree in the answers they give him.

Some saiden, women loven best richéss,
Some saiden honour, some saiden joliness,
Some, rich array.

Some said that we are the best pleased in heart when flattered and praised, and I will not deny that they go near to the truth.

A man shall win us best with flattery ;
And with attendance, and with business,
Be we ylimed, bothe more and less.†

Some men said that we love best to be free, and act as we please, and that no one reprove our faults. And some said that we have great delight to be considered steadfast, and secret, and as betraying nothing that men tell to us. But that is a worthless tale. Certainly we women can conceal nothing. Witness Midas. Will ye hear the tale ? Ovid

— Said, Midas had under his longe hairs,
Growing upon his head two asses' ears ;
The whiche vice he hid, as he best might,
Full subtilly from every mannes sight,
That, save his wife, there wist of it no mo ;
He lov'd her most, and trusted her also ;
He prayd her, that to no créature
She n'ould not tellen of his disfigure.

She swore him,—nay, for all the world to win,
She n'oulde do that villany one sin,
To make her husband have so foul a name :
She n'ould not tell it for her owen shame.
But natheless her thoughts that she died
That she so longe should a counsell hide ;
Her thought it swelled so sore about her heart,
That needely† some word her must asurt ;
And since she durst not tell it to no man,
Down to a marais† faste by she ran ;
Till she came there, her hearte was a-fire ;
And as a bitter bumbleth in the mire,
She laid her mouth unto the water down.

"Bewray me not, thou water, with thy soun,"
Quod she ; "To thee I tell it, and no mo,
My husband hath long asses' eares two.
Now is my heart all whole, now is it out,
I might no longer keep it, out of doubt."

Full sorrowful was the knight in spirit, when he saw that he could not discover what he wanted, but he goes toward home, for the appointed day is come. In his way, he happened to ride by the side of a forest, where he saw a party of ladies dancing. Eagerly he went toward them, in hope of learning some wisdom applicable to his situation ; but before he reached the spot, the dancers had vanished, he knew not whither.

No créature saw he, that bare life,
Ege on the green he saw sitting a wife ;
A fouler wight there may no man devise.

* Sigheth.

† That is to say, both high and low,—ot rich and poor.
‡ Of need, necessarily. § Marsh.

She rose, and said, "Sir Knight, there lieth no way here ; tell me, on your faith, what ye seek,

Peraventure it may the better be,
These olde folk con muchel thing," quoth she.

"My dear mother," said the knight, "I am but dead, if I cannot say what thing it is that women desire most. Could you instruct me, I would reward you well."

"Plight me thy troth, here in my hand," quod she,
"The nexte thing that I require of thee
Thou shalt it do, if it be in thy might,
And I will tell it you, ere it be night."

"Have here my troth," quoth the knight. Then said she, "I dare vaunt that thy life is safe.

Upon my life the queen will say as I :
Let see, which is the proudest of them all,
That weareth on a kerchief, or a caul,
That dare say nay of that I shall you teach."

She then whispered in his ear, and bade him be glad, and have no fear.

When they reached the court, the knight said he had kept the day as he had promised, and that he was prepared with his answer. There assembled many a noble wife, many a maid, and—for that they are wise—many a widow. The queen herself sat as judge. The knight was ordered to appear, and silence having been commanded, was told to declare

What thing that worldly women loven best.

In a loud and manly voice, so that all the court heard his words, the knight then gave his answer :—

"My liege lady, generally," quoth he,
"Women desiren to have sovereignty,
As well over their husband as their love,
And for to be in mastery him above.
This is your most desire, though ye me kill ;
Do as you list, I am here at your will."

In all the court he was there wife ne maid,
Newidow, that contrariéd that he said,
But said, he was worthy to have his life.

And with that word up start this olde wife
Which that the knight saw sitting on the green.

"Mercy," quoth she, "my sovereign lady queen,
Ere that your court depart, as doth me right,
I taughte this answer unto this knight,
For which he plighte me his trothe there,
The firste thing I would of him require,
He would it do, if it lay in his might,
Before this court then pray I thee, Sir Knight,"
Quod she, "that thou me take unto thy wife,
For well thou wot'st that I have kept thy life :
If I say false, say nay upon thy fay."

This knight answer'd, "Alas, and well-a-way,
I wot right well that such was my behest.
For Goddes love, as choose a new request :
Take all my good, and let my body go."

"Nay then," quod she, "I shrew us bothe two :
For though that I be olde, foul, and poor,
I n'oulde for all the metal ne the ore,
That under earth is grave, or lieth above,
But if thy wife I werc, and eke thy love."

"My love," quoth he, "nay, rather my curse !

Alas ! that any of my nation
Should ever so foully disparaged be."

But all in vain are his lamentations :

The end is this, that he
Constrained was : he needes must her wed,
And take this olde wife.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.

AFTER an experience of about a quarter of a century, the benefits, the pleasures, and the moral advancement derived from these institutions, can be no longer a matter of doubt. In every town of England, Scotland, and Wales, and in very many places that rank scarcely higher than villages, they are now established and in active operation, conveying to the intelligent mechanic and artisan knowledge of the most varied kinds, from the most abstruse sciences to the most popular philosophy, withdrawing them from the debasing influence of the pot-house, rescuing them from the corroding waste of mental indolence, and banishing ennui and tedium from their solitary and social hours. That this success has been attained has in a great measure been owing to the fundamental principle laid down by the great founder of these institutions, Dr. Birkbeck, and his associates, that they should be entirely self-supported. Upon this principle the London Mechanics' Institute was founded, in 1823, the first in England, and the parent of a numerous progeny. For two-and-twenty years it has pursued its useful course, unassisted, except by the advance, by the benevolent founder, of the large sum of 3700*l.* for building expenses, but for which the Institution has paid interest; and of the principal they have paid off the sum of 1350*l.* During this time the number of subscribers has varied from a thousand to fifteen hundred, until within the last two or three years, in which the number has rapidly declined to about six hundred: owing chiefly, as the committee of the Institute are disposed to think, to the great depression in trade. But they add that, "in addition to the above-mentioned primary cause, the system of retrenchment, which it was necessary to pursue in order to keep the expenses within a limited income, has acted as an impediment to the restoration of the Institute to its former state of prosperity."

"But, perhaps (says the Report presented to the members by a special committee, appointed in the course of last year to consider the state of the Institution), no part of the Institution has suffered more from the want of funds than the library. Scarcely any sums have been set apart during the past six years for the purchase of the many new works issued from the press in every department of science and literature; while the most popular works in the library have become deteriorated through use and other circumstances attendant upon a continued circulation among so many persons, and subject to such frequent change of readers."

"Another cause (continues the Report) assigned for the decreased number of subscribers, is the want of accommodation in the reading-room, and your committee are of opinion that the Institution is, in this respect, much inferior to several others of a similar character which have of late years been established in the Metropolis."

"The inconvenient size of the reading-room has always been a just source of complaint on the part of the members, who are desirous of perusing the works contained in the library on the premises, as the present room will not conveniently contain more than thirty or forty individuals—a tithe only of those who may be expected to attend when the Institution is in a flourishing state: but the heavy expenses which had been sustained in building the Lecture-theatre, &c., would not have justified the managers, even in prosperous times, in incurring further responsibilities by constructing a more capacious reading-room."

To remedy these evils a meeting was held at the Institute on the 7th of May, to consult as to the means to be pursued. Lord Brougham, the friend and associate of Dr. Birkbeck in his earliest efforts, and the

earnest advocate of general education and the diffusion of knowledge wherever and whenever it can be effectually advocated, was in the chair, and was ably supported by the Bishop of St. David's, Lords Kinaird and Dudley Stuart, W. Ewart, Esq. M.P., Dr. Southwood Smith, Basil Montagu, Esq., and others. We cannot attempt to detail the proceedings or to give even a sketch of the eloquent speeches of, particularly, the chairman and the Bishop of St. David's; but they resulted in an appeal to the public for some assistance, which was responded to in the room to the amount of 360*l.*, Prince Albert being among the contributors for the sum of 20*l.*

It is not intended by this appeal to the public that the Institution should relinquish its distinguishing characteristic of being self-supporting, that it should look to patronage for a feeble existence, or seek for more than a little kind and friendly aid in what may be fairly considered an accidental misfortune. Moreover, the London Mechanics' Institute is and always has been peculiarly situated. As the first of its kind, its institution was necessarily tentative. It began upon a moderate scale and without ambitious aims. The attempt was received by the public with the greatest encouragement, and the system has developed itself into almost colossal greatness. But though successful beyond all expectation in its results, the success has been more plentifully reaped by the public than by itself. Other institutions of a like kind, not rival but at least similar institutions, rapidly sprung up around it; and while Liverpool and other provincial towns have each organized one large Institute, meeting in a noble building, furnished with an extensive library and other fitting accompaniments, London, with a number of useful though small establishments, sees the parent hive of them all labouring under distress, occasioned in part by its having thrown off so many successive swarms. It is, perhaps, not to be imagined that *one* Institute can be made to serve the congregated mass now known as London: the mechanic or artisan cannot be expected or even desired to come from Greenwich, or Kensington, or Wapping, or Chelsea, to the heart of the city to spend his evenings in the acquisition of knowledge that may almost as easily be brought to his own door, but at least something may and ought to be done, and we trust will be done, to re animate and sustain the stock whence so much good has proceeded, and which, from the locality in which it is situated, is yet capable of effecting much more.

Character of the Camel.—I spoke, awhile ago, of the patient, long-suffering expression of the camel's face; but your opinion of the camel will, I think, change, as mine did, upon further and more intimate acquaintance. The truth is, he is but an ill-conditioned beast after all. What you took for an expression of patience becomes one of obstinate, stupid, profound self-sufficiency. There is a vain wreathing of the neck, a self-willed raising of the chin on high, a drooping of the lack-lustre eye, and sulky hanging of the lower lip, which, to any who have faith in the indications of countenance and action, betoken his real temper. That that very peculiar roar of his, discordant beyond the roar of any other beast, which continues during the process of his being loaded, from the moment that the first package is girded on his back to when he clumsily staggers up upon his feet to begin his lazy journey, is a sound betraying more of moral degradation than any I ever heard from any other four-legged animal: a tone of exaggerated complaint and of deep hate, which the shape of his open mouth well assorts with. The dromedary is said to be to the camel what the thorough-bred horse is to the hack. But he who has ridden a dromedary will never again profane the qualities of the thorough-bred horse by using his name in any such company. The dromedary, it is true, is lighter than the camel, and capable of going much faster; but in temper and spirit he differs from him in nothing but in being even more obstinate.—*Lord Nugent's Lands Classical and Sacred.*

LOCOMOTION OF ANIMALS.—No. XV.

FLYING consists in the power which many animals possess of raising themselves in the air, and in moving through it in various directions, supported by the atmosphere alone.

We have seen in the article on Swimming, that man and many of the lower animals are very nearly equal in weight to an equal bulk of river water; consequently, a man's weight is very nearly, or quite supported, when he is immersed in water. But the case is widely different when he is in the air, as the density of this is to that of water very nearly as $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1000;

hence it follows that a man should be $\frac{1\frac{1}{2}}{1000}$ less in

weight than he is at present, in order that he might be supported in the air with as little effort as he is in water. The physical constitution of the air is also very different from that of water, and presents other obstacles to the efforts of a man to raise himself in that medium.

The air is compressible, and consequently much heavier near the surface of the earth than it is in the elevated regions of the atmosphere; and it appears from numerous experiments that, as the height increases in an arithmetical, the density decreases in a geometrical, progression. Thus, supposing an animal to ascend in the air $3\frac{1}{2}$, 7, 14 miles, the density at the surface, being unity, would decrease in the ratio of the numbers $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{8}$; so that if the animal were as light as the air itself at the surface of the earth, it would continually increase in weight with respect to it, as it ascended, and could not be supported unless a force equal to the difference between the weight of the animal and its own bulk of air were properly applied for that purpose.

It appears from an elaborate investigation of M. Chabrier, that the quantity of force expended, if the weight of the body be called W, is proportioned to \sqrt{W} directly, and inversely as the square root of the density of the air.

There are various methods of ascertaining that the air diminishes in weight as we ascend in it. We know that the barometer falls when taken to the top of an elevated hill; and it is owing to this circumstance that the barometer is used to measure the heights of mountains. The difference between the specific gravity of air, and that of most animals, is so great, that there are but a few species amongst the whole range of the mammalia that are capable of flying, and these possess very modified organs for that office.

Attempts have been made to construct mechanism that would enable man to propel himself in the air, and fly by means of his muscular movements. This, however, is not likely ever to be effected, in consequence of the great weight of his body with respect to that of the air which it displaces. We know that when adventurous persons have descended from the car of a balloon by means of a parachute, the surface of the latter which is presented to the wind must be very great to prevent too rapid a descent. The unfortunate termination of the life of Mr. Cocking arose from his not having estimated more accurately the quantity of surface, and, consequently, the strength of material that was necessary to prevent his falling with too great velocity. Indeed, we may dismiss the subject of a man

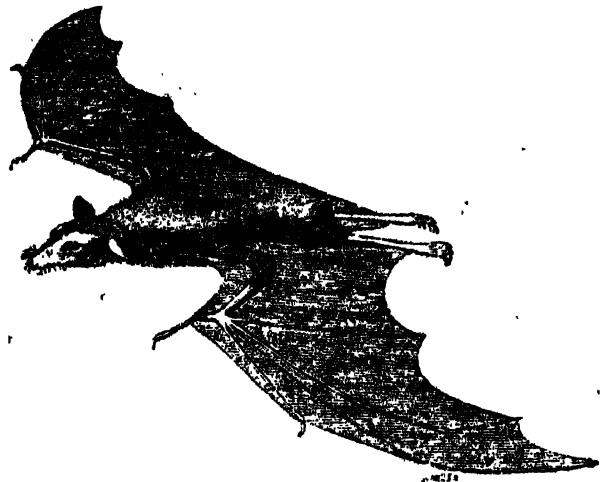
attempting to fly by the application of his muscular power, as being impossible at present known: but, seeing how extremely difficult it is for any heavy body to be

supported in the air, much more to fly, it must be a

very curious curiosity at least, to inquire into the means

† That is, by animals which are naturally endowed with

‡ Of course, of flight.



[Fig. 1, Kalong Bat.]

Amongst the higher orders of mammalia, we find the *Bats* possessing the greatest power of flight. The figure of the Bat resembles in some degree that of a bird. In order to render it fit for aerial progression, the body is small, and the bones of the skeleton are extremely light. The arms are long, and peculiarly constructed: the fore-arm has its motion restricted to flexion and extension, and cannot rotate upon its long axis like that of a man. This gives the arm a much greater degree of firmness during flight. The hand moves outwards and inwards horizontally, in the same manner as that of birds, and cannot move upwards and downwards on the fore-arm, which would weaken the force of the wing in flight.

The wing of the bat, instead of being clothed, and having its surface increased with feathers, is composed



Fig. 2, Flying Squirrel.]

of a membranous expansion, passing from the neck to the tail. In order to increase the surface of the wing, the bones of the fingers are very long; the thumb is not enclosed in the membrane, but lies in front of the wing, and terminates by a strong hook for prehension. In the bat the area of the wings, with respect to the weight of the body, is very considerable. Indeed the surface exceeds that of many birds. The muscles which move the wings are extremely powerful, and these animals are enabled to keep on the wing during a period of many hours. They appear also to be endowed with an extraordinary and peculiar sensibility, and can fly through an intricate labyrinth, even when deprived of sight. The velocity of some species of the bat tribe is very great. They chase and capture the insects on which they prey, whilst on the wing.

There are some other species of mammalia said to be capable of flying, such as the *Galeopithecus*, or flying-cat, and the *Pteromys Alpinus*, or flying-squirrel, but the notion is entirely without foundation. They are certainly provided on each side with an expanded membrane, as seen in *Fig. 2*, but these membranes have by no means the surface requisite to enable them to fly; neither are they capable of moving like the wings of birds. They may be useful as parachutes, to break their velocity of descent in falling or leaping from trees, but could never raise the body again from the ground into the air.

Birds.—Most birds are capable of flight, but their facility of flying varies in different orders, and some, as the ostrich and cassowary, are devoid of the power of flight altogether; but this defect is compensated by their great speed in running, as has been already shown in No. X.



[Fig. 3, The Great Owl.]

In the ostrich and cassowary the wings are very small, and the body extremely heavy, both which circumstances are unfavourable to flight; but in birds which are endowed with great velocity, the converse of this is found, the body being very light, and the surface of the wings large.

In order to adapt birds for flight, the Creator has bestowed upon them the most refined mechanism. The skeleton is extremely light, and the bones hollow and filled with air: the body is traversed by air cavities. The figure of a bird is such as to present a very small amount of surface to the wind in the direction of its motion, so that during its flight the animal is retarded as little as possible by the resistance of the air. In birds of passage, such as woodcocks, &c., which are known to cross the sea five hundred miles at one flight, Sir George Cayley* found the length of the wing to be three and a half times that of its greatest transverse section. The feathers keep the body warm, and tend to increase its surface, without adding materially to its weight. The muscles which move the wings are very large, and endowed with great power. In some birds they are capable of continued action during many successive days. The figure of the wing is nearly triangular, and the surface decreases as the distance increases from the shoulder joint, which is the axis on which the wing moves (*Fig. 3*). This figure of the wings is of great importance for rapid flight, as it enables the muscles to move them with greater velocity than they could do, if the surface increased with the distance from the body of the bird. The wing is also concave below, and convex above, so that the down is much more effectual than the up stroke. The bones of the fore-arm and fingers which support the wing are jointed, so that the wing unfolds itself outwards horizontally after it has been raised in the air, as in the bats; and by these means the wing is prevented from yielding, both in the up and down stroke, to the resistance of the wind. The tail of the bird performs the office of a rudder, and tends, by its elevation or depression, to elevate or depress the head. The elevation of the tail raises the head, and *vice versa*.

The mechanical effects of the tail will be found demonstrated by Borelli, and also in the 'Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology.'† The tail is also turned obliquely to alter the course of the bird, but the effects of this organ are not very powerful in directing its path to the right or left.

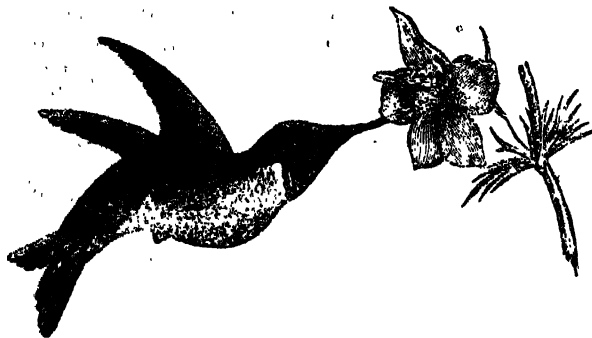
The number of flappings which any bird must make in order to fly, depends on the weight of the bird, the surface of the wings, and the specific gravity of the atmosphere, the earth's gravity being supposed constant at all heights to which any bird ascends. In most of the smaller orders the wings move with very great rapidity; indeed, far too great to enable us to count them by the eye. The wings of the diminutive and beautiful humming-bird oscillate with sufficient rapidity to emit a humming sound; hence its name. If we can be satisfied that it is the number of flappings of the wings which determines the pitch of the sound produced, we have a ready method of ascertaining the number made in a given time, because we can easily find in any work on Acoustics, how many oscillations are necessary to produce the required tone.

The velocity with which any bird moves depends on the number of flappings made by the wing in a unit of time, each flapping being supposed to constitute one elevation and one depression of the wing. It is estimated by M. Chabrier that the swallow expends as much force merely to sustain itself in the air, as would be sufficient to raise its own weight 27.5 feet per second, and that its number of flappings is about 75

* See 'Mechanics Magazine,' No. 708, March 4, 1837.

† Vol. ii. p. 429.

per second. This estimate of the number of flappings is, however, obviously greater than the bird employs; and notwithstanding all the care and attention which M. Chabrier has bestowed on the subject, it is found that birds fly with much less expenditure of muscular force than would appear to be necessary by mathematical analysis.*



[Fig. 4. Humming-Bird.]

The velocity of some birds is very considerable. It has been said that the Eider-duck can fly 90 miles in an hour, and the hawk 150 miles in the same time: there is, however, reason to suspect the accuracy of these accounts. With regard to the pigeon the case is different. It is well known that these birds are trained to transmit intelligence on special occasions in which great speed is required; and their velocity has in consequence been more accurately taken. Very recently two trained pigeons were started from Brighton at the same time; one arrived in London in 70 minutes, and the other in 78 minutes. Now, if we estimate the distance traversed by the birds in question at 49 miles, it follows, by the rule of three, that the bird which accomplished the journey in 70 minutes travelled at the rate of 42 miles per hour, and the other at that of 38 miles; and it is probable that the former is about the maximum velocity of the pigeon. It appears that in general pigeons make about 23 flappings of the wing in 5 seconds. The rook, which has a large surface of wings, makes from about 10 to 15 effective strokes in a second.

Some birds, the lark for instance, ascend vertically in a right line into the air to such heights as to become quite invisible, during which movement they pour out their well-known joyous song, so pleasing to the ear in consequence of its peculiar melody, and purity of tone. The warbling of this bird is distinctly heard even when the little songster itself appears in the zenith (owing to its great altitude) as a mere speck.

"Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings!"

Cymbeline.

When birds poise themselves in one position in the air, their wings oscillate in very small arcs compared with the arc through which they sweep when in rapid motion.

Many of the small, and indeed some of the larger birds, such, for example, as the woodpecker, move from one place to another by a series of jerks, produced by three or four strokes of the wings made in rapid succession; immediately after which they close their wings, whilst the body is forced forwards like a projectile, in the path of a parabolic curve. Of all known birds, the great condor of South America appears to have the

* Sir George Cayley has estimated that a force equivalent to one-horse power (raising 550 pounds one foot high in a second), if applied to appropriate machinery, would sustain 115 pounds in the air. This, however, he considers only an approximate value, but perhaps not far from the truth.

greatest power on the wing. It is said to be capable of elevating sheep and other animals into the air, and of carrying them to the mountains, to feed upon at leisure. The greatest weight it is capable of supporting in the air is not accurately known, but is doubtless very considerable.

WICLIF, THE REFORMER.

(From *Rambles by Rivers*—The Arvon. Weekly Volume.)

THE bitterness of his language has been bitterly de-claimed against. Placid literary gentlemen, sitting at their ease by the quiet fire-sides of their well-carpeted studies, find his harshness of speech unbearable and indefensible. And indeed it were to be wished that he had spoken of the evil he saw about him and of his adversaries with the meekness of a modern controversialist: but some allowance must be made for the difference of the times; and in truth it must be confessed he was a lion at his gentlest, little likely to "roar you an't were any nightingale." With him his task was an earnest one, not a struggle for life or death merely,—he had a testimony to deliver, and woe to him if he did not deliver it. He looked on it as a quarrel of more than personal or even temporal interest, and, to use the mighty words of Milton, wanted not that it should be shivered into small fragments and bickerings. And the truth is, no reformer ever did use only mild phrasology; as Luther said of himself in like circumstances, "a man fighting with the devil and his myrmidons, cannot always give soft words." It does seem to me, after reading many books about it, and weighing the matter as well as I am able, that he was in very deed a man of a true and honest heart—a fervent, holy man; and that it was from an earnest depth of character and profound reverence for truth, and not from a cautious "feeling of his way," as has been said, that the progressive development of his views arose. He proclaimed only what he was assured of; but as he saw further, and felt convinced that, by solemn inquiry and sober reflection, he now did know more, so he withheld no longer his testimony. How could he? He may have gone too far, he may have been mistaken in some things, but that he sought after the truth, and that he found it, is to me certain.

That he sought the protection of the might of the land is true, and yet not marvellous; and, whether right or wrong, is exactly what Luther did after him, and what any wise man would have done in his circumstances, if such protection were to be had. That he shrank from danger is not true, any more than it would be to say that he ran into it. An enthusiast might do the one, a hypocrite or coward the other: he was neither, and so he neither courted danger nor by falsehood sought to avert it. By some he has been charged with appealing to the people; others have found little more than scholastic subtleties in his writings. One thing is clear, whatever the form, there appeared to be no indecision or indefiniteness in his main views to his contemporaries. On some points it was like enough he was subtle and obscure too. Dr. Lingard, in summing up his character, which he does with the extraordinary fairness that is characteristic of him in all ecclesiastical matters, says, that in regard to the Eucharist "he taught a doctrine similar to the impanation of Luther;" and that when called upon to defend his views thereon, "he intrenched himself behind so many unintelligible distinctions, that it will be difficult for the most acute logician to discover his meaning." Which is quite probable. It would indeed rather surprise one ever so little read in the theology of the period before his time, to discover any one who did not admit the generally received opinion of the church clear the subject from the entanglement of

these scholastic subtleties. A century and a half later it was the rock upon which Luther and his disciples had nearly made shipwreck of their common cause. That he had faults is beyond question, but, as it has been finely said by Southey, "considering the intrepidity and ardour of his mind, it is surprising that his errors were not more and greater. A great and admirable man he was; his fame, high as it is, is not above his deserts; and it suffers no abatement upon comparison with the most illustrious of those who followed in the path which he opened."

Besides his own teaching he insured the propagation of his views by calling in the aid of a number of assistants, his "poor priests" as he called them, and also by the translation of the Old and New Testaments; and these means, no doubt, did more to diffuse his opinions than his own preaching. His New Testament, according to Professor Blunt (a sufficient authority in such a matter), "might at this day be read in our churches without the necessity of many, even verbal alterations; and on comparing it with the authorised version of King James, it will be found that the latter was hammered on Wiclif's anvil."

We may say, indeed, that Wiclif did more than any for several centuries before him to break the fetters from the soul of man; to produce and perfect that spiritual freedom, possessing which alone, the human intellect can walk erect. The mighty truth he again proclaimed, that erring man must strive to render to his Maker a reasonable service, and that his Divine Master will stoop to aid him therein if he in faith and humility seek his aid. Obscured as religion had then become with the thick piles of ^{sauley} intercession, penances, and money-worship, such an unfolding of the divinity must, one would think, have come to a thoughtful mind as a most sublime revelation; and if to us a still clearer vision has been opened, let us not withhold honour from him who amid the thick darkness sought after and found a way to the heavenly throne, and pointed it out to others, that they too might walk therein. Were I ever so to differ from his opinions, did I hate them even, I think I should still reverence the man.

Like the great accomplisher of the Reformation, which he only commenced, he died in peace. While in the discharge of his ministerial duties he was stricken, and hardly could be conveyed to a chair in his vestry, when his spirit ascended where all is true and clear and blissful. They buried his corpse in the church, and there for some forty years it slept in its quiet bed. But when at Constance that council sat which has crowned itself with eternal infamy by its treacherous murder of Huss and of Jerome, it was ordained that it should rest there no longer. Wiclif's doctrines were condemned, and his body ordered to be exhumed and burnt, "if it could be discerned from those of the faithful." Fuller shall tell the rest:—"In obedience thereto, Richard Fleming, bishop of Lincoln, diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick sight sent at a dead carcass!) to ungrave him accordingly. To Lutterworth they come, summer, commissary, official, chancellor, proctors, doctors, and the servants (so that the remnant of the body would not hold out a bone amongst so many hands), take what is left out of the grave, and burn them to ashes, and cast them into Swift, a neighbouring brook running hard by. Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wiclif are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." "I know not," says Fuller, in another place, "whether the vulgar tradition be worth remembrance, that the brook into which Wiclif's ashes were poured, never since overflowed the

banks." It is worth remembering for one thing, at least, as a proof of the estimation in which he was held by the people.

The pulpit from which he preached still stands in the church. It is of oak, rather richly carved, but the carving is almost filled up with thick coats of varnish. Only the body of the pulpit is ancient; the other parts are carved in a kind of resemblance of it, but they are much inferior. A plain old oak chair is also shown as that in which he is said to have died. It stands in the vestry, where is also his table; and on the wall hangs an old velvet robe by time and the worms brought to decay, and not by them alone, for it is enclosed in a glass case to preserve it from human visitors, who generally carried off a fragment. His portrait, too, is there—a grave, venerable head, expressive of much, but wanting the fire that must have been in his eye. Whether it is at all authentic I know not. A few years back the people of Lutterworth erected a memorial to their great rector. It is a basso-relievo representing him preaching from the altar, and is a work of much merit. The sculptor of it is Mr. Westmacott, jun., and, like all his works, it exhibits the marks of genius, knowledge, and careful thought. The church itself is a large one, but it is much to be regretted that the interior has been at various times altered in such a manner as quite to have changed its character. The only thing that ever appears to have been thought of was to make as many sittings as possible, a matter of course most desirable—particularly if the town was not sufficient for another church—but some regard should have been shown to the preservation of the ancient appearance of such a church. The present tall pews are comparatively recent: there are a few of the first pews in the side aisles which have some carving about them; on one of these I noticed the date 1637.

INSECTS USED AS FOOD.

It is easy to imagine that in circumstances of extreme distress and scarcity of food a man may be driven to make use of expedients for the appeasing of his hunger that at another time would fill him with disgust, but it certainly does excite surprise when we find that through a mere love of novelty, or for the sake of gratifying a pampered appetite, the epicure will sometimes select articles of diet which would seem equally strange and revolting to a well-regulated taste. Thus the Roman epicures were very fond of eating the cossus, or worm of the oak, accounting it one of their greatest dainties; and thus also at the luxurious tables of West Indian epicures, particularly the French, the caterpillar or maggot of the palm-tree is served up as the most inviting morsel of the Western world.

But not only has the extremity of famine, or the false taste of epicurism, led men to the adoption of insect food; there are nations in the world, a considerable portion of whose food consists of insects and their eggs: and when we consider the necessities of the human race in the more inhospitable regions of the earth, it becomes a subject of admiration that it is not with man, as with the lower animals, ordained that some particular class of food shall be his sole nourishment; but that he is left omnivorous; so that throughout the whole zoological system there is scarcely a class from which, either in one or other country, he does not convert some or many of its species to the purpose of wholesome food.

From the recital of travellers we learn that the white ant is commonly eaten by Hottentots near the Cape of Good Hope, by the poorer ranks of people in some parts of the East Indies, and by the inhabitants of various parts of South America. Lieutenant Paterson, speaking of the Hottentot country, says that he

observed several of the Hottentots and slaves collecting the white-winged ants, with which their country abounds; and on inquiry, he found that they were intended for food. This traveller, indeed, is of opinion that Europeans are unreasonably prejudiced against this kind of food; for having been compelled during his journeys in that country to make occasional use of it, he found it "far from disagreeable."

Smeathman, speaking of the same kind of diet, informs us that the African mode of collecting and cooking the insects is to skim off from the waters with calabashes the ants that, at the time of swarming or of emigration, fall into them; and then bringing them to their habitations, to parch them in iron pots over a gentle fire, frequently stirring them, as if they were roasting coffee. In that state, without any addition, the natives consider them a delicious food, and put them by handfuls into their mouths. Our traveller states that he ate them several times cooked in this way, and thought them delicate, nourishing, and wholesome. Some gentlemen with whom he conversed respecting this diet spoke of it as delicious, one comparing it to sugared marrow, another to sugared cream, or a paste of sweet almonds. Baron de Geer, without describing the mode of cookery, mentions the fact of the Hottentots using these insects as a common article of diet, and says that they grow fat upon them.

An essay on these insects was read before the Society of Naturalists of Berlin by Mr. König, in which he states that in some parts of the East Indies the queen-termites is swallowed alive by old men for strengthening the back; and that by certain fetid fumigations the ants are expelled from their nests, and collected in vast quantities. Of these insects the inhabitants make with flour a variety of pastry, which they sell at a low price to the poor. This kind of food is extremely abundant, but the inordinate use of it brings on an epidemic colic and dysentery, which occasions death in two or three hours.

The use of the locust* as food is established by the testimony of the earliest historians and travellers. From the period of that express permission given in the scriptures (*Levit. xi. 22*) to eat "the locust after its kind," down to the present time, this insect appears to have formed an important article of food in many parts of the East. There is therefore little reason for endeavouring to explain away, as some writers have done, the simple announcement of Scripture that the "meat" of St. John in the wilderness consisted of "locusts and wild honey." (*Matt. iii. 4.*) Though not a very nutritious diet, the locust is wholesome, and tolerably palatable. Some of the ancient authors, in describing this kind of food, give marvellous accounts both of the insect itself and of its effects on those who fed on it. Pliney states that the locusts of India are three feet long, and that their dried legs and thighs are used by the people as saws! Dioscorus Siculus, speaking of the Acridophagi, or locust-eaters of Ethiopia,* says that they lived only forty years, for that insects with wings were generated under the skin, causing intolerable itchings; and the sufferer, having torn them out with his nails, at last died in miserable tortures. Herodotus describes the locust as being dried in the sun, ground to powder, and eaten with milk by the Nasamonæ, a nation of Libya.

It is well known that in Persia, Arabia, Syria, Egypt, Barbary, Ethiopia, and even in some of the southern countries of Europe, locusts have been and are still eaten. In some places they are fried until the wings and legs drop off, and in that state are sold

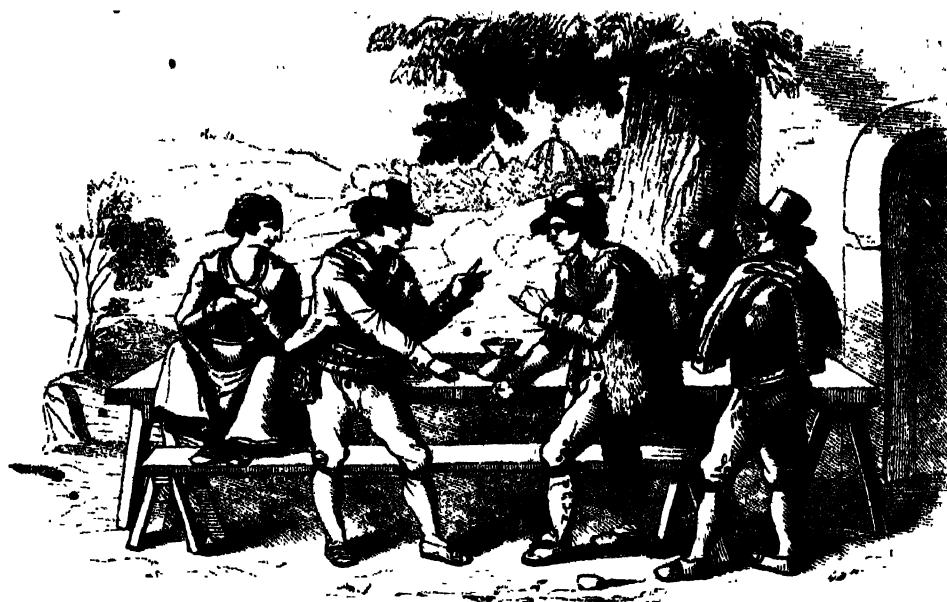
in the markets, and eaten with rice and dates, sometimes flavoured with salt and spices: in others they are broiled or baked in an earthen pan, being caught for that purpose in large numbers in nets. In the markets of Arabia salted locusts are common. But the methods of cooking the insect are various: they are ground in hand-mills, made into cakes, and baked; or they are broiled, boiled in milk, fried in oil, or roasted alive. When fried they turn reddish, like shrimps, and taste like cray-fish. While in Persia, Sir John Chardin saw the air darkened by them as if by clouds. Prodigious numbers, and of a very large size, fell to the ground, and the peasants gathered them up, dried and salted them, and used them as common food. This was in March, and the people told him that at that season such clouds appeared almost every evening. In some parts of Barbary the locusts are three inches long, and extremely voracious. In Morocco they are said to be so highly esteemed, that the price of provisions falls when locusts have entered the neighbourhood. The Calmucks do not use them as food, but they prize highly the antelopes, sheep, and other animals which have been fattened upon them. The wolves seldom or never attack the flocks of the Calmucks when the locusts are at hand to appease their hunger. At Sarcapta some hogs became unusually fat by having fed for some time entirely upon dead locusts which had been drowned in the Volga, and thrown in heaps upon the shore.

Steedman, travelling in the interior of Southern Africa, observed the Hottentots feeding fowls with locusts out of a large sack, and was surprised to see with what avidity they devoured them. The game birds shot in that part of the country had also a strong disagreeable flavour, in consequence, as was supposed, of feeding on these insects. The Hottentots and Bushmen esteem the locust most highly when plump and full of eggs: they make a brown soup of them, and appear to thrive on this diet.

But although locusts are esteemed as excellent food by nations whose supplies of provisions are not always abundant, yet it does not appear that they are nutritious enough to support the constitution for any considerable time in a state of vigour. It is said that those who feed almost entirely upon them become at last very weak, thin, and indolent. In this state of health they are evidently predisposed to a complaint which is said to arise from the pestilential effluvia of these insects when they swarm in any country and lie long upon the ground.

Thus it appears that if various species of insects are used as food by mankind, the custom is comparatively so rare, and the circumstances under which it has prevailed are so peculiar, and, in most cases, so evidently arise out of the low scale of civilization and consequent limited resources of the people adopting it, that we must still conclude that insect diet is generally and naturally obnoxious to the taste of man, and frequently injurious in its effects on the human constitution. Could the poor, indolent, and degraded Hottentot be roused to sufficient energy and exertion to secure to himself the ordinary comforts of life, we should soon find him abandoning a sort of diet which nothing probably but his own improvident habits, and the state of destitution in which he consequently finds himself, would ever have induced him to resort to. As respects the assertion that he grows fat on this kind of diet when used in moderation, we should rather incline to the opinion that he grows fat in spite of it, and in consequence of the indolence which forms the prevailing feature in his character.

* The natural history of the locust is given in the 'Penny Magazine,' No. 115; and an account of the locust swarms of Asia in No. 719.



[Game of Morra—From Pinelli.]

IL GIUOCO DELLA MORRA.

THE game of the Morra, which is very ancient in Italy, is thus played:—

Two men or boys (we never saw women or girls play at it) place themselves opposite to each other, and at the same instant of time each throws out his right hand, with so many fingers open and so many shut or bent upon the palm, and each of the players, also at the same instant of time, cries out the number made by adding his adversary's open fingers to his own. Thus if A. throws out three fingers and B. four, and A. cries seven, and B. eight, or any other number not the true one, A. marks a point in the game. If both cry right, then, as a matter of course, there is a tie, and the throw goes for nothing. This to the uninitiated may seem a very childish and a very easy game, but the difficulty of it is far greater than can be well conceived without seeing it played; and success in the game does not depend upon chance, but upon superior quickness of sight. Each player knows the number of fingers he himself throws out, but he must catch at a glance the number thrown out by his adversary, whose movements, like his own, are as quick as lightning, and as he sees he must call out the joint number, his adversary doing the same. This game is mentioned by ancient Roman writers under the name of "micare digitis," and the glittering or flashing of the finger is descriptive of its nature. The fingers are now open, now shut; the hand is now in the air, and now down at the side; and throw follows throw and call follows call as quick as the muscles can move or the tongue speak. The first time we saw the game played, we were amazed at this rapidity and at the loud voices and excited passionate expression of the players, who were only playing for about a penny-worth of wine. Their eyes flashed and their voices sounded like the simultaneous discharge of a brace of large pistols, it being scarcely possible, to our unpractised eye and ear, either to see the number of fingers that were opened or to distinguish by the ear who cried one number or who another. But two bystanders who acted as umpires, and who were almost equally excited, seemed to make these distinctions very well. When the first game was decided, which happened in a very few seconds, the two fellows played another, and getting more and more inflamed, they went on throwing out

hands and fingers, and bawling numbers, as Quattro! Sei! Otto! Cinque! Nove! &c. until their voices were hoarse and their arms so tired that they could no longer keep up the rapid movement. As a man gains a point by hitting the right number, he marks it with a finger of his left hand which is kept motionless, but generally raised above the shoulder. Five points make the game, and when the thumb and four fingers of the left hand are all expanded, then the lucky owner of that hand cuts a caper and sometimes cries Fatto! (Done!) or Guadagnato! (Gained!) or Ho vinto! (I have conquered!) Not once, but many a time have we seen the losing party in his mad spite bite the fingers of his right hand until the blood came. But this valuable extremity of the human frame is very liable to bites in the south of Italy, for not only do men bite their thumbs to show their contempt of their enemies in the manner which Shakspeare has recorded in the first scene of 'Romeo and Juliet,' but they also bite and almost gnaw their fingers whenever they are exceedingly vexed and disappointed. We once heard a Capuchin friar in the Mercato, or great market-place, of Naples preach rather a long sermon on the evil practice of finger-biting, which he denounced as heathenish and Saracenic. We have said that five points make the game; but we believe that Morra, like whist, has its longs and shorts, and that in the long game ten points are needed. We have also said that the player throws open so many fingers of his right hand and keeps so many shut; but he may, if he chooses, throw open all the fingers of his right hand, and this upon occasions he does. It sometimes happens that both players simultaneously throw out five fingers.

The worst of the Giuoco della Morra is, that it frequently leads to violent quarrelling. Involuntary mistakes will happen, and at times men will try to cheat. Notwithstanding the marvellous quickness of their keen, black, and well-practised eyes, both players and umpires will now and then be at fault, and fierce disputes will arise about the number of glittering fingers which have been thrown. Their ears too are occasionally at fault, and then with equal violence they will dispute whether it was the voice of A. or the voice of B. that cried the right number. Whenever fives were thrown there was a greater chance of fierce dispute, for one of the players was very likely to say that he had not extended his thumb, but had only

opened his four fingers; and certainly this thumb point, which we ourselves could never attain to, seemed to be of difficult attainment to "i più periti giuocatori," the most experienced players. Although private assassination and the use of the stiletto and knife had happily declined in Italy, we regret to say that some twenty years ago knives were not unfrequently drawn after a disputed game at Morra. On this account attempts have been made at various times to put down the sport; but in our time it flourished greatly and seemed indestructible. It was in vogue among the common people of Rome, and more especially among the Trasteverini, or those rough and somewhat turbulent fellows who dwell in the part of the city beyond the Tiber. But the greatest professors and most ardent followers of the game were the Lazzaroni and common people of the city of Naples, and the neighbouring towns in the Terra di Lavoro. In this the sunniest part of the south there never was fair, festa, saint's day, or other holiday, in which il Giuoco della Morra was not played for wine and nuts, melons, sweetmeats, or other refreshments, by thousands; and at these great meetings the air rang and re-echoed with the sharp loud volleys of the players. The confusion and wildness of noise is scarcely to be imagined, except by one who has been at the Festa della Madonna dell' Arco, or the Festa di Pie di Grotta, or some other great Neapolitan festival. In loudness of voice the Neapolitans excel every other people in the world, and they are, perhaps, never so loud-tongued as when under the excitement of this game. If mistakes and quarrels arise when the game is played singly, it may well be imagined that they are more likely to occur when many pairs are playing close together and flashing their fingers and shouting their numbers all at one time. Moreover on those great celebrations more wine than usual was drunk, and in these very excitable people even a slight intoxication by wine was apt to seem very near akin to madness. We forget what saint's or what Madonna's day it was when, being on our way from Posturno and Salerno to Naples, we rode into the town of Torre dell' Annunziata, which stands by the sea-shore at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, at a short distance from the ancient city of Pompeii. It is here that the best macaroni is made: this manufacture gives employment to many persons, and the town of Torre dell' Annunziata was one of the most prosperous and quiet and orderly places in the kingdom. But on this glorious summer evening as we rode into the town, we heard the most savage yelling and saw a great many knives flashing in the air, and fellows running hither and thither and uttering the most fearful exclamations. At the same time some hundreds of women screamed and shrieked and tore their hair or bit their fingers. It looked as if Masaniello, that marvellous fisherman, had come back to life to make a new state revolution; but we very soon ascertained that all this hubbub and drawing of knives had originated in some disputed games at Morra. It was more owing to the screams and tears and entreaties of the women than to any exertion of some half-dozen of gendarmes that an end was put to hostilities; but this desirable event did not happen until several of the knives we had seen in the air had been wetted in human blood. Such was the tragical part of la Morra. The comic part, however, was often very rich, and the game offered the quiet observer an excellent opportunity for studying expression and gesticulation. In the summer time there was no going in the evening into any street or lane of the lower part of the city of Naples, without hearing the shouts of fellows that were playing at this ancient and primitive game; but we are told that his present Neapolitan majesty has so far succeeded in his social reforms as to diminish within his capital the amount

and frequency of the sport. Madame de Staël and other travellers who wrote at the beginning of the present century, grossly exaggerated the number of the Neapolitan Lazzaroni; yet as late as the year 1827 there were certainly many hundreds of men, bearing the name of Lazzaroni, who had no home or habitation, who slept pell-mell, scores together, in the porches of the churches, who had scarcely any clothes beyond a coarse cotton shirt, a pair of tattered trowsers, a red sash round the waist, and a red woollen night-cap, who gained a precarious subsistence by running of errands or doing any chance work, and who would never work at all if they had but money enough to buy food for the day. We are informed by a friend in a recent letter from Naples, that the last of these men have disappeared or are fast disappearing, and that a genuine Lazzaro is now a very rare sight. They were once a power in the state, and had their Capo, or head or chief, who was elected by their own suffrages, and officially recognised by king, church, and government. The Giuoco della Morra may have suffered through this change, although the game was far from being confined to the Lazzaroni.

THE PEDESTRIAN'S PRIVILEGES.

[From Rambles by Rivers—The Avon. Weekly Volume.]

We will quit our river, and proceed up Watling Street, and across some fields to Lutterworth, which stands on a hill beside the Swift, a tributary of our river. There is nothing to call for notice on our way to Lutterworth, some three miles; and therefore we will strike across the fields the nearest way, taking the opportunity of having a little general gossip till we reach it. These fields will in themselves afford little more that is interesting or striking than any we have passed over. There are a few broad prospects, and some tracts of country that are pleasing in character, but on the whole the traveller will have considerable calls on his patience. And this he must learn to endure if he wishes to enjoy country scenery, and country life, wherever he bends his steps. A pedestrian, especially if he rambles alone, as every pedestrian must or ought to do sometimes, should

"In solitary places be
Unto himself good company."

If he does thus learn to depend on himself for society, he will soon care little for the want of any other; but, to parody a saying of Montaigne's,—you must for yourself, to be company for yourself, prepare yourself to entertain yourself. And this is best done by learning to draw all the enjoyment that is possible out of present scenes and circumstances. It is surprising how much pleasure and instruction too the most commonplace neighbourhood will yield to those who know how to draw instruction from it. To the eye of a painter the dullest spot will afford some beauty; and where there is human life there need never be wanting matter to interest any one. It only requires a constant openness of heart and understanding to receive pleasure, and it will come. Dr. Burney calls a certain song "of the rogue Autolycus"—nonsensical; yet it contains in fact a truth far deeper than many transcendentalisms. Not, however, to go beyond our text, we may venture to say that it imparts the best advice that was ever given to a pedestrian within the same limits:

"Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

This is true wisdom, in spite of the Doctor; and, happily, it is practicable to some extent. Black Care, we know, often sits behind the horseman; but the foot-

man is to blame who lets her mount his knapsack. A country ramble should be as free as possible from care—it is a little break in our serious employments, a diversion from the stern business of the world, and all thought of them should be laid aside. To do so is both needful and wholesome. The more thoroughly we use the present hour, the more fit shall we be for work when we get back to it, and the more cheerfully shall we return to it. Work indeed is enjoyment after a well-spent country holiday.

A cheerful temper will in every way smooth the ramble's path. It should be his object in passing through a district to become as thoroughly acquainted with it as time will permit. The scenery, the antiquities, or the natural history, should not alone occupy our thoughts. The inhabitants are at least as much deserving of our observation and regard; and they will repay our best attention. The peasantry of the several counties of England have not been fairly compared and understood. It is not easy to know them: to their wealthy neighbours they are reserved and inaccessible in their genuine state; to strangers they are shy; and when they thus stand on their "manners" they are exceedingly unnatural. Perhaps no one has a better chance of seeing them as they are than a pedestrian, who will meet them frankly and cheerfully. He falls in with them on the road; he often finds an excuse for looking into their cottages; and he may see as much as he pleases of their social habits by the fire-side of the village inn. Nor should any of these means be neglected, or any other that may occur. The wanderer should beware, if he really wishes to know them, of haughtiness or inquisitiveness. Undue familiarity he need not fear from them, as there is always respect and good feeling enough about the English peasant to prevent that. The secret of gaining the confidence of the countryman, as it is of every one else, is to respect his ways of thought and expression; and, if there be candour, that feeling will not be wanting. The surest way to shut out knowledge, as well as happiness, is to let the heart and the lip carry an everlasting sneer. Better by far like too much than too little. And it ought never to be forgotten that every man, however humble or ignorant he may be, has feelings, affections, sympathies, and these should ever be treated with respect as holy things. He who cannot in his heart respond to the joys and sorrows of a poor man, had better avoid intercourse with him.

The leisurely ramble, (and all rambling should be leisurely,—Horace's maxim is as much for the pedestrian as for any one, "*festina lente*,")—the leisurely ramble will often be surprised at the curious information he will gather; the relics of old customs he will catch sight of; the clear thought, and original "mother wit," as well as the marvellous stupidity, and desperate ignorance, of those he encounters; the kindness, self-denial, and various virtues; with, alas! but too many opposing vices. One thing he will not fail to have—an intense and overpowering feeling of the need of some effort being made to enlighten (a word but too applicable, morally and mentally)—to improve the condition of our peasantry. And he will inquire, in bitterness of heart, why those who alone can with hope of success adventure on the task, let the paltry jealousies and the unholy strifes of party prevent them from earnest, anxious, and steady co-operation for so pure an object.

Whirlwinds in the Strait of Magelhaens.—On the north shore we noticed some extraordinary effects of the whirlwinds which so frequently occur in Tierra del Fuego. The crews of sealing vessels call them "williwaws," or "hurricane-squalls," and they are most violent. The south-west gales, which blow upon the coast with extreme fury, are pent up and impeded in

passing over the highlands; when, increasing in power, they rush violently over the edges of precipices, expand, and descend perpendicularly, destroy everything in their way. The surface of the water, when struck by these gusts, is so agitated as to be covered with foam, which is taken up by them, and flies before their fury until dispersed in vapour. Ships at anchor under high land are sometimes suddenly thrown over on their beam-ends, and the next moment recover their equilibrium, as if nothing had occurred. Again a squall strikes them, perhaps on the other side, and over they heel before its rage: the cable becomes strained, and checks the ship with a jerk, that causes her to start a-head through the water, until again stopped by the cable, or driven astern by another gust of wind.—*Voyages of the Adventure and Beagle.*

The Prangos.—One of the most valuable sources of fodder of Ladakh, and perhaps of any country whatever, is a plant known by the name of Prangos, and which grows only in the western parts of the country, at Imbal or Dras. This occurs of various sizes, according to its age, from a single leaf covering not more than an inch of surface, to a cluster of leaves and flowers spreading to a circumference of twelve and eighteen feet. This bush consists of long feathering leaves of a dark green colour, crowned, when in blossom, by a profusion of large tufts of yellow flowers; the leaves, when of full size, are two feet in length, and the bush is circular with a rounded top. The flower-stalks rise from two to five, or even to six feet, in old plants. The leaves emit a strong odour which at first is disagreeable, but becomes less so when a person is familiar with it; they have also, when fresh, a pungent, bitter, and slightly aromatic taste; but these properties disappear in the dry state. The flowers are slightly odorous, and when first opened are covered by a glistening, viscid, and subsaccharine exudation, which attracts the ants in such numbers, that the flowers are sometimes blackened by them. Some copper-coloured beetles and some small wild bees are also busied in gathering this substance. The root is perennial; the leaves and flower-stems are in life for about four months. The plant flowers in June, and at the end of August the seeds fall and spontaneously sow themselves; they lie in the ground till the snow begins to melt, or in April, and the plant then makes its re-appearance. It is not, however, till the third year that the root is fully developed and begins to spread; thenceforward it continues to put forth fresh shoots for an indeterminate period, so that, in the belief of the peasantry, a plant scarcely ever dies. The head of the Prangos, including leaves, flowers, stems, and seeds, is converted into hay, as winter forage for goats, sheep, and cows. Late in August, or early in September, the plants are cut to within two or three inches of the ground, and laid on it in bundles, kept down by heavy stones. These bundles are sufficiently dry in three or four days to be gathered and piled in thick layers on the housetops, where stones are placed upon them to prevent their being blown away: they require no shelter. In the winter months about a hundredweight is considered sufficient for twenty sheep or thirty lambs for twenty-four hours. Healthy sheep fed upon Prangos hay are said to become fat in twenty days, and that, if fully fed with it for two months, their fatness approaches to suffocation. It is said also to be of a heating quality, but not to a greater degree than is desirable in such a climate. It displays its nutritive properties in cows as well as in sheep and goats, but it is said that it does not increase the quantity of milk; and as beef is not an article of food in Ladakh, there is no advantage in feeding neat cattle upon it. Horses thrive upon it, but they are not readily reconciled to it; and it is remarkable that, whilst growing, no animal will browse upon the leaves of the Prangos, although they will feed upon its flowers. It is only as hay that the foliage is an acceptable article of food. Prangos has not been raised in any other of the districts of Ladakh, rather, it would appear, from no pains having been taken to transplant it, than from any difficulty in localizing it elsewhere, as one or two experiments had been made. I was informed, many years since, and the plants had flourished. Considering the value of this plant as fodder, its growing in a poor sterile soil, in every variety of site, except actual swamp, and in a bleak, cold climate, and its flourishing wholly in independence upon the care and industry of man, it would seem probable that it might be introduced with national advantage into many parts of Britain, and would convert her heaths, and downs, and highlands into storehouses for the supply of innumerable flocks.—*Moorcraft and Trebeck's Travels in the Himalayan Provinces, &c.*



THE YEAR OF THE POETS.

No. VII.—MAY.

THE May of the Poets is a beautiful generalization, which sometimes looks like a mockery of the keen east winds, the leafless trees, the hedges without a blossom, of our occasional late springs. In such a season as the present we feel the truth of one poetical image,—

“And Winter lingering chills the lap of May;”

but we are apt to believe that those who talk of halcyon skies, of odorous gales, of leafy thickets filled with the chorus of nature's songsters,—to say nothing of Ladies of the May, and morrice-dancers in the sunshine,—have drawn their images from the Southern poets.

In such a season,—which makes us linger over our fires, when we ought to be strolling in the shade of bright green lanes or loitering by a gushing rivulet to watch the trout rise at the sailing fly,—some nameless writer has seen a single feeble swallow, and has fancied the poor bird was a thing to moralize upon:—

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

“He has come before the daffodils,
The foolish and impatient bird:
The sunniest noon hath yet its chills,
The cuckoo's voice not yet is heard.”

The lamb is shivering on the lea,
The cowering lark forbears to sing,—
And he has come across the sea
To find a winter in the spring.

Oh! he has left his mother's home:
He thought there was a genial clime
Where happy birds might safely roam,
And he would seek that land in time.
Presumptuous one! his elders knew
The dangers of those sickle skies;
Away the pleasure-seeker flew—
Nipp'd by untimely frosts he dies.

There is a land in Youth's first dreams
Whose year is one delicious May,
And Life, beneath the brightest beams,
Flows on, a glad some holiday;
Rush to the world, unguided youth,
Prove its false joys, its friendships hollow,
Its bitter scorn,—then turn to truth,
And find a lesson in the unwise swallow.”

Away with these wintry images. There is a south wind rising; the cold grey clouds open; the sun breaks out. Then comes a warm sunny shower. A

day or two of such showers and sunshine, and the branches of the trees that looked so sore

"Thrust out their little hands into the ray."*

The May of the Poets is come;—at any rate we will believe that it is come. WORDSWORTH shall welcome it in a glorious song:—

"Now while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd Boy!

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While the Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are pulling,
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm."

WORDSWORTH.

SPENSER shall paint "fair May" and her train in noble words, which Mr. Harvey translates into the language of the pencil:—

"Then came fair May, the fairest mayd on ground,
Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around:
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The twins of Leda, which on either side
Supported her like to their sovereign queen:
Lord! how all creatures laught when her they spied,
And leapt and danced as they had ravish'd been,
And Cupid self about her flut'ring all in green."

SPENSER.

JAMES I. welcomes the May, as if Scotland had no cutting winds to shame his song of "Away, winter, away!"—

"Now was there made, fast by the Toure's wall,
A garden fair, and in the corners set
Ane herber green, with wandes long and small
Railed about; and so with trees set,
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That life was none walking there forby
That might within scarce any wight espy.

So thick the bewes and the leaves green
Besaded all the alleys that there were,
And middes every herber might be seen
The sharpe, greene, sweets juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That, as it seemed to a life without,
The bewes spread the herber all about.

* We quote Leigh Hunt from memory; for he has not printed the poem in which this line occurs, in the recent edition of his works

And on the smale greene twistes cote
The little sweets nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear the hymnes consecrate
Of loves use, now soft now loud among,
That all the gardens and the walls rung
Right of their song and on the couple next
Of their sweet harmony; and lo the text:—
Worshippe, ye that lovers been, this May,
For of your bliss the kalends are begun,
And sing with us, Away, winter, away!
Come, summer, come, the sweet season and sun;
Awake, for shame! that have your heavens won,
And amorously lift up your heades all;
Hark Love, that list you to his mercy call.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

A poet of the Shakspearean age has the same lesson, "Rejoice in May:"—

"When May is in his prime,
Then may each heart rejoice:
When May bedecks each branch with green,
Each bird strains forth his voice.
The lively sap creeps up
Into the blooming thorn:
The flowers, which cold in prison kept,
Now laugh the frost to scorn.
All Nature's imps triumph
Whiles joyful May doth last;
When May is gone, of all the year
The pleasant time is past.
May makes the cheerful hue,
May breeds and brings new blood,
May marcheth throughout every limb,
May makes the merry mood.
May pricketh tender hearts
Their warbling notes to tune.
Full strange it is, yet some, we see,
Do make their May in June.
Thus things are strangely wrought,
Whiles joyful May doth last,
Take May in time: when May is gone,
The pleasant time is past.
All ye that live on earth,
And have your May at will,
Rejoice in May, as I do now,
And use your May with skill.
Use May, while that you may,
For May hath but his time;
When all the fruit is gone, it is
Too late the tree to climb.
Your liking and your lust
Is fresh whiles May doth last:
When May is gone, of all the year
The pleasant time is past."

EDWARDS.

After this old English Epicurean philosophy of "Take May in time," the Transatlantic child of our native muse can scarcely be called original:—

"The sun is bright,—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soaf and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophesying spring.
So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.
All things are new;—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's budding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves;—
There are no birds in last year's nest!
All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For O! it is not always May!
Enjoy the spring of love and youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!"

LONGFELLOW.

But who can be original with a theme upon which poets in all ages have written? We forgot the ditty which Master Touchstone calls "a foolish song:"—

"It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, with a ho, with a hey, non ne no,
And a hey no nee no ni no,
That o'er the green corn-fields did pass,
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing hey ding, a ding, a ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring,
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding, a ding, a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.
Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey, no nee no, &c.
These pretty country fools did lie,
In spring-time, &c.
This carol they began that hour
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey, no nee no, &c.
How that life was but a flower,
In spring-time, &c.
Then pretty lovers take the time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey, no nee no, &c.
For love is crowned with the prime,
In spring-time," &c.*

After this lively carol, which Touchstone says has "no great matter" in it, Milton's song—a young student's offering to Nature—sounds solemnly amidst its beauty:—

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

MILTON.

We conclude with a few lines of honour of the Hawthorn tree—the glory of May—from a true old English poet:—

"Amongst the many buds proclaiming May,
(Decking the fields in holy-day array,
Striving who shall surpass in braided horn-tree;
Mark the fair blooming of the hawthorn-tree;
Who, finely clothed in a robe of white, delight
Feeds full the wanton eye with May
Yet, for the bragery that she is in, spin,
Doth neither handle card nor wheel to spin,
Nor change robes but twice, is never seen
In other colours than in white or green, this tree,
Learn then content, young shepherd, first
Whose greatest wealth is Nature's livery,
And richest ingots never toil to find,
Nor care for poverty, but of the mind."

BROWNE.

* We print this, as it is given in Mr. Chappell's excellent collection of old English Songs, from an ancient MS. The reader may compare it with the version in 'As You Like It.'

THE MAGICIAN OF CAIRO.

(From Lord Nugent's 'Lands Classical and Sacred.')

BEFORE I leave the subject of Cairo and of Egypt I will advert to one which has occasioned much speculation and controversy; more certainly than it appears to be entitled to; I mean that of the magicians. I take no shame to myself in saying that some of the narrations concerning them which found their way to Europe had excited my curiosity, as I believe they have that of many, long before I had the expectation of ever visiting Egypt. To deny the truth of any hidden properties or powers in nature for no better reason than that they have never come within our limited experience, and appear to us incapable of any satisfactory solution, is hazardous and somewhat arrogant; nor surely does the holding our belief in balance with respect to such things, vouched by the testimony of honourable men, argue any weak credulity. Many facts have of late years been related of a class of magicians in the East, who, like those of old, profess to have the power of presenting the apparitions of persons absent or dead, whom they have never seen or before heard of, and of whose look or habits, therefore, they can have no previous knowledge. That the apparition is shown, not to him who desires the magician to summon it, but to some young boy whom the party desiring it to be summoned shall choose; and that then this boy, after certain incantations performed by the magician, describes accurately the absent or the dead, the former in the occupation in which at that moment they may be engaged.

Among the persons of high credibility who have borne witness to this, in a manner to excite our wonder and keep our judgment in suspense, is Mr. William Lane, the able writer on Modern Egypt, who describes in his book some remarkable exhibitions of this sort which he saw, and for which he was unable to account. On the other hand, Sir Gardner Wilkinson accounts for it all by referring it to collusion between the magician and the boy; observing also that, on such occasions, the street before the house is generally thronged with boys, probably placed there by the magician; and that thus whichever of them may be called in, under the impression of his being totally disconnected with the arrangements, is, in truth, an actor well prepared for his part in the fraud. This, be it observed, may afford the means of collusion, but in no respect helps towards accounting for the description of the absent person in his proper likeness being successful.

On the first occasion on which I saw this sort of exhibition, the party who were assembled, and who were numerous, guarded themselves against the kind of arrangement which Sir Gardner suspects by sending to a long distance off for a boy, who we were convinced knew not, until he entered the room, for what purpose he was brought there, and could have had no previous instructions from the magician. The magician began, in the manner Sir Gardner Wilkinson describes, by casting powders into a pan of charcoal near him; by placing a paper, covered with some written characters, upon the boy's brow, under his cap, and then pouring ink into his hand, into which he desired him to look attentively. Lastly, he asked him a string of leading questions as to certain preparatory phantoms for which the boy was desired to call, and which were to assist in the incantation. These the boy professed to see in the ink in his hand. These are always the same; such as of persons pitching a tent, sweeping it, spreading a carpet, and cooking provisions, and then of kings entering the tent, preceded by flags. I have no doubt that the magician, who was all the time muttering fast and incessantly in a low tone, gave the boy to understand that he should receive part of the bakshish, or

reward, if he took obediently the hints he should give him as to what he must profess to see.

When these preparatory ceremonies had been gone through, four persons residing in England were successively called for. The description of each was an entire and ludicrous failure. Among others, an English gentleman was called for who is distinguished by wearing the longest, probably, and most bushy beard to be found in these our days within our British Islands. This gentleman was described by the boy quite wrong as to figure and usual dress, and as having a chin very like that of the youngest person in company, Lord Mountcharles, who was much amused at a resemblance he so little expected. Being informed that, so far, he had not been fortunate, the magician told us that perhaps it might be more satisfactory to us if we called for somebody whose person might be easily recognised by the having lost a limb. We said that the gentleman already mentioned might be easily distinguished from most others,—more easily than by the mere loss of a limb. But, in conformity with his last suggestion, we desired that Sir Henry Hardinge should be made to appear.

After the boy had described Sir Henry Hardinge as being tall, and with moustaches, we asked him whether he could clearly see his eyes and his feet; from which question it was evident the magician inferred that the person we had called for had lost either an eye or a leg. The boy accordingly said that he was sitting with his side turned towards him, so that he could see only one side of his face, and that his papouches (slippers) were hidden by a large gown or trouser, he could not tell which. What coloured gloves had he? White. —Had he his gloves on? Yes; he saw them plainly, *for his hands were crossed on his breast.*

At the end the magician, informed that he had totally misdescribed all the persons called for, excused himself by charging the boy with lying,—an imputation I have no doubt true, but which was not the real cause of the ill success; and by also accusing the interpreter of having mistranslated his Arabick, which he spoke so rapidly that none of our party but the interpreter had that language sufficiently at command to follow him in it.

This, however, as we afterwards heard, was not the magician highest in repute at Cairo. The next trial which I saw was more conclusive on the question, and led to what appears to be the real solution of the whole mystery. Major Grote, who had not been present on the former occasion, and who likewise wished, after all he had heard and read of these pretended powers, to satisfy himself as to their truth or falsehood, was with me, a few days after, at the house of Mr. Lane. In general conversation, the story arose of the failure which had taken place on the other evening. With some difficulty we persuaded Mr. Lane (who at first was reluctant, his authority and that of his book having been so much used, and beyond what was just, in support of the general belief in these efforts of magick) to see, along with us, Abd el Kader, the magician whose performances had formerly so much excited his astonishment and that of several other Europeans whose unimpeachable testimony and acknowledged soundness of judgment had had great influence in making this a subject of serious inquiry with others. We were the more anxious that Mr. Lane should be with us on this occasion, because we should have in him not only a witness who, from the impression previously left on his mind, would not suffer us to draw inferences unjustly disfavoured to the magician, but who also, from his perfect and familiar knowledge of the Arabick language, would be an interpreter, in whose honour, and in whose skill also, we might have entire trust. The trial promised much. The magician

evidently acknowledged in Mr. Lane a person in whose estimation he was eager not to lower the impression he had formerly produced. The failures, the repeated and uniform failures, were not only as signal, but, if possible, more gross than those of the other magician on the previous occasion. It is enough to say, that not one person whom Abd el Kader described bore the smallest resemblance to the one named by us; and all those called for were of remarkable appearance. All the preparations, all the ceremony, and all the attempts at description, bore evidence of such coarse and stupid fraud, as would render any detail of the proceeding, or any argument tending to connect it with any marvellous power, ingenious art, or interesting inquiry, a mere childish waste of time.

How, then, does it happen that respectable and sensible minds have been staggered by the exhibitions of this shallow impostor? I think that the solution which Mr. Lane himself suggested as probable is quite complete. When the exhibition was over, Mr. Lane had some conversation with the magician, which he afterwards repeated to us. In reply to an observation of Mr. Lane's to him upon his entire failure, the magician admitted that he had been told he had "often failed since the death of Osman Effendi;"—the same Osman Effendi whom Mr. Lane mentions in his book as having been of the party on every occasion on which he had been witness to the magician's art, and whose testimony the 'Quarterly Review' cites in support of the marvel, which (searching much too deep for what lies very near indeed to the surface) it endeavours to solve by suggesting the probability of divers complicated optical combinations. And, be it again observed, no optical combinations can throw one ray of light upon the main difficulty,—the means of producing the resemblance required of the absent person.

I now give Mr. Lane's solution of the whole mystery, in his own words, my note of which I submitted to him and obtained his ready permission to make public in any way I might think fit.

This Osman Effendi, Mr. Lane told me, was a Scotchman, formerly serving in a British regiment, who was taken prisoner by the Egyptian army during our unfortunate expedition to Alexandria in 1807; that he was sold as a slave, and persuaded to abjure Christianity and profess the Musulman faith; that, applying his talents to his necessities, he made himself useful by dint of some little medical knowledge he had picked up on duty in the regimental hospital; that he obtained his liberty, at the instance of Sheik Ibrahim (M. Burkhardt), through the means of Mr. Salt; that, in process of time, he became second interpreter at the British consulate; that Osman was very probably acquainted, by portraits or otherwise, with the general appearance of most Englishmen of celebrity, and certainly could describe the peculiar dresses of English professions, such as army, navy, or church, and the ordinary habits of persons of different professions in England; that, on all occasions when Mr. Lane was witness of the magician's success, Osman had been present at the previous consultations as to who should be called to appear, and so had probably obtained a description of the figure when it was to be the apparition of some private friend of persons present; that on these occasions he very probably had some pre-arranged code of words by which he could communicate secretly with the magician. To this must be added that his avowed theory of morals on all occasions was that "we did our whole duty if we did what we thought best for our fellow-creatures and most agreeable to them." Osman was present when Mr. Lane was so much astonished at hearing the boy describe very accurately the person of M. Burkhardt, with whom the magician was unacquainted, but who had

been Osman's patron; and Osman also knew well the other gentleman whom Mr. Lane states in his book that the boy described as appearing ill and lying on a sofa; and Mr. Lane added, that he had *probably* been asked by Osman about that gentleman's health, whom Mr. Lane knew to be then suffering under an attack of rheumatism. He concluded therefore by avowing that there was no doubt on his mind, connecting all these circumstances with the declaration the magician had just made, that Osman had been the confederate.

Thus I have given, in Mr. Lane's words, not only

with his consent, but at his ready offer, what he has no doubt is the explanation of the whole of a subject which he now feels to require no deeper inquiry, and which has been adopted by many as a marvel upon an exaggerated view of the testimony that he offered in his book before he had been convinced, as he now is, of the imposture. I gladly state this on the authority of an enlightened and honourable man, to disabuse minds that have wandered into serious speculation on a matter which I cannot but feel to be quite underserving of it.



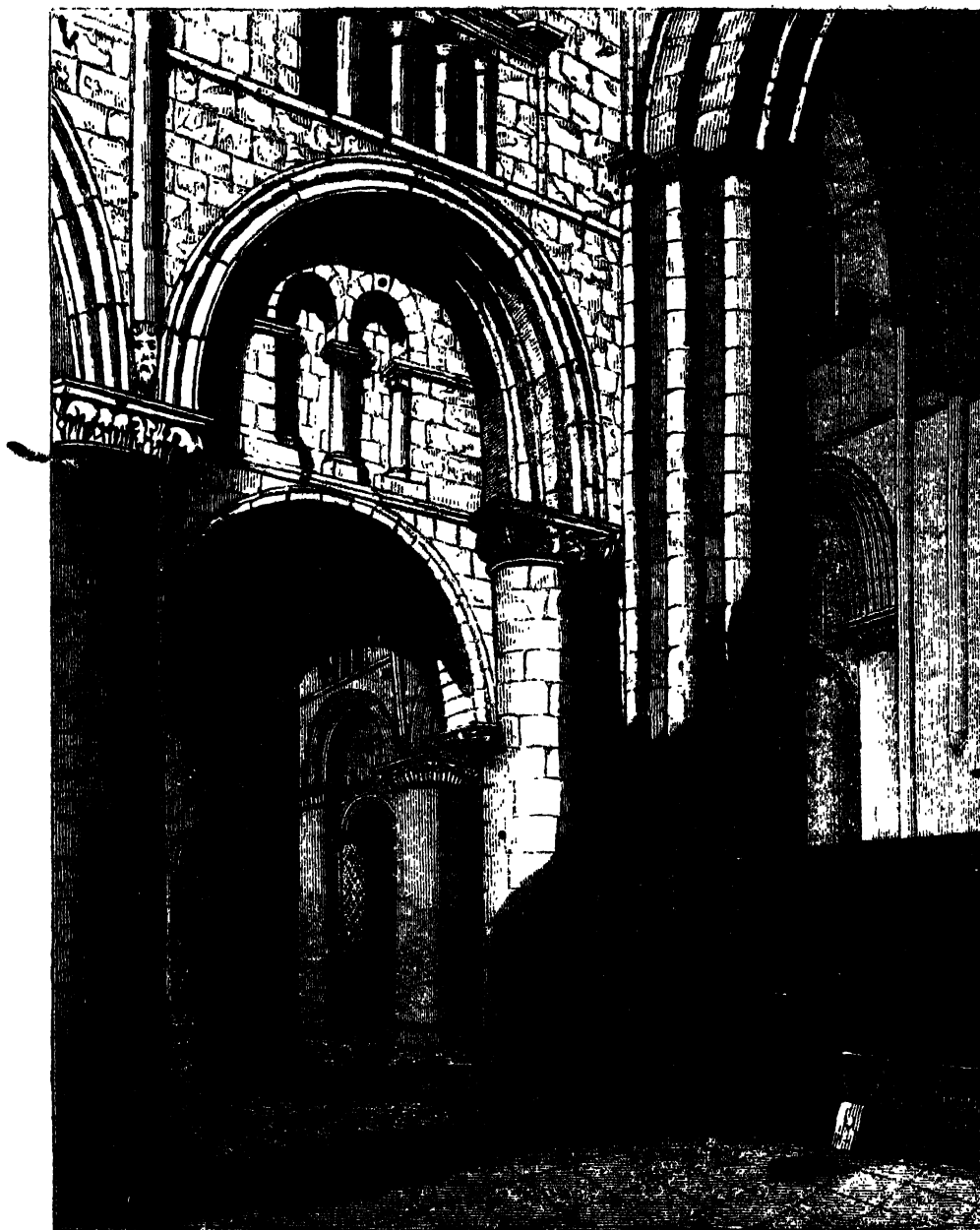
[The Magician and his Kuder]

Greek Sailors—It seemed to me that the personal freedom of these sailors, who own no superiors except those of their own choice, is as like as may be to that of their sea-faring ancestors. And even in their mode of navigation they have admitted no such entire change as you would suppose probable. It is true that they have so far attained themselves of modern discoveries as to look to the compass instead of the stars, and that they have superseded the immortal gods of their forefathers by St. Nicholas in his glass case; but they are not yet so confident either in their needle or their saint as to leave an open sea, and they still hug their shores as fondly as the Argonauts of old. Indeed, they have a most unsailor-like love for the land, and I really believe that in a gale of wind they would rather have a rock-bound coast on their lee than no coast at all. According to the notions of an English seaman, this kind of navigation would soon bring the vessel on which it was practised to an evil end. The Greek, however, is unaccountably successful in escaping the consequences of being 'jammed in,' as it is called, upon a lee shore; he is favoured, I suppose by the nature of the coasts along which he sails, especially those of the many islands through which he threads his way in the *Ægean*, for there is generally, I think, deep water close to the very cliffs, and besides these are innumerable caves, in which the dexterous sailor, who knows and loves the land so well, will contrive to find a shelter. These seamen, like their forefathers, rely upon no winds unless they are right a-stern or on the quarter; they rarely go on a wind if it blows at all fresh, and if the adverse breeze approaches to a gale, they at once furligate St. Nicholas and put up the helm. The consequence of course is, that under the ever-varying winds of the *Ægean*, they are blown about in the most whimsical manner. I used to think that Ulysses, with his ten years' voyage, had taken his time in making Ithaca, but my experience in Greek navigation soon made me understand that he had had, in point of fact, a pretty good 'average passage.'—*Föthen, or Traces of Eastern Travel.*

'Japan Ware' in Japan.—Of the lacker-work, known in this country as *Japan*, all the writers assert that no adequate idea can be conceived from the specimens commonly seen in Europe. What is really fine cannot be purchased by foreigners; and the

best ever obtained by the members of the factory are received as presents from their Japanese friends. These are mostly deposited in the Royal Museum at the Hague, and although esteemed at home scarcely second-rate, are so really superior to the ordinary Japan that no opinion could be given upon the beauty of the art, without having inspected that collection. The whole process of lacker-work is extremely slow. The varnish, which is the resinous produce of a shrub called *serotino-ki* (*rhua-varnis*, or 'varnish-plant'), requires a tedious preparation to fit it for use. It is tinted by slow and long-continued rubbing upon a copper-plate with the colouring material, and the operation of lacker-work is as tedious as its preliminaries. Five different coats, at the very least, are successively applied, suffered to dry, and then ground down with a fine stone or a reed; and it is only by this patient labour that the varnish acquires its excellence. The brilliant mother-of-pearl figures consist of layers of shell, cut and fashioned to the shape required, and coloured at the back; then laid into the varnish, and subjected to the same coating and grinding process as the rest, whence they derive their glittering splendour.—*Von Siebold's Japanese.*

The New Zealand Rata.—This is a curious but very common plant, which is at first a parasite, winding round large trees of the forest till it encircles and destroys them, when its numerous coils join together in one hollow trunk, leaving their victim to rot inside. The rata thus full grown is certainly the monarch of the New Zealand forest. In the gnarled form and tough contortion of its limbs, it much resembles the oak, and is therefore highly valued by ship-builders for knees and timbers. The foliage has also the noble appearance at a distance of the English forest king. But the plant is of the myrtle kind, and bears a bright crimson blossom, in such abundance that, at its time of flowering, the forests look as though some playful giant had dipped every other tree in crimson dye and stuck them up again. This tree is somewhat irregular in its flowering, and earlier in some parts of the country than in others. But this fairy hue is generally thrown over the wooded steep soon after the middle of summer, about harvest time.—*Mr. Edward Jerningham Wakefield's Adventure in New Zealand.*



[Interior of Oxford Cathedral.]

OXFORD CATHEDRAL.

OXFORD Cathedral forms a part of the structures which constitute Christ Church College, Oxford, and is in fact both the cathedral of the bishopric of Oxford and the chapel of the college of Christ Church. The cathedral is built on the site of a convent which appears to have been founded by Didan, an earl of Oxford, about 730, in which his daughter Frideswide, or Frideswide, and twelve other "noble virgins" were established, and which was dedicated to St. Mary and All Saints. Alger, earl of Leicester, fell in love with Frideswide, and attempted, in opposition to her vows of chastity, to compel her to marry him. She fled from his persecution, and, as the legend states, Alger was miraculously struck blind for his impiety and wickedness, and was afterwards, on his repentance, no less miraculously restored to sight at the intercession of Frideswide.

Frideswide died about 740, was revered as a saint,

and her shrine, where her ashes were deposited many centuries afterwards was the chief object of attraction in the church which has since become the cathedral of Oxford. The nuns appear to have remained in peaceable possession of the church till the year 1002, when the building was destroyed by the Danes, and the inmates massacred. Ethelred II. began to rebuild the church in 1004, and some authorities consider parts of the present building as having belonged to that structure. In 1049 the monks of Abingdon are said to have taken forcible possession of the nunnery, and to have expelled the nuns. These were times of violence. The Abingdon monks were themselves expelled in 1060, to give place to other monks as regardless of the rights of property and as destitute of real religion as themselves.

At length, in the year 1111, Henry I. gave the monastery to Roger, bishop of Salisbury, who appropriated it to regular monks of the order of St. Augustine, and appointed Gaymond, the king's chaplain, to

be the prior. The building of the present church is, by Dugdale, Willis, Tanner, and others, with much appearance of probability, ascribed to this prior and the two succeeding priors. From his decease till the suppression of the monastery twenty-five other priors successively superintended the establishment, and extended and improved the conventual buildings.

The priory of St. Frideswide was suppressed, and the buildings and lands granted to Cardinal Wolsey, by a bull from Pope Clement VII. and by letters patent dated July 1, 1525. The priory had been previously surrendered by Prior Burton, who retired on a pension of twenty marks a year.

The great Cardinal, as soon as he had obtained possession of the monastery, immediately commenced the magnificent series of structures which were to be appropriated to the college which he intended to found on the site of the monastery: it was to have been called Cardinal College, and the buildings were in progress, and some of them were completed, when the fall of Wolsey in 1529-30 interrupted the progress of the works. Henry VIII. however was persuaded to become the patron of the intended establishment, which in 1532 he refounded, under the name of Henry the Eighth's College, and endowed with 2000*l.* for the maintenance of a dean and twelve canons. In 1542 Henry converted the dissolved Abbey of Osney, near Oxford, into the bishopric of Oxford, but in 1545 the dean and chapter resigned their charter into the hands of the king, who in 1546 removed the episcopal see from Osney to the new college, when the church of St. Frideswide was constituted a cathedral, and called "the Cathedral Church of Christ in Oxford," and the corporation was declared to consist of a bishop, with his archdeacon, a dean, eight canons, eight chaplains, eight clerks, an organist, and eight choristers, together with sixty students, and forty grammar-scholars, a schoolmaster and

usher. Queen Elizabeth, however, in 1561 converted the forty grammar-scholars into students, thus making altogether one hundred students on the original foundation.

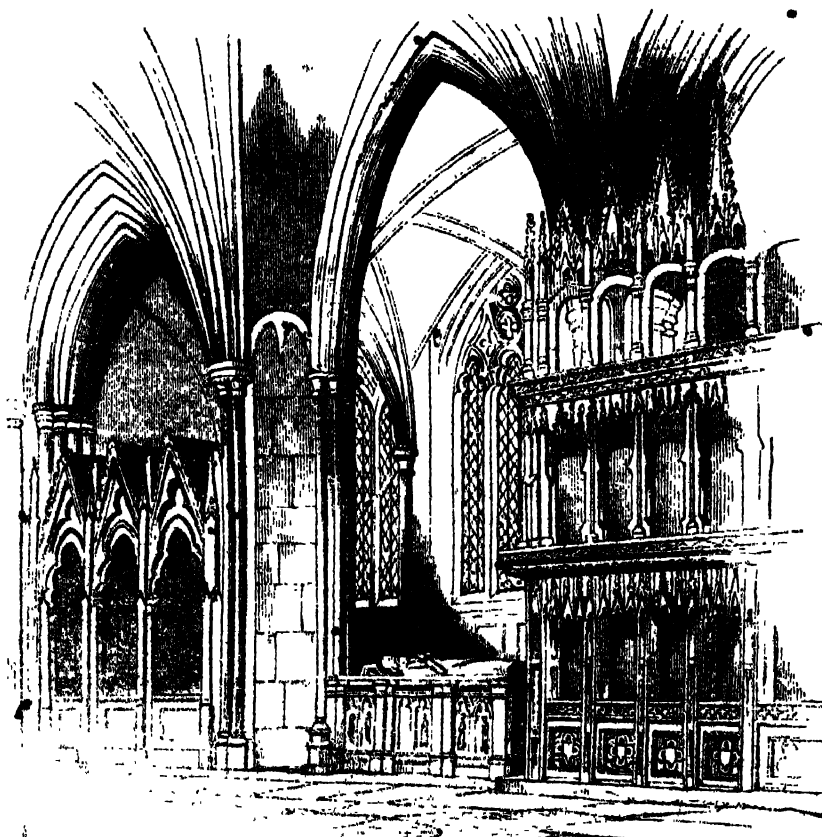
Such was the process of the establishment of the college of Christ Church in Oxford, and the connection with it of the bishopric and cathedral of Oxford.

Oxford Cathedral was the conventual church of the priory of St. Frideswide, and was not intended by Wolsey to form a part of his structures. In fact he pulled down the west front and three of the arches of the nave, which is now, in consequence, fifty feet shorter than it was previously; and the remainder of the edifice was destined to be levelled to make room for a more splendid church, in a style to correspond with the magnificent Hall of Christ Church, which he completed before his downfall, and which has been the admiration of all succeeding time.

Oxford Cathedral consists of a nave and aisles; a north transept with an aisle on the west side; a south transept, shorter than the north transept, with an aisle on the east side; a choir, which extends from the transepts to the east end, with aisles shorter than the choir, which consequently projects beyond the aisles; two other aisles, or rather chapels, on the north side of the north aisle of the choir; a central tower surmounted by a spire; a chapter-house to the south of the choir, with an intermediate passage, or room, which connects it with the south aisle of the choir; and three sides of a cloister to the south of the nave, the west side having been removed by Wolsey when he levelled the west end of the nave.

The Cathedral offers few attractive features on the exterior, and is indeed so much concealed by other buildings and by trees as to be almost excluded from any general or favourable point of view.

The spire has been ascribed, with little or no appear-



[Shrine of St. Frideswide.]

ance of probability, to Cardinal Wolsey, who was not likely to have built a spire to a church which he was about to pull down; besides which, the architecture is apparently in the early pointed style, and is probably not later than about 1200. The height of the spire is one hundred and forty-four feet. The bells of Osney Abbey are hung in the central tower. The celebrated bell, "The Great Tom of Oxford," is suspended in Wolsey's handsome tower over the entrance gateway to Christ Church College.

Oxford Cathedral is the smallest of all the cathedrals of England and Wales. The entire length is one hundred and fifty-four feet; the entire width of the nave and aisles, fifty-four feet; the length of the transepts, one hundred and two feet; the width of the choir, including the south aisle and three aisles on the north, is one hundred and sixteen feet; the length of the nave is sixty-one feet and the height forty-two feet; the height of the choir is thirty-eight feet.

The whole of the interior of the lower part of the church is of early Norman architecture. The arches spring from thick round pillars. The interior roof of the nave is of timber frame-work, which was renewed in 1816. The roof of the choir is a groined roof of stone, consisting of elegant tracery, connected with carved stone pendants. This roof is a work of late architecture, perhaps later than the conversion of the church into a cathedral, and is greatly admired for its beauty as well as the architectural skill and taste which it displays. The stalls and fittings-up of the choir appear to have been executed about 1630, and soon afterwards most of the windows were repaired, and additional painted glass was inserted by Van Linge. Christ disputing with the Doctors in the east window of the Divinity Chapel, or Latin Chapel as it is called, which is the farthest to the north of the two chapels annexed to the choir, is by Van Linge. The Nativity, in the great east window of the choir, is by Price, after a design by Sir James Thornhill. St. Peter conducted out of Prison by the Angel, in the window of the north aisle of the choir, is by John Oliver, and is especially curious as having been painted by him in 1700, when he was eighty-four years of age. The murder of Becket in the window of the north transept appears to be of great antiquity.

The most interesting of the monuments is the shrine of St. Frideswide in the north aisle of the choir, which consists of three stages of decorated architectural work, the lower stage of stone, the two upper of wood. Two engraved brasses within the canopy have been torn away, which are supposed to have represented St. Frideswide and the wife of Peter Martyr, the relics of the reformer's wife having been mixed with those of the Roman Catholic Saint, by direction of Queen Elizabeth. The monument of Lady Elizabeth Montacute is very rich: her effigy, in the costume of the time, is coloured and gilt. She was buried here in 1353. The monument of Robert Burton, author of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' has a quaint Latin inscription by his brother—"Paucis notus, paucioribus ignotus, hic jacet Democritus Junior, cui vitam dedit et mortem Melancholia." (Known to few, unknown to fewer, here lies Democritus Junior, to whom Melancholy gave life and death.) Our readers must solve the riddle for themselves. There is also a fine statue, by Chantry, of Dr. Cyril Jackson, dean of the Cathedral from 1783 to 1809.

The chapter-house is a very interesting room. It is apparently of later architecture than the church itself; the style is early pointed, with detached and clustered columns, with bold bases and highly enriched foliated capitals. There is an entrance doorway to the south transept, from the chapter-house, formed of a round

arch, with two rows of zigzag mouldings running round the whole of the opening.

The income of the Bishop of Oxford is 2400*l.* a year. The bishopric includes three hundred and forty-five benefices. The corporation consists of the Dean of Christ Church and eight canons of Christ Church. The income is 12,547*l.*, but subject to taxes, contributions to small livings, &c. The dean receives one-fifth and each canon one-tenth. The sum derived in respect to their college offices is 3153*l.*, divided in the same proportions, but subject to university and college dues. There are no separate revenues. All have residences.

Diet of the People of Ladakh and Tibet.—The diet of the Ladakhis, and of the Tibetans generally, is nutritious and wholesome, and is remarkable for the prominent share which is taken in it by tea. All classes of Tibetans eat three meals a day. The first consists of tea, the second of tea, or of meal porridge if that cannot be afforded; the third of meat, rice, vegetables, and bread by the upper, and soup, porridge, and bread by the lower classes. For a breakfast of ten persons this would be the preparation:—about an ounce of black tea, called here *zancha*, and a like quantity of soda, are boiled in a quart of water for an hour, or until the leaves of the tea are sufficiently steeped. It is then strained, and mixed with ten quarts of boiling water, in which an ounce and a half of fossil salt has been previously dissolved. The whole is then put into a narrow cylindrical churn, along with the butter, and well stirred with a churning-stick till it becomes a smooth, oily, and brown liquid, of the colour and consistence of chocolate, in which form it is transferred to a teapot of silver, or silvered copper, or brass, for the richer classes, ornamented with flowers and foliage, and grotesque figures of leopards, crocodiles, dragons, or heads of elephants, and the like, in embossed or *filagree* work. The poorer people use plain brass or tinned copper teapots. Each man has his own cup, either of China, porcelain, or, which is more common, made out of the knot of the horse chestnut, edged or lined with silver, or plain. About five thousand of these, in the rough, are annually exported from Bishahr to Gardokh, and sold at the rate of six for a rupee: they are finished and ornamented in China. The latter kind of cup contains about a third of a pint, the China cup something less. Each person drinks from five to ten cups of tea, and when the last is half finished he mixes with the remainder as much barley meal as makes a paste with it, which he eats. At the midday meal those who can afford tea take it again, with their wheaten cakes, accompanied with a paste of wheat flour, butter, and sugar served hot. The poorer people, instead of tea, boil two parts of barley flour with one of water, or meat broth seasoned with salt, until it becomes of the thickness of porridge. The evening meal of the upper classes is formed of some preparation of the flesh of sheep, goats, or yaks, and eaten with rice, vegetables, and wheaten cakes, leavened or unleavened. The poorer classes eat at night the same barley porridge as at noon, or a soup made of fresh vegetables, if procurable, or of dried turnips, radishes, and cabbages, boiled with salt and pepper in water, along with pieces of stiff dough of wheat flour. The use of tea has been common amongst the wealthier Tibetans for some centuries, but it has been universal only within the last sixty years. It has extended itself within the same period to Bokhara and Kashmir, and is becoming general in the Panjab and Kabul.

Moorecroft and Trebeck's Travels in Ladakh, Kashmir, &c.

Cinnamon.—The finest quality of cinnamon is that taken from twigs or shoots of the proper size and of the exact age: if the bark is too young, it has a green taste; if too old, it is rough and gritty. The rods cut for peeling are therefore of various sizes and lengths, depending on the texture of the bark: these are first peeled, then scraped on the outside, and, while drying, curl up into long narrow rolls (commonly called quills); these are stuck into one another so as to form pipes about three feet long, which are then made in round bundles. Taking the bark at the proper age, seems to be the point that most materially affects the quality of the spice. Such of the hills in the Kandian country as have a moist temperate climate, and the maritime provinces from Tangalle on the south to Chilaw on the west, are the only portions of the island favourable to the growth of cinnamon; and over that extent it is commonly met with in the jungles.—*Forbes's Eleven Years in Ceylon.*



[Giorgione.]

ESSAYS ON THE LIVES OF REMARKABLE PAINTERS.—No. XXXIX.

GIORGIONE, b. 1478, d. 1511.

THIS painter was another great inventor; one of those who stamped his own individuality on his art. He was essentially a poet, and a subjective poet, who fused his own being with all he performed and created:—if Raphael be the Shakspeare, then Giorgione may be styled the Byron, of painting.

He was born at Castel Franco, a small town in the territory of Treviso, and his proper name was Giorgio Barbarelli. Nothing is known of his family or of his younger years, except that having shown a strong disposition to art he was brought, when a boy, to Venice, and placed under the tuition of Gian Bellini. As he grew up he was distinguished by his tall noble figure and the dignity of his deportment; and his companions called him Giorgione or George the Great, by which nickname he has, after the Italian fashion, descended to posterity.

Giorgione appears to have been endowed by nature with an intense love of beauty and a sense of harmony which pervaded his whole being. He was famous as a player and composer on the lute, to which he sung his own verses. In his works two characteristics prevail, sentiment and colour; both tinged by the peculiar temperament of the man. The sentiment is noble but melancholy, and the colour decided, intense, and glowing: his execution had a freedom, a careless mastery of hand; or, to borrow the untranslatable Italian word, a *sprezzatura*, unknown before his time. The idea that he founded his style on that of Lionardo da Vinci cannot be entertained by those who have studied the works of both: nothing can be more distinct in character and feeling.

It is to be regretted that of one so interesting in his character and his works we know so little; yet more to be regretted, that a being gifted with the passionate sensibility of a poet should have been employed chiefly in decorative painting, and that too confined to the outsidés of the Venetian palaces. These creations have been destroyed by fire, ruined by time, or effaced by the damps of the Lagune. He appears to have early acquired fame in his art, and we find him in 1504 employed, together with Titian, in painting with

frescoes the exterior of the Fondaco dei Tedeschi (the hall of Exchange belonging to the German merchants). That part intrusted to Giorgione he covered with the most beautiful and poetical figures; but the significance of the whole was soon after the artist's death forgotten; and Vasari tells us, that in his time no one could interpret it. It appears to have been a sort of arabesque on a colossal scale. Giorgione delighted in fresco as a vehicle, because it gave him ample scope for that largeness and freedom of outline which characterised his manner; unhappily, of his numerous works, only the merest fragments remain. We have no evidence that he exercised his art elsewhere than at Venice, or that he ever resided out of the Venetian territory: in his pictures the heads, features, costumes, are all stamped with the Venetian character. He had no school, though, induced by his social and affectionate nature, he freely imparted what he knew, and often worked in conjunction with others. His love of music and his love of pleasure sometimes led him astray from his art, but were oftener his inspirers: both are embodied in his pictures, particularly his exquisite pastorals and concerts, over which he has yet breathed that cast of thoughtfulness and profound feeling which, in the midst of harmony and beauty, is like a revelation or a prophecy of sorrow. All the rest of what is recorded concerning the life and death of Giorgione may be told in a few words. Among the painters who worked with him was Pietro Luzzo, of Feltri, near Venice, known in the history of art as *Morto da Feltri*, and mentioned by Vasari as the inventor, or rather reviver, of arabesque painting, in the antique style, which he had studied amid the dark vaults of the Roman ruins. This *Morto*, as Ridolfi relates, was the friend of Giorgione, and lived under the same roof with him. He took advantage of Giorgione's confidence to seduce and carry off from his house a girl whom he passionately loved. Wounded doubly by the falsehood of his mistress and the treachery of his friend, Giorgione sank into despair and soon afterwards died, at the early age of thirty-three. *Morto da Feltri* afterwards fled from Venice, entered the army, and was killed at the battle of Zara in 1519.—Such is the Venetian tradition.

Giorgione's genuine pictures are very rarely to be met with; of those ascribed to him the greater

number were painted by Pietro della Vecchia, a Venetian, who had a peculiar talent for imitating Giorgione's manner of execution and style of colour. These imitations deceive picture dealers and collectors; they could not for one moment deceive those who had looked into the *feeling* impressed on Giorgione's works. The only picture which could have imposed on the true lover of Giorgione, is that in the possession of Lord Francis Egerton, 'the Four Ages,' by Titian, in which the tone of sentiment as well as the manner of Giorgione is so happily imitated that for many years it was attributed to him. It was painted by Titian when he was the friend and daily companion of Giorgione, and under the immediate influence of his feelings and genius.

• We may divide the undoubted and existing pictures of Giorgione into three classes.

I. The historical subjects are very uncommon; such seem to have been principally confined to his frescos, and have mostly perished. Of the few which remain to us, the most famous is a picture in the Brera at Milan, "The Finding of Moses." It may be called rather a *romantic* and poetical version than an historical representation of the scene. It would shock Sir Gardner Wilkinson. In the centre sits the princess under a tree; she looks with surprise and tenderness on the child, which is brought to her by one of her attendants: the squire or seneschal of the princess, with knights and ladies, stand around; on one side two lovers are seated on the grass; on the other are musicians and singers, pages with dogs. All the figures are in the Venetian costume; the colouring is splendid, and the grace and harmony of the whole composition is even the more enchanting from the *naïveté* of the conception. This picture, like many others of the same age and style, reminds us of those poems and tales of the middle ages, in which David and Jonathan figure as "*preux chevaliers*," and Sir Alexander of Macedon and Sir Paris of Troy fight tournaments in honour of ladies' eyes and the "blessed Virgin." They must be tried by their own aim and standard, not by the severity of antiquarian criticism.

In the Academy of Venice is preserved another historical picture yet more wildly poetical in conception. It commemorates a fact—a dreadful tempest which occurred in 1340, and threatened to overwhelm the whole city of Venice. In Giorgione's picture the demons are represented in an infernal bark exciting

the tempest, while St. Mark, St. Nicholas, and St. George, the patron saints of Venice, seated in a small vessel tossed amid the waves, oppose with spiritual arms the powers of hell, and prevail against them.

In our National Gallery there is a small historical picture, the death of Peter, the Dominican friar and inquisitor, called St. Peter the Martyr, who was assassinated. This picture is not of much value, and a very inferior work of the master.

Sacred subjects of the usual kind were so seldom painted by Giorgione, that there are not perhaps half a dozen in existence.

II. There is a class of subjects which Giorgione represented with peculiar grace and felicity: they are in painting what idyls and lyrics are in poetry, and seem like direct inventions of the artist's own mind, though some are supposed to be scenes from Venetian tales and novels now lost. These generally represent groups of cavaliers and ladies seated in beautiful landscapes under the shade of trees, conversing or playing on musical instruments. Such pictures are not unfrequent, and have a particular charm, arising from the union of melancholy feeling with luxurious and festive enjoyment, and a mysterious allegorical significance now only to be surmised. In the collection of Lord Northwick, at Cheltenham, there is a most charming picture in this style; and in the possession of Mr. Cunningham there is another. To this class may also be referred the exquisite pastoral group of Jacob and Rachel in the Dresden Gallery.

III. His portraits are magnificent. They have all, with the strongest resemblance to general nature, a grand ideal cast; for it was in the character of the man to idealise everything he touched. Very few of his portraits are now to be identified. Among the finest and most interesting may be mentioned his own portrait in the Munich Gallery, which has an expression of the profoundest melancholy. In the Imperial Gallery at Vienna—rich in his works—there is a picture representing a young man crowned with a garland of vine-leaves; another comes behind him with a concealed dagger, and appears to watch the moment to strike: the expression in the two heads can never be forgotten by those who have looked on them. The fine portrait of a cavalier, with a page riveting his armour, is well known: it is in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle, and styled, without a shadow of probability, Gaston de Foix. A beautiful little full-length figure in armour,



[Concert Champêtre.—From a picture in the Louvre.]

now in the collection of Mr. Rogers, bears the same name; and is probably a study for a St. Michael or a St. George. Lord Byron has celebrated in some beautiful lines the impression made on his mind by a picture in the Manfrini Palace at Venice; but the poet errs in styling it the "portraits of his son, and wife, and self." Giorgione never had either son or wife. The picture alluded to represents a Venetian lady, a cavalier, and a page;—portraits evidently, but the names are unknown.

The striking characteristic of all Giorgione's pictures, whether portraits, ideal heads, or compositions, is the ineffaceable impression they leave on the memory. In the apparent simplicity of the means through which this effect is produced, the few yet splendid colours, the vigorous decision of touch, the depth and tenderness of the sentiment, they remind us of the old religious music to which we have listened in the Italian churches—a few simple notes, long sustained, deliciously blended, swelling into a rich, full, and perfect harmony, and melting into the soul.

Though Giorgione left no scholars, properly so called, he had many imitators, and no artist of his time exercised a more extensive and long-felt influence. He diffused that taste for vivid and warm colour which we see in contemporary and succeeding artists; and he tinged with his manner and feeling the whole Venetian school. Among those who were inspired by this powerful and ardent mind, may be mentioned Sebastian del Piombo, of whom some account has already been given; Jacopo Palma, called *Old Palma*, b. 1518, d. 1548; Paris Bordone, b. 1500, d. 1570; Pordenone, b. 1486, d. 1540; and, lastly, TITIAN, the great representative of the Venetian school. The difference between Giorgione and Titian, as colourists, seems to be this—that the colours of Giorgione appear as if lighted up from within, and those of Titian as if lighted from without. The epithet *fiery* or *glowing* would apply to Giorgione, the epithet *golden* would express the predominant hues of Titian.

THE ARTIFICES EMPLOYED BY RUDE NATIONS IN HUNTING.

A POPULAR writer on natural history, in noticing the success with which the weaker races of quadrupeds generally escape the attacks of all their enemies except man, says:—"The arts of instinct are most commonly found an overmatch for the invasions of instinct. Man is the only creature against whom all their little tricks cannot prevail. Wherever he has spread his dominion, scarcely any flight can save, or any retreat harbour; wherever he comes, terror seems to follow, and all society ceases among the inferior tenants of the plain; their union against him can yield no protection, and their cunning is but weakness. In their fellow-brutes they have an enemy whom they can oppose with an equality of advantage: they can oppose fraud on witlessness to force, or numbers to invasion; but what can be done against such an enemy as man, who finds them out though unseen; and though remote, destroys them? Wherever he comes, all the conquests among the meaner ranks seem to be at an end, or are carried on only by surprise. Such as he has thought proper to protect have calmly submitted to his protection; such as he has found it convenient to destroy, carry on an unequal war, and their numbers are every day decreasing."—(Goldsmith.)

It may afford amusement, if not instruction, if, taking a hint from the above eloquent passage, we collect, from various sources, some of the most remarkable artifices adopted by uncivilized nations in capturing their game. We purposely omit all mention of the

refined methods adopted in our own rural sports, the object being chiefly to show how vastly superior are the mental faculties of man (uncultivated though they be by our methods of education) to those of the brutes around him, although it is sometimes the fashion to say that he is raised but little above them.

A common method of ensnaring wild animals is for the hunter to disguise himself so as to resemble the creature he pursues, and by this means to get near enough to inflict the fatal blow. The Californians adopt this method in killing deer. "We saw an Indian," says La Perouse, "with a stag's head fixed upon his own, walk on all-fours, as if he were browsing the grass, and he played this pantomime to such perfection, that all our hunters would have fired at him at thirty paces had they not been prevented. In this manner they approach herds of stags within a very small distance, and kill them with a flight of arrows. By these means they can, nearly to a certainty, get within two or three yards of the deer, when they take an opportunity of its attention being directed to some other object, and discharge their arrows from their secreted bows, which is done in a very stooping attitude." Capt. Beechey, in confirming this account, remarks that the Indian not only imitates the actions, but also the voice of the deer, and seldom fails to entice several of the herd within his reach.

On the wide prairies of America the buffalo is destroyed by various artifices. When these animals are in a herd, they seem to have little dread of the wolf, and allow him to come very near. Taking advantage of this circumstance, the Indian, under the skin of a white wolf, will crawl for half a mile or more on his hands and knees, and thus insinuate himself and his fatal weapons into the company of the buffaloes when they are grazing in tranquillity. Approaching within a few rods of the unsuspecting group, he easily shoots down the fattest of the throng.

A similar method is adopted in the deserts of Arabia for taking the ostrich. The hunter covers himself with an ostrich-skin, and passing an arm up the neck, he imitates the motions of the bird, by which artifice he approaches near enough to secure his victim.

The Esquimaux adopt various methods for killing the rein-deer. Concealing himself behind a heap of stones, the hunter imitates the peculiar bellow or grunt of the animal, and thus lures it within the range of his arrow or spear. Another method is for two hunters to walk directly from the deer they wish to kill: the animal, being endowed with a large share of curiosity, will generally follow after them. As soon as they arrive at a large stone, one of the men hides behind it, while the other, continuing to walk on, soon leads the deer within range of his companion's arrows.

The timid and sagacious antelopes of the prairie are also entrapped by a very simple contrivance. Catlin says that "this little animal seems to be endowed, like many other gentle and sweet breathing creatures, with an undue share of curiosity, which often leads them to destruction." Flocks of fifty or a hundred of them will often follow the boat of the descending voyager or the travelling caravan for hours together, "keeping off at a safe distance on the right and left, galloping up and down the hills, snuffing their noses and stamping their feet, as if they were endeavouring to remind the traveller of the wicked trespass he was making on their own hallowed ground." When the hunter in the prairie wishes to get them within range of his shot, he has only to elevate above the tops of the grass his red or yellow handkerchief on the end of his gun-rod, which he sticks in the ground: the antelopes are sure to advance towards it, though with great coyness and caution, whilst the hunter lies flat upon the ground at a little distance with his rifle in his hand: in this

way it is easy to bring down two or three of the animals at one shot.

In Canada the Indians sometimes make a huge fire of hickory-bark upon a raft, and float it down the stream by night. The hunters attend it in their canoes, accompanied by their dogs. The brightness of the fire allures the deer and several other kinds of game to the sides of the river, where they are so much exposed to the shots of the hunters that they rarely escape. Mr. Howison describes the young deer as standing gazing stedfastly upon the savages "in an attitude of beautiful astonishment."

A common method of luring animals into the net, or within range of the gun, is to set up effigies of the species, and to imitate their peculiar cry or call. Bell, in his 'Travels in Siberia,' describes a method of catching wild geese witnessed by him in a spacious open plain, encompassed with wood and water, near the conflux of the Oby and Irtysh. There the fowler had spread his nets and constructed a small hut of green branches wherein to conceal himself. Upon the grass were scattered about a score of stuffed geese-skins, some standing, others sitting, in the natural postures of the bird. When a flock of wild geese were seen flying over head, the fowler, with a bit of birchen bark in his mouth, imitated the call of the birds; on hearing this they wheeled round and alighted among the stuffed skins, when the fowler, drawing the nets over them, secured a large number.

The Californians adopt a similar method for catching ducks; but their artificial figures are far more rude: they are made with rushes, and set afloat upon the water, and these are found to be quite sufficient to entice the silly birds to their destruction.

Pitfalls and traps are among the most primitive methods of ensnaring game. The pits constructed by the Boshmen of Southern Africa are on so magnificent a scale that a whole district is frequently prepared for them. The interval between two of the pits is crossed by a line of large branches and limbs of trees, placed so closely together as not to be easily penetrated by the antelopes or quaggas, the game intended to be ensnared. The line extends in this manner for a mile or two; and at every convenient place an opening is left, opposite to which is a deep pit so carefully covered over with thin twigs and grass that it cannot readily be perceived; more especially when the mould that had been dug out becomes grown over with herbage. The pits are generally about six feet in depth, and as much in length. They are nearly three feet wide at the surface, but contracted gradually to the bottom, where they do not measure much more than one foot; or, in other words, these holes are so proportioned to the size of the animal for which they are made, that they just fit its body and head when fallen into it; while, at the same time, they so confine the legs, that it is not possible for it to make any use of them in extricating itself. Sometimes a stake, having a very sharp point upwards, is fixed in the bottom, for the purpose of impaling the poor animal; but this is rarely done: Mr. Burchell thinks it is omitted in order to avoid those dreadful accidents which would otherwise happen to their own people, as it is not easy to discover these pits in time to avoid falling in, especially when the people are running hastily over the country.

The Esquimaux catch wolves and other animals in traps, or small houses built of ice. At one end of the trap is a door, made of the same plentiful material, fitted to slide up and down in a groove: to the upper part of this a line is attached, which, passing over the roof, is let down into the trap at the inner end, and there held by slipping an eye in the end of it over a peg of ice. Over the peg, however, is previously placed a loose grummet, to which the bait is fastened, and a

false roof placed over all to hide the line. The moment the animal drags at the bait the grummet slips off the peg, bringing with it the line that held up the door; and this falling down, closes the trap and secures him.

Captain Parry also notices a trap for birds, formed by building a house of snow just large enough to contain one person, who closes himself up in it. On the top is left a small opening, through which the man thrusts out one of his hands to secure the bird the moment he alights to take away a bait of meat laid beside it. A similar contrivance has long been adopted in France; the house for concealing the fowler being formed of green boughs instead of snow.

The ostrich and the elephant are captured by some nations by keeping up an incessant pursuit; the hunters relieving each other at different stages, while the poor victim, being deprived of rest and food for days together, at last sinks from exhaustion.

Of all known animals the ostrich is by far the swiftest in running. Upon observing himself pursued, the bird begins to run at first but gently, and his speed would soon convey him far from his pursuers; but instead of going off in a direct line, he takes his course in circles, while the hunters make a smaller course within—meet the bird at unexpected turns, and keep him thus followed for two or three days together. At last, worn out with fatigue and hunger, the poor bird covers his head in the sand, or seeks concealment in the first thicket, and thus falls an easy prey. The Arabians train their fleetest horses to hunt the ostrich; they begin the hunt with a gentle gallop, so as to keep the bird in sight, yet not so as to terrify him.

An elephant-hunt among the Kaffres of Southern Africa lasts for days, sometimes for weeks. In the pursuit of this huge animal the Kaffres display all their powers of action and enterprise; "their arts of cunning circumvention—that knowledge which teaches them when to enlarge the circle of enemies that has been drawn around their victim, and when to diminish it; to approach and pour their assegais in upon him."

The hunters, having assembled in a favourite locality of the elephant, seek for a recent trail of one of these animals, and then follow in it with noiseless, stealthy pace, "now half-concealed in the underwood, now creeping through tangled thickets, and now bounding forward, while the rocky hollows echo their shrill scream of triumph." In stealing upon their prey, they show great skill in taking advantage of every bush, rock, or inequality of ground: they crouch from view, keeping below the wind to prevent discovery from the animal's accurate sense of smell; and when all these arts fail, and the tortured beast rushes forward in reckless despair, the hunters set fire to the high dry grass and brushwood, and retire in safety behind its dazzling flame. When at length the animal sinks under the wearying effect of long pursuit and from loss of blood flowing from innumerable petty wounds, the Kaffres approach him with superstitious awe, and exculpate themselves of any blame in his death, by declaring to him gravely that the thing was entirely the effect of accident, not design; while to atone for the offence, or to deprive him of all fancied power, they cut off the trunk and solemnly bury it, pronouncing repeatedly during the operation—"The elephant is a great lord, and the trunk is his hand."*

* We gather these few details from Rose's 'Excursions into the Interior of Southern Africa'; but the reader will find a full account of the perils and excitements of the elephant-hunt in one of Knight's Weekly Volumes, entitled 'The Elephant.'

BLACKLEAD PENCIL MAKING BY STEAM.

IN a former number (811) we gave a short account of 'Blacklead and Blacklead Pencils.' Since that time a marked alteration has taken place in the manufacture. At Maryport, in Cumberland, near to which place the mine described in that Number is situated, and which possesses great facility in procuring coal, steam-machinery has been recently applied to the production of pencils, of which we have recently received a trustworthy account.

Wood and black-lead form the raw material of the pencil-maker's art; the first is usually of a red cedar imported from the extensive forests of Mobile, and the other is, as we have already stated, a *carburet of iron*, or, as it is commonly called, *wad*, dug from the recesses of a mountain in Cumberland. For some years past the richer veins have worked out, and all that has been brought into the market has been found so gritty and so incorporated with earthy matter, as to prove equally perplexing and unsatisfactory to both makers and consumers, but more especially to artists.

In order to divest the raw material of all such grit and particles of sand it is now crushed between iron rollers, and passed several times through a fine sifter by means of a fan-blast, which separates the lighter and heavier particles. When thoroughly cleansed it is placed in various large iron pots, and mixed with water, when a grinding and agitating process is commenced by whirling round three large iron balls, by means of upright spindles worked by a steam-engine. This grinding process continues for a period of two or three months, until it is reduced to an impalpable powder. When a sufficient degree of fineness has been attained, it is packed into small retorts and submitted to a white heat in a close furnace, and then by means of great pressure it is compressed into square blocks; these are afterwards cut up into thin slabs or slates of various thicknesses, to suit the several sizes required. The quality mainly depends on the firmness and compactness of the material, and this can only be secured by thoroughly cleansing and by fineness of grinding, previously to submitting it to the operation of pressure; hence the necessity, in order to produce a good article, of all these sifting, levigating, and long-continued grinding processes. The several degrees of hardness required for the various sorts, are obtained by regulating the degree of pressure to which the material is submitted whilst in a state of fusion; and in this, it will be seen, it differs from the process described by Dr. Ure as having been adopted in Paris (see No. 811), in which the use of clay to cause hardness must have much deteriorated the pencil.

After being turned out of the retorts in which it is pressed, in cakes varying from seven pounds to twelve pounds weight, the solid mass is next cut up, by a small circular saw connected with the engine, into slices of the various thicknesses required, and sent to the fitting in table. Here two common glue-kettles are inserted in the top, and four boys, one on each side, are engaged in charging the slips of cedar (of four pencils each, prepared as described in the following paragraph) with the pieces of blacklead, fixing in the piece with glue and cutting off the remainder with a steel point close to the wood; which operation is repeated till the whole length is completed.

By the most improved plan the cedar-wood is first cut up into planks of about four inches thick, and cross-cut to about twenty-eight or thirty inches long, so as to admit of four pencils of seven inches each, being carried through the various stages in one piece. These pieces are next reduced to thinner staves, the faces being shifted to suit the thickness of pencil required. All these operations are performed by the

machine—a circular saw, worked by the engine. These staves are then taken by another workman, who superintends a more complicated piece of machinery called the *grooving-engine*, which serves the three-fold purpose of cutting off four lengths of pencils and their covers, and grooving the whole four at the same time. The grooves are made by a companion saw, working horizontally in a side box, which, by means of a treddle and spring, the workman draws out and lets in at pleasure with his foot, so that the extreme end of each pencil is left ungrooved. Another is working simultaneously by its side, but perpendicularly, and is cutting off the grooved pieces; while the third is for providing a thinner slice to serve as a *cover* after the lead is fitted into the grooves. These covers or tops are glued on in grooves and wedged up till quite dry, when these unseemly square lengths of twenty-eight inches, charged with the wad and covered, are taken to the *rounding-engine* (see Fig. A). This is a neat little ma-

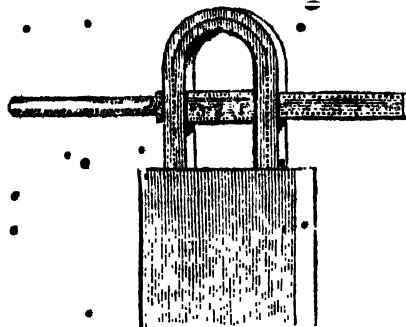


Fig. A.

chine, consisting of three *chucks* or chisels, inserted into a brass tube, and so arranged that the first, a sort of gouge, takes off the adage, the second clears the gutter left by the gouge, and the third puts the finish to the whole length. This is done very quickly, the speed being about 1300 revolutions per minute. The cross-cutting into the length of pencils required is a simple operation, and performed by a boy at an ordinary circular saw, who takes them from the rounding-engine, and cuts about twenty together. The stamping process is the last, and requires neither skill nor effort in the performance, the little engine presenting two steel wheels, on one of which is cut the required stamp. One end of the pencil is put between these rapidly-running wheels, which snatch each pencil from the hand as it is presented and throws it out into a box below, stamped as it were by magic. A novice can stamp a hundred per minute, and it was in this operation that the King of Saxony, on his visit to Cumberland, essayed his royal hand.

Curious Mode of Fishing.—They (a tribe of Indians of Tierra del Fuego) fish by means of a line without a hook, having only a small piece of bait at the end, with which they entice the fish to the top of the water, close to the side of the canoe. A fish bites, and before it can detach its small teeth from the soft tough bait, the hand holding the line jerks the prize above the water, and the other catches it. The fisher then bites out a large piece of its belly, takes out the inside, and hangs the fish on a stick by the fire in the canoe.—*Voyages of the Adventure and Beagle.*

Self-denial.—Reflect that life at best is but short, and that we cannot afford to suffer any part of it to run to waste. In youth you must lay in a stock of knowledge which may carry you through life, whatever your after pursuits may be, with usefulness and honour. But recollect, this is not to be done without exertion, without the frequent sacrifice of momentary pleasure and gratification. Self-denial is a virtue of the highest quality, and he who has it not, and does not strive to acquire it, will never excel in anything.—*Conybeare.*



THE BRITISH VALHALLA.

—
No. V.—WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.
—



FROM the beginning to the end thereof the life of the Norman Conqueror is one great animated picture-history. The striking incidents commence, indeed, before he was born, and they only end with his burial. The Conqueror's sire was Robert, the seventh Duke of Normandy, a mighty warrior, and fortunate both in policy and in war; but he was also much given to ungodly pleasures, and partly through the violence of his temper, and partly owing to a belief that he had dealings with witches and necromancers, he obtained the name of "Robert the Devil." One day, as this Duke or Devil Ro-

bert was returning from the chase, he chanced to see a fair young girl, who, with companions of her own age, was washing clothes in a brook. Smitten by her surpassing beauty, he forthwith sent one of his discreetest knights to demand her of her family. The father of the maiden, a currier or tanner of the town of Falaise, at first received the proposals of Robert's love-ambassador with indignation, but, on second thoughts, he went to consult one of his brothers, a hermit in a neighbouring forest, much famed for his wisdom and sanctity, and this religious man gave it as his opinion that one ought in all things to submit and be conformable to the will of the powerful man. Mayhap the hermit well knew that if his beautiful niece were not given up voluntarily, and on a compact, she would be seized by force. However this may be, the family forthwith gave their consent that the maiden should become the concubine of the great man—the

man of the strong hand and resistless will—the duke and prince. The name of the maid of Falaise was Arlete, Harlotta, or Herleva, for she is indiscriminately called by these different appellations, which all seem to come from the old Norman or Danish compound *Herleve*—"the much loved." And the duke, according to the monkish historians, continued to love her dearly, and he brought up the boy William he had by her with as much care and honour as if he had been the son of a lawful wife. When the boy William was only seven years old, Robert the Devil resolved to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to obtain the remission of his many sins. The barons and knights of Normandy, knowing that the French king much coveted the country, and that they were surrounded by warlike enemies, were much cast down by this resolution, and said that they could not well do without a "Dux" or leader. "By my faith, sirs," quoth Duke Robert, "I will not leave you without a seigneur. I have a little bastard, who will grow big, if it pleases God, and a valiant leader to boot. I am certain that he is mine own son. Receive him, therefore, as your lord, for I declare him to be mine heir, and I give him seisin from this moment of the duchy of Normandy. Choose him, then, forthwith; and before you all I will put him in possession of this duchy as my successor." The Norman chiefs did what the Duke Robert proposed, "because," says the chronicle, "it suited them so to do." According to the feudal usage, they, one by one, placed their hands within his hands, and swore fidelity to the promising child.

Robert the Devil, attired as a pilgrim, got safely to the Holy City; but he died within a year, on his journey homeward, in the happy conviction that his sins were all forgiven. Several of the chiefs, and, above all, the relations of the old duke, challenged the right of the boy William, and took up arms against him, saying that it was not fitting that a bastard should rule the Norman nobility. A civil war ensued, in which the party of William was victorious. As the boy advanced in years he more than justified the confident predictions of his sire; for he showed that he was as cunning and politic as he was brave and warlike, and that the wisdom of his councils would keep together the conquests made by his sword. The important day on which he first put on armour, and mounted his first battle-steed without aid of stirrup, was held as a great festal day in Normandy. From that day forward he was regarded as the foremost or most promising man of war in Europe. At an after period of life, when he had imposed respect or dread upon the world by his victories and consummate policy, he scorned the distinctions between legitimate and illegitimate birth, and more than once bravely put at the head of his charters and declarations—"We, William the Bastard." But at the beginning of his career he was exceedingly susceptible on this point, and several times punished in a sanguinary manner such men as scoffed at the stain of his birth. One day, while he was beleaguering the town of Alençon, the besieged took it into their silly heads to cry out from the top of their walls, "The hide! the hide!—Have at the hide!" and to shake and beat pieces of tanned leather, in allusion to the humble calling of Duke William's grandfather. And upon this provocation the Bastard caused the feet and hands of all the Alençon prisoners he had in his power to be cut off, and then thrown by his slingers within the walls of the insolent town.

Upon the sudden death of Hardicanute at the marriage festival at Clapa-ham or Clapham, Edward, afterwards styled the Confessor, the son of Ethelred the Unready, and of the ancient Saxon line, was immediately called to the throne, and apparently

without any serious opposition from the Danish part of the nation, whether the old settlers in the Danelagh, who had been living in England since the time of Alfred, or the modern invaders who had come over with Sweyn and his son Canute. But the line of Alfred was worn down to a slender thread, and the Saxon stuff of it was lost. The fugitive Edward had been bred up in a convent in Normandy—had learned the French as spoken in that country, and had almost forgotten his native tongue. He had contracted a great fondness for the Normans, and those people followed him in such crowds, that his court lost both its Saxon and Danish characteristics, and became almost a counterpart to that of his maternal uncle the Duke of Normandy. Moreover Edward was of a sickly constitution and timid disposition, with much more of the habits and demeanour of a monk than of those of a king or warrior. He would have made an excellent Lord Abbot in some very peaceful abbey (if any such could have been found at that period), but he was unfit to occupy a throne, either then or in any other age. In his foreign monastery he had learned piety, continence, and humility, but nothing of the art of government, or of the art of war, without which there was no government in those days. His views were narrow, his genius contemptible; his innocence of life proceeded in good part from the weakness of his constitution, and though reputed artless, he was very capable of guile and cunning. He had no issue, and it was evident from his first coming back to England that he would have none. Crowding the church, the courts of law, and all offices with Normans and men from other parts of France, he paved the way for William the Conqueror.

In or about the year 1051, when the Norman duke was in his twenty-sixth or twenty-seventh year, and when his fame was great on the Continent, he was invited over to England by Edward the Confessor. It is said that when he arrived, with a numerous and splendid train, he might almost have doubted whether he had quitted his own country; for Normans commanded the Saxon fleet at Dover; Normans garrisoned the castle at Canterbury; and, as he advanced on his journey, Norman knights, bishops, abbots, and burgesses met him at every relay, to bid him welcome to England. At the court of Edward, in the midst of Norman clerks, priests, and nobles, who looked up to him as their "natural lord," he seemed more a king than the king himself. King Edward received his good cousin Duke William with much tenderness and affection, lived lovingly with him while he stayed, and gave him at his departure a right royal gift of arms, horses, hounds, and hawks. What passed in the private and confidential intercourse of the two princes the old chroniclers knew not, and attempted not to divine; but it was noted, that after Duke William's visit the many Normans settled in England carried their heads still higher than before.

Harold, son of the great Earl Godwin, aspired to the throne of the childless and almost childish Edward, and his ambition was encouraged by most of the Saxon nobles. He was also exceedingly popular with the great body of the Saxon people, and his reputation as a brave and fortunate warrior was scarcely inferior to that of the Norman William. About a year before the death of the Confessor, Harold, to his great misfortune, found himself in Normandy, and completely in the power of William. The circumstances are differently related; but the most romantic and picturesque account of the journey, and that which is at the same time, in all probability, as true as any other, is simply this:—Being at his manor of Bosham, or Bosham, on the Sussex coast, Harold, on an unlucky day, went into a fishing-boat for recreation, with but

few attendants and no very expert mariners: a violent storm suddenly arose, and drove the ill-managed bark across the Channel and upon the French coast. But, whether this be the correctest account of the voyage or not, the chroniclers are generally agreed as to all the incidents which followed. Harold was wrecked or stranded near the mouth of the river Somme, in the territory of Guy, Count of Ponthieu, who seized the wreck as his property, and made the passengers his prisoners, until they should pay a heavy ransom for their release. This was but a part of the law and usage of the times. From his hard prison Harold made his condition known to Duke William, and entreated his good offices, and William, after some delays, gave the inhospitable Count Guy a large sum of money and a landed estate as the ransom of the great and powerful Saxon. Upon his liberation, Harold proceeded into Normandy, and to the court of his liberator; but, although he was received with much magnificence, and even with a show of affection, he presently found that he was as much a prisoner at Rouen as he had been in the territories of Count Guy. His popularity in England, his ambition, his designs upon the throne, as soon as it should become vacant, were all known to Duke William, who suddenly said to him one day, as they were riding side by side, "Where Edward and I lived together, like brothers, under the same roof, he promised me that, if ever he became king of England, he would name me his successor. Harold! I would right well that you helped me in the fulfilment of this promise; and be assured that, if I obtain the kingdom by your aid, whatever you choose to ask shall be granted on the instant." The liberty and life of the Saxon earl were at the mercy of the proposer; and so Harold promised to do all that he could to place the Norman bastard on the throne of the Confessor. The duke then told him that he must deliver Dover Castle to the Normans, that he must give his sister in marriage to a Norman chief, and take himself to wife, Adele, his (William's) daughter. Harold, acting as if the knife were at his throat, promised and vowed to do all these things. But the crafty and suspicious Norman was not yet satisfied. The sanctity of an oath was so frequently disregarded, that men had begun to consider it not enough to swear by the Majesty of Heaven and the hopes of eternal salvation, and had invented sundry plans, such as swearing upon the host, or consecrated wafer, and upon the relics of saints, which, in their dull conception, were things more awful and more binding. William summoned a grand council of the barons and head-men of Normandy; and, on the eve of the day fixed for this assembly, he caused all the bones and relics of saints preserved in the churches and monasteries to be collected and deposited in a large tub, which was placed in the great council-chamber, and covered and concealed under a cloth of gold. At the opportune moment, when Duke William was seated on his chair of state, with a rich sword in his hand, a golden diadem on his head, and all his Norman chieftains, bishops, and abbots round about him, the missal was brought in, and being opened at the Evangelists, was laid upon the cloth of gold which covered the tub, and gave it the appearance of a rich table or altar. And then Duke William rose and said, "Earl Harold, I require you, before this noble assembly, to confirm by oath the promises you have made me, to wit, to assist me in obtaining the kingdom of England after King Edward's death, to marry my daughter Adele, and to send me your sister, that I may give her in marriage to one of my nobles." Harold, thus publicly taken by surprise, durst not retract. He stepped forward with a troubled countenance, laid his hand upon the open missal, and swore

—swore that, if he lived, he would to the utmost of his power, and with God's help, fulfil his engagements: and all the assembled chiefs said aloud, "And so may God be thy help!" As soon as the oath was taken, Duke William made a signal, and thereupon the missal was removed, the cloth of gold was taken off, and the large tub was discovered to be filled to the very brim with dead men's bones and relics of saints and martyrs, over which the son of Earl Godwin had sworn without knowing it. According to the Norman chroniclers, Harold turned pale and shuddered at the sight.

But the liberated Harold would not be bound by oaths extorted from him by force and fraud; and when Edward the Confessor died, and when the Saxon nation called him to the throne, he forgot even the awful contents of the tub, and he grasped the sceptre without any shuddering, and he was proclaimed king in a vast assembly of Saxon chiefs and nobles, and citizens of London, and was solemnly crowned by Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury.

William was hunting in the forest near Rouen, with a great company of knights, esquires, and noble dames and damsels, when a messenger just arrived from England accosted him, and announced the death of the Confessor and the coronation of Harold. The bow dropped out of the hand of the Norman duke, and he stood for a space like one petrified. He then fastened and undid his mantle, speaking no word, and looking so troubled and fierce that none durst speak to him. Then throwing himself into a skiff, he crossed the Seine, and went into his palace, still silent. Striding into the great hall, he threw himself into a chair, and, wrapping his head in his mantle, he bent his body towards the earth. The courtiers gazed upon him with amazement and alarm, and asked one another in whispers what this could mean. "Sirs," said William de Breteuil, the seneschal, "ye will soon know the cause of our lord's anxiety." At a few words spoken by the seneschal, the duke recovered from his reverie, removed the mantle from his face, and listened to one of his barons, who advised him to remind Harold of the oaths he had sworn, and demand from him the immediate surrender of the Confessor's crown.

Harold replied, that the crown of England was not his to give away.

When William the Norman prepared to invade England (which he did forthwith), he had reached the mature age of forty-two. He called to his aid not only his subjects of Normandy, but men from Maine and Anjou, from Poitou and Brittany, from the country of the French king and from Flanders, from Aquitaine and from Burgundy, from Piedmont beyond the Alps, and from the German countries beyond the river Rhine. The idle adventurers of one-half of Europe flocked to his standard. Some of these men demanded regular pay in money, others nothing but a passage across the Channel, and all the booty they might make; some of the chiefs demanded territory in England, while others simply bargained to have a rich English wife allotted to them. William sold beforehand a bishopric in England for a ship and twenty men-at-arms. The pope gave the Conqueror a holy licence to invade England, upon condition that the Norman duke should hold his conquest as a fief of the church; and, together with a bull, a consecrated banner, and a ring of great price, containing one of the hairs of St. Peter, were sent from Rome into Normandy. So formidable an armament had not been collected in Western Europe for many centuries. The total number of vessels amounted to about three thousand, of which six hundred or seven hundred were of a superior order. When the expedition set sail, William led the van in a vessel which had been presented to him for the occa-

sion by his wife Matilda: the vanes of this ship were gilded, the sails were of different bright colours, the three lions—the arms of Normandy—were painted in divers places, and the sculptured figure-head was a child with a bent bow, the arrow seeming ready to fly against the hostile and perjured land of England. The consecrated banner sent from Rome floated at the main-top-mast. This ship sailed faster than all the rest, and in the course of the night it left the whole fleet far astern. Early in the morning the duke ordered a sailor to the mast-head to see if the other ships were coming up. "I can see nothing but the sea and sky," said the mariner; and thereupon they lay-to. To keep the crew and the soldiers on board in good heart, William ordered them a sumptuous breakfast, with warm wine strongly spiced. After this refectation the mariner was again sent aloft, and this time he said he could make out four vessels in the distance; but mounting a third time, he shouted out with a merry voice, "Now I see a forest of masts and sails." Within a few hours the re-united Norman fleet came to anchor on the Sussex coast. At that particular point the coast was flat, and the country behind it marshy and unpicturesque; but a little to the left stood the noble Roman walls and other ancient remains of Pevensey, and a little to the right the bold cliffs and sloping downs of Hastings. The great and decisive battle which was fought near Hastings on the 14th of October, 1066, sixteen days after the landing of the invaders, contains subjects for many a noble picture; and from the old chroniclers, and the rude and characteristic Bayeux tapestry, our young painters may derive the minutest information as to armour, costume, and all accessories. Truth and correctness of detail may go hand in hand with poetical conception and spirited execution; and nothing is there more quaint, and, at the same time, more picturesque, than the armour, arms, and dresses of the period.

As day dawned, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, a half-brother of Duke William, celebrated mass in the field on a portable altar, and gave his benediction to the troops, being armed the while in a coat of mail, which he wore under his episcopal rochet; and when the mass and the blessing were over, he mounted a very large and white war-horse, took a lance in his hand, and marshalled his brigade of cavalry. William rode a fine Spanish horse, which a rich Norman had brought him on his return from a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Iago in Galicia: he wore suspended round his neck some of those relics upon which Harold had sworn; the pride of the Norman nobility were formed in column behind him; and the standard blessed by the pope was carried at his side by one Tonstain, surnamed "the White," who accepted the honourable but dangerous office after two Norman barons had declined it. Before the onslaught, the duke, from the back of his Spanish steed, harangued the collected host, telling them that a great booty was before them, and that if they could conquer this land, they should have it all in lots among them. Then Taillefer, a gigantic Norman, who was minstrel, juggler, and champion, spurred his horse to the front of the van, and sung with a loud voice the popular ballads which immortalized the valour of Charlemagne and Roland, and all that flower of chivalry that fought in the great fight of Roncevalles; and as Taillefer sang he performed feats with his sword, throwing it into the air with great force with one hand, and catching it as it fell with the other. The Normans repeated the burden of his song, or cried "Dieu aide! Dieu aide!" This accomplished champion craved permission to strike the first blow: he ran one Saxon through the body, and threw a second to the ground; but in attacking a third, he was

himself mortally wounded; and having sung his last war-song, he crossed himself and was at peace for ever. The Saxon host remained in their position on the ridge of a hill, fortified by trenches and palisades: they were marshalled after the fashion of the Danes, shield against shield, presenting an impenetrable front to the enemy's lances; and in response to the "Dieu aide!" or "God is our help!" of the Normans, they shouted, "Christ's rood! The holy rood!" According to ancient privilege, the brave men of Kent stood in the first line, and the burgesses of London formed the body-guard of the sovereign, and were drawn up close round the royal standard. At the foot of this standard stood bold Harold, with his two stout brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, and a few of the noblest and bravest thanes of all England.

Many were the checks and reverses, and fearful the losses sustained by the invaders. At one term the pride of the Norman cavalry were driven pell-mell into a deep trench which had been artfully covered over and concealed by the Saxons, and in which men and horses perished in great numbers: and at this disastrous moment the cry was spread that the duke himself was slain, and a panic and headlong flight was begun. William, whose horse had been killed, but who was himself unhurt, mounted a fresh steed, got before the fugitives, and endeavoured to stop them, first by threatening them and striking them with his lance, and then by uncovering his face and head, and crying, "Here I am! Look at me! I am still alive, and will conquer by God's help!" At last, near upon six o'clock of the evening, when the battle had lasted nine hours, and when the sun was setting in the sea beyond the headland of Beachy Head, victory alighted upon the proud crest of the Norman. Harold was shot through the brain by a random arrow, and the foe made a dash and hemmed in the spot, exerting themselves in the most desperate manner to seize the royal Saxon banner. Robert Fitz Ernest had almost grasped it when a Saxon battle-axe laid him low for ever. Twenty Norman knights of name then undertook the task, and this attempt succeeded after ten of their number had perished. The Saxon standard was then lowered, and the consecrated banner sent by the pope from Rome was raised in its stead, in sign of victory. Gurth and Leofwin, the brothers of Harold, died before the standard was taken, and all the hill-side where it stood was covered thick with the Saxon dead and dying. William himself had lost not one but three horses that were killed under him, and at one moment he was well nigh laid prostrate by a blow struck upon his steel cap by a Saxon knight.

Scenes of the most striking kind followed closely upon the battle of Hastings. Before leaving Normandy William had caused a muster-roll to be drawn up, specifying the names and quality of all his followers. The morning after the battle all those who survived it were drawn up in line, and this muster-roll was called over. To a fourth of the names no answer was returned; and among the missing, who were all dead, were many of the noblest lords and bravest knights of Normandy. Those who had been more fortunate gathered round the Duke, and, with eager looks and their swords and lance-heads yet wet with the blood of the conquered, demanded possession of the houses and lands of the Saxons. A new roll was prepared, on which were inscribed the names of all the noblemen and gentlemen who had survived; and this roll was deposited in Battle Abbey, which, in the accomplishment of a solemn vow, the Conqueror afterwards erected on the hill which Harold had occupied and so gallantly defended. The high altar of this abbey church stood on the very spot where the standard of the last of our Saxon kings had floated.

There is yet another and a more pathetic subject for the painter. The aged mother of Harold, who lost three brave sons in the battle of Hastings, offered its weight in gold for the dead body of the king. Two monks, who were allowed by William to search for the body, were unable to distinguish it among the heaps of the slain, who had all been stripped naked by the Norman soldiery; but the monks sent for a beautiful young Saxon lady to whom Harold had been fondly attached, and the fair Editha—"the swan-necked" as she is called by some of the chroniclers—came to that scene of slaughter and horror, and went groping and peering with weeping and half-blinded eyes among the dead, nor ceased her search until she found the disfigured body of King Harold. The body was conveyed to Waltham Abbey on the banks of the river Lea, a house and a country which he had much loved while alive. He was there honourably interred, the Waltham monks putting over his tomb the simple inscription "Here lies the unfortunate Harold!"

This battle of Hastings, which cost the Conqueror a fourth of his army, did not put him in possession of a fourth of the kingdom: many an after field was fought with equal desperation, and his wars for the subjugation of the West, the North, and the East, lasted, with intervals of tranquillity, for seven or eight years. Thus the conquest effected by the Normans was a slow and not a sudden one, and the impression left on the mind of the reader by our most popular abridgments of English history is exceedingly incorrect.

A striking story, honourable to the brave men of Kent, is told by some of our earliest historians, and has been carefully preserved in the traditions of the country. At the call of the Archbishop Stigand, and Egelnoth, abbot of St. Augustine's in Canterbury, the men of Kent flew to arms and met at an appointed hour on Swanscombe, a hill a little to the west of Gravesend, with the resolution to stop the march of the Normans upon London, unless they agreed to respect the old liberties, laws, and usages of all Kent. Their battle array was curious and picturesque. In the adjoining woods every man furnished himself with great branches and boughs or with sapling trees, and as the Conqueror advanced they issued from the woods and gathered round him on every side, being covered and concealed like the army of Macduff and Siward that marched against Macbeth. "The device," says old John Speed, "took so strange an effect that it daunted the duke even with the sight; who being as he thought free from the enemy, was now suddenly beset on all sides with thick woods, whereof seeing some before him to move, he knew not but that all the other vast woods were of like nature, neither had he leisure to avoid the danger. The Kentish men, inclosing his army about, displayed their banners, cast down their boughs, and with bows bent prepared for battle; so that he which even now had the realm to his seeming in his fist, stood in despair of his own life." The leaders of the brave commons of Kent then explained their resolution and stated their demands, being fully determined to abide the verdict of battle, and rather die than part with their old free laws and live servile in bondage. "The Conqueror, driven into this strait, and loath to hazard all on so nice a point, their demands being not unreasonable, more wisely than willingly granted their desires; and pledges on both parts were given for performance." To this compact, say the traditions of the country, Kent owes the preservation of the law of gavelkind (which has disappeared everywhere except in Kent and the metropolitan suburb of Kentish Town, and a few manors, as Stepney and Hackney), and the Kentish men derived their well-maintained reputation of being the most ardent

lovers of liberty and most resolute opposers of all oppression.

Many of the subjects that are fitted for our national Valhalla must be treated as historical landscapes, and can be handled only by such as unite the skill of the landscape painter with that of the painter of figures. These two things have not hitherto been often found united in one artist, but we do not despair for the future of seeing justice done to such a high class of pictures. When the Conqueror approached the ancient town of St. Albans, he found his passage stopped by a multitude of great trees which had been felled and laid across the road. He called aloud for the abbot of St. Albans, and demanded why these barriers were raised in his jurisdiction. The Lord Abbot Frithric, whose veins were filled with the most noble blood of the Saxons, and with that of King Canute the Dane, stood boldly up behind the boles and trunks of the forest trees, and stretching out his right hand towards the chafing duke and his impatient knights, he said, "I have done the duty appertaining to my birth and calling; and if others of my rank and profession had performed the like, as they well could and ought, it had not been in thy power to penetrate into the land thus far!"—The monks of the great abbey of St. Albans stood behind their chief, and the serfs of the abbey lands and the free burghers of the town gazed out, from the hanging woods close by, with wondering and anxious eyes at the mailed and lance-bearing invaders.

The coronation of the Conqueror offers several striking scenes. The day was Christmas-day; the place, that Westminster Abbey which had been built by Edward the Confessor, and which was scarcely finished when that king died. All the approaches to the abbey were lined with double rows of soldiers, horse and foot. The Conqueror rode through the ranks, and entered the abbey church attended by two hundred and sixty of his barons and knights, by many foreign priests and monks, and by a considerable number of Saxon nobles who had been gained over to act a part in the pagantry. At the opening of the ceremony one of William's prelates, Geoffrey, bishop of Coutances, asked the Normans, in the French language, if they were of opinion that their chief should take the title of King of England; and then Aldred, the Saxon archbishop of York, asked the English if they would have William the Norman for their king. The reply on either side was given by acclamation in the affirmative; and the shouts and cheers thus raised were so loud and long that they shook the walls of the abbey and startled the foreign cavalry stationed round the edifice. The troops mistook the noise for a cry of alarm raised by their master and friends, and as they had strict orders to be on the alert, and ready to act with vigour in case of any popular insurrection, they rushed to the English houses nearest the abbey and set fire to them. A few, thinking to succour their betrayed duke, ran into the church, where, at sight of their naked swords, and the smoke and flames that were rising, the tumult became as great as in the streets. The Normans thought that the whole population of London and its neighbourhood had risen against them; the Saxons thought that they had been deluded by a vain show, and drawn together, unarmed and defenceless, to be massacred. Both parties ran out of the abbey, and the ceremony was interrupted. But William, though assembling from head to foot, and left almost alone in the church, or with none with him save the archbishop Aldred and a few pale panic-stricken priests, all clustering round the altar, telling their beads, or raising their crucifixes towards heaven, most resolutely refused to postpone the celebration, and held the crown of England in his grip as though no mortal hand should ever wrest it from

him. The service was therefore completed amidst a scene of havoc and confusion, and with all the haste that could be made; and with a hand that shook and a voice that was indistinct, William took the usual coronation oath of the Anglo-Saxon kings, making, as an addition of his own, the solemn promise that he would treat the English people as well as the best of their kings had done.

The wars carried on in Herefordshire against Edric the Forester, on the coast of Somersetshire against the two sons of the late King Harold, in Devonshire and Cornwall against a league formed by Harold's mother, and in Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, and Northumberland against the Earls Edwin and Morcar, abound with striking incidents. In a laborious forced march from York to Chester, when the Conqueror led his host amidst storms of sleet and hail across the mountains which divide our island lengthways, and which have been called "the Apennines of England," the troops were worn out with fatigue and privation, and disheartened by the dangers they saw before them in the north-west. The horses of the knights and men-at-arms perished fast, and the foot soldiers were scarcely equal to the toil of traversing those mountainous and, for the most part, pathless wilds. The auxiliaries of Anjou and Brittany began to murmur aloud, and not a few of the Normans threatened to give up the desperate enterprise, desert their prince, and return to their own homes beyond sea. The army was on the verge of a general mutiny when the Conqueror called a halt, and addressed officers and men. He promised to the faithful, the brave, and persevering, immense rewards in lands, money, or goods as soon as the campaign should be over, and he affected to treat his faint-hearted auxiliaries with indifference or contempt. "I can do well without them," said he; "they may go if they please. I have plenty to follow me. I do not want their services, but they will grieve for the guerdon which might be theirs. Let them go back and encounter greater perils than these; but let us go forward to Chester." And thenceforward, on the rough hungry way over the wealds, he partook in the fatigues of the common soldiers, marching on foot with them, and faring as they fared. And he soon entered in triumph the ancient city of Chester, which had not yet been invaded by the Normans, and which still retained the outer features of a Roman city, the fine Roman walls and gates being then comparatively entire.

But the most remarkable of all these contests was that which was carried on for seven long years and more in the fenny country of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire, with Hereward, the "cunning captain" and right Saxon Lord of Brunn. The accounts given by the old chroniclers of this war, which was nobly sustained by the Saxons, and which cost the Normans immense sacrifices, are more romantic and picturesque than any elaborated romance. The most remarkable scene, in which William himself was personally engaged, is this:—By the advice of some of his chiefs who were firmly convinced that the Saxon hero, who had foiled them so often, was leagued with the devil and aided by some necromancer or witch, the Conqueror, who at his first coming into England had brought over with him from Normandy a conjuror and soothsayer as an essential part of his army of invasion, sent to the Continent for a witch or sorceress in order to neutralize or defeat the spells of the Saxons. An old woman of a terrific aspect, who was reputed the greatest witch in France, soon arrived in the fenny country. The Conqueror, after many interruptions and great losses, had constructed a solid causeway which ran for two miles into the marshes and fens which the Normans had found so impracticable and impassable.

The first and last work upon which the sorceress was employed, was to deter the Saxons from approaching it, and so facilitate the lengthening and finishing of this solid road. With great ceremony the witch was placed on the top of a lofty wooden tower, which was raised in a dry open space among the reeds, a little in advance of the Norman works; and a number of soldiers and labourers, confiding in the strength of her incantations, gathered round the tower and made their preparations for extending the causeway. The king with his barons and knights stood on the finished part of the road to watch the success of the witch. But, lo! the hag had scarcely stretched out her skinny arms towards the Saxon towers of Ely, and had scarcely begun her incantations, when Hereward, the cunning captain, watching his opportunity, got on the flank to windward, and setting fire to the vast fields of reeds and rushes, which were all dried by the heat of a long summer, kindled a mighty blaze which was not extinguished until tower and sorceress, workmen and soldiers, were all consumed. The Conqueror, half stifled with the smoke, rode back to Cambridge Castle, resolving, it is said, never again to have recourse to witches or to any kind of magic.

His episcopal, hard-fighting, half-brother Odo, now Earl of Kent, as well as bishop of Bayeux, who had assisted him as much as any man in the conquest of England, gave William much uneasiness and trouble in the latter part of his reign, for Odo aspired to the triple crown of Rome, being encouraged by the predictions of some Italian astrologers, who, living in his service and being well paid by him, gave assurance that he would be the successor of Gregory VII., the reigning Pope. To forward his grand project, Odo cruelly racked his English vassals for money, and made himself a strong party among the Norman chiefs settled in England, several of whom, in contempt of their feudal duty to William, engaged to accompany the bishop to Rome. The king was in Normandy when he heard of this expedition, which had been prepared with great secrecy; but he instantly set sail for England, surprised the aspirant to the Papedom in the Isle of Wight, seized his treasures, and summoned him before a council of Norman barons. Here the king accused his half-brother of untruth and sinister doings, of having greatly abused his power, of having maltreated the English beyond measure, of having robbed the churches of the land, and of having seduced and attempted to carry out of England and beyond the Alps the warriors of the King, who needed their services for the safe keeping of his kingdom. Having thus exposed his grievances, William asked the council what such a brother deserved at his hands. The Norman barons looked at one another, but not one of them ventured to reply, for the power of Odo until now had been very great, and he had ever been known as a revengeful man. "Arrest him, then," cried the King; "and see that he be well guarded!" Though commanded by a king, the barons would not lay hands on a bishop: not one of them moved. "Then will I do it," said the King; and he seized the prelate by his robe. "I am a clerk, a priest," cried Odo; "I am a bishop, and the Pope alone has the right of judging me!" But the King, without losing his hold, replied, "I do not arrest thee as Bishop of Bayeux, but as Earl of Kent." Odo was sent forthwith to Normandy, and there confined in a strong castle, in which he remained until William was on his death-bed.

It does not come within our present object to speak of the Conqueror as a great general and statesman, or to dwell upon the benefits which eventually resulted to England from the cruel and destructive Norman conquest. We are merely indicating some of the

many subjects which his life and exploits afford for our Valhalla. Nor can the Conqueror possibly be excluded from that national hall. For our real greatness as a nation begins at this period. The Norman race, in a very few generations, was mixed with and lost in the great Anglo-Saxon stock, which was greatly improved by the admixture. And, after all the changes and revolutions that have happened in the course of seven centuries and a-half, the blood of our reigning family is still kindred to his, and Queen Victoria is a descendant of William the Norman.

At the end of the year 1086, when he had been seated nineteen years upon the throne of England, William went over to the Continent with a mighty army to wage war with Philip, King of France, for the possession of the city of Mantes and the country of the Vexin. But shortly after his arrival in Normandy he fell sick and kept his bed. As he had advanced in years he had grown excessively fat. King Philip said, as a good joke among his courtiers, that his Cousin William was a long while lying in, but that no doubt there would be a fine churking as soon as he should be delivered. On hearing this coarse and insipid jest, the Conqueror of England swore by the most terrible of his oaths—by the splendour and birth of Christ—that he would be churchd in Notre Dame, the cathedral of Paris,* and present so many wax torches that all France should be set in a blaze.* It was not until the end of July, 1087, that he was in a state to mount his war-horse. He soon came with fire and sword into the Vexin country. The corn was almost ready for the sickle, the grapes for the wine-press, when he marched his cavalry through the corn-fields and made his soldiery tear up the vines by the roots and cut down the pleasant trees. Mantes was soon taken, and consigned to the flames. Neither house nor cottage, nay, neither church nor monastery was spared. As the Conqueror rode up to view the ruin he had caused, his war-horse put his fore feet on some embers or hot cinders, and then swerved or plunged so violently that the heavy rider was thrown upon the high pommel of the saddle, and grievously bruised. The king dismounted in great pain, and never more put foot in stirrup. Forthwith quitting the burning town, he was carried slowly in a litter to Rouen, and again laid in his bed. It was soon evident to all, and even to himself, that his last hour was approaching. Being troubled by the noise and bustle of Rouen, and desirous of dying in a holy place, he made his people carry him to the monastery of St. Gervas, outside the city walls. He lingered for six weeks, during which he was surrounded by doctors, priests, and monks. On the nearer approach of death his heart softened, and though he preserved the kingly decorum and conversed calmly on the wonderful events of his life, he is said to have felt the vanity of all human grandeur, and a keen remorse for the crimes and cruelties he had committed. He sent money to Mantes to rebuild the churches and houses of religion he had burned, and he ordered large sums to be paid to the churches and monasteries in England, which he had plundered and impoverished. He released all his state prisoners, as well Saxons as others, some of whom had pined in dungeons for more than twenty years. Robert, his eldest son, who had had many violent quarrels with his father, was absent, but his two younger sons, William and Henry, who were successively kings of England, were assiduous round the death-bed, waiting impatiently for the declaration of his last will. A day or two before his death the Conqueror assembled some of his prelates

and chief barons in his sick chamber, and raising himself in his bed, he with a solemn and ghastly countenance declared in their presence that he bequeathed the duchy of Normandy and its other dependencies to his eldest son Robert. "As to the crown of England," said the dying monarch, "I bequeath it to no one, as I did not receive it, like the duchy of Normandy, in inheritance from my father, but acquired it by conquest and the shedding of blood with mine own good sword. The succession to that kingdom I therefore leave to the decision of God, only desiring most fervently that my son William, who hath ever been dutiful to me, may obtain it, and prosper in it." "And what do you give unto me, oh! my father?" eagerly cried Prince Henry. "Five thousand pounds weight of silver out of my treasury." "But what can I do with five thousand pounds of silver, if I have neither lands nor a home?" Here the dying king put on the look of a prophet, and said, "Be patient, O Henry! and have trust in the Lord: suffer thy elder brothers to precede thee, and thy time will come after theirs." Henry the Beauclerc, and the craftiest and cleverest of the unloving brotherhood, went straight and drew the silver, which he weighed with great care, and then furnished himself with a strong coffer to keep his treasure in. William Rufus left the king's bedside at the same time, and, without waiting to see his father breathe his last, hastened over to England to seize the royal treasures deposited in Winchester castle and to look after his crown.

About sunrise, on the 9th of September, the Conqueror was roused from a stupor into which he had fallen by the sound of bells. He eagerly inquired what the noise meant, and was told that they were ringing the hour of prime in the church of St. Mary. He lifted his clasped hands to heaven, and saying, "I commend my soul to my Lady Mary, the holy mother of God," instantly expired. His last faint sigh was the signal for a general flight and scramble. The knights, priests, and doctors, who had passed the night near him, put on their spurs, mounted their horses, and galloped off to their several homes to have an eye to their own interests. The king's servants and some vassals of inferior rank proceeded to rife the apartment of the arms, silver vessels, linen and royal dresses, and then were to horse and away like their betters. Some took one thing, some another: nothing worth the carrying was left behind—no, not so much as the bed-clothes. From prime to tierce, or for about three hours, the corpse of the mighty Conqueror, abandoned by sons, friends, servants and all, lay in a state of almost perfect nakedness on the bare boards of the chamber in which he had expired. The citizens of Rouen either ran about the streets asking news and advice from every one they met, or busied themselves in concealing their money and valuables. At last the clergy and the monks recovered the use of their faculties, and thought of the decent duties owing to the mortal remains of their sovereign; and, arraying themselves in their best habits, and forming in order of procession they went with crucifix, burning tapers, and incense, to pray over the abandoned and dishonoured body for the peace of its soul. The archbishop of Rouen obtained that the king should be interred at Caen in the church of St. Stephen, which he had built and royally endowed. But even now there were none to do it honour: his sons, his brothers, his relations, were all absent, and on all the Conqueror's officers and rich vassals not one was found to take charge of the obsequies. At length a poor knight named Herluin, who lived in the neighbourhood, charged himself with the trouble and expense of the funeral, "out of his natural good nature and love of God." This poor and pious knight engaged the priest

* It was the custom for women at their churching to carry lighted tapers in their hands, and present them at the altar.

attendance and a wain; he conveyed the king's body on the oar to the banks of the Seine, and from thence in a barge down the river and its estuary to the city of Caen. Gilbert, abbot of St. Stephen's, with all his monks, came out of Caen to meet the body, and other churchmen and the inhabitants of the city joining these, a considerable procession was formed. But as they went along a fire suddenly broke out in the town; laymen and clerks ran to extinguish it, and the abbot and his monks were left alone to conduct the remains of the king to the church which he had founded. Even the last burial service did not pass undisturbed. The neighbouring bishops and abbots assembled for this solemn ceremony. The mass and requiem had been said; the incense was filling the church with its holy perfume, the Bishop of Evreux had pronounced the panegyric, and the body was about to be lowered into the grave prepared for it in the church between the altar and the choir, when a man, suddenly rising in the crowd, exclaimed with a loud and angry voice which made the prelates and monks to start and cross themselves—"Bishop, the man whom thou hast praised was a robber! The very ground on which we are standing is mine, and is the site where my father's house stood. He took it from me by violence, to build this church on it. I reclaim it as my right; and in the name of God, I forbid you to bury him here, or cover him with my glebe." The man who spoke thus boldly was Asseline FitzArthur, who had often asked a just compensation from the king in his lifetime. Many of the persons present confirmed the truth of his statement; and, after some parley and chaffering, the bishop paid him sixty shillings for the grave alone, engaging to procure him hereafter the full value of the rest of his land. The body, dressed in royal robes, but without a coffin, was then lowered into the narrow tomb; the rest of the ceremony was hurried over, the people dispersed, the prelates went to their homes, and the abbot and monks of St. Stephen's went to their cloisters, leaving only one brother of the house to sprinkle holy water over the flat stone that covered the grave and to pray for the soul of the departed. The traveller may yet stand and muse over that grave in the quaint old Norman church at Caen; but the equestrian statue of the Conqueror, placed against one of the external pillars of the church, has been wantonly and barbarously mutilated. The head of William, which no doubt was as faithful a portrait as the sculptors of the time could make, is gone: it was probably struck off in the phrenzy of the great French Revolution, when all kings, living or dead, were proscribed and accursed, and when Republican fanatics ransacked the graves and wholly or partially destroyed all the interesting royal monuments in St. Denis, Fontevraud, Chinon, and elsewhere.

The Bayeux Tapestry, which we have mentioned and which is especially entitled to the notice of our artists, contains a picture-history of the Norman conquest of England, from the departure of Harold for Normandy to the rout of the Saxons at Hastings. It embraces all the incidents of Harold's stay in Normandy, and has preserved some that have not been noticed by any of the chroniclers. It is a roll of linen twenty inches broad and two hundred and fourteen feet in length. It has seventy-two distinct compartments. The figures are worked with woollen thread of different colours. Each compartment has a superscription in Latin indicating its subject. Thus we

have "Harold on his journey," "Harold's first appearance at the court of Duke William," "Harold's oath on the relics," "The English people giving the throne to Harold," "Duke William addressing his soldiers in the field of Hastings," and so on, to the full number of seventy-two subjects. According to local tradition this tapestry was the work of the Conqueror's queen Matilda, and was by her presented to the cathedral of Bayeux, of which her husband's half-brother Odo was bishop; and the delineations, which correspond in the minutest points with what we know of the manners of that age, afford very strong evidence that it is of this antiquity. For correctness of drawing, for composition, or perspective, the artist must not look, as these things existed nowhere in the eleventh century; but for costume, and the customs of the time, and for many characteristic traits, the Bayeux Tapestry is of inestimable value. It was preserved in the cathedral of Bayeux till the year 1803, having been wont to be exhibited for some days in every year to the people, in the nave of the church, round which it exactly went. It is now in the Hotel of the Prefecture of that city, where it is kept coiled round a roller, from which it is unwound upon a table for inspection. An engraving of the whole, in sixteen plates, coloured like the original, and one-fourth of the original size, was published by the Society of Antiquaries in the sixth volume of the 'Vetusta Monumenta.' Without the colour, twenty woodcuts in the 'Pictorial History of England' will convey a good notion of these remarkable designs.





[Herstmonceux Castle.]

HERSTMONCEAUX CASTLE, SUSSEX.

FROM the stern-looking castle of the Norman dynasty, with its huge keep, its long array of defensive provisions, its prison-like windows and inaccessible situation—to the manor-house of the Tudor and Stuart period, with its sunny bays and oriels, and picturesque assemblage of gables, and cheerful prospect, the transition was not immediate. There came first a time when comfort and somewhat of ornament began to be sought after, while security was not overlooked. The form of a castle was still retained, but not the dreariness of it. It was thought sufficient for a mansion by means of its thick and embattled walls, its strong towers and pierced turrets, its moat and drawbridges, to withstand the casual attack of any wandering band, although incapable of enduring a regular siege. Of these "castellated mansions" Herstmonceux Castle is perhaps the finest remaining example; and it is generally thought to be the oldest existing edifice constructed of brick after the reintroduction of that material. It was built in 1440, by Sir Roger de Fiennes, who was treasurer to Henry VI., and who obtained from that monarch a licence "to embattle and fortify his manor-house at Herstmonceux," and to enlarge his park to six hundred acres. This Sir Roger had attended Henry V. in his French wars with a retinue of thirty men-at-arms and archers. The Fiennes family had succeeded to the estate, in the reign of Edward II., by the marriage of a Sir John de Fiennes, with Maud, the heiress of the De Hursts, a Norman family to whom the manor was granted by the Conqueror.

The house is seated in a hollow, a situation chosen for the convenience of surrounding it with a moat. It is about four miles from Pevensey, overlooking on the south the long and dreary Pevensey Marsh; on the north and west are some rather lofty hills forming part of the South-down range. In form the castle is nearly a square, the sides being two hundred and fourteen feet, and the front two hundred and six feet long. The entrance is by a great gate-house with massive machicolated round-towers, eighty-four feet high; at the angles are tall turrets, which were fitted up with

furnaces for melting lead, pitch, &c.; the walls are embattled, and originally it had drawbridges and all the apparatus of defence. Its capabilities for withstanding an enemy do not appear, however, to have been put to the test. The history of it may be traced in connection with that of its possessors. Sir Richard de Fiennes, son of the builder of it, married Joan, heiress of Lord Dacre, and received a grant of that title, being known as "Lord Dacre of the South," in distinction from the Dacres of the North, so famous in song and story. In the thirty-third of Henry VIII., Thomas the then Lord Dacre came to a tragical end. Apparently from a wild freak, he with some other young men went one night into the park of a neighbour, Sir Nicholas Pelham, at Laughton, a few miles from Herstmonceux, with the intention of taking a deer; they were encountered however by some of the park-keepers, one of whom was killed in a struggle which ensued. Lord Dacre, and three gentlemen his companions, were tried for the murder and condemned. "And on the 29th day of June" (1542), says Hall, "being St. Peter's day, at afternoon, he was led on foot, between the two sheriffs of London, from the Tower through the city to Tyburn, where he was strangled as common murderers are, and his body buried in the church of St. Sepulchre's." *He was but twenty-four years of age at his death; and, according to Holinshed, was a young man of promise. "For the said young lord, being a light towards gentleman, and such a one as many had received great hope of better proof, no small moan and reputation was made; the more indeed, for that it was thought he was induced to attempt such folly, which occasioned his death, by some light heads that were then about him." Camden asserts that he would not have lost his life but for some of the courtiers about the monarch being anxious to grasp the large possessions of the unfortunate man, and that they with this view induced him to plead guilty, and then effectually prevented a pardon being granted to him. If this was the case, their hopes were frustrated, for on examination his estates were found too strongly entailed. His children were restored in blood by Elizabeth in the first year of her reign.

There is in existence a survey of the estate, made in the twelfth of the reign of Elizabeth, from which it appears that the moat had been recently drained "for the more healthful standing of the said house." * From the same survey, it seems there were then "within the edifices of the house, four gardens or courts." The park was "three miles about, the third part thereof lying in lawns, and the residue well set with great timber trees, most of beech and partly of oak, of fair timber. The game of fallow-deer in the same park are of estimation two hundred, whereof are sixty deer of antler. . . . Also four fair ponds well replenished with carp, tench, &c. . . . There is a hernery in the same park called Hern-wood, and they used to breed in divers parts of the park; the same hath yielded this year one hundred and fifty nests. There is a fair warren of conies. . . . The same game being of late in the keeping of the keeper, is now letten to the keeper for the yearly rent of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, who standeth bound to serve my lord forty dozen conies after 3*s.* the dozen if he be required." In the thirty-seventh of Elizabeth, in default of a male heir, the estate passed to Sampson Lennard, who had married Margaret, daughter of Lord Daere. By him the interior of the mansion was greatly embellished, and some alterations made in the exterior. Thomas lord Daere in the reign of Charles II. married a daughter of that monarch and of the Duchess of Cleveland. He was created Duke of Sussex by Charles. He fitted up the interior, in the manner of the time, with stucco ceilings, and added some elegant carvings by Grinling Gibbons. Like most of the courtiers of that day, however, he was very extravagant, and addicted to gambling, and was compelled some years before his death to sell Herstononceaux to G. Naylor, Esq. That gentleman left it to his sister, the wife of Francis Hare, bishop of Chichester, who made it his residence.

While in the possession of the bishop's son it was visited by Horace Walpole, who has left a lively account of his visit to it. Although no longer the constant residence of its proprietor, it remained much in its former state—there still hung over the chimney the delightful carvings by Gibbons, particularly two pheasants. "The chapel is small and mean; the Virgin and seven long, lean saints, ill done, remain in the windows; there have been four more, which seem to have been removed for light, and we actually found St. Catherine and another gentlewoman with a church in her hand exiled into the buttery. . . . The outside is of brick, and is romantic to a degree; and there is a dungeon that gives one a delightful idea of living in the days of soccage, and under such goodly tenures; they showed us a dismal chamber, which they call Drummer's Hall, and suppose that Mr. Addison's comedy is descended from it." (Letter to R. Bentley, Esq., Aug. 5, 1752.) A few years later it was more minutely described by Grose, and as his description was made just before it was dismantled, it is, although minute, of much interest and value:—"This castle encloses three courts, a large one and two small ones; the entrance is on the south front, through the great gate-house, which leads into a spacious court cloistered round. On the north side is the hall, which is very large and much resembling those of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge that have not been modernized, the fire-place being in the middle of the room, and the butteries at the lower end. At the upper or eastern end of this hall are three handsome rooms, one of them forty feet long, these lying one with another constitute the best apartment in the castle; beyond them is the chapel, some parlours for common use, with rooms for the upper servants, composing the east front. The grand stairs, which lie beyond the hall, occupy an area of forty feet square. The kitchen, which is beyond the staircase, to the west,

is large, and, as well as the hall and chapel, goes up in height to the upper story of the house. The offices belonging to it are very ample, and the oven in the bakehouse is fourteen feet diameter: the left side of the south front beyond the great gate-house is occupied by a long waste room like a gallery in old times, and seems as if intended for a stable in case the castle was besieged, and it was found necessary to bring the horses or other cattle into a place of security. Underneath the eastern corner tower, in the same front, is an octagonal room, which was formerly the prison; in the midst is a stone post with a large chain. Above stairs is a suit of rooms similar to those of the best apartment, over which it stands. The chambers on this floor are sufficient to lodge a garrison, and one is bewildered in the different galleries that lead to them, in every one of the windows of which is painted on glass the alant or wolf-dog, the ancient supporters of the family of Fiennes; many private winding staircases, curiously constructed in brick-work, without any timber, communicate with these galleries." (Grose, 'Antiquities of England,' vol. iii.)

In 1777 the Rev. R. Hare, to whom it had descended, had the roof taken off and the whole of the interior removed, leaving only the walls standing. He resided in a house close by, to procure materials for the enlargement of which, it was that he dismantled the castle. Since his time it has passed from his family, and is now the property of W. Gillon, Esq., who displays a laudable anxiety for its preservation. Although so long built, and exposed to the sea vapours, the bricks are as sharp and fresh as those in many a house of some centuries later date. Only the shell remains, but that is almost perfect, and if as carefully looked after as it now is, may long remain so.

At a short distance stands the old church, a neat and interesting structure. Horace Walpole, in the letter from which we have already quoted, says, "We walked up a brave old avenue to the church, with ships sailing on our left hand the whole way." But the brave avenue is gone now; the old monuments to the Fiennes and the Dacres yet remain, however, in the church. The park is disparked, but there are still some fine old oaks scattered about. In the church-yard is a yew which measures nearly twenty-three feet in circumference at four feet from the ground.

THE ARTIFICES EMPLOYED BY RUDE NATIONS IN HUNTING.

[Concluded from p. 207.]

THE American Indians have a remarkable method of taking the wild horse of the prairie. According to Catlin there is no other animal on the prairies so wild and sagacious as the horse, and none other so difficult to come up with. So remarkably keen is their eye, that at the distance of a mile they seem to be able to distinguish the character of an approaching enemy, and will run off, seldom stopping short of three or four miles. On one occasion Catlin succeeded in getting tolerably close to the herd, which presented a remarkable appearance. Some were milk-white, some jet black, others were sorrel and bay, and cream-colour; many were iron-grey, and others pied; their manes were very profuse and hanging in the wildest confusion over their necks and faces, and their long tails swept the ground.

The method of taking one of these beautiful creatures alluded to above, is called *creasing*; that is, shooting them through the gristle on the top of the neck, which stuns them so that they fall, and are secured by attaching hobbles to the feet, after which they rise again without fatal injury. This method is often

practised by expert hunters with good rifles; there is, however, a chance of breaking the animal's neck instead of merely stunning him.

The Indian depends upon the fleetness and agility of his horse, and his own skill in the use of the laso, for his success in hunting that formidable animal the buffalo. The laso is a long thong of raw hide, ten or fifteen yards in length, made of several braids or twists, and furnished with a noose which is thrown over the animal. In running the buffaloes, or in time of war, the laso is allowed to drag on the ground at the horse's feet, and sometimes several rods behind, so that if a man is dismounted, as he often is by the tripping or stumbling of his horse, he can grasp the laso, and by retaining a firm hold of it he can stop and secure his horse, instantly remount and continue the chase. In winter, when the snow covers the ground, the horse is of no use in the chase. The Indian then mounted on his snow-shoes skims over the soft surface, while the buffalo, sinking from his great weight, becomes an easy victim to the bow or lance of his pursuer.

The natives of New Zealand catch birds with a noosed string, and so skilful are they in fishing that they will dive for fish and bring them up with the greatest certainty. The natives of British Guiana, on the Massaroony river, succeed in taking fish by a narcotic juice procured from the root of a kind of vine, which is bruised, steeped in water, and then poured over the surface of the river. In about twenty minutes the fish rise to the surface stupefied, and are easily taken by hand. A cubic foot of the root will produce this effect over an acre of water, and the quality of the fish as food is not injured by it. These people also capture fish by means of *weirs*, a method practised by almost every nation on the earth's surface. Captain Parry noticed it among the Esquimaux during their short summer.

In Western Australia the natives hunt the kangaroo in the following manner:—They assemble in small parties during the time of heavy rain, or when the wind is blowing hard, to prevent the noise of their approach being heard, for the kangaroo is very quick of hearing and always on the alert. They endeavour to keep the wind in their face, and no sooner do they observe the animal, than they take off their cloaks and advance with the utmost caution, hastily advancing when the kangaroo turns its back on them, and hiding among bushes when they are likely to be observed. As they get nearer to their prey, they move very lightly in a stooping posture, and only when the wind blows strongly. Should the kangaroo turn round and observe them, they instantly stop and remain perfectly motionless, until he resumes his feeding. In this way they get sufficiently near to pierce the animal with their spears.

The rude hunters whose exploits we have been recording, will sometimes remain for hours in one posture in order to secure their game. Mr. Burchell noticed two Bushmen boys "who amused themselves by standing at the water's edge, as motionless as herons," watching for fish. After patiently waiting for a considerable time, a fish came within reach of one of them, and was instantly pierced through with his hassagay.

The Esquimaux display an immense degree of patience and skill in catching the seal. This wary and sagacious animal seeks its food and passes much of its time in the water. It has the faculty of inhaling a sufficient quantity of air to serve the purpose of respiration during a long period; in the pursuit of its prey it traverses considerable distances under the surface of the water, and even under the ice; when it requires a fresh supply of air it ascends to the surface, or bores a passage through the ice, leaving a small rising in

shape and appearance like a common molehill. When an Esquimaux is hunting for seals he frequently places his head down on the ice to listen whether the animal is working up to the surface. If the man has reason to suppose that such is the case, he immediately attaches himself to the place, and seldom quits it without having killed the animal. "For this purpose," says Captain Parry, "he builds a snow wall about four feet in height to shelter him from the wind, and seating himself under the lee of it, deposits his spear, lines, and other implements upon several little forked sticks inserted into the snow, in order to prevent the smallest noise being made in moving them when wanted. But the most curious precaution to the same effect, consists in tying his own knees together with a thong so securely as to prevent any rustling of his clothes which might otherwise alarm the animal. In this situation a man will sit quietly sometimes for hours together, attentively listening to any noise made by the seal." In order to be certain that the animal has not taken alarm and abandoned the place, he uses a simple little instrument called Kripkutek which is a slender rod of bone nicely rounded, having a point at one end and a knob at the other. It is sometimes made as delicate as a fine wire, that the seal may not see it. It is thrust through the ice, and a part still remaining above the surface informs the fisherman by its motion whether the animal is employed in making his hole: if not, it remains undisturbed, and the attempt is given up in that place. But if the indications are favourable he continues to watch, and when he supposes the hole to be nearly completed, he cautiously lifts his spear with the line attached, and as soon as the blowing of the seal is distinctly heard, and the ice consequently very thin, he drives it into the animal with the force of both arms, and then cuts away the remaining crust of ice to enable him to repeat the wounds and get him out.

These examples (which might be greatly extended) will suffice to show how completely the "dominion" even of uncivilized man extends "over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth;" while the energy, enterprise, patience, and skill which he displays in maintaining this dominion, are calculated to raise the savage in our esteem to the rank of a brother.

The progress of knowledge is slow, like the march of the sun. We cannot see him moving, but after a time we may perceive that he has moved onward.—*Guesses at Truth*

The Paruk.—The native breeds of sheep, though larger than those of India, are much smaller than the sheep of Chian-tham. There is one species, however, the Punik, which is very diminutive, and is remarkable for its complete domestication. This, when of full growth, has scarcely attained the size of a South-down lamb of five or six months; the bone is small, and carcass large in respect to its bulk, and its mutton most excellent. It gives two lbs. within twelve months, and is twice shorn within that period. The clip may afford three pounds in the annual aggregate, and the wool yield is fine enough for tolerably good shawls; the whole of the wool is worked up into narrow cloth for home consumption. The ewe is scarcely more perfectly domesticated than this little animal. During the day, in the summer months, it is pastured amongst the mountains, but at night, and throughout the winter, it finds shelter in a walled yard, or under the roof of its master. In this state it seeks with incessant assiduity, grass, straw, chaff, grain, peelings of esculent vegetables, and always attends the meals of the family for morsels of flour-cake, barley-meal, tea buttered and salted, or exhausted tea-leaves, and will sometimes even nibble a bone. It would be an invaluable appendage to the cottage of the British peasant, as it could be maintained at scarcely any cost.—*Moorcroft and Trebeck's Travels in Ladakh, Kashmir, &c.*



[The Souls alarmed.]

HUDIBRAS.—No. XV.

BEFORE we entirely leave the characteristics of the various sects and parties of the time, it may not be amiss to show that Butler did not lavish all his wit and sarcasm on his political opponents, but that he had his eyes wide open to the faults (certainly by his own showing not less than those of the dissenters) of his own party. These are, of course, not displayed in *Hudibras*, where they would have been out of place, but are abundantly castigated in his 'Characters.' From this work, as well for their own merit, as showing the inflexible honesty and stern principles of Butler, we select the following three:—

A DEGENERATE NOBLE

Is like a turnip, there is nothing good of him but that which is underground; or rhubarb, a contemptible shrub that springs from a noble root. He has no more title to the worth and virtue of his ancestors, than the worms that were engendered in their dead bodies, and yet he believes he has enough to exempt himself and his posterity from all things of that nature for ever. This makes him glory in the antiquity of his family, as if his nobility were the better the further off it is in time, as well as descent, from that of his predecessors. He believes the honour that was left him, as well as the estate, is sufficient to support his quality, without troubling himself to purchase

any more of his own; and he meddles as little with the management of the one as the other, but trusts both to the government of his servants, by whom he is equally cheated in both. He supposes the empty title of honour sufficient to serve his turn, though he has spent the substance and reality of it, like the fellow that sold his ass, but would not part with the shadow of it; or Apicius, that sold his house, and kept only the balcony, to see and be seen in. And because he is privileged from being arrested for his debts, supposes he has the same freedom from all obligations he owes humanity and his country, because he is not punishable for his ignorance and want of honour, no more than poverty or unskilfulness is in other professions, which the law supposes to be punishment enough to itself. He is like a *funatic*, that contents himself with the mere title of a saint, and makes that his privilege to act all manner of wickedness; or the ruins of a noble structure, of which there is nothing left but the foundation, and that obscured and buried under the rubbish of the superstructure. The living honour of his ancestors is long ago departed, dead and gone, and his is but the ghost and shadow of it, that haunts the house with horror and disquiet, where once it lived. His nobility is truly descended from the glory of his forefathers, and may be rightly said to *fall* to him; for it will never rise again to the height it was in them by his means; and he succeeds them as candles do the office of the sun. The confidence of nobility has rendered him ignoble, as the opinion of wealth makes some men poor; and as those that are born to estates neglect industry, and have no business but to spend, so he,

being born to honour, believes he is no further concerned than to consume and waste it. He is but a copy, and so ill done, that there is no line of the *original* in him, but the *sin* only. He is like a word that, by ill custom and mistake, has utterly lost the sense of that from which it was derived, and now signifies quite contrary: for the glory of noble ancestors will not permit the good or bad of their posterity to be obscure. He values himself only upon his title, which, being only verbal, gives him a wrong account of his natural capacity; for the same words signify more or less, according as they are applied to things, as *ordinary* and *extraordinary* do at court; and sometimes the greater sound has the less sense, as in accompts though four be more than three, yet a third in proportion is more than a fourth.

A HUFFING COURTIER

Is a cipher, that has no value himself, but from the place he stands in. All his happiness consists in the opinion he believes others have of it. This is his faith; but as it is heretical and erroneous, though he suffer much tribulation for it, he continues obstinate, and not to be convinced. He flutters up and down like a butterfly in a garden; and while he is pruning of his peruke takes occasion to contemplate his legs and the symmetry of his breeches. He is part of the furniture of the rooms, and serves as a walking picture—a moving piece of arras. His business is only to be seen, and he performs it with admirable industry, placing himself always in the best light, looking wonderfully politic, and cautious, whom he mixes withal. His occupation is to show his clothes, and if they could but walk themselves they would save him the labour, and do his work as well as himself. His immunity from varlets is his freehold, and he were a lost man without it. His clothes are but his tailor's livery, which he gives him, for 'tis ten to one he never pays for them. He is very careful to discover the lining of his coat, that you may not suspect any want of integrity or flaw in him from the skin outwards. His tailor is his creator, and makes him of nothing; and though he lives by faith in him, he is perpetually committing iniquities against him. His soul dwells in the outside of him, like that of a hollow tree; and if you do but peel the bark off him he decays immediately. His carriage of himself is the wearing of his clothes; and, like the cinnamon tree, his bark is better than his body. His looking big is rather a tumour than greatness. He is an idol, that has just so much value as other men give him that believe in him, but none of his own. He makes his ignorance pass for reserve, and, like a hunting nag, leaps over what he cannot get through. He has just so much of politics as hostlers in the university have Latin. He is as humble as a Jesuit to his superior; but repays himself again in insolence over those that are below him; and with a generous scorn despises those who can neither do him good nor hurt. He adores those that may do him good, though he knows they never will; and despises those that would not hurt him if they could. The court is his church, and he believes as that believes, and cries up and down everything, as he finds it pass there. It is a great comfort to him to think that some who do not know him may perhaps take him for a lord; and while that thought lasts he looks bigger than usual, and forgets his acquaintance; and that 's the reason why he will sometimes know you and sometimes not. Nothing but want of money or credit puts him in mind that he is mortal; but then he trusts Providence that somebody will trust him; and in expectation of that, hopes for a better life, and that his debts will never rise up in judgment against him. To get into debt is to labour in his vocation; but to pay is to forfeit his protection; for what 's that worth to one that owes nothing? His employment being only to wear his cloaths, the whole account of his life and actions is recorded in shopkeepers' books, that are his faithful historiographers to their own posterity; and he believes he loses so much reputation, as he pays off his debts; that no man wears his cloaths in fashion that pays for them, for nothing is further from the mode. He believes that he that runs in debt is beforehand with those that trust him, and only those that pay are behind. His brains are turned giddy, like one that walks on the top of a wall; and that is the reason it is so troublesome to him to look downwards. He is a kind of spectrum, and his cloaths are the shape he takes to appear and walk in; and when he puts them off he vanishes. He runs as busily out of one room into another, as a great practiser does in Westminster Hall from one court to another. When he accosts a lady he puts both ends of his microcosm in motion, by making

legs at one end, and combing his peruke at the other. His garniture is the sauce to his cloaths, and he walks in his portcannons like one that stalks in long grass. Every motion of him cries Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, quoth the preacher. He rides himself like a well-managed horse, reins in his neck, and walks Terra Terra. He carries his elbows backward, as if he were pinioned like a trussed-up fowl, and moves as stiff as if he were upon the spit. His legs are stuck in his great voluminous breeches, like the whistles in a bagpipe, those abundant breeches, in which his nether parts are not clothed, but packed up. His hat has been long in a consumption of the fashion, and is now almost worn to nothing; if it do not recover quickly, it will be almost too little for a head of garlic. He wears garniture on the toes of his shoes to justify his pretensions to the gout, or such other malady that for the time being is most in fashion or request. When he salutes a friend, he pulls off his hat, as women do their vizard-masks. His ribbons are of the true complexion of his mind, a kind of painted cloud or gaudy rainbow, that has no colour of itself, but what it borrows from reflection. He is as tender of his cloaths as a coward is of his flesh, and as loth to have them disordered. His bravery is all his happiness; and like Atlas he carries his heaven on his back. He is like the golden fleece, a fine outside on a sheep's back. He is a monster or an Indian creature, that is good for nothing in the world but to be seen. He puts himself up in a sedan, like a fiddle in a case, and is taken out again for the ladies to play upon, who when they are done, let down his treble string, till they are in the humour again. His cook and valet-de-chambre conspire to dress dinner and him to punctually together, that the one may not be ready before the other. As peacocks and ostriches have the gaudiest and finest feathers, yet cannot fly; so all his bravery is to flutter only. The beggars call him "My Lord," and he takes them at their words, and pays them for it. If you praise him, he is so true and faithful to the mode, that he never fails to make you a present of himself, and will not be refused, though you know not what to do with him when you have him.

A COURT BEGGAR

Waits at court, as a dog does under a table, to catch what falls or force it from his fellows if he can. When a man is in a fair way to be hanged that is richly worth it, or has hanged himself, he puts in to be his heir and succeed him, and pretends as much merit as another, as, no doubt, he has great reason to do, if all things were rightly considered. He thinks it vain to deserve well of his prince, as long as he can do his business more easily by begging; for the same idle laziness possesses him that does the rest of his fraternity, that had rather take an alms than work for their livings; and therefore he accounts



[The Saints dispersing.]

merit a more uncertain and tedious way of rising, and sometimes dangerous. He values himself and his place not upon the honour or allowances of it, but the convenient opportunity of begging, as King Clansie's courtiers do when they have obtained of the superior powers a good station where three ways meet, to exercise the function in—the more ignorant, foolish, and undeserving he is, providing he be but impudent enough, which all such seldom fail to be, the better he thrives in his calling, as others in the same way gain more by their sores and broken limbs than those that are sound in health. He always undervalues what he gains, because he comes easily by it; and how rich soever he proves, is resolved never to be satisfied, as being, like a friar minor, bound by his order to be always a beggar. He is like king Agrippa, almost a Christian; for though he never begs anything of God, yet he does very much of his vicegerent the king, who is next him. He spends lavishly what he gets, because it costs him so little pains to get more, but pays nothing; for if he should, his privilege would be of no use at all to him, and he does not care to part with anything of his right. He finds it his best way to be always craving, because he lights many times upon things that are disposed of or not beggable; but if one hit, it pays for twenty that miscarry; even as those virtuosos of his profession at large ask as well of those that give them nothing, as those few that out of charity give them something. When he has passed almost all offices, as other beggars pass from constable to constable, and after meets with a stop, it does but encourage him to be more industrious in watching the next opportunity, to repair the charge he has been at for no purpose. He has his emissaries, that are always hunting out for discoveries, and when they bring him in anything that he judges too heavy for his own interest to carry, he takes in others to join with him (like blind men and cripples that beg in consort); and if they prosper they share, and give the jackal some small snip for his pains in questing, that is, if he has any further use of him, otherwise he leaves him like virtue to reward himself; and because he deserves well, which he does by no means approve of, gives him that which he believes to be the fittest recompense of all merit, just nothing. He believes, that the king's restoration being upon his birth-day, he is bound to observe it all the days of his life, and grant, as some other kings have done upon the same occasion, whatever is demanded of him, though it were the one half of his kingdom.

The two chiefs we mentioned in the preceding number, Lilburn and Cooper, are represented debating in a sort of council as to the proper course of proceeding, but their dialogue is very long, the references to temporary matters very frequent, and perhaps from that cause not possessing the sparkle and wit and apothegmatic wisdom of other parts of the poem. The discussion is at length brought to a close; for while Cooper is again haranguing,

"A shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out;
And straight another, all aghast,
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste:
Who star'd about, as pale as death
And for a while, as out of breath;
'Till having gathered up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits:
That beastly rabble,—that came down
From all the gutters—in the town,
And stalls, and shop-boards,—in vast swarms,
With new chalk'd bills,—and rusty arms,
To cry the Cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the Bishops—out of door;
Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,
To roast—and broil us on the coals,
And all the grandees—of our members
Are carbonading—on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgesses—
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
That serve for characters—and badges
To represent their personages:
Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,
And ev'ry representative
Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive."

* This messenger is said to have been a real person, Sir Martin

The messenger proceeds afterwards more leisurely to discuss the proceedings of the Rump burners, and the mystery concealed under that emblem, till at last

"a near and louder shout
Put all th' assembly to the rout:
Who now began t'outrun their fear,
As horses do, from those they hear:
But crowded on with so much haste,
Until th' had block'd the passage fast;
And barricado'd it with haunches
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
And rather save a crippled piece
Of all their crush'd and broken members,
Than have them grill'd on the embers:
Still pressing on with heavy packs,
Of one another, on their backs:
The vanguard could no longer bear
The charges of the forlorn rear,
But borne down headlong by the rout,
Were trampled solely under foot:
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable
As th' horrid cookery of the rabble:
And fear, that keeps all feeling out,
As lesser pains are by the gout,
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh supply
Of rally'd force, enough to fly,
And beat a Tuscan running-horse,
Whose jockey rider is all spurs."

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

THE following interesting account of the education of a child, blind, deaf, dumb, and devoid of smell, is abridged from one of the series of the Weekly Volume, entitled 'The Lost Senses,' by Dr. Kitto, by whom the account is compiled chiefly from the Reports of Dr. Howe, the manager of the Institution for the Blind at Boston, in the United States.

"Laura Bridgman was born at Hanover, in New Hampshire, in December, 1829. She is described as having been a very sprightly and pretty infant, with bright blue eyes. She was however so puny and feeble until she was a year and a half old, that her parents hardly hoped to rear her. She was subject to severe fits, which seemed to rack her frame almost beyond the power of endurance, and life appeared to be held by a very feeble tenure. But when she was a year and a half old, she seemed to rally; the dangerous symptoms subsided; and at twenty months old she was perfectly well.

"Then her mental powers, hitherto stunted in their growth, rapidly developed themselves; and during the four months of health which she enjoyed, she appears—making all due allowance for a fond mother's account—to have displayed a considerable degree of intelligence. But suddenly she sickened again. Her disease raged with great violence during five weeks, when her eyes and ears were inflamed, suppurated, and their contents were discharged. But although sight and hearing were thus gone for ever, the poor child's sufferings were not yet ended. The fever raged during seven weeks; for five months she was kept in bed in a darkened room; it was a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day. It was then observed that her sense of smell was almost entirely destroyed; and, subsequently, that her taste was much blunted.

"It was not until four years of age that the child's bodily health was restored, and she was able to enter upon her apprenticeship of life and the world.

"But," proceeds the narrator, 'the immortal spirit which had been implanted within her could not die.'

Noel, who brought the intelligence at nine o'clock at night to the Council of State, that the citizens were burning the Rump, as the remnant of the Parliamentary party was contemptuously styled.

nor be maimed, nor mutilated; and though most of its avenues of communication with the world were cut off, it began to manifest itself through the others. As soon as she could walk, she began to explore the room, and then the house. She became familiar with the form, density, weight, and heat of every article she could lay her hands on. She followed her mother, and felt her hands and arms as she was occupied about the house: and her disposition to imitate led her to repeat everything herself. She even learned to sew a little and to knit.

"Dr. Howe first became acquainted with the case of Laura in 1837, when she was nearly eight years of age; and his benevolent heart immediately led him to the place of her abode. He found her with a well-formed figure; a strongly marked nervous, sanguine temperament; a large and beautifully shaped head; and the whole system in healthy action. The parents were easily prevailed upon to suffer her to be placed in the asylum at Boston, to which she was taken in the October of the same year.

"After two weeks had been allowed her to recover from the bewilderment which her removal occasioned, the process of her education was commenced. In this there was only one of two courses to be taken; either to carry out and perfect the language of signs which she had already herself commenced, or to devise some means of imparting to her a knowledge of that purely arbitrary alphabetic language in use among men. Dr. Howe wisely decided to try the latter.

"The first experiments were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, &c., and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt very carefully, and soon, of course, discovered that the crooked lines '*spoon*' differed as much from the crooked lines '*key*' as the spoon differed from the key in form.

"Then small detached labels, with the words printed on them, were put into her hands; and she soon observed that they were similar to those pasted upon the articles. She showed her perception of this similarity by laying the label '*key*' upon the key, and the label '*spoon*' upon the spoon; and she was encouraged to persevere in such discoveries by the natural sign of patting her head. The same process was then repeated with all the articles she could handle; and she very easily learned to put the proper labels upon them. It was evident, however, that the only intellectual exercise was that of imitation and memory. She recollected that the label '*book*' was placed upon a book, and she repeated the process first from imitation, next from memory, but apparently without any discovery of the relation between the things.

"After a while, instead of labels, the individual letters were given to her in detached bits of paper; they were arranged side by side, so as to spell *book*, *key*, &c.; then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express the words *book*, *key*, &c., and she did so.

"Up to this point the process had been merely mechanical, not materially differing from that under which a knowing dog may be taught a variety of tricks. 'The poor child,' says Dr. Howe, 'had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything her teacher did. But now the truth began to flash upon her; her intellect began to work; she perceived that there was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind: it was no longer a dog or a parrot; it was an immortal spirit, eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits. I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance; I saw that the great obstacle was overcome; and that henceforward nothing but

patient and persevering, but plain and straightforward efforts, were to be used.'

"The result thus quickly related, was not obtained until some weeks of apparently unprofitable labour had been expended in following out the sound principle on which it was commenced. A set of metal types was procured, with the letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends: and also a board, provided with square holes in which she could set the types, so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface. By this means, when any article was presented to her, she could select the letters which formed its name, and arrange them on her board.

"She was exercised for several weeks in this way, until her vocabulary became extensive; and then the important step was taken of teaching her how to represent the different letters by the position of her fingers, instead of the cumbrous apparatus of the board and types. She accomplished her task speedily and easily, for her intellect had then begun to work in aid of her teacher, and her progress was rapid.

"The first report of her case, issued when she had been about three months under instruction, states that she had then just learned the manual alphabet as used by the deaf-mutes; and that it was a subject of delight and wonder to see how rapidly, correctly, and eagerly she proceeded with her labours. The process is thus described:—'Her teacher gives her a new object, for instance a pencil, first lets her examine it, and get an idea of its use; then teaches her how to spell it by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers: the child grasps her hand, and feels her fingers as the different letters are formed; she turns her head a little on one side, like a person listening closely; her lips are apart; she seems scarcely to breathe, and her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changes to a smile, as she comprehends the lesson. She then holds up her tiny fingers, and spells the word in the manual alphabet; next, she takes her types and arranges her letters; and last, to make sure that she is right, she takes the whole of the types composing the word, and places them upon, or in contact with, the pencil, or whatever the object may be.'

"At the end of the succeeding year, which was wholly spent in this kind of instruction, another report was issued, which contains the following passages:—

"It has been ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt, that she cannot see a ray of light—cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she have any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness, as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights and sweet sounds and pleasant odours she has no conception: nevertheless, she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure, which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gaiety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic; and, when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group.

"When left alone, she seems very happy if she have her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours; if she have no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues or by recalling past impressions; she counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned in the manual alphabet of the deaf-mutes. In this lonely self-communion she seems to reason, reflect, and argue: if she spell a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation; if right, then she pats herself upon the head, and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the

left hand, looks roguish for a moment, and laughs, and then with the right hand strikes the left, as if to correct it.

"During the year she has attained great dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet of the deaf-mutes; and she spells out the words and sentences which she knows so fast and so deftly, that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye the rapid motions of her fingers."

"The same report develops in a very interesting manner her faculty of personal recognition:—

"When Laura is walking through a passage way with her hands spread before her, she knows instantly every one she meets, and passes them with a sign of recognition; but if it be a girl of her own age, and especially if it be one of her favourites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition, and a twining of arms, a grasping of hands, and a swift telegraphing upon the tiny fingers; whose rapid evolutions convey the thoughts and feelings from the outposts of one mind to those of the other. There are questions and answers, exchanges of joy or sorrow, there are kissings and partings, just as between little children with all their senses."

"After Laura had been eighteen months in the Institution, she was for the first time visited by her mother; and the account of the interview, as given by Dr. Howe, is one of the most touching scenes which the pen or pencil ever depicted, but is too long for our limits.

"It is also stated concerning Laura that she was soon able to distinguish different degrees of intellect in her companions; that she regarded almost with contempt a few-coiner, when, after a few days, she discovered her weakness of mind, and manifested a strong disposition to domineer over such and make them wait upon her. This, we conceive, is erroneously stated. The instances cited in proof of the alleged fact, only show that she could discriminate not 'different degrees of intellect,' but different degrees in the education peculiar to the blind, different degrees of proficiency in her own modes of communication; and the disposition which she evinced to domineer over novices is by no means peculiar to her condition. Her preference of those who are intelligent or well instructed, also only shows that with them she could understand better, and make herself better understood.

"Laura's social feelings and affections are stated to be very strong; and this was to be expected in one to whom the presence of others with whom she can hold some degree of intercourse must be a great relief from the awful loneliness of her condition. That *this* is the basis of her social feelings, is shown by her dislike of those with whom she can hold no intercourse. Yet the wonderful elasticity which God has mercifully given to the human mind, and by which it soon adapts itself to the exigencies of every condition, is evinced by the fact, that when left alone, she finds means of occupation and amusement, and appears quite contented. But the most curious fact, and one in a philosophical point of view most important, is displaying the natural tendency to make language the vehicle of thought, is, that when she supposes herself alone, she often *soliloquises* in the finger language. It might at the first view appear doubtful whether she might not be repeating some lesson or exercise, but the fact that she actually *thinks* on her fingers is placed beyond question by the extraordinary circumstance that she actually uses the finger language in her dreams; and it has been ascertained that when her slumber is broken and much disturbed by dreams, she expresses her thoughts in an irregular and confused manner on her fingers, just as we should mutter and murmur them indistinctly under the like circumstances.

"At the end of the year 1840 the institution of which Laura is an inmate was visited by Mr. George Combe of Edinburgh. He supposed her nine or ten years of age; but she was really eleven. He perceived a manifest and important improvement in her since the preceding year. He was struck by her sensitive and truly American delicacy with regard to sex. 'When I placed my hand on her head, she was troubled; but she did not interest herself to remove a female hand. The natural language of her countenance expresses intelligence and happiness; and we were told she is very happy. She had been taught the finger alphabet, and converses readily with the masters and scholars. She had been instructed in writing also; and when informed of our names, she felt C.'s dress and mine, recognised us as old acquaintances, recollected our visit of last year, and wrote in pencil the words: 'Laura glad see Combe,' and presented them to us. Two of the pupils, named Baker, to whom she is much attached, were absent on a visit to their friends, and she had worked a bag which she wished to send to them. She had just finished a letter to them, which she kindly allowed me to carry with me, as a specimen of her orthography, and told me she would write another. It was in the following terms:—Laura is well, Laura will give Baker bag. Man will carry bag to Baker. Laura will cry. Baker will come to see Laura. Drew (another pupil) is well. Drew give love to Baker.

"LAURA BRIDGMAN."

"The annual report of the same year gives some interesting extracts from the diary of Laura's instructor, which afford many amusing details, a few of which may here be introduced.

"The teacher mentions that she spent an hour in giving Laura an idea of the meaning of the words left and right. She readily conceived that left hand meant her left hand; but with difficulty generalized the term. At last, however, she caught the idea, and eagerly spelt the names of her arms, hands, fingers, feet, ears, &c., as they were touched, and named them, right or left, as might be. Suddenly pausing, however, and looking puzzled, she put her finger on her nose, and asked if that was left or right!

"In her eagerness to advance her knowledge of words, and to communicate her ideas, she coins words, and is always guided by analogy. Sometimes the process of word-making is very interesting. For instance, after some time spent in giving her an abstract idea of the word *alone*, she seemed to obtain it, and understanding that being *by one's-self* was to be alone, or *al-one*. She was told to go to her chamber, or school, or elsewhere, and return alone: she did so, but soon after, wishing to go with one of the little girls, she strove to express her meaning thus: 'Laura go *al-two*.'

"The same eagerness is manifested in her attempts to define for the sake of classification. For instance, some one having given her the word *bachelor*, she came to her teacher for a definition. She was taught that men who had wives were *husbands*, those who had none *bachelors*; and when asked if she understood, she said, 'Man no have wife, bachelor—Tenny bachelor,' referring to an old friend of hers. Being told to define bachelor, she said, 'Bachelor no have wife, and smoke pipe.' Thus she considered the individual peculiarity as a specific mark of the *species* 'bachelor.' Then, in order to test her knowledge of the word, it was said by her teacher, 'Tinny has got no wife—what is Tinny?' She paused, and then said, 'Tinny is wrong.'

[To be continued.]



[Il Giuoco alla Ruzzica.—From Pinelli.]

THE ROMAN GAME OF LA RUZZICA.

THIS manly, athletic, and graceful game was, and we believe still is, a very favourite pastime with the Trasteverini, or those bold and picturesque, but somewhat rough and lawless, fellows who dwell beyond the Tiber, round the roots of the Vatican hill. The game, which is also called *La Rotuola*, resembles the ancient and classical sport of the *discus*, from which, as well as our game of quoits, it may descend. The *rotuola*, or that circular substance which the man in Pinelli's design is about to throw with such a concentration of energy, is a piece of heavy hard wood, of the shape of a Gloucester cheese, but rather thicker in the middle than at the edges. It is as large as a moderate sized English cheese, and it has a slight groove running round it like the block of a pulley. A long string or thong is coiled as tight as possible round this disc. By a powerful jerk the string or thong is rapidly untwisted, and an impetus more or less strong, according to the strength of arm and the skill and knack of the player, is given to the heavy piece of wood, which, when handled to perfection, flies with amazing velocity and to a great distance. The length of the course is generally the criterion of victory, without regard being paid to any particular aim or direction; but sometimes a peg is stuck in the earth (as in our game at quoits), and the thrower that comes nearest to the peg marks a point in the game. We have also seen the *Ruzzica* played without any string or thong, the disc being thrown from the hands, like the wooden ball in our game of nine-pins; but, from its size and shape, and superior weight, it requires the employment of both hands, and the hands are so applied as to give it a rotatory motion. A good player will in this way hurl it to a great distance. The attitude and action of the Trasteverino have been compared to those of the *Discobolus*, or thrower of the discus; but the comparison will not strictly hold, as the ancient player throws with the right hand only, and the Trasteverino invariably uses both hands. But among these dwellers in the suburb of Rome, who boast that they are the only true descendants of the ancient Romans, faces and forms may often be found as striking and as classical as those of the antique statue; and this athletic game, and the strong excitement it produces in them, bring finely into play the muscles of the body and the animated expression of the countenance. The statue of the *Discobolus*, of

which there is an admirable ancient copy among the marbles of the Townley Gallery in the British Museum, is attributed to Myron, one of the most celebrated sculptors of ancient Greece, who was famed for the wonderful truth and spirit with which he copied nature. He flourished nearly four centuries and a half before the Christian era. The original statue was in bronze, and, like the copy we possess, of the size of life. There were anciently five admirable copies in marble, but of these only three are extant. The copy we possess in our national museum was discovered in the year 1791, in the grounds of Count Fede, in the part of the Emperor Hadrian's villa, Tiburtina, supposed to have been the pinacotheca, or picture gallery. Though dug from beneath the soil, it was very perfect, and had suffered little injury. It is considered as the most perfect of the three marble copies of Myron's great work in bronze, the statue most celebrated among the master-pieces of Grecian art for its accurate display of technical skill and science in representing a momentary and violent action of the human body.* The artist could have had no stationary model to assist his memory, for the figure is represented in action at the precise moment of delivering or throwing the discus; and that action, with the wonderful play of the limbs and body by which it is produced, lasts but for an instant, and cannot possibly be made permanent to the eye. But Myron must have been an assiduous attendant at the sport, and must have watched the youth of Greece throwing the discus, as the artist at Rome may watch the Trasteverini playing at *La Ruzzica*, a difference, unfavourable to the modern painter or sculptor, being that these modern Romans, though scantily clad and stripping for the game, are yet more covered with clothes than were the ancient Greeks.

Il *Giuoco alla Ruzzica*, like that of *La Morra*, is always an animated and animating scene. Prohibitions have been more than once issued by the Papal government against the very popular diversion, as the Trasteverini were accustomed to play in the streets, in the public squares, and on the high roads; and as it sometimes happened that legs of unwary passengers were broken or damaged by coming in contact with the *rotuola* or discus; but the passion for the sport

* 'British Museum: the Townley Gallery,' in 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge,' and 'Specimens of Ancient Sculpture,' published by the Society of Dilettanti.

has been too strong for the priestly government and its not very vigorous or efficient police. The players, however, generally shun the streets and high roads, and seek some open, unfrequented, and uncultivated space; and of such there is no want in the solitary neighbourhood of the eternal city.

TUSSAC GRASS.

THE extraordinary kind of grass called *tussac*, or *tussuck* (probably in consequence of its tufted mode of growth), is eminently the production of the Falkland Islands, a barren and desolate group situated in the Southern Atlantic Ocean, eastward of the Straits of Magellan. These islands have been described as unfit for the habitation even of savages, being covered with bogs and marshes, and subject to furious storms and tempests; but these gloomy statements do not accord with recent official documents. The islands, it is true, are visited by heavy and long-continued rains, which threaten to make them little better than a succession of swampy bogs; but then the drying winds and the rapid evaporation are very remarkable, and produce a highly beneficial effect. A serious deficiency in the productions of these islands is the total absence of trees, and even of shrubs larger than our common furze. This necessarily gives them a blank and dreary aspect, and may account for the unfavourable opinion of early voyagers. But in compensation for many deficiencies, these islands have been gifted with an extraordinary kind of vegetation, covering the greatest part of their coasts, and flourishing abundantly on a soil which, in that climate, would otherwise be totally unproductive.

This is the *tussac* grass, described by Dr. Joseph Hooker as constituting a remarkable feature of the landscape from its peculiar mode of growth. Round its roots it forms immense balls, which rise from five to six feet above the ground, and are often as much in diameter: on the top of these the *tussac* throws up its stems and long leaves, which hang down all round, and are often six or seven feet in length. These heaps grow within a few feet of each other, having spaces, generally bare of vegetation, between them, so that in walking among them the individual is hidden from view, and the whole *tussac* patch forms a perfect labyrinth. Specimens of this grass were sent by Dr. Hooker to England to his father, Sir W. J. Hooker, who describes it as consisting of a fine tuft of leaves more than six feet long, with flowering spikes, by which it was ascertained to be a kind of fescue grass (*Festuca flabellata*).

The smaller islands are entirely covered with this splendid vegetation, and their dark green and luxuriant appearance is said to resemble that of the tropics. The larger islands are fringed with it in many places to the breadth of half a mile. It grows readily between clefts in the rocks, out of shingle and sand, close down to high-water mark, but it is most luxuriant where there is a depth of wet peaty bog. The rest of the vegetation consists partly of finer herbage, fit for sheep, but mainly of wiry grass and sedge. The importance of the Falkland Islands, therefore, is chiefly due to the *tussac* grass, which nourishes large herds of cattle, and brings them into excellent condition. Lieutenant Moody, the governor of these islands, notices the fattening property of the grass, and states that at Long Island, close to the British settlement, where the *tussac* grass covers a breadth of about two or three hundred yards, and the remainder is moss, wiry grass, or wet land, lean cattle become fat in two or three months; and the miserable old horses that return from the cattle-hunting expeditions dreadfully out of condition, soon pick up and become quite fat upon the *tussac*. The grass is sweet flavoured, tender, and

nourishing, and is eaten with the greatest avidity by cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs. The two former will eat dry *tussac* when deprived of it in the fresh state, but there is little motive for giving it to them thus, since the grass is green and luxuriant all the year round.

The appearance of the cattle in the Falkland Islands is a sufficient testimony to the value of this kind of food. They appear to be of several breeds, but are all long-horned, with fine clean limbs and coat. Speaking of the wild bulls which wander about two or three together, and are very savage, Mr. Darwin says:—"I never saw such magnificent beasts; they truly resembled the ancient sculptures, in which the size of the head and neck is but seldom equalled among tame animals." The cows are easily tamed for milking by a fearless person, but they are apt to stray unless constantly watched. The beef is fine grained, firm, and exceedingly well flavoured. The cream from the milk is very rich, and the butter equally so, but the cows yield only a small quantity of milk as they are at present managed.

The *tussac* is valuable not only as food for cattle, but as affording a resource for man when other provisions fail. The roots, to the depth of three or four inches, are very agreeable to the taste, being crisp, and of a sweetish nutty flavour, very much resembling the heart of the palm-tree in the West Indies, called the mountain cabbage. Lieutenant Moody states that two Americans who had been wandering for fourteen months on West Falkland, lived upon the roots of the *tussac* daily, and also formed their huts of the matted tufts or cushions of the plant, rolling one to the opening or doorway of their hut when night came on. The *tussac* is largely used in building, and is made to serve instead of lime. For this purpose it is chopped, and mixed with the stiff tenacious clay which forms the subsoil of these islands. Thus valuable is the plant to the inhabitants of these otherwise dreary isles.

In examining the vegetable productions of Falkland the botanist has need of much zeal and endurance, as will appear from the following extract from a letter published by Sir W. Hooker. It was written by his son at the commencement of winter in that climate, *i. e.*, towards the end of May. "On the whole I have got many more plants in this island than I had expected, especially at this late season of the year. Winter has now set in, fairly in earnest, the whole ground being covered with snow, and frosts very common, though not strong enough to afford any skating. Collecting botanical specimens here, sea-weeds especially, is no sniece; the days are so short, and the nights so long, and the weather generally so stormy and wet as to render a tent a very uncomfortable berth. At San Salvador's Bay we had to floor it with gravel for a bed, under which the water drained; and there we lay down in a blanket bag, which is a blanket sewed up on three sides; you crawl in, feet foremost of course, and pull the mouth of the bag over your head. My bed, when out of the ship, always consists of the plaid my mother gave me, and either a blanket bag or a rug of opossum skins, wrapped in which I can sleep very comfortably in the open air."

The summer temperature of the Falkland Isles is lower than that of England; the winter is uncertain, but milder than ours. The soil is peaty, of an average depth of eighteen inches, and when mixed naturally or artificially with the subsoil, which is generally clay, it becomes well adapted for common vegetables, and, as we have seen, yields excellent pasturage. A plantation of trees has been attempted there, but has not succeeded; it is, however, expected that a few hardy trees, such as Scotch fir, larch, &c., may be eventually cultivated with success.

The governor of these islands, considering the extraordinary productiveness and highly succulent quality of the tussac grass, is of opinion that it might form an important species of pasture in many parts of our own country, especially on some of our barren coasts, and more particularly on those of Scotland and Ireland. He says, "The bounty of Providence causes this extremely nutritious grass to grow most luxuriantly on the rank peat bogs by the sea-shore, where any other even of the most inferior quality could scarcely live." "Whether it will grow," he adds, "upon boggy land farther than half a mile from the sea can only be determined from experiment. At the proper time I shall try it, and I entertain the most sanguine hopes that it will succeed, though perhaps it may not grow so luxuriantly as by the sea-shore. If it should succeed upon inland bogs, such land could be made to yield as much nutriment for cattle as any other." With a view to trying the success of the tussac grass in this country, some old flowering spikes were sent hither, under the idea that they contained seeds; but they all proved abortive, and Sir W. Hooker is of opinion that "with a plant increasing so much by the roots, and in such an unfavourable climate as the Falkland for the ripening of the seeds of plants, the tussac grass can only be transmitted, with any chance of success, by taking up the roots and enclosing them in one of Ward's admirable cases."

In these treeless islands the inhabitants are dependent for fuel on the drift-wood which is floated thither, probably from Staten Island and from Tierra del Fuego, but this is in great abundance on the southern shores. They have also another kind of fuel afforded by a small green bush, about the size of our common heath, which has the useful property of burning in the fresh state. In the midst of rain, and when everything is completely saturated with moisture, the people seek beneath the tufts of grass and bushes for a few withered blades or small twigs: these they rub into fibres; then surrounding them with coarser twigs something in the form of a bird's nest, they put a rag from the tinder-box with its sparks of fire into the middle and cover it up. The nest is then held up in the wind until by degrees it smokes more and more, and at last bursts into flames.

Besides the tussac grass now described, there is another kind bearing the same name in the islands, but which is in reality a perfectly different plant. It is a species of carex or sedge (*Carex trifida*), a grass-like plant, at first described as the true tussac, but so essentially varying from it and so unsuitable for cattle as to be comparatively valueless and insignificant.

Should the tussac grass be eventually introduced to this country, and be found to thrive in similar situations to those which it occupies in the Falkland Islands, it will not only add a novel feature to English scenery, but will be of the highest value in affording rich pasturage on a description of soil hitherto considered as nearly useless.

Character of Swift.—Swift was undoubtedly the most masculine intellect of his age, the most earnest thinker of a time in which there was less among us of earnest and deep thinking than in any other era of our literature. In its later and more matured form, his wit itself becomes earnest and passionate, and has a severity, a fierceness, a *sana indignatio*, that are all his own, and that have never been blended in any other writer with so keen a perception of the ludicrous and so much general comic power. The breath of his rich, pungent, original jocularity is at the same time cutting as a sword and consuming as fire. Other masters of the same art are satisfied if they can only make their readers laugh; this is their main, often their sole aim: with Swift, to excite the emotion of the ludicrous is, in most of his writings, only a subordinate purpose,—a means employed for effecting quite another and a much higher end; if he labours to

make anything ridiculous, it is because he hates it, and would have it trodden into the earth or extirpated. This, at least, became the settled temper of all the middle and latter portion of his life. No sneaking kindness for his victim is to be detected in his crucifying railery; he is not a mere admirer of the comic picturesque, who will sometimes rack or gibbet an unhappy individual for the sake of the fantastic grimaces he may make, or the capers he may cut in the air; he has the true spirit of an executioner, and only loves his joke as sauce and seasoning to more serious work. Few men have been more perversely prejudiced and self-willed than Swift, and therefore of absolute truth his works may probably contain less than many others not so earnestly written; but of what was the truth to the mind of the writer, of what he actually believed and desired, no works contain more. Here, again, as well as in the other respect noticed some pages back, Swift is in the middle class of writers; far above those whose whole truth is truth of expression—that is, correspondence between the words and the thoughts (possibly without any between the thoughts and the writer's belief); but below those who both write what they think, and whose thoughts are pre-eminently valuable for their intrinsic beauty or profoundness. Yet in setting honestly and effectively before us even his own passions and prejudices a writer also tells us the truth—the truth, at least, respecting himself, if not respecting anything else. This much does Swift always; and this is his great distinction among the masters of wit and humour; the merriest of his jests is an utterance of some real feeling of his heart at the moment, as much as the fiercest of his invectives. Alas! with all his jesting and merriment, he did not know what it was to have a mind at ease, or free from the burden and torment of dark, devouring passions, till, in his own words, the cruel indignation that tore continually at his heart was laid at rest in the grave. In truth, the insanity which ultimately fell down upon and laid prostrate his fine faculties had cast something of its black shadow athwart their vision from the first,—as he himself probably felt or suspected when he determined to bequeath his fortune to build an hospital in his native country for persons afflicted with that calamity; and sad enough, we may be sure, he was at heart, when he gaily wrote that he did so merely

To show, by one satiric t. u. cl.,
No nation wanted it so much.*

Yet the madness, or predisposition to madness, was also part and parcel of the man, and possibly an element of his genius,—which might have had less earnestness and force, as well as less activity, productiveness, and originality, if it had not been excited and impelled by that perilous fervour. Nay, something of their power and peculiar character Swift's writings may owe to the exertions called forth in curbing and keeping down the demon, which, like a proud steed under a stout rider, would have mastered him if he had not mastered it, and, although support and strength to him so long as it was held in subjection, would, dominant over him, have rent him in pieces, as in the end it did. Few could have maintained the struggle so toughly and so long.—*Sketches of Literature and Learning in England*—Weekly Volume.

Beer in Ladakh.—Having heard that a sort of beer called buza was made in this country, I desired some might be brought. It had the appearance of gruel, or water thickened with oatmeal, and a sour and spirituous smell. It is prepared from barley, the grain of which is parched and ground, and the flour is mixed with rice which has been softened by steeping in water. The powder of the root of some bitter and astringent plant that grows higher up in the mountains is added to the mixture, and the whole is put into a press to squeeze out the water, and dried. When required for use, a piece of the dry cake is thrown into a vessel of water, and in the course of three or four days fermentation takes place, and the liquor is ready for drinking. It is a favourite beverage with all classes, and intoxicates only if taken to excess.—*Moorcroft and Trebeck's Travels in Ladakh, Kashmir, &c.*

* "I have often," says Lord Orrery, "heard him lament the state of childhood and idiotism to which some of the greatest men of this nation were reduced before their death. He mentioned, as examples within his own time, the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Somers; and, when he cited these melancholy instances, it was always with a heavy sigh, and with gestures that showed great uneasiness, as if he felt an impulse of what was to happen to him before he died."—*Remarks*, p. 188.



[Queen of the May]

THE YEAR OF THE POETS. -No. VIII.

We select a few passages from the elder poets that have reference to the great rural festival of May-day. The festival is bequeathed, as in mockery, to the chimney-sweeps.

First comes Spenser, in his antique 'Shepherd's Calendar':—

"Is not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When love-lads masken in fresh array?
How fallae it, then, wee no merrier beene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
Our bloucket liveries bene all to sadde
For thilke same season, when all is yeladde
With pleasance: the ground with grasse, the woods
With greene leaves, the bushes with blooming buds.
Youngthes folke now flocken in everywhere,
To gather May-baskets and smelling brece;
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the Kirk-pillours, care daylight,
With hawthorne buds, and sweete eglarwine,
And girlonds of roses, and soppes in wine.
Such merimaake holy Saints doth quene,
But wee here sitten as drownde in dreame.

Piers. For youmkers, Palinode, such follies fitte,
But we tway bene men of elder witte.

Pal. Sicker this morowe, no lenger agoe,
I sawe a shole of Shepheardes outgoe
With singing, and shouting, and jolly ohere:
Before them yode a lustie tablere,
That to the many a horn-pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen ech one with his mayd.
To see those folke make such joyysaunce,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce:
Tho to the greene wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their muscull;
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king; and his queene attone

Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fayre flock of faeries, and a fresh bend
Of lovely nymphes. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladies their Maybush beare!)"

SPENSER.

The Lady of the May is described by Browne, in his 'Britannia's Pastorals':—

"As I have seen the lady of the May
Set in the arbour (on a holy-day)
Built by the May-pole, where the jocund swains
Dance with the maidens to the bagpipe's strains,
When envious night commands them to be gone,
Call for the merry youngsters one by one,
And for their well performance soon disposes,
To this a garland interwove with roses;
To that a carved hook, or well-wrought scrip,
Gracing another with her cherry lip;
To one her garter, to another then
A handkerchief cast o'er and o'er again;
And none returneth empty that hath spent
His pains to fill their rural merriment."

BROWNE.

With such songs as these was the Lady and her band
of happy revellers saluted:—

"With fragrant flowers we strew the way,
And make this our chief holiday.
For though this clime were blest of yore,
Yet was it never proud before.
O beauteous queen of second Troy,
Accept of our unfeigned joy."

Now th' air is sweeter than sweet balm,
And satyrs dance about the palm;
Now earth, with verdure newly dight,
Gives perfect signs of her delight.
O beauteous queen, &c.

Now birds record new harmony,
And trees do whistle melody;
Now every thing that Nature breeds
Doth clad itself in pleasant weeds.
O beauteous queen, &c.

WATSON.

"Hark, jolly shepherds,
Hark, yond lusty ringing,
How cheerfully the bells dance,
The whilst the lads are springing?
Go we then, why sit we here delaying?
And all yond merry wanton lasses playing?
How gaily Flora leads it,
And sweetly treads it?
The woods and groves they ring,
Lovely resounding;
With echoes sweet rebounding."

"Trip and go, heave and hoe,
Up and down, to and fro,
From the town to the grove,
Two and two let us rove
A maying, a playing:
Love hath no gainsaying;
So merrily trip and go."

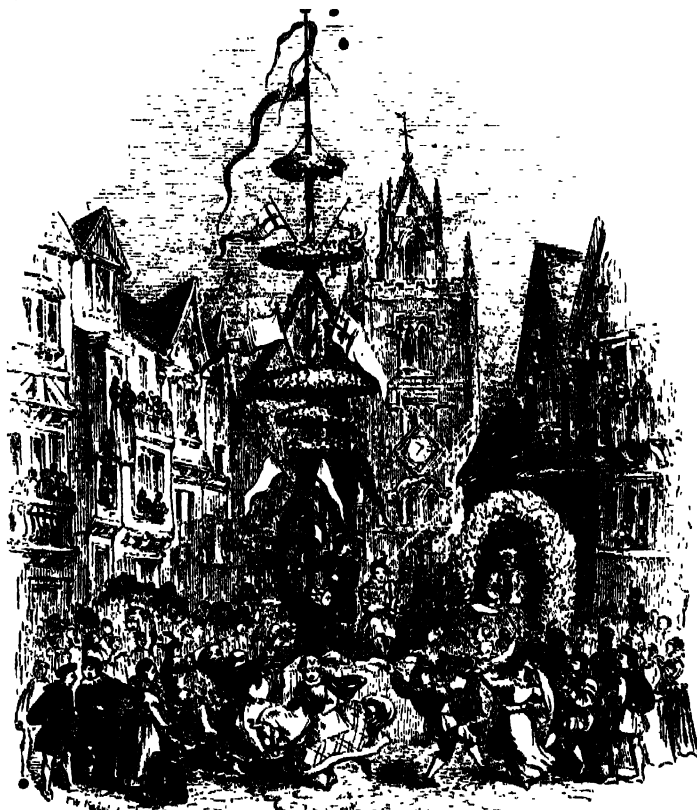
Herrick is the great May-day Poet:—

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you not drest;
Nay, not so much as out of bed;
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns; 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And, sweet as Flora, take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair,
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;
And Tifan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying;
Few beads are best when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green, and trimm'd with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see 't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May;
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have dispatch'd their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream;
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;



[May-pole before St. Andrew Undershaft.]

Many a jest told of the key's betraying
This night, and locks pick'd, yet we're not a Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.

We shall grow old apace and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;

And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.

Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying."

HERRICK.

The decay of the old custom forms the subject of an anonymous lament, a century old, written under the title of 'Pasquel's Palinodia':—

"Fairly we marched on, till our approach
Within the spacious passage of the Strand
Objected to our sight a summer broach,
Yclep'd a Maypole, which, in all our land,
No city, town, nor street, can parallel,
Nor can the lofty spire of Clerkenwell,
Although he have the advantage of a rock,
Perch up more high his turning weathercock.

Stay, quoth my Muse, and here behold a sign
Of harmless mirth and honest neighbourhood,
Where all the parish did in one combine
To mount the rod of peace, and none withstood:
When no capricious constables disturb them,
Nor justice of the peace did seek to curb them,
Nor peevish puritan, in railing sort,
Nor overwise churchwarden, spoiled the sport.

Happy the age, and harmless were the days,
For then true love and amity was found,
When every village did a Maypole raise,
And Whitsun ales and May games did abound:
And all the lusty youngers, in a rout,
With merry lasses danced the rod about,
Then friendship to their banquets bid the guests,
And poor men far'd the better for their feasts.
The lords of castles, manors, towns, and towers,
Rejoiced when they beheld the farmers flourish,
And would come down unto the summer bowers
To see the country gallants dance the morrice."

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

(Continued from p. 221.)

"SEVERAL anecdotes are introduced [in the Report] to show the buoyancy of her spirits, as manifested in a peculiar fondness for innocent fun or mischief. Her teacher looking one day into the girl's school-room, saw three blind girls playing with the rocking-horse. Laura was on the crupper, another on the saddle, and a third clinging to the neck, and they were all in high glee, swinging backward and forward, as far as the rocking-horse would roll. There was a peculiarly arch look in Laura's countenance, the natural language of a sly face. She seemed prepared to give a spring, and suddenly, when her end was lowest, and the others were perched high in the air, she sidled quickly off on the floor, and down went the other end so swiftly as to throw the other girls off the horse. This Laura evidently expected, for she stood for a moment convulsed with laughter, and then ran eagerly forward, with outstretched arms to find the girls, and almost screamed with joy. As soon, however, as she got hold of one of them, she perceived that she was hurt, and instantly her countenance changed; she seemed shocked and

grieved; and after caressing and comforting her playmate, she found the others and seemed to apologize by spelling the word 'wrong,' and by loading her with caresses.

"When she can puzzle her teacher she is manifestly gratified, and often spells a word wrong with a playful look; and if she can catch her teacher in a mistake, she bursts into extasies of laughter. Thus, when her teacher had been at work to give her an idea of the words carpenter, chair-maker, &c., in a generic sense, and told her that a blacksmith made *nails*, she instantly held up her fingers, and asked if a blacksmith made them, though she knew well that he did not.

"Laura has the same fondness for a dress, for ribbons, and for finery, as other girls of her age, and as a proof that it arises from the desire of pleasing or of attracting the admiration of others, it is remarked that whenever she has a new bonnet or a new article of dress, she is particularly desirous to 'go to meeting,' or to go out in it. If people do not notice it, she directs their attention by placing their hand upon it. She generally also manifests a decided preference for such visitors as are the best dressed.

"Laura is so much in company with blind persons that she thinks blindness common, and when first meeting persons, she asks if they are blind, or feels for their eyes. She evidently knows that the blind differ from seeing persons, as when she shows blind persons anything, she always puts her finger upon it.

"At the time to which this report refers, Laura had become familiar with the processes of addition and subtraction in small numbers. Subtracting one number from another puzzled her for a time, but by help of objects she accomplished it. She could count and conceive objects to about one hundred in number—to express an indefinitely greater number, or more than she can count, she says a hundred. If she thought a friend was to be absent many years, she would say—'Will come hundred *Sundays*, meaning weeks. She is pretty accurate in measuring time, and seems to have an instinctive tendency to it. Unaided by the changes of day and night, by the light, or by the sound of any time-piece, she nevertheless divides time accurately. With the days of the week, and the week itself as a whole, she is perfectly familiar. For instance, if asked what day it will be in fifteen days more, she readily names the days of the week. The day she divides by the commencement and end of school, by the recesses, and by the arrival of meal-times. She goes to bed punctually at seven o'clock, and of her own accord. At first she had some one to put her to bed at night; but soon it was thought best to send her alone, and that she might not wait for any one, she was left alone one evening; and she sat till quite late, a person watching her; and at last she seemed to form her resolution suddenly; for she jumped up, and passed her own way to bed. From that time she never required to be told to go to bed, but on the arrival of the hour for retiring, she goes by herself.

"The Report from which these particulars are obtained, affords some curious information respecting the condition of the remaining two senses of Laura Bridgman, and of the effect which the loss of the others may seem to have had upon them.

"The sense of smell being destroyed, it seems a curious question whether the effect upon the organ of taste is general or particular. That is, whether the taste is blunted generally, and for all things alike, or whether one kind of sapidity is more affected than another. To ascertain this, some experiments had been tried, but not such as to enable the results to be stated with minute distinctness. The general conclusions are these:—Acids seem to make vivid and distinct impressions upon the taste, and she apparently

distinguishes the different degrees of acidity better than of sweetness or bitterness. She can distinguish between wine, cider, and vinegar, better than substances like manna, liquorice, and sugar. Of bitters she seems to have less perception, or indeed hardly any; for on putting powdered rhubarb into her mouth, she called it *tea*; and on one saying 'No;' and telling her to taste *close*, she evidently did try to taste it, but still called it *tea*, and spat it out—but without any contortion, or other indication of its being disagreeable. This experiment does not seem to us to prove much under the circumstances; for the resemblance between the flavour of bad tea and good rhubarb is very considerable, as any one may ascertain who has an opportunity of tasting *without sugar* the 'rough-flavoured' four-shilling tea of London. Laura thought rhubarb more like to particularly bad tea than to anything else known to her; and we are disposed to regard this rather as a proof of her discrimination in taste than of her want of it.

"With regard to the sense of touch, it is in Laura very acute, even for a blind person. This is shown remarkably in the readiness with which she distinguishes persons, as already described.

"The innate desire for knowledge, and the instinctive efforts which the human faculties make to exercise their functions, are shown most remarkably in this girl. The fingers are to her as eyes and ears, and most deftly and incessantly does she keep them in motion. Like the feelers of some insects which are continually agitated, and which touch every grain of sand in the path, so Laura's arms and hands are continually in play; and when she is walking with a person, she not only recognises everything she passes within touching distance, but by continually touching her companion's hands she ascertains what he is doing. A person walking across the room while she had hold of his left arm, would find it hard to take a pencil out of his waistcoat pocket with his right hand without her cognizance.

"Her estimate of distances and the relations of places is very accurate: she will rise from her seat, go straight towards a door, put out her hand just at the right time, and grasp the handle with precision. When she runs against a door which is shut, but which she expected to find open, she does not fret, but rubs her head and laughs, as though she was sensible of the ludicrous position of a person flat up against a door trying to walk through it.

"The constant and untiring exercise of her 'feelers' gives her a very accurate knowledge of every thing about the house; so that if a new article, a bundle, a bandbox, or even a new book is laid anywhere in the apartments which she frequents, it would be but a short time before in her ceaseless rounds she would find it, and from something about it she would generally discover to whom it belonged. At table, if told to be still, she sits and conducts herself with propriety, handling her cup, spoon, and fork like other children. But when at liberty to do as she chooses, she is continually feeling of things, and ascertaining their size, shape, density, and use—asking their names and uses, and thus going on, with insatiable curiosity, step by step towards knowledge.

"She rises, uncalled, at any early hour; she begins the day as merrily as the lark; she is laughing as she attires herself and braids her hair, and comes dancing out of her chamber as though every morn were that of a gala-day; a smile and a sign of recognition greet every one she meets; kisses and caresses are bestowed upon her friends and teachers; she goes to her lessons, but knows not the word *task*; she gaily assists others in what they call housework, but she shuns play; she is delighted with society, and clings to others as though

she would grow to them; yet she is happy when sitting alone, and smiles and laughs as the varying current of pleasant thoughts passes through her mind; and when she walks out, she greets her mother nature, whose smile she cannot see, whose music she cannot hear, with a joyful heart and glad countenance: in a word, her whole life is like a hymn of gratitude and thanksgiving.

"It is added that she laughs aloud, and more naturally than most deaf persons; and that her laughter is very frequent. This is not always an agreeable sound; but no attempts are made to check it, as it is conceived that her pulmonary organs might suffer from the want of that exercise which other persons obtain in speaking aloud.

"At the date of the report Laura had made great progress in her education; the mode and character of which will be best estimated by a few anecdotes which we cull from its pages.

"She has a keen relish for knowledge, which, mingled with a little self-esteem, would perhaps impel her to greater effort than would be consistent with health, if care were not taken to prevent it. One day she had been left in the library while we were gone to church; in the evening she appeared fatigued, and complained of being unwell; she was asked where she had pain, and she said, 'In my head: I slept one hour to-day, and then studied very much in books, and thought very hard.' Upon inquiry, it was found that she had got hold of a *Latin* book printed in raised letters, and had been puzzling over it, and worrying about it.

"She asked the meaning of many words which she remembered, as *sed*, *non*, *est*, &c. It was explained to her that it was in the Latin language, upon which she asked if 'the doctor knew Latin;' if 'Sophia knew Latin;' and learning that some others were as ignorant of it as herself, she was comforted. She understands that different nations use different languages, and was very much pleased at learning a few words of French.

"Words are to her always signs of something definite, and are taken in their literal sense; for instance, she supposed for some time after hearing about the generic word *smith*, that blacksmiths were all *black* men, and silversmiths *white* men. Like other blind persons, she forms an idea (vague of course) about colours; she thinks that black is a dirty colour, and that the ground is black; another says that black is rough, while white is smooth, &c.

"If she is told the name of a person, as Mr. Green or Mr. Brown, it excites a smile or an expression of surprise. So when she meets a name as Oxford or Plymouth, she discovers a sense of the ludicrous in the unwonted use of the terms *ox*, *mouth*, &c.

"She continues to form words analogically: for instance, having learned the word *restless*, she said one day when she felt weak, 'I am very *strangless*.' Being told that this was not right, she said, 'Why? You say *restless* when I do not sit still.' Then, thinking probably of adjectives formed from nouns by adding *ful*, she said, 'I am very *weakful*.'

"At other times, her home questions manifest shrewdness, and show that she will not be put off with the simple affirmation of others. Her teacher, talking with her one day about her doll, told her that it could not feel; that flesh and skin had feeling, but not skin and wax. 'But,' said she, 'why cannot man make flesh doll?' This question was answered by another, 'Where would he get his flesh?' 'Take from cow,' said she. Immediately afterwards, talking of horses, she said, 'Did you ever pat your father's horse on face?' Yes. 'Was he happy?' Yes. 'Did he smile?' No. 'Then how did you know he was happy?'

"In the Asylum, Laura was under the particular

tuition of a lady, who kept a journal, some extracts from which are given in the report. They are interesting, as may be seen by the following specimens :

"February 3rd. Gave Laura examples in 'Numeration,' in hundreds and thousands, which she performed very well, and numerated correctly until she had the number 8500, which she wrote 80, 50; she hesitated, and said "I think it is wrong," and gnume-rated, but it took her a long time to find how to alter it,—when she at length succeeded, she said, "I was very sad not to know." Laura asked what cups, and plates, and saucers were; taught her the word "crookery;" "what are rings?" taught her "jewellery;" "what are knives and forks?" taught her "cutlery," &c. Next she got her workbox for me to tell her of what it was made; told her about the pearl with which it is inlaid, and the name of the wood,—rose: she asked of what the doors were made; told her pine: she asked, "Why, are pine-apples pine?" She wanted to know who made the brass hinges. She talked about her locket, and wanted to know what colour it was under the glass: told her it was black—"How can folks see through black?"

"February 17th. Laura succeeded in solving five or six questions this morning. One was to find the age of a man, in which I gave her the time he had lived in several places. She said, "He lived in many places, I am not sure why—why?" She asked a great many questions about the party to which I went last evening, as how the ladies knew when to come, &c.; taught her the word *invitation*: she asked, "Why did I not go?" told her she was a little girl. She said, "Doctor says I am tall;" but she was quite reconciled to it when I told her that the other blind girls did not go. She talked of her walk yesterday: she was much amused by walking on the snow that was crusted over, but not quite enough to bear; when she broke through she would scream with delight, and pull me after her. She was quite puzzled to find the reason, and I told her if she would remember to ask me, I would tell her this morning.

"February 18th. At twelve, took Laura to the stable to show her oats and a half-peck measure; then to the store-room to teach her wine-measure; found a gallon measure and also a hog-head, tierce, and barrel. She readily learned their names, and how many gallons they would hold, and then, as usual, she wanted to go round to examine other things: let her see the coffee in a bag; sugar, salt, &c., in barrels; ginger, pepper, &c., in boxes of twenty-five and fifty pounds; then starch, in papers; and, lastly, she examined the tea-chest, box, lead, &c. I intended to have taken a part of this lesson on another day, but she was so much interested that I could not avoid her questions.

"At eleven gave her for a writing lesson the story I read to her Friday noon. She said, at first, she could not remember it, because it was long ago that I read it; but she did very well. After writing it she said, "Is this truth?" Told her I thought it was not. "Is it lie?" Tried to make her understand that it was not wrong to write it, but I doubt if I succeeded entirely. When writing she spelled the word "bureau" wrong, and then I asked her why; she said, "I was very *unremembered*." She knows the word "forgetful," but wished to try to make one, and after she had done so she turned to me for approbation.

"Having become possessed of language as a vehicle of thought, there is no longer any difficulty in imparting to her abstract ideas and a knowledge of spiritual things. Her case in this respect has no peculiar interest, being much the same as that of other deaf-mutes. At the date of the report of 1843, no attempt had been made to instruct her in the doctrines of revealed religion, her instructor being of opinion that this should

be left to a more advanced stage of her progress. A few facts are however supplied which may serve to indicate the course of her ideas in spiritual matters.

"During the year preceding the report, one of the pupils had died, after a severe illness which caused much anxiety in the household. "Laura, of course, knew of it," says Dr. Howe, "and her inquiries after the sufferer were as frequent and as anxious as those of any one. After his death, I proceeded to break it to her. I asked her if she knew that little Orin was very sick. She said, 'Yes.' 'He was very ill yesterday forenoon,' said I, 'and I knew he could not live long.' At this she looked much distressed, and seemed to ponder upon it deeply. I paused awhile, and then I told her that 'Orin died last night.' At the word 'died' she seemed to shrink within herself,—there was a contraction of the hands, a half spasm, and her countenance indicated not exactly grief, but rather pain and amazement; her lips quivered, and she seemed about to cry, but restrained her tears. She had known something of death before; she had lost friends, and she knew about dead animals, but this was the only case which had occurred in the house. She asked about death, and I said, 'When you are asleep, does your body feel?' 'No, if I am very asleep.' 'Why?' 'I do not know.' I tried to explain, and used the word soul: she said 'What is soul?' 'That which thinks, and feels, and hopes, and loves,' said I: to which she added interrogatively, 'And aches?' Here I was perplexed at the threshold by her inquiring spirit seizing upon and confounding material and immaterial processes. I tried to explain to her that any injury of the body was perceived by the soul; but I was clearly beyond her depth, although she was all eagerness to go on. I think I made her comprehend the difference between material and spiritual operations. After a while she asked, 'Where is Orin's think?' 'It has left his body and gone away.' 'Where?' 'To God in heaven.' She replied, 'Where?' 'Up?' (pointing up.) 'Yes!' 'Will it come back?' 'No.' 'Why?' said she, 'Because his body was very sick and died, and a soul cannot stay in a dead body.' After a minute she said, 'Is breath dead? Is blood dead? Your horse died; where is his soul?' I was obliged to give the very unsatisfactory answer that animals have no souls. She said, 'Cat does kill a mouse; why? Has she got a soul?' Answer, 'Animals have no souls; they do not think like us.' At this moment a fly lighted upon her hand, and she said, 'Have flies souls?' I said 'No.' 'Why did not God give them souls?' Alas! from the poverty of her language, I could hardly make her understand how much of life and happiness God bestows even upon a little fly. Soon she said, 'Can God see? Has He eyes?' I replied by asking her, 'Can you see your mother in Hanover?' 'No!' 'But,' said I, 'you can see her with your mind; you can think about her, and love her.' 'Yes,' said she. 'So,' replied I, 'God can see you and all people, and know all they do; and He thinks about them, and loves them; and He will love you, and all people, if they are gentle and kind and good, and love one another.' 'Can He be angry?' said she. 'No! He can be sorry, because he loves every body, and grieves when they do wrong.' 'Can He cry?' said she. 'No! the body cries because the soul is sad, but God has no body.' I then tried to make her think of her spiritual existence as separate from her bodily one; but she seemed to dislike to do so, and said eagerly, 'I shall not die.' Some would have said she referred to her soul, but she did not; she was shrinking at the thought of physical death, and I turned the conversation."



[Titian and Group from his Venus and Adonis]

ESSAYS ON THE LIVES OF REMARKABLE PAINTERS.—No. XL.

TITIAN: born A.D. 1477, died A.D. 1576.

TIZIANO VECELLI was born at Cadore in the Friuli, a district to the north of Venice, where the ancient family of the Vecelli had been long settled. There is something very amusing and characteristic in the first indication of his love of art; for when he was a child, at a piece of elate to trace the images in their fancy, we are told that the infant Titian, with an instinctive feeling, prophetic of his future excellence as a colourist, used the expressed juice of certain flowers to paint a figure of a Madonna. When he was a boy of

nine years old his father Gregorio carried him to Venice and placed him under the tuition of Sebastian Zuccato, a painter and worker in mosaic. He left this school for that of the Bellini, where the friendship and fellowship of Giorgione soon early to have awakened his mind to new ideas of art and colour. Albert Durer, who was at Venice in 1494, and again in 1507, also influenced him. At this time, when Titian and Giorgione were youths of eighteen and nineteen, they lived and worked together. It has been already related that they were employed in painting the frescoes of the Fondaco del Tedesco; the preference being given to Titian's performance, which represented the story of Judith, caused such a jealousy between the two friends, that they ceased to reside to-

gether; but at this time and for some years afterwards the influence of Giorgione on the mind and the style of Titian was such that it became difficult to distinguish their works; and, on the death of Giorgione, Titian was required to complete his unfinished pictures.

This great loss to Venice and the world left Titian in the prime of youth without a rival. We find him for a few years chiefly employed in decorating the palaces of the Venetian nobles, both in the city and on the mainland. The first of his historical compositions which is celebrated by his biographers is the "Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple," a large picture, now in the Academy of Arts at Venice; and the first portrait recorded is that of Catherine, Queen of Cyprus, of which numerous repetitions and copies were scattered over all Italy: there is a fine original in the Dresden Gallery. This unhappy Catherine Cornaro, the "daughter of St. Mark," having been forced to abdicate her crown in favour of the Venetian State, was at this time living in a sort of honourable captivity at Venice. She had been a widow for forty years, and he has represented her in deep mourning holding a rosary in her hand—the face still bearing traces of that beauty for which she was celebrated.

It appears that Titian was married about 1512; but of his wife we do not hear anything more. It is said that her name was Lucia, and we know that she bore him three children, two sons, and a daughter called Lavinia.

The next work on which Titian was engaged was the decoration of the convent of St. Antony at Padua, in which he executed a series of frescos from the life of St. Antony. He was next summoned to Ferrara by the Duke Alphonso I., and was employed in his service for at least two years. He painted for this prince the beautiful picture of "Bacchus and Ariadne," which is now in our National Gallery, and which presents on a small scale an epitome of all the beauties which characterise Titian, in the rich, picturesque, animated composition, in the ardour of Bacchus, who flings himself from his car to pursue Ariadne, the dancing bacchantes, the frantic grace of the bacchantes, and the little joyous satyr in front, trailing the head of the sacrifice. He painted for the same prince two other festive subjects, one a bacchanalian dance, in which a nymph and two men are dancing, while another nymph lies asleep. The third is called the "Sacrifice to the Goddess of Fertility," a number of children and cupids are sporting round a statue of Venus. There are here upwards of sixty figures in every variety of attitude, some fluttering in the air, some climbing the fruit trees, some shooting arrows, or embracing each other. This picture, while it remained in Italy, was a study for the first painters, for Poussin, the Carracci, Albano; and Flamingo the sculptor, so famous for his models of children. These two last-named pictures are now at Madrid.* At Ferrara, Titian also painted the portrait of the first wife of Alphonso, the famous and infamous Lucretia Borgia; and here also he formed a friendship with the poet Ariosto, whose portrait he painted.

At this time he was invited to Rome by Leo X., for whom Raphael, then in the zenith of his powers, was executing some of his finest works. It is curious to speculate what influence these two distinguished men might have exercised on each other had they met; but it was not so decreed. Titian was strongly attached to his home and his friends at Venice; and to his birthplace, the little town of Cadore, he paid an annual summer visit. His long absence at Ferrara had wearied him of courts and princes, and, instead of going to Rome to swell the luxurious state of Leo X., he re-

turned to Venice and remained there stationary for the next few years, enriching its palaces and churches with his magnificent works. These were so numerous that it would be in vain to attempt to give an account even of those considered as the finest among them. Two, however, must be pointed out:—first, the Assumption of the Virgin, now in the academy of the fine arts at Venice, and well known from the magnificent engraving of Schiavone. The Virgin is soaring to heaven amid groups of angels, while the apostles gaze upwards. And, secondly, the Death of St. Peter Martyr when attacked by assassins at the entrance of a wood. The resignation of the prostrate victim and the ferocity of the murderer;—the attendant dying "in the agonies of cowardice," with the trees waving their distracted boughs amid the violence of the tempest, have rendered this picture famous as a piece of scenic poetry as well as of dramatic expression. The next event of Titian's life was his journey to Bologna in 1530. In that year the Emperor Charles V. and Pope Clement VII. met at Bologna, each surrounded by a brilliant retinue of the most distinguished soldiers, statesmen, and scholars of Germany and Italy. Through the influence of his friend Aretino, Titian was recommended to the Cardinal Hypolito de' Medici, the Pope's nephew, through whose patronage he was introduced to the two potentates who sat to him; one of the portraits of Clement VII., painted at this time, is now in the Bridgewater Gallery. Charles V. was so satisfied with his portrait that he became the zealous friend and patron of the painter. It is not precisely known which of several portraits of the emperor painted by Titian was the one executed at Bologna on this memorable occasion, but it is supposed to be that which represents him on horseback charging with his lance, now in the Royal Gallery at Madrid; of which Mr. Rogers possesses the original study. The two portraits of Hypolito de' Medici in the Pitti Palace and the Louvre were also painted at this time.

Titian returned to Venice loaded with honours and rewards. There was no potentate, prince, or poet, or reigning beauty who did not covet the honour of being immortalised by his pencil. He had up to this time managed his worldly affairs with great economy, but now he purchased for himself a house opposite to Murano, and lived splendidly, combining with the most indefatigable industry the liveliest enjoyment of existence; his favourite companions were the architect Sansovino and the witty profligate Pietro Aretino. Titian has often been reproached with his friendship for Aretino, and nothing can be said in his excuse, except that the proudest princes in Europe condescended to flatter and caress this unprincipled literary ruffian, who was pleased to designate himself as the "friend of Titian, and the scourge of princes." One of the finest of Titian's portraits is that of Aretino in the Munich Gallery.

Thus in the practice of his art, in the society of his friends, and in the enjoyment of the pleasures of life, did Titian pass several years. In 1540 died Licinio Regillo, better known as Pordenone, the only painter of his time who was deemed worthy of competing with him. Between Titian and Pordenone there existed not merely rivalry, but a personal hatred, so bitter that Pordenone affected to think his life in danger, and when at Venice painted with his shield and poniard lying beside him. As long as Pordenone lived, Titian had a spur to exertion, to emulation; all the other good painters of the time, Palma, Bonifazio, Tintoretto, were his pupils or his creatures; Pordenone would never owe anything to him; and the picture called the St. Justina, at Vienna, shows that he could equal Titian on his own ground. After the death of Pordenone at Ferrara, in 1539, Titian was left without a rival; everywhere in Italy

* A good copy of the last named, to hang in the dark at Hampton Court, and has been lately removed to Windsor.

art was on the decline: Lionardo, Raphael, Correggio, had all passed away. Titian at the age of sixty retained all the vigour and the freshness of youth: neither eye nor hand, nor creative energy of mind, had failed him yet. He was again invited to Ferrara, and painted there the portrait of the old Pope Paul III. He then visited Urbino, where he painted for the duke that famous Venus which hangs in the Tribune of the Florence Gallery, and many other pictures. He again, by order of Charles V., repaired to Bologna, and painted the emperor, standing, and by his side a favourite Irish wolf-dog; this picture was given by Philip IV. to our Charles I., but after his death was sold into Spain, and is now at Madrid.

Pope Paul III. invited him to Rome, whither he repaired in 1548. There he painted that wonderful picture of the old pope with his two nephews, the Duke Ottavio and Cardinal Farnese, which is now at Vienna. The head of the pope is a miracle of character and expression: a keen-visaged, thin little man, with meagre fingers like birds'-claws, and an eager cunning look, riveting the gaze like the eye of a snake—nature itself!—and the pope had either so little or so much vanity as to be perfectly satisfied; he rewarded the painter munificently; he even offered to make his son Pomponio, Bishop of Ceneda, which Titian had the good sense to refuse. He painted also several pictures for the Farnese family, among them the Venus and Adonis, of which a repetition is in our National Gallery, and a Danaë which excited the admiration of Michael Angelo. At this time Titian was seventy-two.

He next, by command of Charles V., repaired to Augsburg, where the emperor held his court; eighteen years had elapsed since he first sat to Titian, and he was now broken by the cares of government,—far older at fifty than the painter at seventy-two. It was at Augsburg that the incident occurred which has been so often related: Titian dropped his pencil, and Charles taking it up and presenting it, replied to the artist's excuses that "Titian was worthy of being served by Caesar." This pretty anecdote is not without its parallel in modern times. When Sir Thomas Lawrence was painting at Aix-la-Chapelle, as he stooped to place a picture on his easel, the Emperor of Russia anticipated him, and taking it up adjusted it himself; but we do not hear that he made any speech on the occasion. When at Augsburg Titian was ennobled and created a count of the empire, with a pension of two hundred gold ducats, and his son Pomponio was appointed canon of the cathedral of Milan. After the abdication and death of Charles V., Titian continued in great favour with his successor Philip II.; for whom he painted several pictures. It is not true, however, that Titian visited Spain: the assertion that he did so rests on the sole authority of Palomino, a Spanish writer on art, and though wholly unsupported by evidence, has been copied from one book into another. Later researches have proved that he returned from Augsburg to Venice; and an uninterrupted series of letters and documents, with dates of time and place, remain to show that, with the exception of this visit to Augsburg and another to Vienna, he resided constantly in Italy and principally at Venice, from 1530 to his death. Notwithstanding the compliments and patronage and nominal rewards he received from the Spanish court, Titian was worse off under Philip II. than he had been under Charles V.; his pension was constantly in arrears; the payments for his pictures evaded by the officials; and we find the great painter constantly presenting petitions and complaints in moving terms, which always obtained gracious but illusive answers. Philip II., who commanded the riches of the Indies, was for many years a debtor to Titian for at least two thousand

gold crowns; and his accounts were not settled at the time of his death. For our Queen Mary of England, who wished to patronise one favoured by her husband, Titian painted several pictures, some of which were in the possession of Charles I.: others had been carried to Spain after the death of Mary, and are now in the Royal Gallery at Madrid.

[To be continued.]

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

THE WIFE OF BATH'S TALE—Concluded.

THERE was neither joy nor feasting upon the knight's wedding-day; but only heaviness and much sorrow. The knight concealed himself from all society,

So woe was him his wife looked so foul.

She, however, smiled constantly upon him, saying—

"I am your owen love, and eke your wife,
I am she which that saved hath your life.

* * * * *
Ye faren like a man had lost his wit.
What is my guilt? for Goddes love tell it,
And it shall be amended if I may."
"Amended!" quoth this knight, "alas! nay, nay,
It will not be amended never mo;
Thou art so loathly, and so old also,
And thereto comen of so low a kind;

Would to God that my heart would burst." "Is this," quoth she, "the cause of your uneasiness?" "Yes, certainly," said he, "and no wonder." "Now, sir," she returned, "I could mend all this, if I pleased, within three days, could you but conduct yourself right toward me. But as for the gentleness ye speak of, the offspring of wealth, it is but worthless arrogance. Look who it is that is most virtuous at all times, who most intendeth

To do the gentle deedes that he can;
And take him for the greatest gentleman.

Christ wills us derive our gentleness from him, not from the wealth of our ancestors, who, though they may give us all their inheritance and lineage,

Yet may they not bequeathen, for no thing
To none of us their virtuous living.

Every one knows as well as I that were gentleness planted naturally by regular line of descent, then would its possessors never cease to do the fair offices that belong to it: neither would they commit any vicious nor villainous act.

Take fire, and bear it into the darkest house
Betwixt this and the Mount of Caucasus,
And let men shut the doores, and go thewne,
Yet will the fire as faire lie and breme
As twenty thousand men might it behold;
His office natural aye will it hold.

Here you may see that gentleness is not annexed to possession, since people do not, like the fire, perform at all times the works that belong to it. God knows, men may often find a lord's son doing shameful and villainous acts; so that the man who will be praised and esteemed inasmuch as that

he was boren of a gentle house,
And had his elders noble and virtuous,
And nill himselfen do no gentle deedes,
Ne follow his gentle ancestry, that dead is,
He is not gentle, he be duke or earl.

* Or gentility

And therefore, dear husband, I come to this conclusion, that although my ancestors were rude, yet may God give me, as I hope, grace to live virtuously; and

Then am I gentle, when that I begin
To live virtuously, and walken in.

As to the poverty for which you reprove me, the Divine Being in whom we believe chose to lead a life of wilful poverty; and certainly, Jesus would not choose a vicious mode of living. Glad poverty is an honest thing; and I hold him rich who is satisfied however little he hath: whilst

He that coveteth is a poore wight.

Juvenal merrily sung of poverty,

The poore man when he goth by the way,
Before the thieves he may sing and play.

Poverty, however strange it may seem, is a possession that no man will challenge. Poverty

full often, when a man is low,
Maketh his God and eke himself to know:
Povert' a spectacle is, as thinketh me,
Through which he may his very friends see;

Therefore, Sir, reprove me no more for my poverty.

And now, Sir, of my age, with which you find fault. Gentlemen of honour say that men should reverence old men, and call them father.

And when ye say I am old and foul, then ye need not dread that I shall be unchaste to you. But choose now, she said, one of these two things; to have me thus old and foul until I die,

And be to you a true humble wife,
And never you displease in all my life,
Or elles will ye have me young and fair,
And take your adventure?

The knight considers, sighing the while deeply, but at last he said,

"My lady and my love, and wife so dear,
I put me in your wise governance,
Chooseth yourself which may be most pleasure
And most honour to you and me also.

I care not which of the two. It shall suffice me as you like to determine."

"Then have I got the mastery," quoth she,
"Since I may choose and govern as me list."
"Yea, certes, wife," quoth he, "I hold it best."
"Then," quoth she, "we be no longer wroth,
For by my troth I will be to you both:
This is to say, yea, bothe fair and good.
I pray to God that I might starven wood,†
But I to you be all so good and true
As e'er was wife since that the world was new.
And but I be to-morrow as fair to seen
As any lady, emperess, or queen,
That is betwixt the east and eke the west
Do with my life and death right as you list.

Look upon me!"

And when the knight saw verily all this,
That she so fair was, and so young thereto,
For joy he hent † her in his armes two:
His hearte bathed in a bath of bliss.

And she from that time forward

obeyed him in every thing
That mighte do him pleasure or liking,
And thus they live unto their lives' end
In perfect joy.

* True, or real. † Dis-mad. ‡ Held, claspet

LOCOMOTION OF ANIMALS.—No. XVI.

Flying continued.—Fishes, being adapted by their structure to move and respire in the dense fluid of seas and rivers, are not constituted for flying. There appear to be only two species of fish endowed with the power of suspending themselves above the surface of the water; namely, the *Dactylopterus*, and the *Exocoetus*, or flying fish.



Fig. 1.

In the *Exocoetus* we observe that the pectoral fins assimilate very nearly in figure, situation, and dimensions, to the wings of birds; and if, with the velocity and inclination of the latter, they possessed the power of oscillation, there seems to be no reason why they should not keep in the air as long as they could respire in that medium. But this does not appear to be the case. Their motions have been observed by Mr. Bennett, who states that he never saw them sustain themselves in the air for a longer period than about thirty seconds, and that they made no vibratory movements of the fins. According to Captain Basil Hall, their longest flight is about two hundred yards; and they have been known to raise themselves as high as twenty feet above the surface of the water. From these statements an estimate may be made of the amount of force required to project the body into the air to such an amazing height and distance. At least it must be concluded that the muscular force employed is very great.

INSECTS.—Amongst the numerous tribes of insects, there are vast multitudes endowed with the power of flight. Now, although the mechanical principles on which this power depends are the same as those in birds, yet there is a considerable difference in the mechanism employed to effect their aerial progression.

The bodies of insects are traversed by air-tubes, which render them light and buoyant. The jointed structure of their frame enables the animal to curve, shorten, or elongate the body on itself. The wings present various forms (Fig. 2, a, b, c, d, e, f), which

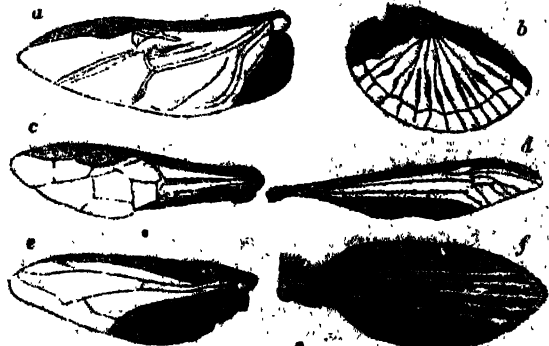


Fig. 2.

exert a material influence on the velocity and mode of their flight. It is well known that some insects are pro-

vided with one pair of wings, and others with two. If we examine the surface of the wings, we perceive cords, which are composed of hollow tubes passing across the disc; these are called *neura*, and, when filled with fluid, confer on the wing strength and resistance, in the same manner as the cordage strengthens the sails of a ship. The wings are elevated and depressed by means of the expansion and contraction of the thorax, and are connected with the respiratory movements of the animal. The *Diptera* have one pair of wings, which are elliptical in form, and connected with the mesothorax. Amongst the *Diptera*, we are familiar with the house fly, and the blue-bottle fly.



The former of these, it is well known, almost swarm in our houses, wherever sugar or ripe fruits are to be found. If an attempt be made to capture them by the hand, it is necessary that the movements should be made with the greatest rapidity in order to effect the object, as they are very watchful and agile.

The wings of the *Diptera* move far too rapidly to render it possible to count the number of strokes effected by them during flight. The house fly moves with considerable velocity; it is frequently observed to play round the ears of horses, when travelling at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. The sound by which the flight of insects is accompanied does not arise, as is generally supposed, from the oscillations of the wing: if such were the case, there would be no difficulty in ascertaining the number of strokes.

The weight of the large blue-bottle fly is less than one grain, and it has an area of wing amounting to about one-twelfth of a square inch, which is a much greater surface than is to be found in most other insects.

The *Diptera* are provided with two poisers, which are small bodies occupying the situation of the posterior wings of four-winged insects, and exert a considerable influence on their flight. It is said that if one poiser be cut off, the insect flies but a short distance with great difficulty, and then (one side being rendered lighter than the other) loses its balance, and falls to the ground. If both poisers be removed, it flies very unsteadily. The crane fly makes use of its long legs to direct its movements in flight; the two anterior legs being directed forwards, and the posterior legs backwards. Mr. Kirby considers the former to represent the prow, and the latter the stern of a ship.

In those insects which are provided with four wings, the anterior pair are attached to the mesothorax, and the posterior pair to the metathorax. In the *Coleoptera*, the elytrium, or sheath, must be elevated before the wings can be unfolded. The sheath adds weight to the insect, without contributing to aid its suspension in the air; indeed, in flying against the wind, the progress of the animal is rather retarded than accelerated by the sheath; but, by the inclination of its surface the head is elevated so as to render the axis of the body nearly vertical during flight.

In the blue-bottle, the weight of the body is very great compared with the area of the wing, being about forty grains to 25 square inch. In consequence of this disproportion, and the additional impediment of the elytra, the *Coleoptera* are unable to fly against a strong wind. Some entomologists maintain that none of the *Coleoptera* can fly against the wind, but Mr.

Kirby confutes this opinion, and mentions a species (the *Melolontha Hoptia*) which, he says, can fly in all directions.

The *Dermaptera*, such as the earwigs, expand their wings like a fan. They take their flight generally towards the evening. The *Gryllus Domesticus*, or house cricket, flies with an undulatory motion like the woodpecker.

The diurnal *Lepidoptera*, or butterflies, fly with a peculiar undulatory movement of the body, and have an enormous surface of wing compared with their weight. In the down stroke the two wings on each side lock together, producing by their combined action a greater effect. These wings spread out like a fan, and their surface rather increases than decreases as the distance from the axis on which the wings move increases (Fig. 4). It is this figure, and extent of

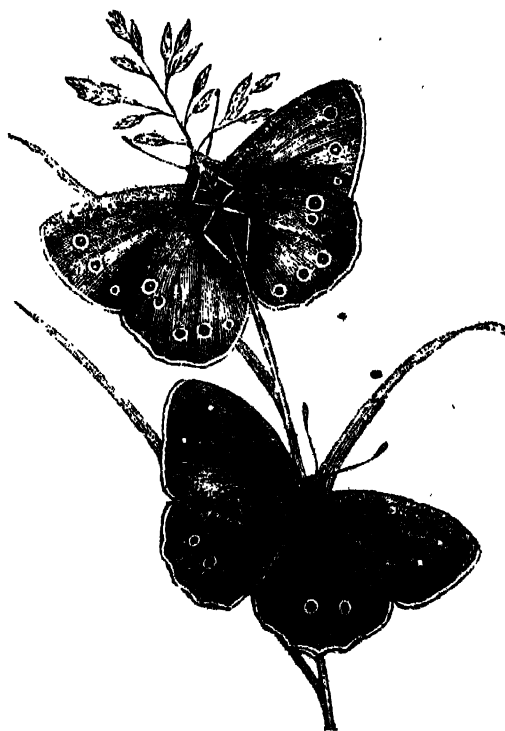


Fig. 4.

motion, which produce the undulating flight to which allusion has already been made.

Although in the diurnal *Lepidoptera* the surface of the wings is so great with respect to the weight of the body, these insects do not fly with proportionate velocity; but are, nevertheless, endowed with sufficient speed to outstrip the schoolboy, when engaged in the chase of these beautiful insects.

Nocturnal *Lepidoptera*. The moths possess considerable power of flight. The areas of their wings, instead of increasing with the distance from the axis of motion, decrease, as seen in Fig. 5. They more nearly resemble the triangular figure of the wings of birds. The anterior wing is much larger than the posterior, but they act in unison with each other. The volume of the trunk of the moths is usually much greater than that of the diurnal *Lepidoptera*, and they fly with greater precision and velocity. Some species, the silkworm moth for instance, is said to travel upwards of one hundred miles a day.

The *Neuroptera*. The Dragon fly affords a good example of the locomotive organs of this class of insects. They are furnished with four wings of a peculiarly delicate texture, the *neura* resembling net-



Fig 5.

work (Fig 6). Unlike the Lepidoptera, the two wings on either side, being provided with a distinct

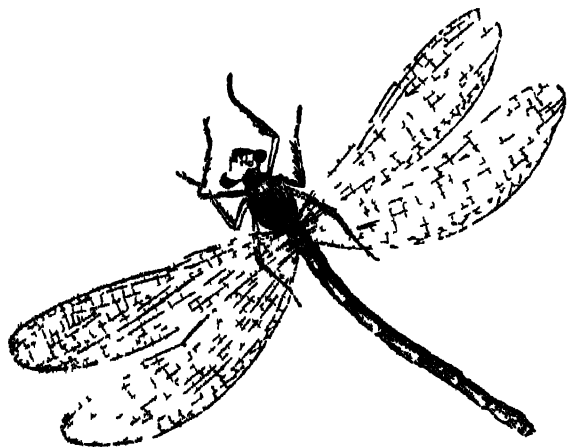


Fig 6.

set of muscles, act independently of each other, and are detached. The anterior and posterior wing are nearly equal in size and the surface of the four wings compared with the weight of the body, is greater than in the Coleoptera and Hymenoptera. The velocity of the dragon-fly is very great, and necessary on account of its predaceous habits. They chase and capture the insect on which they feed with great ease, and the beauty and rapidity of their evolutions in the chase are worthy of attentive consideration. Leuwenhoeck observed one of this tribe in a menagerie two hundred feet in length, chased by a swallow. The insect flew with such velocity, and turned to the right and left in all directions so instantaneously, that the swallow, with all its powers of sight, and tact in the chase, was unable to capture it, the insect always keeping about six feet in advance of the bird. The wings are attached to the upper part of the body, about the centre of gravity, by which the animal is kept steady during flight.

In the Hymenoptera, the ratio of the area of the four wings to the weight of the body is less than in the dragon fly (Fig. 7); and they are consequently obliged



Fig 7.

to make a far greater number of strokes in the same interval of time; because, both in birds and insects, when all other things remain the same, the number of strokes made by the wings will vary as the square root of the weight directly, and as the area of the wings inversely.

The area of the anterior and upper wings (Fig 8, a) is much greater than that of the posterior. The humble bee has about 1-12th of a square inch of surface of wing to each grain weight of its body.

Bees are celebrated, not only for the geometric instinct which they display in the structure of their hexagonal cells so as to provide themselves with the greatest amount of room in the hive, whilst occupying the least possible space, but they are also known to fly between two distant points by the shortest road, —that is, by the straight line. In consequence of the small amount of the surface of wing in the hymenoptera, the humble bee, wasp, and hornet cannot fly with much speed against a strong wind; and in that direction the fleet schoolboy is enabled with ease to outstrip them. The ichneumonææ are provided with a larger surface of wing, as compared to the weight of the body, than the bees.

The mechanism of the locomotive organs of birds and insects provides us with all the data necessary for the study of aerial progression. It affords ample proof that to render a man whose weight is a hundred and fifty pounds, capable of supporting himself in the air by means of a pair of artificial wings with the same facility as birds and insects, would require an extent of surface far beyond the control of his muscular force; and hence we conclude that the art of flying by means of muscular exertion, however applied, is denied to man.

In the papers now brought to a conclusion, the author has endeavoured to render the subject as popular as the nature of the subject permitted; on which account he has avoided numerous technicalities, and anatomical details, as well as mathematical proofs, which would have embarrassed and retarded the progress of the general

reader. It has been seen that the laws which govern the locomotion of animals are of the same nature as those which regulate the solar system. The study of these organs may serve to instruct us in the art of making self moving machines. In contemplating the manifold kinds of locomotion by means of which animals move, we are naturally led to reflect on the goodness of a beneficent Creator, who has most largely endowed the animal world with the power of exercising a function as necessary to life and enjoyment as locomotion.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

IN two of the previous numbers (733 and 762) we have given an account of what is now considered the earliest discovery of America, and of what is thought to be an ancient building constructed by the first European discoverer. We now propose to give an account of some other antiquities of the American continent, the New World as it was formerly called, which, though their origin and date are uncertain, are clearly the works of a people advanced in civilization, in the arts, and some of which are of a period very considerably prior to the discovery of Columbus. Our account is slightly abridged from the Supplement to the Penny Cyclopædia.

Nearly all those yet made known to us are in the northern division of the continent, and certainly the most important, though probably many are yet undiscovered in South America, as those already found in Quito and Peru prove the possession of a distinct style of architecture, and are of a sort that are not likely to have been solitary productions.

These remarkable antiquities are of two descriptions: they are either fortifications or mounds. The fortifications are not found to the east of the Appalachian Mountains; but on the west of them they occur in many places. The most eastern are in New York, on the banks of Black River, which falls into Lake Ontario at its eastern extremity; but here, as well as in the Genesee county and other parts of New York, they are small and difficult to trace. Farther west two extensive systems of fortifications may be traced. One extends over the southern portion of the state of Ohio, and is enclosed on the east by the course of the river Muskingum, and on the west by the Miami. The most northern fortifications extend into the county of Licking, to the vicinity of the place where the Muskingum river originates. Near Newark in Licking there are four forts, enclosing from twenty to forty acres each, and consisting of earthen walls from eight to thirty feet high. Two of these forts are perfect circles, one a perfect square, and the fourth is an octagon. These forts are severally connected by roads running between parallel walls, and communicate by similar roads with some creeks. Other less extensive fortifications are in Perry county, but those near Marietta, near the confluence of the Ohio and Muskingum, occupy a considerable space. In the valley of the Scioto a square fort with eight gateways is united to a circular fort surrounded by two walls and a deep ditch between them. The town of Circleville, in the county of Pickaway, is partly built in the circular fort. Extensive works of a similar kind exist on Paint Creek in the county of Ross, west of Chillicothe, and others at the confluence of the Scioto river and the Ohio near Portsmouth. There are several isolated fortifications to the east of the Little Miami river, and in the country between this river and the Great Miami.

The other system of fortifications occurs on the banks of the Mississippi, but we are not so well acquainted with the localities. There are several forts

in the vicinity of St. Louis, on both sides of the Missouri river, and they extend thence farther southward. On the banks of White River in the state of Arkansas there is a wall which encloses an area of six hundred and forty acres, which is equal to a square mile, and in its centre is the foundation of a large circular building, supposed to have been a temple.

The same form like the pyramids of Mexico, face the cardinal points, and they have only one entrance, it looks like a single wall. The walls are usually made of earth, and are also one or two instances where they are of stone. To convey a more precise idea of their construction and disposition, we shall give an account of the works near Marietta. They consist of several walls and mounds of earth, in direct lines, and in square and circular forms. The largest square fort contains forty acres, encompassed by an earthen wall from six to ten feet high, and from twenty to thirty in breadth at the base. On each side are three openings, at equal distances, resembling twelve gateways. The entrances at the middle are the largest, particularly on the side next to the Muskingum. In front of this gateway is a covered way, formed of two parallel walls of earth, two hundred and thirty-one feet from one another. These walls at the most elevated part on the inside are twenty-one feet in height, and forty-two in width at the base, but on the outside they average only about five feet in height. This covered way forms a passage of about twenty rods in length, leading by a gradual descent to the low grounds, where at the time of its construction it probably reached the river. The walls commence sixty feet from the ramparts of the fort, and increase in elevation as the way descends to the river, and the bottom is rounded in the centre in the manner of a well formed turnpike road. In the interior of the fort are three square mounds. One at the north-west corner is an oblong square, one hundred and ninety feet long, one hundred and thirty-two feet broad, and nine feet high, level at the summit, and even now nearly perpendicular at the sides. Another elevated square is one hundred and fifty by one hundred and twenty feet, and eight feet high, and similar to the other, except that instead of an ascent to go up by on the side next the wall, there is a hollow way ten feet wide leading twenty feet towards the centre, and then rising with a gradual slope to the top. The third square mound is one hundred and eighty by fifty-four feet, with ascents at the ends ten feet wide, but it is not so high as the others.

At a short distance to the south-east is another smaller fort, containing twenty acres, with a gateway in the centre of each side, and at each corner; these gateways are defended by circular mounds in front of them, either within or without the enclosure. Still farther to the south-east is a mound in the form of a sugar-loaf. Its base is a regular circle one hundred and fifty feet in diameter and twenty-one rods in circumference. Its altitude is thirty feet. It is surrounded by a ditch four feet deep, fifteen feet wide, and defended by a parapet four feet high, through which is a gateway towards the fort twenty feet in width.

These fortifications are peculiar to the plains drained by the Ohio and Mississippi. In the countries bordering on Lake Erie they are of inferior size and fewer in number than in those which lie nearer the banks of the Ohio. It is believed that these mounds exist all over the countries between the Appalachian range and the Rocky Mountains, and as far south as the Gulf of Mexico. They vary greatly in their dimensions. Some are only four or five feet high and ten or twelve in diameter, whilst others rise to the height of eighty, ninety, and some more than one hundred feet, and cover many acres. Their base is round or oval, and

their shape that of a cone, but sometimes flat at the top. They are made either of stone or of earth. Many of them are in the vicinity of, and sometimes within the walls of the fortifications, and it is thought that some of them thus situated have been used as stations to discover the approach of an enemy. But it is evident that the greater number of them are sepulchral monuments. In most of the lower ones great numbers of bones have been found. In the more elevated tumuli only a skeleton or two have been found. In the monuments of the last description some utensils and trinkets are usually found, as hatchets made of stone, vases of earthenware, vases and ornaments of copper, a little iron sometimes, and sometimes a small piece of copper plated, and very rarely a little gold. One of the larger of these tumuli is found on the banks of the Ohio, twelve miles below the town of Wheeling in Virginia. Its figure is a truncated cone, measuring two hundred and ninety-five feet at the base, sixty at the top, and seventy in perpendicular height. The height appears to have been originally greater, and the form more regular. This mound was opened in 1839, and there were found in the centre two cavities, one towards the base and the other towards the top. In the lower cavity were found two skeletons in a standing position, but nothing else. In the upper cavity was a single skeleton, and along with it seventeen hundred ivory beads, five hundred small sea-shells of the volute class; sixty-six pieces of mica, each of which contained four perforations, apparently for the purpose of uniting them; and five copper bracelets or arm-bands, but without being soldered at the points of junction. None of these relics evinced any artistical talent or acquirements beyond what are possessed by existing Indian tribes. But there was also found in this mound a small elliptical stone table, with twenty-four distinct characters arranged in parallel lines. It appears that they are no letters, but hieroglyphics. Some very high tumuli are found in the neighbourhood of St. Louis, and among them are two which have two or three stages or terraces, which are considered as important in an historical point of view, as they seem to connect the antiquities, and consequently also the civilization, of the ancient tribes that inhabited the United States with those of Mexico; for these tumuli approach in shape to the teocallis of the Mexicans.

We pass to the Mexican antiquities. On the river Gila, which falls into the Rio Colorado, some large ruins are said to exist under the name of Casas Grandes. Humboldt considers these ruins as one of the temporary stations of the Aztecs in their migrations from the north to the south, and he has given some account of them and the surrounding population according to the information published by two monks in 1792. These ruins have not been found since. It is true that nobody has sought for them; but the country in which they are supposed to exist has been traversed by several persons, who do not mention the high civilization of the Indian tribes inhabiting these regions. It appears that the country is uninhabited; and that being the case, ruins may escape the attention of travellers for a long time. But there are Casas Grandes in the state of Chihuahua, between 30° and 31° N. lat., where for several leagues the country is covered with the ruins of buildings, among which also some edifices of very considerable extent are met with. Numerous earthen idols somewhat resembling in style those of Egypt have been disinterred, and also jars and other articles. Humboldt considers them also as one of the stations of the Aztecs, and the extent of the ruins favours his statements. The ancient buildings within the limits of the Mexican confederation are the teocallis, or houses of the gods. They are four-sided pyramids, rising by stages or terraces to a considerable

elevation. When the Spaniards first visited the capital of the Aztecs, they found there an immense edifice of this kind, which, however, was destroyed by the fanatic zeal of some Spanish clergymen, when the new town of Mexico was founded. There, however, still exist a considerable number of such buildings. A group of such pyramids still exists in the Vale of Mexico at Teotihuacan, about twenty miles north-east of the capital. It consists of two large pyramids which were consecrated to the sun and to the moon, and are surrounded by several hundred small pyramids, forming regular streets, which run exactly north and south or east and west. The larger of the two pyramids is more than one hundred and sixty feet in perpendicular height, and the other is more than one hundred and thirty feet high. The base of the first is nine hundred feet long. The small pyramids which surround the two grand ones are from thirty to forty feet high, and, according to the tradition of the natives, they were used as burial-places for the chiefs of the tribes. The two large teocallis have four stages or landings. The interior of these edifices consists of clay mixed with numerous small stones; but this nucleus is enclosed by a thick wall made of a kind of pumice-stone. It is stated that on the platform of these edifices two colossal statues of the sun and the moon were originally placed. East of these teocallis of Teotihuacan, and not far from the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, is the pyramid of Papantla, situated in a thick forest. The form of this teocalli, which has still six stories, but formerly had probably seven, is more tapering than any other monument of this kind yet discovered; but the height is only fifty-seven feet, and the base only twenty-five feet on each side. It is built entirely of hewn stones, of an extraordinary size and very well shaped. Three staircases lead to the top; the stages are decorated with hieroglyphical sculptures and small niches arranged with great symmetry.

[To be continued]

Bees in the Himalayan Provinces.—In most of the villages of the northern ranges of the Himalaya bees are kept, and honey, whether the produce of the wild or domesticated bee, is an article of sale. It is commonly sold in the bazaar at four to six sears for a rupee, and although not much thicker than syrup is of a flavour equal to Narbonne, and less cloying to the stomach. There is no great demand for wax, otherwise this might be also plentifully supplied; at present the comb, after the honey is compressed, is usually thrown away. The domestic bee is known by the name of mohru, mohri, and mori; it is not much above half the size of that of Europe, but is very industrious and mild tempered. The wild bee is termed bharonra, a name by which the people of the plains designate the humble-bee, but it is not half the bulk of that insect, though larger than the domestic bee of Europe. It is of a darker colour generally, and has longer and broader wings. Its temper is irascible and sting venomous. It commonly builds its nest under projecting ledges of rock, overhanging steep mural precipices, in a situation almost inaccessible to bears and men. The hive contains a large quantity of both wax and honey. The latter, if gathered before the month of Bhadra, is fully equal to that of the domestic bee, but in that and the following month, it is said to produce intoxication followed by stupefaction. This effect is, with some probability, ascribed to the bees feeding on the flower of a species of aconite, which is in bloom in Bhadra and Asharh, and which, growing high up the mountain, is beyond the flight of the domestic bee. There is little doubt that both the honey and wax might form valuable articles of export to the plains.—*Mourcraft and Trebeck's Travels in Bokhara.*

Would you touch a nettle without being stung by it? Take hold of it stoutly. Do the same to other annoyances, and hardly will anything annoy you.—*Garrison's Truth.*



CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

THE FRIAR'S TALE.



There was once dwelling in my country an archdeacon who boldly punished libertinism, witchcraft, defauntion, adultery, usury, swearing, &c. For paying small or insufficient tithes, also, and rendering small offerings,—

He made the people piteously to sing;
For ere the bishop hant* them with his crook,
They weren in the archdeacon's book;
Then had he through his jurisdiction
Power to do on them correction.

He had a Sumpnour ready to his hand, a more cunning fellow there was not in the country. This man privately had his spies, who told him where it would answer his purpose to proceed against offenders; and where libertines were scarce, he could find one or two to teach a couple of dozen more. The master knew not always the amount of his gains. Sometimes, without a legal mandate, he would summon an ignorant man to appear, on pain of Christ's curse; who was then glad to fill the Sumpnour's pocket, and make him great feasts at the alehouse:

* Caught.

And right as Judas hadde purses small,
And was a thief, right such a thief was he
His master had but half his duty.

And it so befel that once the Sumpnour, who was ever watching for his prey, rode forth to summon an old woman, feigning a cause against her, in order that he might exact a bribe. On his way he saw riding before him, under the forest edge, a gay yeoman. He bore a bow in his hand, and was furnished with arrows bright and keen. He wore a green courtesy, or short upper cloak, and upon his head was a hat with black fringes. "Sir," quoth the Sumpnour, "Hail, and well overtaken!"

"Welcome," quoth he, "and every good fellow;
Whither ridest thou, under this greenish shaw?"
Will thou far to-day?" The Sumpnour said, "No;
I ride to a place here close by, to raise a rent that belongs to my lord."

"Ah! art thou then a bailiff?" "Yea," quoth he;
He durst not for very fish and shame
Say that he was a Sumpnour, for the name.

* Wood.

"De par dieux," quoth this yeoman, "levé* brother,
Thou art a bailiff, and I am another.
I am unknown, as in this country;
Of thine acquaintance I will prayen thee,
And eke of brotherhood, if that thee list;
I have gold and silver lying in my chest;
If that thee hap to come into our shire,
All shall be thine, right as thou wilt desire."
"Grand Merci," quoth this Sumpnour, "by my faith!"

Each then takes the other's hand in pledge of their
truth, that they shall be sworn brethren till death;
and so

In dalliance they ride forth and play.

The Sumpnour, who was as full of jangles and of
venom as a bird of prey, and ever inquiring into every-
thing, now asked:

"Brother," quoth he, "where is now your dwelling?
Another day, if that I should you seech?"
This yeoman him answer'd in softe speech:
"Brother," quoth he, "far in the north country,
Whereas I hope sometime I shall thee see."

Ere we depart I shall so well inform thee of it, that
thou shalt never miss my house."

"Now, brother," quoth this Sumpnour, "I you pray
Teach me, while that we ride by the way
(Since that ye be a bailiff, as am I),
Some subtilty, and tell me faithfully
In mine office how I may moste win,
And spareth not for conscience or for sin,
But as my brother, tell me how do ye."

"Now by my truthe, brother mine," said he,
"As I shall tellen thee a faithful tale:
My wages be full strait and like full smile;
My lord is hard to me and dangerous,
And mine office is full laborious,
And therefore by extortion I live;
Forsooth I take all that men will me give:
Algaates by sleighte or by violence,
From year to year I win all my dispense;
I can no better tellen faithfully."

"Now certes," quoth this Sumpnour, "so fare I,
I spare not to taken, God it wot,
But if it be too heavy or too hot.
What I may get in counsel privily,
No manner conscience of that have I."

But for such extortion I could not live. Of such
cheats I take care not to be confessed. I know neither
stomach nor conscience:

Well be we met, by God and by Saint Jame,
But, levé brother, tell me then thy name."

And now

This yeoman gan a little for to smile:
"Brother," quoth he, "wilt thou that I thee tell?
I am a fiend; my dwelling is in hell;
And here I ride about my purchasing."

Look how thou ridest for the same intent,
To wylgen good, thou reckest never how;
Right so fare I, for ridden will I now
Unto the world's ende for a prey."

"Ah, *Benedicite*," quoth the Sumpnour, "I believed
ye were a true yeoman. Ye have a man's shape as well
as I: have ye then also in hell a determinate figure?"

"Nay, certainly," quoth he, "there have we none,
But when us liketh we can take us one;
We elles make you wene that we be shape,**
Sometime like a man, or like an ape;
Or like an angel can I ride or go:

Is this a wonderful thing: a vagabond juggler
deceive thee:

* Please. † Seek.
‡ Difficult, harsh, illiberal.
§ Shaped or formed.

And pardie, yet can I more craft than he."

"Wily," quoth the Sumpnour, "wilde ye then or gone?"

In sundry shape, and not always in one?"

"For we," quoth he, "will as such forme make

As most is able our payge for to take."

"But why all this labour?"

"For many a cause, dear Sir Sumpnour,"

Saide this fiend. "But alle thing hath time;

The day is short, and it is passed prime;

And yet ne won I nothing in this day;

I will intend to winning if I may,

And not intend our thinges to declare;

For, brother mine, thy wit is all too bare

To understand, although I told them three.

But for thou askest why labouren we:—

For sometime we be Goddes instruments,

And meanes to do his commandements,

When that him list, upon his creature,

In diverse acts, and in diverse figures:

Withouten him we have no might certain,

If that he list to standen thereagain.

And sometime, at our prayer, have we leave

Only the body, and not the soul to grieve;

Witness on Job, whom that we diden we.

And sometime have we might on bothe two,

This is to say, on soul and body eke.

And sometime he we suffered for to seek

Upon a man, and do his soul unrest,

And not his body, and all is for the best.

When he withstandeth our temptation,

It is a cause of his salvation;

All be it that it was not our intent

He should be safe, but that that we would him hent.

And sometime be we servants unto man;

As to the Archebishop, Saint Dunstan,

And to the Apostle, servant eke was I."

"Yet tell me," quoth this Sumpnour, "faithfully,

Make you new bodies thus alway

Of elements?" The fiend answered, "Nay;

Sometime we feign, and sometime we arise

With deade bodies, in full sundry wise,

And speak as reasonably, and fair, and well,

As to the Pythoness did Samuel,

And yet will some men say it was not he.

But thou wilt always know us in any shape. Thou
shalt hereafter come where thou wilt not need to learn
of me. Thou shalt study, in a red chair, of this matter
better than did Virgil or Dante while they were living.
Now let us ride briekly on, for I will hold thy company
till thou forsakest me." "Nay," quoth the Sumpnour,
"that shall never happen. I'm a yeoman, widely
known, and I promise thee I will hold to my troth:

For though thou wert the devil Sathanas,

My trothe will I hold to thee, my brother,

As I have sworn, and each of us to other,

For to be true bretheren in this case,

And both we go abouten our purchace.

Take thou thy part, while that men will thee give,

And I shall mine, thus may we bothe live;

And if that any of us have more than other,

Let him be true, and part it with his brother."

"I grants," quoth the devil, "by my say."

And with that word, they ridden forth their way.

[To be continued.]

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

[Concluded from p. 240.]

The largest, most ancient, and most famous of the
Mexican teocallis is that of Chichula. It has four
stages of equal height, and its sides front exactly the
four cardinal points. It is one hundred and seventy-
eight feet high, and each of its sides at the base is
fourteen hundred and forty-eight feet long. It is
stated that on the top of this pyramid an altar origi-

* Go. † There against, or in opposition to. ‡ Catch.

nally existed, dedicated to the God of the Air, but the place is now occupied by a small Christian chapel. It is also stated that this teocalli had not been erected by the Aztecs, the ruling nation at the arrival of the Spaniards, but by the Toltecs, who had been the ruling nation before their time; and that at the epoch of the arrival of the Spaniards it had been standing five hundred years. The teocallis or Mexican pyramids were at the same time temples and burial-places, and it appears that the small chapel at the top of the pyramids was the principal part of them. This part, which was the temple, has mostly been removed and replaced, as in the case of the teocalli of Cholula, by a small Christian church, and up to 1840 we had no idea of the form of these structures at the top. But in that year Mr. Stephens, an American traveller, found a well-preserved teocalli among the ruins of Ocosingo, in the province of Chiapas in Mexico, and it appears that the edifice by which the structure is crowned is in a comparatively good state of preservation. This edifice certainly differs greatly from what it was expected to be, and the account of it in Mr. Stephens' book is very interesting. The ruins of Santa Cruz del Quiché in Central America bear a great resemblance to the teocallis of Mexico and Chiapas, though it is well known that this town was a fortress, and not a temple. It would, however, appear that the different nations who succeeded one another in the possession of Anahuac had adopted the same kind of construction in their fortifications which we find in their religious buildings. This is proved by the fortress of Xochicalco, situated not far from the town of Cuernavaca, on the road leading from Mexico to Acapulco. This is an isolated hill, three hundred and eighty-six feet high, which has been surrounded by a ditch, and divided by the work of man into five stages or terraces, which are coated with masonry. The whole forms a truncated pyramid, whose four sides exactly front the four cardinal points. On the top of the hill is a flat space containing more than twelve acres, on which there are the ruins of a small building, which may have been a kind of watch-house.

The antiquities hitherto noticed differ in character very much from those of the Old World, except that Humboldt finds a resemblance between the Mexican teocallis and some of the pyramids of Sakkarah in Egypt. But there are also ruins of buildings, which evidently have not been very different from those erected in several parts of Europe. At the time when Humboldt visited America only one group of ruins of this description appears to have been known in Mexico, at Mitla or Miguilán, south-east of Oaxaca, which go under the name of the Palace, and of which he gives rather a detailed description. But since he wrote his 'Views of the Cordilleras,' &c., numerous ruins of this kind have been discovered. It does not, however, appear that, with the exception of the ruins of Mitla, any of this description have been found in Mexico, or in the country west of the isthmus of Tehuantepec, nor on this isthmus itself; they lie to the east of it, in countries which may be considered as forming parts of the peninsula of Yucatan. Mr. Stephens visited forty-four ancient cities, though his stay in the country was short. He is of opinion that these structures were erected by the ancestors of the present population, and at a period little anterior to the arrival of the Spaniards; and the great number of the ruins certainly favours his opinion. It is not known how many there may be in other parts of the country, but they are certainly very numerous between $19^{\circ} 45'$ and $20^{\circ} 45'$, and especially between 20° and $20^{\circ} 20'$, on both sides of a low ridge of high ground, which in some parts runs from west-north-west to east-south-east. Along the southern base of this ridge groups of ruins occur at

distances of five or six miles from one another, and appear to form a continuous series. The ruins are most numerous at Uxmál, Kabáh, Gabná, Kewick, Labpalik, and Chichen. Though no ruins of considerable extent appear on the shores of the Bay of Campeachy, some are found on those of the Bay of Honduras at Taloon ($20^{\circ} 12'$ N. lat.), and in its neighbourhood at Tancar. Some inconsiderable ruins exist in the island of Kaikun, not far from Cape Catoche, the most north-eastern point of Yucatan.

Travellers call these antiquities ruins of cities, probably under the first impression which such extensive remains make on those who see them. But whenever they have taken the trouble to make a plan of the ruins, it is found that there is only a small number of buildings. There is always one building of great extent, rather resembling the palaces of Europe than common dwelling-houses; and this edifice has received different names. At some places it is called the Governor's House, and at others the Cacique's House. This edifice exhibits a great quantity of architectural embellishments. There are columns of different sizes, corridors, paintings, ornaments in stucco, &c. The front of the building is three hundred feet long, and its width frequently exceeds two hundred feet. The whole is so disposed as to form three or four terraces, the top of the whole being a large level space constituting the roof, which is enclosed with a low wall. The front of these buildings is generally ornamented with numerous sculptures. This edifice is evidently the principal object in every group of ruins. It is surrounded by several other buildings, the use of which has not been ascertained. Among these outbuildings, as it were, sometimes an edifice is found which, according to our ideas, may have been a temple; but nothing has been produced which proves them to have been places of public worship. Generally there is one, and sometimes two pyramids near the palace, but even their use is uncertain.

The most famous of these ruins are those of the city of Palenque, as it is called, which lie near the boundary-line between Mexico and Central America. These ruins were discovered in the middle of the eighteenth century, and from that time it has been always stated that they cover a space of six leagues in circumference, and contain public works of great magnificence. We now know that the ruins consist only of a large building called the Palace, and four or five other buildings of inferior size, in a tolerable state of preservation, with the remains of a few others so utterly dilapidated that it is impossible to say what they have been. The palace stands on an artificial elevation of an oblong form forty feet high, three hundred and ten feet in front and rear, and two hundred and sixty feet on each side. The palace itself stands with its face to the east, and measures two hundred and twenty-eight feet in front by one hundred and eighty feet deep. The height is not more than twenty-five feet, and it had a broad projecting cornice of stone all round. There are no windows. The front contains fourteen openings resembling gates, each about nine feet wide, and the intervening piers are between six and seven feet wide. The building is constructed of stone, with a mortar of lime and sand, and the whole front has once been covered with stucco and painted. The piers are ornamented with spirited figures in bas-relief, but only six of them remain. The outer walls of the palace, as it were, are formed by two parallel corridors running lengthwise on all the four sides; they are about nine feet wide. The floors are of cement, as hard as the best in the remains of Roman baths and cisterns. The space enclosed by these corridors contains four courtyards, separated from one another by corridors of less extent, several sets of apartments, but connected again

by passages between the corridors and rooms. The number of the apartments exceeds twenty. The bas-reliefs in stucco and in stone, in the court-yards of the palace, attract attention partly on account of the manner in which they are executed, and partly on account of the style of the figures. In one of the court-yards is a tower whose base is thirty feet square; it has three stories, and is conspicuous for its height and proportions. Nearly contiguous to this great palace is one of inferior dimensions. It stands on a pyramidal structure one hundred and ten feet high on the slope. This building is seventy-six feet in front and twenty-five feet deep. It has five doors and six piers, all standing. The whole front was richly ornamented in stucco, and the corner piers are covered with hieroglyphics, each of which contains ninety-six squares. Besides these two tablets, there are in the corridors of the interior three others, likewise covered with hieroglyphics. The other two or three buildings are less remarkable, but they also contain a few bas-reliefs of value. All these buildings stand on the top of artificial mounds resembling pyramids, and the slopes of these mounds have evidently been faced with stone, which, however, has been thrown down by the growth of the trees which now cover them.

The ruins of Santa Cruz del Quiché are connected with the conquest of this part of the country by the Spaniards, and are therefore the only remains which have an historical value. They are situated near 15° N. lat., at the southern extremity of the peninsula of Yucatan. These ruins are far from being extensive, and very little remains of the work erected by the natives before the arrival of the Spaniards, for the purpose of rendering this place impregnable. These ruins are on a hill with a flat summit, which is surrounded on all sides by deep ravines. A part of one of the ravines is stated to have been made by the natives; and it is said that upon it forty thousand men had been employed at one time. The flat top of the hill was once occupied by the palace of the kings of Quiché, by a seminary or military school, and other buildings belonging to the royal house of that name, but at present nothing is found there except confused and shapeless masses of ruins.

The last-mentioned antiquities are the work of the Toltecs, a nation which appears to have once been in possession of nearly the whole of the Mexican Isthmus, and which even at the arrival of the Spaniards was the predominant nation east of the isthmus of Tehuantepec, where the kingdoms of Quiché and Katchequil were the most powerful states. It is stated that the Toltecs had attained a higher degree of civilization than the Aztecs, and the ruins of their buildings appear to confirm this opinion. It is however problematical if the ruins found east of the isthmus of Chiquimula belong to the same people, as they are distinguished from all other American antiquities by very marked characteristics. The most extensive of these ruins, and certainly the most remarkable, are those of the city of Copán, which are on the banks of the river of the same name, which joins the river Motagua from the south. This city was in existence at the time of the arrival of the Spaniards, and was destroyed by them on account of an insurrection, which happened among the natives some years after they had submitted to the foreigners. At present no human habitation is found among the ruins, and the whole site of the town is overgrown with large trees and underwood. The ruins are dispersed over a space about a thousand feet in length and five hundred in width, and consist of the remains of strong and high walls constructed of massive hewn stones, and of several pyramidal buildings, but there are some square altars, of which one is sculptured on the four sides

and the top, and of a considerable number of stone idols, most of them still standing, though a few have fallen to the ground. These idols have the shape of columns, and are from twelve to twenty feet high. They are mostly covered with sculptures on all four sides, from the base to the top. The sculptures are very rich, and made with great art and labour. They are all of a single block of stone. Most of them present a human figure fantastically dressed and adorned, but they differ greatly in design. In a few the backs and sides are covered with hieroglyphics. The altars are also of a single block of stone. They are in general not so richly ornamented as the idols. The sculpture on the best preserved of these altars is in bas-relief, and this is the only specimen of that kind of sculpture found at Copán, all the rest being in bold, alto-relievo. It is six feet square and four feet high, and the top is divided into thirty-six tablets of hieroglyphics. The sides of this altar are covered with sculptures representing each four human figures in sitting attitudes. There are perhaps no ruins which show greater art and ingenuity and more labour than the ruins of Copán, and they may in these respects be compared with the temples of Elephanta and Ellora in Hindustan. It appears that other ruins of a similar description occur in this part of Central America. We know at least that some idols of stone are found at a place called Quirigua, which is situated on the banks of the river Motagua, several miles east of Encuentros, which is the place where the river is reached by the great road leading from the port of Ysabal to the town of Guatemala. The idols are exactly in the same style as those of Copán, but they are two or three times as high. At this place is also found an obelisk, or rather a carved stone, twenty-six feet above the ground and probably six or eight feet under. The sides represent figures of men, and are finely sculptured.

It is probable that other ruins will be found in the states of Honduras and Nicaragua, as these countries too, at the time of the Spanish invasion, were inhabited by nations which were not savages, but acquainted with some of the arts of civilized life. A modern traveller states that as far south as the district of Chontales, which lies north-east of the Lake of Nicaragua, monuments of antiquity exist, but he gives no description of them, nor does he state of what those monuments consist. Farther to the east and in the state of Costa Rica and on the Isthmus of Panama no monuments have yet been discovered, and it is not probable that such relics will be found, as this part of America was inhabited at the arrival of the Spaniards by tribes which had scarcely emerged from the lowest state of civilization. No ancient monuments are met with in the republics of Venezuela and New Granada, though it is certain that the Muyscas, a nation inhabiting the table-land of Cundinamarca, or of Bogotá, had made considerable progress in civilization. There are, however, a few ancient edifices in Ecuador, and on the table-land of Quito. Not far from the volcano of Cotopaxi are the ruins of a large building called the Palace of the Incas. It is a square, measuring on each side about thirty yards, and it has four doors. The interior is divided into eight apartments, three of which are still in tolerable preservation. Not far from the mountain-pass of Asuay is what is called the Fortress of Canar, a building consisting of a wall of very large stones, about five or six yards high. It has an oval form, of which the greatest axis is nearly forty feet long. A modern traveller mentions an ancient fortress called Huikhay, situated not far from the town of Jaaja in Peru, which evinces a great degree of military architecture, but it is rapidly going to decay. The ancient Peruvian monuments are not like

those of Central America, distinguished by some and rich ornaments, but by solidity and simplicity is proved by the great road of the Incas, running from Quito to Cuzco and farther southward, and by the massy stone buildings which are dispersed over the mountainous countries enclosed by the ranges of the

Andes. There are also the ruins of some destroyed towns in the lower country along the Pacific, but they are in such a state that no traveller has thought it worth his while to give us a description of them. Neither in Brazil nor in Paraguay and the states of La Plata have ancient monuments been discovered.



[East Basham Hall.]

EAST BASHAM HALL, NORFOLK.

THE richly decorated structures of the Tudor period afford, perhaps, the choicest examples of the ornamented domestic architecture of England. The policy of the Tudors led them to discourage every attempt to render the houses of their subjects warlike either in reality or in appearance. Accordingly instead of "castellated mansions," such as that at Herstmonceux, which we have recently described, more peaceful-looking edifices were raised, whose picturesqueness was owing rather to their more varied outline, and richness of detail, than to the battlements and towers which formed so important a part of the older piles. Brick was now the chief material used in the construction of the mansion of the noble, or of the wealthy country gentleman; and to this material was given a degree of beauty that has not since been rivalled. The bricks were shaped in moulds of various forms, and sometimes they were carved when placed in their proper situation. Of these enriched brick structures several remain, more or less perfect; the finest, perhaps, of the earlier ones is that at East Basham in Norfolk, a county extremely rich in manorial and baronial residences.

East Basham Hall is situated about four miles north of Fakenham, between that town and Walsingham. It was the manor-house of Wolterton in East Basham, and is sometimes called Wolterton Hall, though East Basham Hall is its more common appellation. The manor of Wolterton is mentioned in 'Domesday-Book' as belonging to one Reimer, probably, says Blomefield ('Hist. of Norfolk'), Reimer de Grancourt, a follower of the Conqueror, who had much land granted to him in these parts. The manor several times changed owners, until in the 13th of Henry VI. it became the property of John Wode, in whose family it continued till the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII., when it passed into

the possession of Sir Henry Fermor, who married Margaret, the widow of John Wode, his son Roger Wode dying without issue.

This Sir Henry Fermor is thought by Blomefield to have built the mansion, but it appears from the character of the architecture on the south side, and the occurrence of the arms of Henry VII. over the gateway and elsewhere, that it was begun before his time. There can be little doubt indeed that it was commenced in the reign of Henry VII., probably towards the close of it, and completed in that of his successor. Repton, in Brayley's 'Architectural Antiquities,' fixes the date of its erection at 1490-1540, which is probably correct; the bay window in the hall bore the date 1538. The building is quadrangular, enclosing a court-yard, and has been of large size. On the south side the entrance is by an elaborately ornamented gatehouse (represented with a portion of the south front in the engraving), which, like the rest of the building, is of brick, with stone dressings. The gateway is a handsome specimen of the architecture of the later English or perpendicular style. In the earlier domestic edifices the style of architecture was quite distinct from that adopted in ecclesiastical structures, but after the uses of defensive works had ceased, the architects borrowed much of their ornament from the churches, and although there was still a wide distinction between them, yet in the form of the arches of the windows and doorways there was a much greater approximation than formerly. This doorway closely resembles many of those belonging to the chapels and churches of this time. The arch is enclosed within a label, and the spandrels are filled with shields on which have been the family arms. Over the arch are vestiges of the arms of Henry VII., with his supporters the greyhound and griffin; the portcullis, so common in his buildings, is on each side above the supporters, and is also, together with the

rose, his other emblem, plentifully distributed about other parts of the building. Those portions of the edifice appropriated to the residence are not less beautiful than the gatehouse, and are much embellished, shields of arms and other decorations being everywhere lavishly displayed. Of the beauty and splendour of the older portion of the building the engraving will convey some notion; the later part is not less adorned. In these brick mansions the chimney-shafts were made prominent features, by their being constructed of large size, much ornamented, and grouped together. A very handsome stack of ten chimneys is shown in the engraving, and others of different form and differently enriched occur in other parts of the edifice. The gateway on the opposite side, and which directly faces that above described, is of a later date, having been built by Sir Henry Fermor in the reign of Henry VIII.: it is even more elaborately decorated than the other. Henry's arms are over the gateway, and on the sides are shields of the Fermor arms; on each side of the entrance archway was "a wild man, or giant, as janitor, armed with a club." These figures were carved in brick, but only slight fragments of them remain now.

Where uninjured by man, the carved brickwork is still sharp and perfect, but little however is so left. The house is quite a ruin; the lodge-gate and a few of the rooms on the north side are used as a farm-house. Of the internal splendour there are few traces; the windows were originally filled with stained glass, and a good deal of it remained in Blomesfield's time, but all or nearly all is gone now. The great hall and other principal rooms were no doubt on a scale of splendour correspondent to that of the exterior portions remaining, and often witnessed those joyous festivities with which we are accustomed to associate such rooms. But all has long been otherwise, though the date when it fell into disuse as a residence does not exactly appear. It has however long been a ruin, and part of the farm-buildings are said to have been constructed out of its materials. The house is quite devoid of historical interest; nor have its owners acquired a place in other than local record. Its interest arises from its being so beautiful a specimen of the manor-house of an old English gentleman of the highest class.

DIVISION OF EMPLOYMENTS.

[Abridged from 'The Political Dictionary.']

THE combination for a common object, succeeded by a division of employments, pervades every process of human industry, and increases in variety and complexity with the growth of civilization. One of the earliest forms of industry is that of fishing, and none, perhaps, exemplifies more aptly the mode in which labour is necessarily applied to the purposes of life. A man desirous of building a fishing-boat may cut down a tree, without any assistance from others, and may even hew it into shape: but if it be larger than a mere canoe he cannot, by his own strength, remove it from the spot on which the tree had fallen, and launch it upon the sea. To effect this, others must combine their strength with his. To manage a boat the labour of more than one man is ordinarily required, and the larger the boat the greater must be the number who combine to navigate it. If they paddle or row it, their labour is simply combined for one purpose and in one manner, except that one, instead of rowing, may probably steer the boat. As the art of navigation improves and its objects become multiplied, in addition to a more extensive combination of men in pursuit of the one object, a diversity of employments ensues. In deep-sea-fishing, some attend to the nets, others to the sails; and on their return to land, some arrange

the nets to dry and repair them, while others are engaged in disposing of the fish.

As labour is the lot of man, it is desirable that his labour should be as productive as possible, in order that the sum of his enjoyments should exceed that of his endurance. This result is attained by several men combining their labour for one object, and pursuing different employments for their reciprocal benefit, instead of each man labouring independently for himself and employing himself in the same manner as all other men. A division of employments, therefore, is not only a natural incident of labour, but is an important auxiliary of human enjoyment. The means by which it adds to the efficacy of labour are described by Adam Smith to be—1st, an "increase of dexterity in every particular workman;" 2ndly, "the saving of the time which is commonly lost in passing from one species of work to another;" and, 3rdly, "the invention of a great number of machines which facilitate and abridge labour, and enable one man to do the work of many;" to which may be added, 4thly, the separation which it causes between labour and the direction of labour; 5thly, the power which it gives of using machinery effectually, when invented; 6thly, the opportunities of exchange which it affords and the means of availing ourselves of the enjoyments arising from the natural capabilities of the soil, climate, situation, or mineral productions of different parts of the world, and of the peculiar aptitude of their inhabitants for various kinds of industry.

1. The superior dexterity of workmen engaged exclusively in one occupation is universally known. "Use is second nature," and when a man has been long accustomed to a particular employment, not only has he acquired great dexterity, but his mind appears to be endowed with faculties specially adapted to his business. The jockey seems to have been born for the saddle; the sailor for the ship: both are active, intelligent, dexterous: but fancy their occupations exchanged or combined! the sailor in the saddle, the jockey at the helm; or both alternately riding the favourite horse at Newmarket and furling the top-gallants of a three-decker at Spithead! The constant exercise of the faculties in any act or business gives them an aptitude for it, which to others is a matter of astonishment. The eye and the hand perform their offices with such precision and rapidity, that their work seems spontaneous, as it were, and independent of the will of the workman. Without deliberation, almost without care, the business is done; and done better than others could do it with the greatest pains. All processes of art and manufacture, and the daily experience of all men, confirm this statement as an unquestionable fact. The advantages of peculiar skill are that men can work better and faster, that the products of their labour are more valuable and more abundant, and that their contributions to the general stock of the world's enjoyments are multiplied. By following out these advantages through all their relations, they will be found to be the primary source of wealth; and, in a moral point of view, the main cause of social progress and of the development of the highest faculties of man.

2. "The saving of time which is commonly lost in passing from one species of work to another" enables a man who is constantly engaged in one process to perform more work than he would have been able to get through in the course of a day, if he had been required to change his employment. For this reason, as well as on account of his skill, a division of employments makes his labour more productive.

3. The invention of tools and machinery is the most effective auxiliary of labour, and it is necessarily promoted by a division of employments. Those who are

constantly attending to one business or description of labour must become best acquainted with its requirements—their observation and experience are concentrated upon it—their interest urges them to facilitate their own exertions. How many inventions are due to workmen employed in manual labour the history of the steam-engine and of the cotton manufacture will furnish examples: but it is not in the case of workmen alone that division of employments facilitates invention. Their employers also have their whole minds bent upon improving their business; and amidst the multiplication of trades arise engineers and machinists, whose sole business it is to construct, improve, and invent machinery, aided by all the lights of theoretical science. And this leads us to the fourth advantage of a division of employments.

4. If all men were doing the same thing, and working for themselves unaided by others, their condition would never be improved; but by following particular occupations, those who exert most skill and industry produce more than they require for their own subsistence, and reserve a fund for the employment of others. And thus there grows up from the midst of the people a class of employers who direct the labour of others. Until labour is so directed and maintained by the previous accumulation of capital, it is comparatively ineffectual; and while a division of employments is a powerful agent in producing capital, the latter, in its turn, facilitates a further subdivision. Without it, indeed, a system of division can only be carried out imperfectly and to a very small extent. The growth of capital also gives to many men the glorious privilege of leisure, exempts them from the necessity of labour, and leaves them free to study, to reflect, to observe, to reason and investigate. From this class arise men of science and of letters—philosophers, statesmen, historians, poets. And even with these the apportionment of a peculiar province gives power to their minds, and expands their knowledge. Their natural talents are developed, and their aptitude for particular pursuits becomes as conspicuous in intellectual industry as that of other men in manual operations.

5. Adam Smith speaks of the importance of a division of employments as leading to the invention of machinery, but passes over its utility in using machinery effectually, when invented. Every part of a large machine requires workmen whose sole business it is to work in unison with its peculiar movement. So distinct are these various processes—so diverse their character—that in all large manufactures there is an extensive vocabulary of names by which operatives working in the very same factory are distinguished.* Without such a subdivision of peculiar employments the most ingenious machinery would be useless: and thus while machinery multiplies distinct operations of labour, they are, in their turn, essential to its efficacy.

6. Adam Smith assigns the origin of a division of employments to the "trucking disposition" of mankind—to their "propensity to truck, barter, and exchange one thing for another" (book i. ch. ii.). This love of barter, however, is only a secondary cause: men have no natural taste for it; but use it as a means of obtaining the various objects which they desire. If they could obtain them without the trouble of barter, they would unquestionably not follow barter as an amusement, any more than they would work if they could get what they wanted without labour. So far, then, from the trucking disposition of men being the cause of a division of employments, it would appear that a

* A curious example will be found in the glossary annexed to the 'Report of the Commission on Frame-Work Knitters,' 1813, and numerous others in the Occupation Abstract of the Census Commissioners—counties of Lancaster, Leicester, West Riding of Yorkshire, &c.

division of employments is rather the proximate cause of commerce. For if all men worked in the same manner and produced the same things, there would be nothing to exchange: but as soon as men learn to devote themselves to the production of one commodity, the whole of which they cannot consume, they must exchange the produce of their labour with others, who have been producing objects which they desire to possess. This is an intelligible origin of barter and commerce—consistent with the natural propensities of mankind, and not requiring for its support the strained hypothesis that men have an innate disposition to truck. But a division of employments, like barter, is itself but a secondary cause; and both alike must ultimately be referred to the one original cause of all forms of industry—the desire of mankind to possess various enjoyments which are only to be gained by labour.

Having thus hastily enumerated the several ways in which a division of employments adds to the efficacy of human labour, and increases the enjoyments of men, let us inquire in what manner it is restrained and limited. It may be collected from several of the preceding remarks, that the power of distributing men into particular employments must be limited by the extent of the market in which the produce of their labour may be exchanged. When there are no means of exchanging, men must provide everything for themselves that they require; and there is no further division of employments than that which necessarily takes place in families, and in the most simple forms of industry. So in every degree in which the situation and circumstances of men give facilities of exchange, do particular employments become assigned to individuals. A village draper sells all kinds of drapery, together with hats, shoes, coats, smock-frocks: nay, in some villages there is but one shop, in which nearly every kind of trade is carried on. In a populous city, on the other hand, trades are almost indefinitely subdivided. And why is this? Solely because of the extent of the market. In the one case, if a man sold nothing but hats, he could not gain a livelihood, and therefore he sells coats, smock-frocks, shoes, and all kinds of drapery—everything, in fact, which the people round about him are likely to buy. In the other case, there is so large a demand for hats, that a man can gain a better livelihood by the exclusive sale of them, than by a heterogeneous trade like that of the village shopkeeper.

But while, by means of exchange, employments are thus subdivided, the labour of many men is most efficiently combined in producing particular results. The combinations of industry for one object are often truly wonderful, while the employments of those who are really co-operating with one another are so distinct, that they are wholly unconscious of any combination at all; nor is their combination at once perceptible to others. If you ask a man "who made his coat?"—he will naturally answer "his tailor." But ask him to enumerate the persons who had contributed to its production, and he will pause long before he attempts any answer, however incomplete. He will be reminded of the grazier, the shepherd, the wool-saler, the various workmen in the cloth factory—the button-makers, the manufacturers of silk, and thread, and needles; but still the catalogue will be imperfect. In producing the raw materials, and in conveying, selling, and manufacturing them, the diversity of occupations is extraordinarily great. Each man attends to his own business, and scarcely thinks of its relations to the business of other people; and yet all are co-operating in the most effectual manner, for the most perfect and economical manufacture of this finished work of varied art.

It has been urged as an objection to an extended division of employments, that it unfits men for any change of business which altered circumstances may

require; and that, on that account, great misery is caused when the demand for any particular kind of labour is reduced. Of this position the hand-loom weavers of England and Scotland are a familiar example, who are said to have been thrown out of employment by the extension of machinery. That they have been reduced to great distress is certain, but in their employment there was nothing to unfit them from engaging in power-loom weaving. On the contrary, the transition from one employment to the other would have been perfectly natural; but they preferred their independent life to the discipline of a factory, and for that and other reasons persisted in continuing in their old trade. In the mean time thousands of agricultural labourers and their families, whose occupations had been totally dissimilar, flocked into the manufacturing districts, and readily learned their new business. This example, therefore, instead of sustaining the objection, proves that a division of employments does not disable men, so much as might be expected, from transferring their labour to other departments of industry, whenever a sufficient inducement attracts them. But any interruption or change in the ordinary course of industry is necessarily productive of temporary suffering to the working classes, from whatever cause it may arise; and an alteration in the forms of applying labour is but one out of many such causes. Yet much as this evil must be deplored, it is a satisfaction to know that it is only occasional, temporary, and partial in its operation, while the permanent welfare of mankind is promoted by all those means which render industry most productive and multiply the sources of human enjoyment.

Another objection to a minute subdivision of employments is, that it reduces vast masses of men to the condition of organized machines, uses them like tools, and uses them as such merely because machines have not yet been invented to do their work. From these facts, which are, to a certain extent, undeniable, it is inferred that the moral and intellectual character of man is degraded. This inference, however, is not supported by experience. Agricultural employments are less subdivided than trades and manufactures, but no one will contend that the farm labourer is ordinarily more intelligent than the operative, nor that his morals are decidedly superior. In comparing their relative condition, we shall be led into error if we confine our attention to the influence of a division of employments. In the lower departments of labour the work is rarely of a kind to enlarge the understanding, whether it consists of a combination of several occupations or of one only, and in either case the greater part of a man's time is engaged in his daily work. It is, therefore, to the circumstances by which he is surrounded, rather than to the nature of his work itself, that we must generally refer his condition. In thinly peopled countries there can be comparatively little division of employments; and in populous cities the principle of division, for reasons already explained, is carried very far. In the one case the intercourse of persons with each other is very confined, and is enlivened with scarcely any variety; in the other case persons are crowded together and brought into continual intercourse. These opposite circumstances produce different results for good and for evil. The intelligence of mankind is unquestionably increased by extended intercourse with one another; their morals, at the same time, are more liable to corruption. In large cities they are exposed to more temptations—they are under less restraint; and, above all, they have, almost universally, higher wages, which enable them to indulge their propensities more freely. Much of the intellectual superiority of rural and town populations might be removed by an efficient system of education, by

which men would be better qualified to observe and reflect upon the objects by which they may be surrounded. And great would be the moral influence of education in rendering high wages innocuous, by offering liberal sources of recreation to the operative more attractive than the temptations of vice.

But to all objections it may be answered that a division of employments is an imperative law of civilization. So overpowering is the necessity of a combination of labour with a distribution of distinct employments for the production of wealth, that Mr. Wakefield has ingeniously ascribed to it the origin of slavery in countries where labour has not been accessible by means of wages. (See Note to Adam Smith, book i. ch. i.) Where land is abundant, families naturally scatter themselves over it, and provide for themselves nearly all that they want. More than they want they do not produce, as there is no market; and the growth of capital, under such circumstances, is impossible. One man has no inducement to offer to another for his labour; and thus the strongest men, with dominant wills, finding the necessity of combined industry for any extensive production, wage war upon their weaker neighbours and compel them to work by force. But where land becomes scarce and dear, men are forced into other employments distinct from agriculture; capital grows, wages are offered as an inducement to work, and the more wealthy and populous a country becomes, the more extensive must be the distribution of separate employments. To object to a division of employments, therefore, is no less than to object to civilization altogether; for the two conditions are inseparable. It is deeply to be lamented that many evils have hitherto clung to the progress of civilization which are not its necessary accompaniments. Many of them may be referred to the slow growth of political science, and might be corrected by the application of sound principles of government; many may be attributed to the neglect of the religious and moral culture of an increasing population; but short indeed must be the sight of any man who would seek to correct them by applying to a civilized state the rude expedients of barbarism.

Mode of Assessing Land.—In the Punjab Mr. Moorcroft met with a collector of the revenue who had formerly been the chief financial minister of the late Ranjet Singh. The collector "had lately introduced a new principle of rating the annual collections, which, without diminishing the amount, was likely to be satisfactory to the peasantry: this was by a rough analysis of the soil. A given quantity of the earth was put into a fine muslin sieve, and washed with water until all the mould was carried through and nothing but the sand left, and, according to its proportions to the whole, a deduction was made from the assessment. Four rupees for two bijahs was the fixed rate for rich soil, three if it contained one-fourth of sand, two if it had a half, and one where the sand was three-fourths of the quantity. The general character of the soil of the Punjab, composed chiefly of mould and sand, renders this mode of appreciating its assessment more correct than might be supposed, and it was at any rate preferable to the old plan of assessing the land according to the estimated out-turn of the standing crops."—*Moorcroft and Trebeck's Travels in the Himalayan Provinces, &c.*

German Watchmen.—There is one great nuisance in these German towns—the watchman. His habitat here is in the old tower of Graues, opposite my window, where it is his duty to look out for fires and ring the alarm bell; and to prove that he is awake, at least once an hour, he takes up the time of night from the clocks, and blows it upon his cornhorn; and again, a second time, to prevent mistakes, hooting out the notes like an old owl, as he is, longer and longer in repetition, as if he took a wicked pleasure in having as many comparisons in his watchfulness as possible. The small hours are a bore to this fellow: but he dwells upon midnight with a depressed enjoyment.—*Hot-water Cure, sought out in Germany.*



THE BRITISH VALHALLA.

No. VI.—UNION OF THE RACES.



THE Norman conquerors of England were rapidly absorbed by the conquered people; and the union of the two races took place at a period much earlier than has generally been stated by our historians. Though beaten in the field, after a long and stern struggle for their independence, and though perhaps decimated by seven dreadful years of war and carnage, the Saxons remained incomparably more numerous than their invaders, and it was considered an easier and a wiser task to conciliate them than to exterminate them. From his first coming into England, and, indeed, before his arrival, William

the Conqueror had a strong party among the Saxon and Dano-Saxon thanes; this party rejoiced at his coming, and grew in numbers and strength after the battle of Hastings. To keep it steady to his interests, William, at a very early period began to give these great thanes Norman wives. Several of these brides were of the highest rank. Thus the Conqueror gave his own niece Judith in marriage to the great Saxon earl Waltheof, whose warlike qualities, and great popularity with the Saxon people, might have made him formidable as an enemy many years after the catastrophe at Hastings. William even promised one of his own daughters to Edwin, Earl of Mercia, brother-in-law to the late King Harold; and it appears that this marriage would have taken place, if suspicions had not been excited by the conduct of Edwin, who soon after fled from the Conqueror's court to put himself at the head of a formidable insurrection

in the north country. Other young maidens from beyond sea, sisters or daughters to some of the noblest of the Conqueror's followers, were affianced to the sons of rich Saxons who had hoped to preserve their wealth by remaining quiet. But the more frequent intermarriages among the chiefs of the two nations were those in which Norman barons and knights espoused Saxon heiresses. The fathers and brothers of many noble thanes, and of many great holders of land, perished in battle, either at Hastings or in the course of the seven years' war which followed that event; and by the ordinary dispositions of nature there was many a rich Saxon family that had daughters and no sons. By right of his feudal supremacy and kingly prerogative, William became guardian to all these Saxon orphans, and disposed of their lands and fortunes as he chose; and over such heiresses as were not orphans he could exercise a control through their peace-seeking fathers. It was better to please the Saxon people by marrying these heiresses to his barons and knights, than to keep up a constant exasperation by forcibly seizing and giving away their estates; and it should appear, in spite of the frequent bravadoes about the rights of conquest, that the Norman chiefs considered the best rights to such estates, or the title least likely to be questioned, to be the hands of the Saxon heiresses whose ancestors had held them for ages. It is mentioned by several of the chroniclers, who were either contemporary or lived near the time, that many of the Norman and foreign adventurers who made part of William's first army of invasion, made no other bargain with him than that they should be married to Saxon heiresses, or to other rich young women in England. These chroniclers could not be expected to record all the marriages which took place between the two races (such a piece of family history would throw great light upon an important part of our national history), but they mention cases enough to prove the frequency of such alliances, and they speak of them as a fixed principle in the Conqueror's policy. In one generation the children proceeding from these marriages were numerous, and in these children the distinction between Norman and Saxon was already lost. But other and far more numerous intermarriages took place among those classes that were too poor or obscure to attract the notice of King William's historians. The home marriage-market was thinned by the long wars in the south and the north, the east and the west. The young Saxon women were fair and florid, and the young soldiers and camp-followers that came from Normandy and other parts of France seldom, if ever, brought wives with them: the circumstances and natural feelings of these parties would be decisive of the matter; but, no doubt, it would enter into the policy of the Conqueror to keep these young soldiers (many of whom were not his own subjects) in England, and in his own service, by encouraging and promoting their marriages with the unprovided Saxon maidens. Although not specifically mentioned by the monkish writers, the only annalists of those times, we can glean incidentally that these matches became very common shortly after the battle of Hastings, that they continued throughout the long war, and that they became still more frequent when the Conqueror crushed the last great insurrection in the country north of Trent, and finally subdued the Saxon spirit of independence. And these marriages among the commonly contributed more than any other single cause to the disarming of mutual animosities, and to the tranquillizing of the kingdom.

William of Poitiers, the Conqueror's chaplain and chronicler, who is believed to have accompanied his hero and patron on his expedition to England, speaks with something like rapture of the beauty of counte-

nance, the fair complexion, and long flowing hair of the Saxons. There is, however, no good reason to doubt the long-established opinion, that physically, as well as morally, the fusion of new brisk blood in the great but somewhat sluggish Anglo-Saxon stream was highly advantageous. If the Northmen, or Normans, had achieved the conquest of England on their first starting from Norway and the other shores of the North Sea, they would have differed very little in race or breed from the Saxons and Danes; but during the century and a half or more that these Scandinavian followers of Rollo had been settled in the north-west of France, or in those regions to which they imparted the name of Normandy, they had been greatly intermixed with Frankish, and Celtic, and other blood; their princes and chiefs had intermarried with royal or noble Franks, their followers with the common people of the country or of the states adjacent to it. Hence black hair and black eyes, and hands and feet of comparatively small size, were common among the real Normans who first came to England with the Conqueror, and long before that event the Normans had entirely lost their original Scandinavian language, and spoke nothing but a dialect of the French, as afterwards in England the mixed race lost the use of the French language, and spoke nothing but English. If it took a longer time in England than it had taken in France to identify the language of the conquerors with the conquered, and if a good deal of the French dialect the Normans brought with them into England was fused and mixed with the staple of the growing English language, it was certainly not owing to the slow mixture of the two races, but to other powerful causes, such as the close and long-continued connection between England and Normandy and the adjacent countries, the infant and transition state of our language at the time of the Conquest, the somewhat more advanced state of language and civilization in France, the great influx of foreign churchmen, and the tendency of the Latin (the language of the Church) to promote the use of words that sprung from Latin roots, and that were taken from dialects which were but derivatives of the Latin. When Rollo obtained an undisturbed possession of his duchy of Normandy he retained no dominion elsewhere, and he appears to have given up almost immediately every connection with the country from which he had come; but the Conqueror and his descendants retained possession of Normandy and of other French-speaking states for more than one hundred and sixty years; and during all this period our kings were frequently on the Continent for long periods at a time, and many of our barons held fiefs in Normandy, Maine, and Anjou, as well as in England, and passed a portion of their time in their castles abroad. Even after this period, or when King John and Henry III. had lost nearly every foot of territory in France, there was an intimate connection between the two people on the opposite sides of the Channel, and the conquests contemplated by Edward I. and achieved by Edward III. contributed to keep alive the use of the French language in England, and to engraft so much of it upon the Anglo-Saxon stock.

But besides the real Normans, or the men of mixed race, who came over with the Conqueror, there were numerous adventurers from other parts of the Continent, that came with the first expedition, or that repaired to his standard afterwards; for during the seven years' war he was frequently hard pressed by the Saxons, and compelled to bring over numerous bodies of recruits. In the first expedition there were men that came from Maine and Anjou, from Poitou and Bretagne, from central France and from southern France, from Burgundy and from Aquitaine; and to these were added

volunteers and soldiers of fortune from the great plains of Italy at the foot of the Alps. All this enlarged and varied—and no doubt advantageously—the new blood which was mixed with the Anglo-Saxon. Of these more southern adventurers, many who had brought little else with them than a suit of chain armour, a lance, and a few hungry and bold followers, attained to high rank and command, married Saxon women, and became the founders of noble families.

Long before the death of the Conqueror he was enabled to carry considerable Anglo-Saxon or English armies to the Continent, to subdue the insurrections of his unwilling subjects in Maine, or to wage war for him in Bretagne, or to curb the ambition of the French king; and as these Englishmen were mixed with the Norman soldiery and shared in their dangers and toils, and behaved valorously, the Normans had another strong reason for respecting them, and regarding them as friends and brothers. Next to intermarriages, and the steady and rapid international intercourse brought about by commerce (which last was scarcely known in those days), nothing more unites men than the long serving and fighting together under one standard.

William Rufus, the immediate successor of the Conqueror, did not encourage any kind of matrimony by his example; but, if he neither married nor encouraged marriages, he gave the English and his fast-Anglicising Normans a good deal of fighting for so short a reign. He threw again into prison the unfortunate Saxon thanes whom his father had liberated on his death-bed, but he was soon obliged by circumstances to make many concessions to the Saxon people, to flatter the thanes and franklins, to appeal to their loyalty, and to trust his English crown to their valour. On one occasion, when he proclaimed his ban of war in the old Saxon form, calling every man that was not a man of nothing, whether he lived in burgh or out of burgh, to leave his house and join his standard, thirty thousand stout Englishmen went to the place appointed for the muster. When his uncle Odo, that terrible Bishop of Bayeux and Earl of Kent, who had caused so much trouble to his father the Conqueror, played the Red King false, and threw himself in a state of rebellion into Rochester Castle with five hundred Norman knights, it was upon a great force of native English that the Red King relied for the capture of that strong castle and the suppression of that dangerous rebellion; and when Bishop Odo capitulated and came out of the castle, and when the English cried, "Oh for a halter to hang this perjured, murderous bishop!" the king was well pleased, and many of his Norman subjects joined the English in cursing this bishop, who had blessed the Conqueror's army at the battle of Hastings. The surrender of Bishop Odo in Rochester Castle presents not only a good subject for an historical picture, but also a good historical proof of the early blending of the two people. In the fourth year of his reign, when the Red King went over to Normandy, the numerous army he took with him was composed chiefly of native English. Four years after this, when he invaded Wales, great bodies of English foot were mixed with his Norman cavalry, and not a few young knights and squires of the mixed race, which had grown up in England since the Conquest, attended him in that difficult warfare.

But it was upon the accession of Henry I., surnamed the Beau Clerc, or fine scholar, that most deference was paid to the Saxon or conquered part of the nation, and that a fresh and great start was given to the system of intermarriage. Duke Robert, the eldest of the three brothers, but the weakest and most imprudent, opposed the claim of Henry, as he had previously done that of Rufus. The claim of Duke Robert could not be altogether overlooked; but a popular and weighty

recommendation for his brother was, that Henry Beauclerc was an *Englishman*, born in the country, and after the Conquest; and some of his party, as well Normans as English, set up this circumstance as being in itself decisive of his better right to the crown. In a charter of liberties, which he issued the day after his coronation in Westminster Abbey, Henry merely represented that he owed the crown "to the mercy of God, and the common consent of the barons of the kingdom;" but nevertheless his English birth had carried great weight with it, and the frequent reference made to the circumstance flattered the Saxon part of the nation, and may have aided in giving the new king English feelings and partialities. In modern times, the Spanish kings of the French House of Bourbon became the most Spanish of Spaniards in the course of a very few years.

In his charter of liberties, Henry Beauclerc, among other things, promised to restore the old Saxon laws as they stood at the time of King Edward the Confessor, subject only to the amendments made in them by his father; and, in fact, the laws and institutions of the country remained in all essential respects nearly the same as before the Conquest. No new form or element of slavery was introduced. England had her free-born men and her born serfs now, as in the days of King Harold, Edward the Confessor, and King Alfred. Throughout Europe the great body of the cultivators of the soil were serfs. The legal restrictions and disabilities which chained the labouring classes in England all existed before the Conquest, nor, though individuals suffered, was any class of the community deprived by that revolution of rights which it had previously possessed, or depressed to a lower position in the state than it had previously occupied.* The Conquest had been destructive and dreadful, and a foreign yoke is odious at its first pressure. But in proportion as the races became mixed, these distinctions were forgotten; and even under the sons of the Conqueror, Rufus and the Beauclerc, England on the whole was a milder and better governed country than almost any other on the continent of Europe—not less free, not more oppressed by kings and baronage, and much less frequently distracted and wasted by internal war than the French kingdom, or any of the great states which then surrounded and now form integral parts of that kingdom. Even if there had been no Norman conquest at all, the feudal system, which had taken deep root in the soil before the time of Edward the Confessor, would have grown up in England as it did in other countries, and have bound the land and all degrees of men in it with a firmer and sharper grasp than any they had before known. And, on the whole, oppressive as it was, better the feudal system than the weak system or no system which preceded it!

The Beauclerc, who, on all necessary occasions, boasted of his English birth, determined to espouse an English wife as soon as he was seated on the throne. The lady of his choice was, to use the words of the Saxon Chronicle, "Maud, daughter of Malcolm, King of Scots, and of Margaret the good queen, the relation of King Edward, and of the right kingly kin of England." This descendant of the great Alfred had been sent from Scotland in her childhood to be educated by her aunt Christina, Edgar Atheling's second sister, who was abbess of Wilton in Wiltshire. As she grew up, several of the Norman captains, who had become great lords in England, aspired to the honour of her hand; but though several matches had been negotiated, none had been concluded. It should appear that the Red King acknowledged the importance of the fair Saxon of the ancient royal line, by preventing

* 'Pictorial History of England,' vol. i. chap. 7, being a History of the Condition of the People.

his powerful vassal William de Garenue from marrying her. When proposals were first made on the part of King Henry, Maud showed an aversion to the match. But she was assailed by irresistible arguments. "O noblest and fairest among women," said her Saxon advisers, "if thou wilt thou canst restore the ancient honour of England, and be a pledge of reconciliation and friendship!" When the fair Saxon yielded, some of the Norman nobles, neither liking to see an English woman raised to be their queen, nor the power of their king confirmed by a union which would endear him to the native race, and render him less dependent on Norman arms, raised a new obstacle, by asserting that Maud was a nun, and that she had been seen wearing the veil. If true, this was insurmountable. Henry postponed the marriage, and applied to Anselm, the Archbishop of Canterbury, to institute an inquiry. Anselm, being himself eager for the match, and very friendly to the English people, caused the royal maiden to be brought before him, and then questioned her gently with his own voice. To the archbishop Maud denied that she had ever taken the vows, or, of her free will, worn the veil; and she offered to give full proof of this before all the prelates of England. "I must confess," she said, "that I have sometimes appeared veiled; but listen unto the cause: in my first youth, when I was living under her care, my aunt, to save me, as she said, from the lust of the Normans, who attacked all females, was accustomed to throw a piece of black stuff over my head; and if I refused to cover myself with it, she would treat me very roughly. In her presence I wore that black covering, but as soon as she was out of sight I threw it on the ground and trampled it under foot in childlike anger." After receiving this naive explanation, which is by itself worth a chapter of ordinary history, the learned and venerable archbishop called a council of bishops, abbots, and monks, and summoned before this council the gentle and lovely Maud, and many of her witnesses, of both sexes and of both races. This assemblage of mixed prelates, shorn monks, mail-clad soldiers, and fair women, with Maud shining among them as the bright particular star, stands out as a picture already composed:—and it is a picture of high national interest. Two archdeacons, who had expressly visited the convent in which the young lady had been brought up, deposed that public report and the testimony of the nuns of that godly house agreed with and confirmed the declaration which Maud had made to the archbishop. The council unanimously decreed that the young lady was free, and could dispose of herself in marriage. On Sunday, the 11th of November, A.D. 1100, or little more than three months after the accession of the Beauleire, the marriage was celebrated, and the Saxon queen was crowned with great pomp and solemnity. According to the chroniclers, both Norman and English, she proved a loving and obedient wife, as beautiful in mind as in person, being distinguished by a love of learning and great charity to the poor. Her elevation to the throne filled the hearts of the Saxon part of the nation with exceeding great joy. No son of the gentle Maud lived to succeed the Beauleire, and through this misfortune England was visited by the miseries inseparably connected with disputed successions and civil wars. Yet this union between the blood of the Conqueror and the blood of King Alfred had a great and beneficial effect: it served as an example to some of the Norman baronage, it gave the court of the Beauleire more of an English or Saxon character, and contributed to do away with many invidious distinctions.

Although the highest ranks in the hierarchy continued to be filled by foreigners, even as had been the case before the Conquest, many English monks remained in the abbeys and great religious houses; and

of these some arrived at considerable distinction long before the time of Thomas à Becket. By living together in one community, notwithstanding their occasional jars, some kindly feelings must have sprung up between the English and foreign monks, and must by them have been communicated out of doors to their respective countrymen or friends. Moreover, a good many of these early prelates and lord abbots were not Normans or natives of any part of France, but enlightened Italians, the direct mandatories of the pope, whose desire and whose interest it was to reconcile the two rival races with each other, and to tranquillize the kingdom. The venerable Lanfranc, the first primate of England after the Conquest, who did so much to take its sharpness and bitterness from the sword of the Conqueror, was an Italian; so was Anselm, the second primate; and the whole of Europe could not show at that period two more enlightened, learned, and humane men. They were both benefactors to the country of their adoption.

When Duke Robert, returning from the holy wars in Palestine, prepared to make war in England, his brother Henry appealed to the English people, calling them his friends, his faithful vassals, his *countrymen*, the best and bravest of men; and at the same time he paid diligent court to Archbishop Anselm, whose influence over the English was great and well merited, and not likely to be exerted without some concession or benefit to the country; and when Robert came over with a great army, the English continued faithful to Henry, although many of the Normans wavered. Through the steadiness of the English and the threats and negotiations of Anselm, Duke Robert was induced to accept a pension and promises from Henry, and to withdraw with his army from England without fighting. A little later it was almost entirely through an unmixed English army that Henry was enabled to put down a great conspiracy and insurrection, headed by Robert de Belesme, the Norman Earl of Shrewsbury. "Do not trust to your Norman chiefs," cried the English at a very critical moment; "Do not trust in them, King Henry! They want to betray you; but we are here to aid you and fight for you!" At the decisive battle of Tenchebray, in Normandy, which left Duke Robert a helpless captive in the hands of his brother, the hardy native English infantry enabled the Beauleire to gain the victory. The great fight at Tenchebray chanced to take place on the anniversary of the day on which William the Conqueror landed in England. The coincidence was not overlooked by our old annalists. "This battle," says John Speed, "was fought, and Normandy won, upon Saturday, being the vigil of St. Michael, even the same day forty years that William the Bastard set foot on England's shore for his conquest; God so disposing it (saith Malmsbury) that Normandy should be subjected to England that very day wherein England was subdued to Normandy." With mixed armies of Englishmen and Normans, Henry and the great lords who commanded for him repeatedly defeated the French king. Ever since the latter years of the reign of the Conqueror, English lords of the old race had been allowed to repair to the holy wars with Norman knights; and the select chivalry of Europe collected in Palestine had oftentimes witnessed the strength and stamina and sober unflinching courage of the descendants of Saxon thanes and coldermen. Thus, in the very last year of the Conqueror, Edgar Atheling had obtained permission to conduct *two hundred knights* to Jerusalem. In these distant expeditions many friendships must have been cemented and many antipathies removed.

The vices of the Beauleire, his faithlessness with regard to treaties with foreign princes, his habitual falsehood and treachery, and his occasional cruelty, are

well known, and are such as he had in common with nearly every politic and successful prince of his time; but that he was wise and politic far beyond the common measure is indisputable, as are the facts that he preserved, to a wonderful extent, peace and tranquillity in England, and permitted none to rob or commit any excess, save and except himself upon a few occasions. The wars that raged on the opposite shores of the Continent scarcely touched our island home, and hence arose a rapid and very visible increase of population and prosperity. In England, Henry was called the king of peace, the father of the people, the lion of justice. According to the Saxon Chronicle, under his energetic government, "whoso bore his burden of gold and silver, durst no man say to him nought but good." This is something like a set phrase very often employed by our earliest recorders of events; but stripped of the hyperbolical, it signifies that highway robberies were exceedingly rare, on account of the dread which men had of the law or of the king's severe administration of justice. Facts are related by writers of the time which prove Henry's severity to have been indeed dreadful. In the twenty-fourth year of his reign he hanged forty-four thieves at one time and in one place—at Huncot, in Leicestershire; and in the following year, enraged at the increasing debasement of the coin, he had all the moneyers of the kingdom, to the number of more than fifty, brought up before the Court of Exchequer, when, after a short examination by his treasurer, fifty of them were taken one by one into an adjoining apartment, and punished by having their right hands struck off and being otherwise mutilated.

It should appear from the chroniclers that the king occasionally felt remorse for his own robberies and oppressive taxations. They relate that in the year 1130, as he was passing over to Normandy, he was visited by a terrific vision. First there gathered round his couch a multitude of countrymen, who, with rage in their countenances, and uplifted scythes, spades, and pitchforks in their hands, threatened him as their spoiler and oppressor: these labourers passed away, and the space they had occupied was filled by a crowd of mail-clad soldiers, with looks equally unfriendly, and with lances and drawn swords in their hands; and then the scene changed again, and mitred and stoled bishops and abbots stood by the bedside, as if ready to fall upon him and slay him with their holy crooks. Thus the tillers of the soil, the military, and the church—the three great interests of the kingdom—appeared to have each sent its representatives to reproach and menace the too rapacious king. The good old monks moralize their tale, and add that this awful vision made a great impression on the royal mind; that the king awoke in great perturbation, sprang out of bed, seized his sword, and shouted for his attendants; that when that great fright passed away, he resolved to repent and amend his life, and from that night he began to be an altered man. A contemporary manuscript version of this striking legend is illustrated by three ancient drawings, which are rude and barbaresque enough, yet still valuable as conveying good notions of the costume and general appearance of the three different ranks of men. Engravings from the drawings will be found in the 'Pictorial History of England' (vol. i. p. 665). Of the subject much might be made by a powerful and imaginative pencil, but it is scarcely of a class that we would recommend for our Valhalla. Unfortunately for his subjects, King Henry did not dream this dream or see this vision until the close of his reign. He died in 1135. His love and diligent cultivation of letters had a very beneficial effect; and there really appears to have been more literature among the Beaucherc's

barons and knights than was to be found in the English court a century and a half later, when letters came to be considered as an occupation fit only for priests and monks. Henry was proud of his learning, and accustomed to say that an unlearned king was nothing better than a crowned ass. He was very fond of men of letters and of *wild beasts*; and, to enjoy both, he often fixed his residence between them. One of the chroniclers says, "He took chief pleasure to reside in his new palace which himself built at Oxford, both for the delight he had in learned men—himself being very learned—and for the vicinity of his new park at Woodstock, which he had fraught with all kinds of strange beasts, wherein he much delighted, as lions, leopards, lynxes, camels, porcupines, and the like. His love of the Muses did not, however, prevent him from taking a savage vengeance on a knightly poet, or fighting troubadour. In one of his wars with the French king, Luke de Barré was made prisoner, and barbarously sentenced to lose his eyes. Charles the Good, Earl of Flanders, remonstrated against this punishment, saying that it was not the custom to inflict bodily punishment on men of the rank of knights, who had done battle in the service of their immediate superior. Henry replied, "This is not the first time that Luke de Barré hath borne arms against me without just cause. But he hath been guilty of still worse things; for he hath satirized me in his poems, and made me a laughing-stock unto mine enemies. From his fate let other versemakers learn what they have to expect when they offend the king of England." The cruel sentence was wholly or partly executed, and the knightly poet, in a paroxysm of agony and rage, burst from the savage executioners, and dashed out his brains against a stone wall.

Robert, Earl of Gloucester, the illegitimate son of Henry, who afterwards waged so long a war in England in support of the claims of his half-sister, Matilda, to the crown, merited as much as his father the name of Beaucherc. According to William of Malmesbury, who knew him personally and intimately, the earl was the best patron of letters and one of the most learned men of his time. When the Empress Matilda brought her young son, Henry Plantagenet, into England, the Earl of Gloucester became instructor to the promising boy; and during the long sojourn they made together in Bristol Castle, the earl's course of instruction was unremittingly pursued, with the aid of other masters. When Henry Plantagenet, on the death of King Stephen, ascended the throne of England, he was a young prince of rare accomplishments, and as Henry II. he more than sustained the scholarly reputation of his grandfather the Beaucherc. This was in good part attributed to the early tuition and example of the Earl of Gloucester.

That most tragical and picturesque event, the shipwreck and drowning of Henry the First's son and heir, Prince William, with one hundred and forty knights and ladies, is present to every mind, and has often been painted. But there is an after-picture of great tenderness which we have never seen touched by any artist. The king, who had preceded his son in the voyage by a few hours, reached the English shore in safety, expecting every hour to see the arrival of the *Blanche Nef*, or *White Ship*, in which the prince had embarked. But the night passed away, and the following morning, and no *White Ship* came, and the king began to be much troubled. Some time in the day the sad tidings of the shipwreck reached our coast, but none would venture to communicate them to the bereaved king. For three days the courtiers concealed the fact; but then they sent in an innocent little boy, who, weeping bitterly, with no counterfeit passion of grief, fell at the feet of the lonely and anxious sovereign, and told him

that the White Ship was lost, and that all on board had perished: and, at the hearing of these words from the little page, Henry sunk to the ground in a death-like swoon. The chroniclers conclude with saying, that the king was never seen to smile again.

As the reign of the Beauclerc lasted thirty-five years, and as all the circumstances which have been mentioned as favourable to union and amalgamation continued in steady and uninterrupted operation during the whole of that long period, it may be conceived that the old antipathies between the two races were much weakened before his death. In effect some of the old writers speak of the population of England as being a happy, friendly, and united people, when the civil war broke out between King Stephen and the Empress-queen Matilda. The men of mixed race were certainly by this time very numerous; and they were to be found in all classes of society, as well in the highest as in the lowest. Like King Henry, who had always boasted of his English birth, the barons and knights of Norman descent who were born in our island called themselves Englishmen, and took an evident pride in the name.

Owing to the disputed succession and to the unsteadiness and selfishness of the baronage and a great part of the clergy, the reign of Stephen, from its commencement in 1135 down to its conclusion in 1154, was a reign of anarchy and horror. It is a tale to be told and studied, but not to be painted in our Valhalla. Yet there is in it one of the grandest of all battle-pieces; and the great "Battle of the Standard" is an essentially national subject. In the year 1138, while Stephen was engaged with the revolted barons in the south of England, David, King of Scotland, uncle to the empress, burst across our northern borders with the double hope of placing his niece on the throne and of getting for himself an increase of territory. King David had gathered his forces together from every part of his dominions, and from sundry isles and mountainous districts where his authority was little more than nominal: he had called them from the Lowlands, the Highlands, and all the Isles—from the great promontory of Galloway, from the Cheviot Hills, and from that nursing-place of hardy, fierce, and lawless men, the border-land between the two kingdoms. He crossed the Tweed in the month of March, and advanced boldly into Northumberland, riding with Prince Henry, his son and heir, at the head of as numerous, as mixed, and, in the main, as wild a host as ever trod this ground.

Matthew of Paris, who flourished in the following century, says, "These Scottish ants overran the whole of the country that lieth between the Tweed and the Tees." "As for the King of Scots himself," says the anonymous but contemporary author of 'Gesta Stephani' (the Deeds of King Stephen, one of the most curious of all our old chronicles), he was a prince of a mild and merciful disposition; but the Scots were a barbarous and impure nation, and their king, leading hordes of them from the remotest and wildest parts of that land, was unable to restrain their wickedness." Another contemporary chronicler, Oderic Vital, says that they exercised their barbarity in the manner of wild beasts, sparing neither age nor sex, nor so much as the child in the womb. It is to be feared that there is much truth in this frightful picture; but the national prejudices between the Scots and the English were already of ancient date; and the chroniclers, being Englishmen by birth or adoption, were not likely to be free from prejudice, while it seems quite certain that the Norman and English chiefs of the time purposely exaggerated the barbarities committed by the Gallowegians, the Highlanders, and the men of the Isles, in order to make the English people fight more despe-

ately; for, had they relied solely on their chivalry, and the men-at-arms, and mercenaries that were in the northern counties, their case would have been hopeless. At the same time they conciliated the native English population of the north by a strong appeal to their old local superstitions. During the wars of William the Conqueror the Saxon saints had been treated with great disrespect, as it was considered that their chapels and shrines, their relics and the worship paid to them, tended to perpetuate the old national spirit. The Normans had in many cases thrown the bones or dried bodies of these old saints upon the dunghheap, had burned their pictures and banners, and had destroyed their shrines. But now the northern barons and clergy invoked the names of saints of the Saxon race; and the once popular banners of St. Cuthbert of Durham, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfrid of Ripon, which had long lain dishonoured and dust-covered in the dark recesses of the churches, were reproduced in the army as the pledges and means of victory. And as the people of the north gazed with streaming eyes upon the banners which their fathers had revered, they felt that they could not be beaten by the King of Scots and his marvellously great host. So rapid was the advance of King David, that Stephen had nothing like time enough to reach the scene of hostilities. The defence of the north was, in a great measure, left to Toustain, or Thurstan, the Archbishop of York, an infirm, decrepit old man, but whose energy and address had not been affected by age and disease. It was this aged churchman who mainly collected and organized the hurried army of defence. He eloquently exhorted the men of the north to fight to the last for God and their country, telling them victory was certain, and paradise the reward of all who should fall in battle against the Scots: he made them swear never to desert each other; he gave them his benediction and the remission of their sins; and he sent forth to the field all of his clergy that were not bed-ridden, his bishops and chaplains, and the country curates, or mass-priests, who led their own parishioners, "the bravest men of Yorkshire." And although a heavy sickness prevented Archbishop Thurstan from putting on his own heavy coat of mail, he sent Raoul, or Ranulph, the Bishop of Durham, to represent him on the field of battle. Each lay baron of the north headed his own vassals; but a more extensive command of divisions was given by the archbishop to William Peveril and Walter Espec of Nottinghamshire, and Gilbert de Lacy and his brother Walter de Lacy of Yorkshire, and these and other barons brought the best English bowmen of their respective counties with them, and a good part of their men-at-arms appear to have been native English. As the Scots were already upon the Tees, the Anglo-Norman army drew up between that river and the broad Humber, choosing their own battlefield at Elfer-ton, now Northallerton, about midway between York and Durham. Here they erected a remarkable standard, from which the battle has taken its name. This standard and its imposing accessories appear to have been borrowed from the Carroccio or great war-car of the brave Italian republicans of Lombardy. This Lombard carroccio, or great standard-car, is said to have been invented or first used by Eribert, Archbishop of Milan, in the year 1035, when the Milanese were nobly contending for their liberty and independence with the German emperor. It was a car upon four wheels, painted red, and so heavy that it was drawn a-field by four pair of the largest and strongest oxen of all Lombardy. From the centre of the car there rose a tall fixed mast, which supported a golden ball, an image of our Saviour on the cross, and the banner of the Republic. In front of the mast were placed a few of the most valiant warriors—in the rear

of it a band of warlike music. Feelings of religion, of military glory, of local attachment, of patriotism, were all associated with the Milanese carroccio, the primary idea of which is supposed to have been derived from the Jewish Ark of the Covenant. It was from the platform of this car that the priest administered the offices of religion to the army. No disgrace was so terrible among the free citizens of Lombardy as that entailed by the suffering an enemy to take their carroccio. If the Lombards were now a free people, they might fill a Valhalla of their own with the noble deeds that were performed by their ancestors for the defence of these great standard-cars.

To return to the English field at Elberton: a great car upon four wheels was dragged to the centre of the position which had been selected; the mast of a vessel was raised and strongly fastened in the car; on the top of the mast a large crucifix was displayed, having in its centre a silver box containing the consecrated wafer or host; and, lower down, the mast was decorated with the banner of the three English saints, which had been brought from Durham, Beverley, and Ripon. Bishops and mitred abbots stood within the car, the consecrated banners waving over their heads; and mailed barons and knights, with their lances erect, sat on their mailed horses in front of it, with a due attendance of squires and men-at-arms. And around this sacred standard, this grand centre of a sublime and most animated picture, the English franklins and peasants from the plains, marshes, wolds, and woodlands of Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, and Lincolnshire, gathered of their own accord, or at the first summons of the martial archbishop. These fair-complexioned and long-haired Englishmen were nearly all armed with great bows and with arrows two cubits long: they had the fame of being excellent archers, and the Norman and mixed chivalry gladly assigned them posts in the foremost and most exposed ranks of the army.

The Scottish battalia, though wanting in some of the grander features of the English, was scarcely less picturesque. Their standard was a simple lance with a sprig of blooming heather wreathed round it. In the rear of this primitive standard, they crossed the Tees in several divisions. Prince Henry commanded the first corps, which consisted of men from the Lowlands of Scotland, armed with chain cuirasses and long pikes; of archers from Teviotdale and Liddesdale, and all the valleys of the rivers that pour their waters into the Tweed or the Solway Frith; of rough troopers from the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland, mounted on small and shaggy but strong and active horses; and of the fierce men of Galloway, who wore no defensive armour, and carried long thin pikes as their chief if not sole weapon of war. A body-guard of knights and men-at-arms, under the command of Eustace Fitzjohn, a baron of Norman descent, rode round the prince, a finely proportioned and handsome young man, buoyant and elated with the hope of a decisive victory and a rich conquest. The Highland clans and men of the Isles came next, each man carrying a small round shield, made of light wood, covered with leather, as his only defensive armour, and the claymore or broadsword as his only weapon; but some of the island tribes wielded the old Danish battle-axe instead of the claymore. After these marched King David, with a strong body of mail-clad barons and knights, who were all either of English or Norman extraction. A mixed body of men from the Moray Frith, and various other wild parts of Scotland, brought up the rear. With the exception of the foreign barons, knights, and men-at-arms, who were clad in complete mail, and armed uniformly, the host of the Scottish king presented a disordered variety of weapons and dresses. The half-naked clans were, however, as for-

ward to fight as the warriors clad in steel. A hot dispute arose for the honour of beginning the action between the lightly equipped Gallowegians and the well appointed men-at-arms. "Why should we trust so much to these aliens?" said Malise, Earl of Strathern: "I wear no armour, but there is not one among them that will advance so far as I will do this day!" The King was obliged to decide the dispute in favour of the men of Galloway, who, accordingly, had the post of honour and danger, and led the van, when the battle commenced. A dense fog covered and concealed the rapid near advance of the Scots, and the Anglo-Normans would, in all probability, have been taken by surprise, had it not been for Robert de Bruce and Bernard de Baliol, two barons of Norman descent, who held lands in England as well as in Scotland, and who, for their own interests, were anxious for the conclusion of an immediate peace. "O King!" said Robert de Bruce, the elder of the two barons, and a man far advanced in years—"O King, pause while there is yet time, and consider against whom thou wouldst this day do battle! It is against Normans and Englishmen, who, by their counsels and their arms, have done thee such good service, and by whose help thou hast been enabled to bring under subjection the wild clans and tribes of the Gaelic race. Remember, O king, that we ourselves did mainly contribute to reduce those clans to thy obedience, and that from that one cause hath arisen the hatred that animates them against our fellow-countrymen in England." Having in vain argued with David, and hearing themselves called traitors by William, the king's nephew, the Bruce and the Baliol renounced and threw up the Scottish part of their allegiance, bade defiance to the king, and putting spurs to their horses, galloped off to the English camp at Elberton, which they reached in good time to tell that the Scots were coming. At the sight or sound of their headlong and tumultuous approach, Raoul, that fearless Bishop of Durham, read the prayer of absolution from the standard-car, the Normans and the English kneeling on the ground the while, and springing to their feet and shouting "Amen" when it was finished. The fitting representative of Archbishop Thurstan then delivered from the same holy and majestic stage an animating speech; and while he was yet speaking the onslaught began.

The Scots came on with the simple war-cry of "Alban! Alban!" which was shouted at once by all the Celtic tribes. The desperate charge of the Earl of Strathern and his men of Galloway drove in the English infantry, and broke, for a moment, the mounted Norman centre. "They burst the enemy's ranks," says old Aired, "as if they had been but spiders' webs." Almost immediately after this onslaught, both flanks of the Anglo-Normans were assailed by the Highlanders and the men of Teviotdale and Liddesdale; but these charges were not supported in time, and the Norman horse and a part of the English foot—"those bravest men of Yorkshire"—formed an impenetrable mass round the standard-car, and repulsed the Scots in a fierce charge they made to penetrate there. During this fruitless effort of the enemy, those of the English bowmen who had been driven in by the Gallowegians, rallied, and took up good ground on the two wings of the Anglo-Norman army; and when the Scots renewed the attack on the centre, they harassed them sorely with a double-flank flight of arrows, while the Norman knights and the men-at-arms received them in front on the sharp points of their lances. The long thin pikes of the men of Galloway were shivered against the armour and steel-bound shields of the Normans, or broken by their heavy swords and battle-axes. The Highland clans, still shouting "Alban! Alban!" wielded their broad claymores with wondrous vigour,

and fighting hand to hand, and thrusting their small round shields between the big oblong shields of their foes, they tried to cut their way through that mass of iron-cased chivalry. It was the first time these Normans of England had come in contact with the Highland broadsword, and they had good reason to bless the protection of their well-bound shields, their hauberks of mail, and their cuisses of steel plate. For full two hours the Scots maintained the fight in front of the Norman centre, over the head of which was seen the standard-car, the crucifix, the banners of the saints, and the stout-hearted prelates. At one moment the gallant Prince Henry of Scotland had well nigh penetrated to the standard; but, at last, with broken spears and swords, such of the Scots as survived the great carnage ceased to attack—paused, retreated, and then fled in confusion. The king, however, retained near his person, and in good order, the knights who formed his guard, and some other troops; and these covered the retreat, and gave some bloody checks to the Anglo-Normans who pursued. Three days after the battle King David rallied within the walls of Carlisle, and employed himself in collecting his scattered troops. He is said to have lost in all twelve thousand men at Elberton or Northallerton. In all respects the Battle of the Standard was one of the most remarkable and picturesque of battles. The English seem to have been allowed their fair share in the glory of the great victory, and none could have doubted that, but for their presence, the Scots would have prevailed, and have penetrated with fire and sword into the very heart of England, before King Stephen could have faced them with another army. From the date of this terrible combat we begin to see frequent mention of the steadiness, perseverance, and valour of the English foot, and of their strength and skill as bowmen. Moreover the lists of knights begin to abound with old Saxon names.

During these nineteen years of civil war and anarchy the sufferings of the people, protected by no law, and alternately racked, plundered and tortured by the partisans of Stephen, the partisans of Matilda, and castle-building robbers of no party, were dreadful in the extreme. Yet even now some of the causes which gradually produced the amalgamation of the two races, and gave a recognisable and respectable existence to the tiers état, or third estate in the kingdom, continued in operation, while other causes tending to the same wholesome ends arose out of the unhappy circumstances of these very times. Stephen, betrayed over and over again by his nobles, often appealed to the humble citizens, and more especially to those of London. During the long pacific reign of his predecessor, the burghers of London and the franklins in the neighbourhood had made great strides in industry, trade, and prosperity, without losing the warlike spirit, and the expertness in the use of arms, for which they had been famed at a much earlier period. From first to last they appear to have preferred Stephen to his rival Matilda, and this steady attachment to his cause could not fail of winning the affections of Stephen, whose heart was by nature generous and magnanimous. The citizens of London had, in fact, risen to such importance, that, if not actually consulted in the disposal of the disputed crown, they were called upon to confirm the election of the sovereign. That judicious, free, and wonderfully liberal monk, William of Malmshury, who was not only contemporary, but who also saw and heard and took part in some of the councils and events he describes, tells us that the citizens of London formed a body of great weight; that the members of the municipality were considered as barons, and that barons were proud to be admitted into their

corps. When King Stephen, having been made captive by Matilda's half-brother, the Earl of Gloucester, in a battle fought at Lincoln, was lying a helpless prisoner in Bristol Castle, when even his own brother, the Bishop of Winchester, and legate to the pope, had declared against him, and had assembled a great synod of bishops, abbots, and archdeacons to pronounce sentence against Stephen and place Matilda in the vacant throne, the loyal and hearty Londoners sent a deputation to Winchester to demand or petition for the release and immediate restoration of the king. The Bishop of Winchester and the clergy of England, "to whom," as the bishop himself said, "it chiefly belongs to elect kings and proclaim them," so hurried on their proceedings, that Matilda was elected and proclaimed before the deputation from the city of London could arrive. Yet such was the respect these prosperous plebeians imposed, that it was deemed expedient to hold an adjourned meeting on the following morning. Upon the decision of the council being announced to them, the deputies said that they did not come to debate about Matilda's rights, but to petition for the liberty of their king; that they had no powers to agree to the election of this new ruler; and that the whole community of London, with all the barons lately admitted into it, earnestly desired of the legate and clergy the immediate liberation of Stephen. None spoke at Winchester with so much boldness as these good citizens. The legate laboured hard to prove to them that Matilda had a preferable right, and that under her government the country and the church would be happier than they had ever been before. The deputies merely said that they would explain the legate's views to their fellow-citizens; and so mounted their horses and rode fearlessly through Matilda's army towards London.





[The Canofieno.—From Pinelli.]

THE CANOFIENO, OR ROMAN SWING.

PINELLI has here given us a lively representation of an animated scene which is very common among the Trasteverini and the peasantry of the States of the Church. The construction of this Roman swing is sufficiently shown in the drawing. The ropes which support the strong plank are sometimes fastened to a revolving axis, and sometimes merely passed over a beam or rafter. In the latter case, when greasing is neglected, the ropes are apt to wear away and break; and then down comes the whole party with a great crash, and not without peril to legs and bodies. The danger, however, is the less from the comparatively slight elevation and limited play of the swing. The Romans, who have no such machine, would be alarmed at the swings which are used in our country fairs in England. They never try to "kick the sky with their toes," as we once heard a party of English sailors say they were trying to do.

Such as it is, the Canofieno is a very favourite amusement among the Roman peasantry of all ages. We have seen three generations upon it at once—a grandfather and a grandmother, their son and their son's wife with her children. At times we have seen one or two Franciscan friars or bearded Capuchins seated upon the plank, and singing and hallooing with the rest; but this was in recondite quarters where the eyes of their superiors could not reach them, and when their *terza*, or begging-round, had been successful, and their libations unusually copious. To fairs and rustic festivals of all sorts the monks of the mendicant orders always repaired in considerable numbers, for every Festa is the day of some saint whom they are bound to honour, and they know full well that good cheer and sport in the open air quicken generosity, and that the hands as well as the hearts of the faithful are most open on a gay summer holiday. Moreover these begging friars spring from the common people and are always men of the people. Now and then an old tabellone, or notary, or other sedate starch Roman citizen, was to be seen on the plank, in his solemn suit of faded black, and with spectacles on nose—those antiquated horn-rimmed spectacles with nothing but the bridge to keep them on the nose, and without any sides—in short, the spectacles that are worn by the Miser in Quintin Matsys' or Matsys' celebrated picture at Windsor Castle, and in other paintings by the old

Dutch masters.* It should seem that man has a natural liking for every kind of swinging, except hanging. There was a Neapolitan doctor and theorist of the last century who thought that if men and women would only swing enough, they might swing away all their distempers and disorders; and he wrote a book to prove it. Like other theorists, he only carried the matter too far. In many cases this exercise and motion are well known to be favourable to health. In cases of insanity the swing is said to have been used with good effect; but here the greatest advantage has been found not from the pendular motion, but from the rotatory motion. That great turner of lines and rhymes, Dr. Darwin, first suggested the method of "spinning a madman" on a rotatory swing, and Doctor Cox caused such a swing or roundabout to be made, and tried the experiment in a very bad case, and with such striking success, that he attributed to it the complete recovery of his patient. Dr. Cox afterwards employed the rotatory swing in many other cases, and found this singular remedy generally efficacious and never prejudicial. Father Linguiti, in the early part of the present century, introduced the rotatory swing, or roundabout, or whirligig, into the great hospital for the insane which he organized at Aversa; and the use of it in such places is now universal in Italy, where a refractory patient, instead of being beaten or subjected to other harsh severities, as in former times, is merely whirled or spun round on a pivot. But this is a matter too serious to accompany Pinelli's hilarious design.

Reader, if you will look at the picture, you will see that one of the Roman damsels is playing on the tambourine: and these holiday folks generally swing to music and loud singing. The singing indeed, like the screaming of a bagpipe, is much louder and shriller than is agreeable to one of the uninitiated, unless it be heard at some distance. The object of every one of the vocalists, whether male or female, appears to be to beat all the rest in noise, and they very frequently sing through the nose. It has been frequently remarked that in this land of song the taste of the popular music is execrable. There are exceptions; in most parts there are some two or three beautifully simple melodies, some of which are of an unknown antiquity, and have never been written down with

* For an engraving of Matsys' picture see first series of Penny Mag. vol. ii. p. 497.

musical notes and scores, but have been transmitted orally from father to son through many ages: in not a few districts the peasants sing prettily in parts; still, generally speaking, the music of the labouring classes from one end of Italy to the other is a twanging, loud, monotonous sing-song, or a droning drowsy noise almost as bad as that of the Andalusian muleteers or that of the calesso-drivers in Malta, who are said at times to sing their beasts to sleep on the road, with their burthens on their backs or their chaises at their tails. These poor rustics never approach an opera-house; the only theatre they know is a puppet-show, their only great actor is Punch. Thus their ears have never been informed by the beautiful liquid strains of Cimarosa or Paisiello or Rossini, and as their taste has not been cultivated, they seem to consider their own bad music as the best. But, bad as it is, it gives them pleasure, and therefore answers the end.

Like nearly every other pastime or custom among these people, the Canofieno bears the stamp of antiquity. The same strong plank, the same ropes, and very nearly the same kind of group which Pinelli drew, have been found depicted upon fragments of chamber-walls dug out of Herculaneum or Stabia.

There is another primitive sport well known to English children by the familiar name of "see-saw," or "ups and downs." It was often played by the Trasteverini and their neighbours in the townships and villages of the Roman Campania, as also in other parts of Italy. This too is an ancient and classical pastime, for there is a picture of it painted upon the wall of one of the houses of Pompeii. The most lively player at this game that we ever chanced to see was a royal lady, who, "since those happy days of her childhood, has had see-sawings and ups and downs enough—but of a far less agreeable sort. This was Donna Christina, the pretty, light, and always laughing granddaughter of the then reigning king of Naples, old Ferdinand I., who loved all manner of sports, and the most boisterous the best. In the lower garden of the royal summer palace at Portici, which stands over part of the lava-buried Herculaneum, and in the lowest part of that garden, near the open space by the sea-shore called the Mortelle, where King Ferdinand in his young days made a little camp and built a sort of castle, to play at soldiers and sieges, there was a playground for the king's numerous brood of grandchildren, which was quite open to the view of two or three casini or villas at that time occupied by Neapolitan noblemen who had as yet preserved the means of being sociable and hospitable. From the terrace of one of these houses, which reached nearly to the low wall of the royal garden, we often saw Donna Christina sitting on the plank and playing at see-saw with her eldest brother, now King of Naples, or of the Two Sicilies, with a zest and spirit which the daughters of good Dr. Primrose could not have exceeded when playing with Farmer Flamborough's family at hunt the slipper. Royal brothers and sisters of various ages, but all children, and healthy happy children, stood round clapping their hands and shouting without any restraint, and loud was the laughter when Don Ferdinando could succeed in jerking off Donna Christina, or Donna Christina perform the more difficult feat of unhorsing Don Ferdinando. These scenes—alack! it is a quarter of a century since we saw them—have often come before our eyes in vivid colours while reading in unsympathizing newspapers of the many vicissitudes and trials of that once light-hearted, joyous girl;—of the jealous tyranny of her grim old uncle and husband Ferdinand of Spain; of the bitter thralldom of Spanish etiquette; of her young and stormy widowhood, with the weight and cares of government thrown upon one who had never been trained to bear them, and who

found herself from the first surrounded by fierce and desperate factions; of her palace burst open at midnight by a lawless and frantic soldiery; of the massacres committed under her own eyes; of her forced separation from her daughters, and long exile in France, and of the other catastrophes which have happened in a country where revolutions have succeeded each other too rapidly to be recollected without the aid of book and register. We have been told that that light buoyant figure has become corpulent, but we can only figure her as she was. We have heard of irregularities—vices—and considering all circumstances, we can give credit to a part of the scandalous chronicle; but what we cannot and will not believe is the assertion that Donna Christina, as queen-dowager and regent of Spain, would be a heartless and sanguinary tyrant if she could. God help her and her daughters! It were better for them all to be playing at see-saw among the acacia-groves at Portici, than to be where they are and what they are.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

THE FRIAR'S TALE—*Concluded.*

As the devil and the Sumpnour entered the end of the town towards which they had directed their course, they saw a cart filled with hay, and driven by a carter. The road was deep, and the cart stuck fast in the way. The carter smote the horse, and cried as if he were mad.

"Heit Scot! heit Brok! what spare ye for the stones?"

The fiend," quoth he, "you fetch, body and bones,

As farforthly as ever ye were fouled,

So muchel woe as I have with you tholed.*

The devil have all, both horse, and cart, and hay."

The Sumpnour said, "Here shall we have a prey;"

and then drawing near the fiend, as though nothing were the matter, whispered in his ear—

"Hearken, my brother, hearken, by thy faith;

Hearst thou not how that the carter saith?

Hent it anon, for he hath given it thee,

Both hay and cart, and eke his caples† three."

"Nay," quoth the devil, "God wot, never a del,§

It is not his intent, trust thou me well;

Ask him thyself, if thou not trowest me,

Or elles stint awhile, and thou shalt see."

This carter thwacketh his horse upon the croup,

And they began to drawen, and to stoop.

"Heit now," quoth he; "there, Jesu Christ you bless,

And all his handes work, both more and less!

That was well twight,|| mine owen Liard¶ boy,

I pray God save thy body, and Saint Eloy.

Now is my cart out of the slough, pardie."

"Lo, brother," quoth the fiend, "what told I thee?

Here may ye see, mine owen deare brother,

The churl spake one thing, but he thought another.

Let us proceed upon our journey. Here I shall win nothing."

When they were come a little way out of the town, the Sumpnour began to whisper to his brother, "Here dwelleth an old woman

"That had almost as lief to lose her neck

As for to give a penny of her good.

I will have twelpence though that she be wood,**

Or I will summon her to our office;

And yet, God wot, of her know I no vice;

But for thou canst not, as in this country,

Winnen thy cost, take here example of me."

* Endured. † Take—seize hold of. ‡ Horses.

§ Never a bit.

|| Pulled.

¶ A familiar endearing name for a grey horse, as was Bayard for a bay.

** Mad.

The Sumpnour now clappeth at the widow's gate.
"Come out," he cried,

"I trow thou hast some frere or priest with thee."

"Who clappeth?" said this wife; "*Benedicite!*"

God save you, sir, what is your sweete will?"

"I have," quoth he, "of summons here a bill.

Up' pain of cursing, looke that thou be

To-morrow before the Archdeacon's knee,

To answer to the court of certain things."

"Now, Lord," quoth she, "Christ Jesu, King of Kings,

So wisely helpe me, as I ne may."

I have been sick, and that full many a day;

I may not go so far," quoth she, "nor ride,

But I be dead, so pricketh it in my side."

May I not ask a libel, Sir Sumpnour,

And answer there by my procurator

To suche things as men would opposen't me?"

"Yes," quoth this Sumpnour, "pay anon,—let see—

Twelve pence to me, and I will thee acquit:

I shall no profit have thereby but lit';

My master hath the profit, and not I.

Come off, and let me ride hastily,

Give me twelve pence, I may no longer tarry."

"Twelve pence!" quoth she; "now Lady Sainte Mary

So wisely help me out of care and sin,

This wide world though that I should it win,

Ne have I not twelve pence within my hold.

Ye knowen well that I am poor and old,

Kiths your almes upon me, poor wretch."

"Nay then," quoth he, "the foule fiend me fetch

If I thee excuse, though thou shouldst be spilt."¶

"Alas!" quoth she, "God wot, I have no guilt."

"Pay me," quoth he, "or by the sweet Saint Anne

As I will bear away thy newe pan

For debte, which thou owest me of old.

When thou behavedst ill to thy husband, I paid for thy correction."

"Thou liest," quoth she; "by my salvation,

Ne was I never or now, widow or wife;

Summon'd unto your court in all my life;

Ne never I n'as bat of my body true.

Unto the devil, rough and black of hue,

Give I thy body and my pan also."

And when the devil heard her cursing so

Upon her knees, he said in this manere,—

"Now, Mabily, mine owen mother dear,

Is this your will in earnest that ye say?"

"The devil," quoth she, "so fetch him or he dey,**

And pan and all, but he will him repent."

"Nay, olde stot, that is not my intent,"

Quoth this Sumpnour, "for to repenten me

For any thing that I have had of thee;

I would I had thy 'frock' and every cloth."

"Now, brother," quoth the devil, "be not wroth;

Thy body and this pan be mine by right;

Thou shalt with me to helle yet to-night,

Where thou shalt knowen of our privy

More than a master of divinity."

And with that word the foule fiend him hent.††

Body and soul, he with the devil went,

Where as these Sumpnours have their heritage.

And God that maketh after his image

Mankind, save and guide us all and some.

* That is to say, as I myself am not able to do so.

† Put in charge against me.

‡ Little.

§ Show.

|| Charity. ¶ Ruined. ** Before he die. †† Seized.

Buffalo-hunting.—At Red River the buffaloes are now seldom taken in pounds. In the summer and fall, large parties of the half-breed hunters, all mounted on their small Indian horses, which are well broke in to this sport, scatter themselves over the plains, camping generally in the open air, or in leathern lodges, and under their provision carts. As soon as the buffaloes are perceived, the young men gallop after them, and either partially surround them on the plain, or endeavour to drive them into some little valley, or neck of land projecting into a lake, where escape is difficult. A running fire then opens all along the line. The hunters reload their guns while their horses are in full ca-

reer; the bullets are carried in the mouth, and dropped into the barrel without any wadding; their small whips are attached by a band to the right wrist; the sagacious horse of his own accord follows the animal his master has singled out. In this way many buffaloes in succession are shot by the same hunter, and hundreds fall in a single race. No sight can be livelier than a camp of successful hunters. They generally pitch in some clump or point of woods; the provision carts form the outer circle, to which the horses are tied; fires blaze in every direction; the men smoke their pipes, or arrange their fire-arms; while the women are employed in cooking. Everywhere you hear the laugh and the jest, and the repasts are sumptuous. While the men hunt, the females are occupied in drying the spare meat, or perverting it into pemican. This now far-famed provender of the wilderness is formed by pounding the choice parts of the meat very small, putting it into bags made of the skin of the slain animal, into which a proportion (fifty pounds) of pounded meat and forty pounds grease make a bag of pemican) of melted fat is then poured; and the whole being strongly compressed, and sewed up, constitutes the best and most portable article of provision for the voyageur. In the winter season this sport assumes a more varied character. When the snow is not deep, the buffaloes may be run on horseback, as in the summer; indeed, if numerous, they beat such a track with their broad hoofs that they are easily pursued: at other times they are approached by the hunter "crawling" on the snow. He walks cautiously up to within a certain distance, far enough not to alarm the herd; then prostrates himself on the snow, drags himself along on his belly, with his gun trailing after him, and in this manner frequently proceeds a long way before he can get within reach, when the buffaloes are shy. When fatigued with this laborious and unnatural motion, he stops to draw breath, and throws up a little heap of snow before him, to screen him from his prey; and some are said to be so dexterous in this mode of approach as actually to drive aside with their guns the old bulls who form the outer guard of the band, in order to select the choicest of the cows. As a disguise, a close dun-coloured cap furnished with upright ears is often worn by the experienced hunter, to give him the appearance of a wolf; for, from constant association, that ravenous beast is regarded by the buffalo without dread. In the spring of the year, when there is a hard crust on the snow produced by alternate thaw and frost, the buffaloes are frequently run down by the hunters, and stabbed with their daggers while floundering in the deep drifts, which yield to their weight, but support their pursuers, who wear snow-shoes; and in this way, which is the easiest and safest of all, the unfortunate animals fall a prey even to women and boys.—*Simpson's Narrative of Discoveries on the North Coast of America.*

Avon-well, as the source of our river is called, lies in the garden of the little inn opposite Naseby church. The spring flows into a small circular pool, which, a few years back, it was resolved to adorn and render sufficiently snazt for the birth-bed of so famous a river. A plaster swan was procured, and the water made to spout from his bill into the little pool, which also received various graceful trimmings. The well was separated by a wall from the public road; but in order that the improvements might be enjoyed by all, iron railings were substituted for the "Kealy earth," opposite to the swan fountain. But unluckily, though, as was said, refinement has penetrated into Naseby, the natives were not prepared for such an innovation. The bird's head was speedily discovered to be a capital mark, and as Naseby men are as proud of their skill in stone-throwing as Kentuckians are of theirs in rifle-shooting, its head soon got knocked off, and the limpid element in consequence, flowed rather ungracefully from its neck. Other mishaps followed, and finally the poor bird was flung off its perch into the water, by which, as plaster swans are not good swimmers, it derived small benefit. Now, in this present spring of 1845, it looks very desolate. Headless, and with one of its wings broken (to say nothing of the loss of its feet), the poor swan crouches down in a pitiable manner in the dirt beside the pond, while the water trickles lazily from a shabby wooden spout; and the Avon-well itself is covered with dead green duck-weed, and surrounded by cabbages. This ought not to be. It is utterly impossible for the most resolute to be sentimental over it. For us there is plainly nought but to leave it, with a hope that some one may be led by our lament to look after and remedy the dismal state of this swan of the Avon.—*Rambles by Rivers—The Avon in Knight's Weekly Volume.*



[Hudibras consulting the Lawyer.]

HUDIBRAS.—No. XVI.

THE Poet in the Third Canto of Part III. returns to his story and his hero, in order to relate the history of the rescue and its consequences. Uncomfortably mounted and equivocally conducted, the knight could not but feel an almost equal anxiety to escape from his pursuers and be secure from his guide. The general effects of fear, as well as its peculiar effect on the mind of Hudibras, are very admirably described :—

“ Who would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears
That spring like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally, without seed ;
And have no possible foundation,
But merely in th’ imagination :
And yet can do more dreadful feats,
Than hags, with all their imps and tents :
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves
Than all their nurseries of elves.
For fear does things so like a witch,
’Tis hard t’ unriddle which is which :
Sets up communities of senses,
To chop and change intelligences ;
As Eastern virtuosos
Can see with ear, and hear with noses :
And when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supply’d by fear ;

That makes ’em in the dark see visions,
And hag themselves with apparitions ;
And when their eyes discover least,
Discern the subtlest objects best :
Do things not contrary alone
To th’ course of nature, but its own :
The courage of the bravest daunt,
And turn poltroons as valiant ;
For men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little fear :
And when they ’re out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying ;
Or turn again to stand it out ;
And those they fled, like lions, rout.

“ This Hudibras had prov’d too true,
Who, by the furies, left perdué,
And haunted with detachments sent
From Marshal Legion’s regiment,
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
Reliev’d and rescu’d with a cheat ;
When nothing but himself and fear,
Was both the imp and conjurer :
As by the rules o’ th’ virtuosi,
It follows in due form of poesie.

“ Disguis’d in all the masks of night,
We left our champion on his flight :
At blindman’s buff to grope his way,
In equal fear of night and day :
Who took his dark and desperate course,
He knew no better than his horse ;

And by an unknown devil led,
 (He knew as little whither) fled.
 He never was in greater need,
 Nor less capacity of speed.
 Disabled both in man and beast,
 To fly and run away, his best;
 To keep the enemy, and fear,
 From equal falling on his rear.
 And tho' with kicks and bangs he ply'd
 The further and the nearer side:
 (As seamen ride with all their force,
 And tug as if they row'd the horse;
 And when the hackney sails most swift,
 Believe they lag, or run adrift;)
 So tho' he posted e'er so fast,
 His fear was greater than his haste:
 For fear, tho' faster than the wind,
 Believes 'tis always left behind."

The day breaking, at length disclosed to the knight
 that his deliverer was no other than Ralpho, with whom,
 when he had been informed of the merely human means
 by which he had been punished and terrified, he is
 half inclined to quarrel, accusing the poor squire of
 having caused him

"To make me put myself to flight,
 And, conqu'ring, run away by night;
 To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
 Durst never have presum'd to do.
 To mount me in the dark by force,
 Upon the bare ridge of my horse,
 Expos'd in cuerpo to their rage,
 Without my arms and equipage;
 Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
 I might th' unequal fight renew;
 And, to preserve thy outward man,
 Assum'd my place, and led the van."

Ralpho acknowledges the fact, and argues very
 strongly in favour of flying:—

"For those that fly; may fight again,
 Which he can never do that's slain.
 Hence timely running's no mean part
 Of conduct in the martial art;
 By which some glorious feats achieve,
 As citizens, by breaking, thrive;
 And cannons conquer armies, while
 They seem to draw off and recoil;
 'Tis held the gallant'st course and bravest,
 To great exploits, as well as safest,
 That spares th' expense of time and pains,
 And dangerous beating out of brains.
 And in the end prevails as certain,
 As those that never trust to Fortune;
 But make their fear do execution
 Beyond the stoutest resolution;
 As earthquakes kill without a blow,
 And, only trembling, overthrow.
 If th' ancients crown'd their bravest men,
 That only sav'd a citizen,
 What victory could e'er be won,
 If ev'ry one would save but one?
 Or fight endanger'd to be lost,
 Where all resolve to save the most?
 By this means, when a battle's won,
 The war's as far from being done:
 For those that save themselves, and fly,
 Go halves, at least, i' th' victory;
 And sometimes, when the loss is small,
 And danger great, they challenge all:
 Print new additions to their feats,
 And emendations in gazettes:
 And when, for furious haste to run,
 They durst not stay to fire a gun,
 Have done 't with bonfires, and at home
 Made squibs and crackers overcome.
 To set the rabble on a flame,
 And keep their governors from blame,
 Dispense the news, the pulpit tells,
 Confirm'd with fireworks and with bells:

And tho' reduc'd to that extreme,
 They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*;
 Yet, with religious blasphemy,
 By flatt'ring heaven with a lie;
 And for their beating, giving thanks,
 They've rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks,
 For those who run from th' enemy,
 Engage them equally to fly;
 And when the fight becomes a chace,
 Those win the day that win the race;
 And that which would not pass in fights,
 Has done the feat with easy flights."

Hudibras, in his reply, partly admitting the force of
 the squire's reasoning, seems to have fallen upon a
 notion that has been thought more modern in the cam-
 paigning art, namely, that the success of a war depends
 on the commissariat:—

"And those achieve the high'st renown
 That brings the other's stomach down.
 There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
 All dangers are reduc'd to famine:"

with more to the same purpose. Whereupon Ralpho
 suggests, as the knight has already tried war and cun-
 ning as means of winning the widow, and failed in
 both, he should now go to law with her, and gives the
 following character of that profession, in which, as in
 all the author's portraits, all the ill that can be said is
 most humorously and forcibly adduced against it; but
 we feel here, as elsewhere, that though the abuses of
 the law, and the main features of the personage de-
 scribed by Hudibras, may be true, they are collected
 from various sources, and could not have been intended
 to convey a general opinion of the profession, or to
 depict an individual portrait.

"For law's the wisdom of all ages,
 And manag'd by the ablest sages;
 Who, tho' their business at the bar
 Be but a kind of civil war,
 In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons
 Than e'er the Grecians did the Trojans,
 They never manage the contest
 T' impair their public interest;
 Or by their controversies lessen
 The dignity of their profession:



Not like us brethren, who divide
Our common-wealth, the cause, and side :
And tho' w' are all as near of kindred,
As th' outward man is to the inward ;
We agree in nothing but to wrangle
About the slightest fingle-fangle :
While lawyers have more sober sense,
Than t' argue at their own expense,
But make their best advantages
Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss ;
And out of foreign controversies,
By aiding both sides, fill their purses ;
But have no int'rest in the cause,
For which th' engage, and wage the laws ;
Nor further prospect than their pay,
Whether they lose or win the day.
And tho' th' abounded in all ages,
With sundry learned clerks and sages ;
Tho' all their business be dispute,
Which way they canvass ev'ry suit ;
Th' have no disputes about their art,
Nor in polemics controvert ;
While all professions else are found
With nothing but disputes t' abound :
Divines of all sorts, and physicians ;
Philosophers, mathematicians ;
The Galenists and Paracelsian,
Condemn the way each other deals in ;
Anatomists dissect and mangle,
To cut themselves out work to wrangle ;
Astrologers dispute their dreams,
That in their sleeps they talk of schemes ;
And heralds stickle who got who,
So many hundred years ago.

" But lawyers are too wise a nation,
T' expose their trade to disputation ;
Or make the busy rabble judges
Of all their secret piques and grudges ;
In which whoever wins the day,
The whole profession 's sure to pay.
Besides, no mountebank, nor cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats ;
When in all other sciences
They swarm like insects, and increase.
" For what bigot durst ever draw,
By inward light, a deed in law ?
Or could hold forth, by revelation,
An answer to a declaration ?
For those that meddle with their tools,
Will cut their fingers if they 're fools."

Hudibras objects to the advice, of course, but resolves to follow it ; chiefly, as he says, to guard himself against Sidrophel, who " resolves to sue ;" and he calls to mind a lawyer—

" Most apt for what I have to do :
As counsellor, and justice too ;"

whose character, as justice, we cannot give, though in its features it does not greatly differ from that of more than one of Fielding's, particularly of one described in that writer's 'Amelia'—

" To this brave man the knight repairs
For counsel in his law affairs ;
And found him mounted, in his pew,
With books and money plac'd for show,
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay :
To whom the knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case :
Which he as proudly entertain'd,
As th' other courteously strain'd ;
And to assure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat."

The knight then details to the lawyer his adventure with Sidrophel, accuses the widow of being an accessory, of having contracted herself by solemn vows to him, of breaking her word, and of having "made an assault with fiends and men upon my body." The

lawyer declares he has an excellent case, and instructs him how to strengthen it:—

" But you may swear at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the state :
For in all courts of justice here
A witness is not said to swear,
But make oath, that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.
" (I thank you, quoth the knight, for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat—)
" For justice, tho' she 's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd,
Like Charity ; else right and wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a slight,
Convey men's interest, and right,
From Stiles's pocket, into Nokes's,
As easily as hocus-pocus :
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,
And clear again, like Hiccius Doctius.
Then whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife :
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass ;
The business to the law 's all one,
The proof is all it looks upon :
And you can want no witnesses,
To swear to anything you please,
That hardly get their mere expenses
By th' labour of their consciences ;
Of letting out to hire their ears
To affidavit-customers,
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for jury-men, or tallies,
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters,
Of trustees and administrators."

Hudibras undertakes to supply these, and the lawyer concludes—

" In th' int'rim, spare for no trepans,
To draw her neck into the barns ;
Ply with her love-letters, and billets,
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quilllets,
With trains t' inveigle, and surprise,
Her heedless answers and replies ;
And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
They'll serve for other by-designs :
And make an artist understand
To copy out her seal or hand ;
Or find void places in the paper,
To steal in something to entrap her ;
'Till with her worldly goods, and body,
Spight of her heart, she has endow'd ye :
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply in' th' Temples, under trees ;
Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts
About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts ;
Or wait for customers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-inn,
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
And affidavit-men, ne'er fail
T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,
Their only necessary tools,
Besides the Gospel, and their souls.
And when y' are furnish'd with all purveys,
I shall be ready at your service."

The knight "longs" to practise the advice ; and the letter produced under this impulse will form the subject of the next article.

PRESERVATION OF FLOWERS FOR THE WINTER SEASON.

It is well known that the ancient Romans expended large sums in cultivated flowers, perhaps the least unjustifiable of all their prodigal expenditure ; for surely, the taste for flowers is the most pure and refined of all amusements. The inhabitants of Holland

are proverbial for their passion for flowers, especially for all those kinds which are propagated from bulbs, and almost incredible sums have been paid for choice varieties of the hyacinth, tulip, ranunculus, &c. The Parisians of the present era bid fair to vie with the citizens of Rome itself, in their extravagant passion for flowers. During the winter season, especially, this mania has arisen to so high a point, that it has assumed the importance of a lucrative branch of commerce.

In order to give an idea of the extent to which this traffic is carried on in Paris, we quote from M. Soulange Bodin, one of the first horticulturists of the day, and on whose accuracy we may place perfect reliance, a statement of the sale of flowers, during a single ordinary week, in winter :—

Hire of cases garnished with flowers, shrubs, and plants, transported from party to party, and remaining the property of the gardener	Francs.	£
Baskets, jardinières, and platforms furnished for evening parties	10,000	400
Sale of cut camellias at from 10f. to 24f. per doz.	6000	340
Flowers for the hair, for ornamenting dresses, &c., choice branches of Camellia	1,600	64
Vases of choice Camellias in blossom, at the average of 10 francs	1000	40
Bouquets for balls, at the average of 5 francs	2000	80
	20,000	800
Total	40,600	
or	£1624	sterl.

Here are 40,600 francs spent in flowers in a single week, and in this statement no account has been taken of the sums produced by the sale of flowers in the two flower-markets which at present subsist in Paris; and be it remembered that the week selected is an ordinary week taken at random: but how much greater would have been the amount had M. Bodin chosen a week during the period of the Carnival, when balls and parties are rife. But surely this mode of spending money, extravagant though it be, is far preferable to squandering it in excesses for the gratification of the palate, excesses ruinous both to health and intellect.

There are, however, methods, far less expensive and more simple than hothouse culture, for procuring this refined enjoyment during the winter season. In an amusing French periodical (*Le Magazin Pittoresque*), we find, that instead of employing artificial heat as an agent for forcing these beautiful productions of nature into existence during ungenial seasons, we may have recourse to the conservative properties of cold.

"The possessor of an icehouse may, with very little trouble, preserve as many flowers as may be required for the decoration of the table or apartments during the winter.

"The flowers must be gathered in perfectly dry weather, and those blossoms should be selected which are not perfectly expanded, but only on the point of unfolding their buds. These are to be enclosed in vases of glass, or of glazed pottery-ware, previously thoroughly cleansed and dried, and they are then to be hermetically sealed by covering with oiled leather to exclude every particle of humidity. The vases are then to be placed in the antichamber of an icehouse, in a part where the temperature is nearly about that at which ice melts, for were it colder the flowers would become frozen. When it is required to make them unfold their blossoms, plunge them for a few seconds in lukewarm water, or in running water. By this gradual process of thawing, the fibres resume their natural pliancy, and they are now prepared to blow when

introduced into a warm apartment, the stems merely requiring to be plunged for a minute in tepid water in which a small quantity of saltpetre has been previously dissolved. By this simple method, the flowers assume all the freshness and beauty they would have if newly gathered.

"Persons who have not the advantage of an icehouse, may nevertheless very easily preserve many kinds of flowers, by placing them, similarly enclosed, in vases in the interior of a cellar; first, however, taking the precaution to burn slightly the extremity of the stalks, and immediately applying sealing-wax. Great care must be taken to avoid the access of the slightest humidity." Thus, by a simple and inexpensive method, many kinds of flowers of the less delicate kind may be preserved to enliven and adorn our houses during the gloomy season when nature has imprisoned within her bosom all her blooming favourites, excepting the glowing holly, the winter rose, and a few others, which the improved science of horticulture has taught to become almost independent of times and seasons.

REPTILES USED AS FOOD.

THE very name of reptile diet sounds disagreeably in civilized ears. Yet do many of the nations of the earth esteem it as forming their greatest delicacy. The most forbidding and frightful of reptiles is perhaps the crocodile, the ferocious enemy of man, and of every sort of animal, including, on some occasions, its own young; but we find that in several countries the flesh of this formidable creature is used as food; nor do the natives appear to have any fastidious notions on the subject of thus appropriating a reptile which may have devoured many of their own race. They give the preference, however, to the younger crocodiles, because in them they find less of a powerful musky flavour, which generally pervades the flesh, and is even strong enough to affect the waters inhabited by these reptiles. This flavour is due to musk glands, which are removed as soon as the crocodile is captured, otherwise the flesh would be wholly insupportable. The Berbers or Aborigines of Northern Africa set a high value on these glands, and use them as a perfume. When the precautions of choosing a young animal and of removing the glands have been duly observed, the crocodile's flesh is deemed excellent food by the Negroes and Arabs; but by Europeans it is generally considered very nauseous. Some parts of the flesh are white and delicate, like veal of good quality, but the general nature of this food is such as to disgust the traveller. Burckhardt, however, notices it with less abhorrence than some other writers. "At Senaar, crocodiles are brought to market, and their flesh is publicly sold there. I once tasted some of the meat at Esne in Upper Egypt; it is of a dirty white colour, not unlike young veal, with a slight fishy smell; the animal had been caught by some fishermen in a strong net, and was above twelve feet long. The governor of Esne ordered it to be brought into his court-yard, where more than a hundred balls were fired against it without any effect, till it was thrown upon its back, and the contents of a small swivel discharged into its abdomen, the skin of which is much softer than that of the back."

The eggs of the crocodile are about as large as those of the goose, and are eagerly sought after as food. The natives of Madagascar are particularly fond of them, and the missionaries in that island have seen as many as five hundred eggs collected together for the use of one family. In order to preserve them in a fit state for use or sale, the natives take off the rind or shell, boil the eggs, and dry them in the sun. The Mandingoes, inhabitants of some districts on the banks of the river Gambia, are also much addicted to this kind of diet,

and are said to prefer the egg when it contains a young crocodile of the length of one's finger. The places where the eggs are deposited are easily found by those accustomed to the search. The crocodile always lays her eggs in the sand on the banks of a river, and often beneath the partial shelter of an overhanging bough, or in a cave, or hollow, in some very retired part of the stream. She begins laying in August, and produces a very large number of eggs, the amount of which has not been exactly ascertained, but has been stated at from sixty to ninety-nine. M. Linant gives the following account of these eggs: "Travelling along the banks of the river, I saw on the sand the recent track of a very large crocodile, and thinking that it might have been a female come ashore to lay her eggs, I followed up the track about twenty paces along the water side, where the ground appearing to have been much trodden and recently disturbed, I dug and found ninety-nine eggs. The Arabs are in the habit of saying that ninety-nine is always the number of the crocodile's eggs; but I have found them of various numbers between sixty and ninety-nine. My people, and those of the place, immediately made a fricassée, which I tasted, but found very nauseous, having a flavour between rancid oil and musk. Each egg had considerably more white than yolk." It is a fortunate predilection, in the case of the natives of Madagascar, which enables them to relish this nauseous food, for by means of their continual search after the eggs, together with the destruction of them committed by vultures and serpents, the crocodiles, already exceedingly numerous in that island, are kept from becoming overpowering. The alligator, an animal closely resembling the crocodile, but even more ferocious in its habits, is also used as food by certain American tribes, who are said to derive their chief support from it. The flesh resembles that of the crocodile in appearance and in flavour.

Repugnant as it would be to the feelings of a European to feed on crocodiles or alligators, it would excite scarcely less disgust to be compelled to partake of a banquet of snakes and lizards. Yet such are among the choicest dainties of many negro tribes. The huge boa furnishes an abundance of substantial food, which is highly esteemed by them; rattle-snakes are broiled and eaten by the North American Indians in the manner of eels; vipers are still used in Italy for the purpose of making restorative broth, a formula for the preparation of which may be found in some of the old pharmacopœias; and many other species of serpent are eaten in the Birman empire and in Tonquin. That some of these reptiles are of a poisonous nature does not form any obstacle to their use as food, for when the head is cut off, or the poison fangs are extracted, the rest of the body is safely eaten. The natives of King George's Sound have an expeditious and wholesale mode of cooking such dainties: they set fire to the grass over a considerable extent of country, and then search among the ashes for the bodies of lizards and snakes, which they find ready broiled to their taste, and devour in vast quantities. The former of these reptiles, when of the right species, are not distasteful to some of our travellers. The guana, or eatable lizard, common in South America and some parts of Africa, is especially noticed as affording excellent food: its flesh is also salted and exported in large quantities from the countries where it abounds. It was formerly common in the West India Islands, but is now rarely met with. This animal is four or five feet long, scaly, and of a greenish colour, spotted with black. It climbs trees and robs birds' nests with much celerity; but is gentle and harmless. The guana is taken in snares or hunted by dogs. Its flesh is very white, and the taste sweet, but it has an unpleasant smell. The inhabitants of Panama feed on it con-

stantly, and compare it with chicken, but others find it difficult to trace any resemblance. Various other tribes devour lizards without caring whether they are of the eatable species or not.

Mr. Burchell, while travelling in the wilds of Southern Africa, noticed the fondness of the natives for reptile food. On one occasion a Bushman happening to observe a lizard, pursued it with great eagerness, and halted to make a fire and cook it. This was soon done, and almost as soon was the lizard roasted; then cutting open the body, which contained a great number of eggs, he greedily devoured them in a manner which showed they were considered a dainty morsel.

That the frog, uninviting as it appears to an English appetite, is not without attractions among civilized nations, is proved by the use made of that reptile in France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, and Austria. It is also used as food in various other parts of the globe. The species called *esculent* is alone prized by epicures, though the other species are also eaten. Even the disgusting bull-frog is eaten by the natives of North America. In those cities of Europe where there is a demand for *esculent* frogs, there are regular conservatories established for keeping alive the numbers of these reptiles brought from the surrounding districts. The hind quarters are the most esteemed, but the livers and fore legs are used with other meats, in soup. The fricassée is the usual mode of cookery, and forms an expensive and luxurious dish. Frog-soup is recommended on the Continent as a light and nourishing diet for consumptive patients. In some countries the hind legs of the toad are also eaten, and on the coast of Guinea the negroes devour the whole reptile.

The tortoise and its eggs are eaten in many countries, and afford another example of reptiles affording nourishment to man. And here we approach a form of aliment that excites no repugnance among ourselves; on the contrary, the most savoury of all dishes and the most highly esteemed is that which can rank no higher than reptile diet, namely, the flesh of the green turtle. Of this kind of food it is superfluous to write, since it is known and enjoyed by thousands, and has been often descanted upon in the most enthusiastic terms. But since it is possible thus to relish and to admire a certain species of reptile diet, we may well exercise some forbearance in judging of the taste of those individuals who can equally enjoy the other species, and find delight and gratification to their appetites in a slice of broiled alligator, a roasted lizard, or a fricasseed frog.

Nineveh.—M. Botta has laid open fifteen rooms of what appears to have been a vast palace, some of which are one hundred and sixty feet long, and the walls covered with sculpture and inscriptions, the latter historical, and the former illustrating sieges, naval combats, triumphs, &c. The characters employed exactly resemble those on the columns of Persepolis, at Ecbatana (Hamadan) and Van. The sculpture is admirably executed and original in design, much superior to the figures on the monuments of the Egyptians; and show a remarkable knowledge of anatomy and the human face, great intelligence and harmony of composition. The ornaments, robes, &c., are executed with extraordinary minuteness, and the objects, such as vases, drinking-cups, are extremely elegant; the bracelets, ear-rings, &c., show the most exquisite taste. This sculpture and these inscriptions appear to belong to a period anterior to the conquest of Persia by the Macedonians, and singularly accord with a description in the twenty-third chapter of Ezekiel, fourteenth and fifteenth verses: and M. Botta is inclined to place them in the period when Nineveh was destroyed by Cyaxares.—*Athenæum*.

The mind is like a trunk; if well packed, it holds almost everything; if ill-packed, next to nothing.—*Guesses at Truth*.



[Charlton House.]

CHARLTON HOUSE, KENT.

WE have recently given some engravings and notices of remaining examples of domestic mansions of various periods from the time of Henry VI. to Elizabeth; we now give as a specimen of the Stuart style—one which from its proximity to the metropolis will, no doubt, be familiar to many of our readers. Charlton House was erected by Sir Adam Newton, about the year 1612. Sir Adam was a Scotchman, and came to England along with James I., on the accession of that monarch to the English throne. He purchased the manor of Charlton in 1607 for 4500*l.* of Sir James Erskine, Sir James himself having bought it the preceding year for 2400*l.* of the Earl of Mar, to whom it had been granted, in 1604, by James I. Sir Adam Newton was tutor to Henry, Prince of Wales, for which office, says Birch, in his *Life of that Prince*, "he was thoroughly qualified both by his genius, and his skill in the learned and other languages."

The House is in the extremely florid style of the time of its erection. The effect of it is striking and picturesque; but the grotesque and fanciful carvings give it a somewhat fantastic air. It cannot be esteemed a tasteful structure, but it is certainly an interesting one: the sober tone of the old bricks takes off something of the foppish appearance its exterior must have originally presented. It is an oblong pile with projecting wings, and a central porch projecting somewhat less than the wings. Its plan is nearly that of a capital E. The centre is elaborately ornamented, the arched doorway has two plain columns on each side, and above it a niche with a bust. Over the double columns are two quaintly carved columns, and above are brackets, cornices, &c. grotesquely ornamented. A rather curious balustrade is carried along the top of the front. Originally there was another balustrade in front of the building, separating the terrace from the garden, but it was removed in 1659, when some other alterations were made by Sir William Ducie, to whom it then belonged. The interior has some very handsome rooms. The hall is large, richly ornamented, and has a bold central pendant hanging from the ceiling—

at one end is a gallery, but it is of a more recent date than the building. The saloon is a splendid room; the ceiling is probably as it was originally finished for Sir A. Newton: it is extremely rich in its decoration; the arms of the Prince of Wales are prominent on it. The chimney-piece is very lofty, and of elaborate design; the mantel-piece is supported by figures of Venus and Vulcan. There is too a gallery seventy-six feet long. The grand staircase is a very fine one of carved chestnut. At the bottom of it is a dining-room, adjoining to which is a chapel. The various rooms contain many family portraits and a few other pictures, some sculpture, and collections of fossils and various objects of natural history. In one of the rooms is "a chimney-piece with a slab of black marble so exquisitely polished," says Hasted, '*Hist. of Kent*' (quoting for his authority Dr. Plot's MSS.), "that the Lord of Down (who possessed the manor about the end of the seventeenth century) could see in it a robbery committed on Shooter's Hill: whereupon sending out his servants, the thieves were taken." Shooter's Hill is not very close, but no doubt the roads were clearer then than they are now. However, the marble must have been very bright to show a robbery so distinctly at a mile's distance.

According to Evelyn, the house was built for the Prince of Wales, but the correctness of his assertion may be questioned. In his *Diary* is this entry: "May 30, 1652. In the afternoon to Charlton Church, where I heard a Rabbinical sermon. Here is a fair monument, in black marble, of Sir Adam Newton, who built that fair house near it for Prince Henry." The young prince was educated here however. Evelyn has several references to Charlton House in his *Diary*; Sir Henry Newton, Sir Adam's son, having been a friend of his. One of these entries is worth extracting. "June, 1653. Went to visit my worthy neighbour Sir Henry Newton, and consider the prospect, which is doubtless, for city, river, ships, meadows, hills, woods, and all other amenities, one of the most noble in the world; so as had the house running water it were a princely seat." Since Evelyn wrote, the prospect has been somewhat circumscribed

by the erection of houses on some of the spots in the neighbourhood that were then unoccupied, but it is still a magnificent one. No doubt at any time it would have been necessary to abate a little of Evelyn's eulogium. Charlton House is now the seat of Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, Bart. There is a "drinking-house" in the grounds, of about the same date of the building, which is a rather curious little building. The gardens are well laid out, but they do not retain much of their original character. There are some remains of the old avenue of yews behind the house, but the cypress avenue of which Hasted speaks as "perhaps the oldest in England," is almost gone. The park is small, but pleasant, and has some fine trees.

The village of Charlton is a rather rural-looking and very pretty one. It lies between Blackheath and Woolwich, and from the loftiness of its site commands many fine views of the Thames, London, &c. The whole of the neighbourhood indeed is very beautiful. In Charlton are some "hanging woods," as they are called, which are picturesque, and about it are several sand and chalk pits, well known to the London geologist. The church is a plain brick building; it was begun to be erected by Sir Adam Newton, out of the materials of an older pile, but he did not live to complete it: it was finished by his executors. Besides his monument, it contains some others of interest. One is a bust by Chantrey, of Spencer Perceval, who was assassinated when prime-minister, in 1812. In the churchyard was interred Mr. E. Drummond, who was shot a year or two back in mistake for another premier.

Charlton contains a noble charity, Morden College, established by Sir John Morden, a Turkey merchant, for the reception of twelve decayed Turkey merchants. The building is a spacious quadrangular edifice, erected by Sir John, about 1695, and contains some points of architectural interest. Over the front are statues of the founder and his lady. Having liberally endowed the college, he left the management of it to the Company of Turkey Merchants, or if it should fail, to the East India Company. Moses Browne, the author of 'Piscatory Eclogues,' and other poems, was some time a chaplain here. He died in 1787, aged eighty-two, and is buried under the chapel. Charlton has long been famous for its fair, of the origin of which so many stories are related. Whatever was the origin of Horn Fair, it was long one of the most turbulent in the neighbourhood of London, and though now a well-conducted fair enough, it seldom passes over without a little frolicking. It used to be held by the Great Elm, opposite Charlton House, but it is now removed to a field at a short distance from it. Brand (Ellis's edit. ii. 121) has collected many curious particulars relating to it. It is held on St. Luke's day, the patron saint of the parish, and it was, no doubt, from some reference to the ox, with which he is always accompanied in representations of him, that the custom of bearing horns in procession at Charlton on St. Luke's day arose. This procession has been given up for many years, but there is still a goodly display of horns in the booths and on the stalls.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

Most persons are aware of the fact that the moving lights called Will-o'-the-Wisp, or Jack-o'-Lantern, were much more frequently seen and talked of in former years than they are at present. The marvellous tales of the superstitious, which probably reached us in our childhood, had a tendency to induce the belief that Will-o'-the-Wisp was a malignant sprite bent on doing as much mischief as possible to unwary travellers. He is said to have often cheated them in a dark and

cheerless journey by taking the appearance of a friendly taper, which seemed at first to be gleaming with steady light from some cottage window, but as they approached it, moved onward with flickering beams, tempting them from the beaten track, and leading them farther and farther astray, until at last it decoyed them into bogs and marshes, where they perished.

"Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
Full of pale fancies and chimeras huge;
Unvisited by one directive ray
From cottage streaming or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wildfire scatters round, or gather'd, trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss;
Whither, decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorb'd,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf."

Such dismal tales, varied according to the timidity of the narrator, or his disposition to exaggerate, naturally made a strong impression on youthful minds; and there are doubtless many persons who still retain a lingering suspicion with respect to Will-o'-the-Wisp, which the better understanding of the phenomenon in question has not been able wholly to dissipate.

The occurrence of these moving lights has been attributed to several causes, but the principal cause is doubtless the rising of inflammable vapours in wet and marshy lands, and their subsequent ignition. This being the main cause of the phenomenon, it is not to be wondered at that Will-o'-the-Wisp is less frequently seen than in the days of our forefathers. The extensive bogs and marshes which once covered a large portion of the counties of Northampton, Huntingdon, Cambridge, Lincoln, Norfolk, and Suffolk, have now been converted by drainage into fruitful and highly productive land, and throughout the country the same energy which dictated this immense undertaking has been and is at work to redeem waste lands from their state of unproductiveness, and to convert the bog and the morass into solid crop-bearing land. Thus Will-o'-the-Wisp is driven from its old haunts, and the malignant spirit effectually "laid" by the steady progress of improvement and the diligent cultivation of the soil.

The decomposition of animal and vegetable matter continually going on in bogs and marshes, and in all stagnant pools, generates certain gases, such as the light carburetted hydrogen, otherwise called *marsh gas*, which is highly inflammable, and the phosphuretted hydrogen, which takes fire by contact with the atmospheric air. To these gases the greater part of the moving lights observed in such situations are most probably due. The most convincing proof that such is their origin has been obtained by Major Blesson of Berlin, who made many experiments on the subject in a marshy valley in the forest of Gubitz. The water of the marsh is ferruginous, and the surface is covered with an iridescent crust. From this spot bubbles of air were observed to rise during the day, and at night blue flames were seen shooting from and playing over the surface. Suspecting that there was some connection between the flames and the bubbles of air, Major Blesson marked the spot where the bubbles rose, and repairing thither at night, found, as he had expected, a display of bluish flames. These seemed to recede as he advanced, so that he could not examine them closely. The motion of the air as he advanced was doubtless sufficient to carry forward the burning gas. He felt convinced that a thin stream of inflammable air issued from these bubbles, and being once inflamed, continued to burn, but with so pale a light that during the day it remained invisible. On another occasion he watched

the same spot as twilight came on, and found that the flames gradually appeared as darkness approached, burning with a ruddier light than before. Again he attempted to approach them without success. As he advanced they retired; but when he stood still, they showed a tendency to return. He therefore remained motionless, and they gradually gathered round him. He now thought of attempting to set fire to a piece of paper by means of them, but the current of air produced by his breath was sufficient to keep them a little beyond his reach. He then turned away his head, and also interposed a screen of cloth, while he held out the paper in the direction of the flames.* The paper was singed, and covered with a viscous moisture, but did not ignite. On using a narrower strip it took fire, thus proving Will-o'-the-Wisp in this case to proceed from an inflammable gas. He next attempted to extinguish the light, and found that he could do so by following the flame as it retired before him until its connection with the marsh was dissolved. But in a few minutes after, it was again renewed at its source over the air bubbles, without his being able to observe any transition from the neighbouring flames, many of which were burning in the valley. This experiment was often repeated with the same result. At the approach of dawn, all the flames grew pale, approached nearer and nearer to the earth, and at last faded from the sight.

On another occasion Major Blesson extinguished the flame as before, and then immediately hastened to the spot whence the gas-bubbles issued, holding over it a lighted torch. Instantaneously a kind of explosion was heard over eight or nine square feet of the surface of the marsh; a red light was seen, which diminished to a small blue flame, nearly three feet in height. This continued to burn with that unsteady motion for which Will-o'-the-Wisp in its various forms is so well known. This was conclusive as to the origin of the appearance, and also suggested to the mind of the observer what may possibly be the origin of fires which break out in forests. A sudden ignition of these *ignes fatui** is not at all an improbable source of the catastrophe. Major Blesson found that by throwing about fireworks from the top of a hill near Minden, a number of small red flames, before invisible, began to appear in various parts of the valley beneath. They were soon extinguished, but a fresh discharge of fireworks immediately lighted up others in their room.

The most remarkable instance of the occurrence of this phenomenon which we remember to have read of, is that related by Dr. Shaw in his travels in the Holy Land. Will-o'-the-Wisp in its most striking form accompanied this traveller for upwards of an hour in one of the valleys of Mount Ephraim. Its shape was at first globular, but it afterwards spread so as to involve the whole party in a pale inoffensive blaze. It then disappeared, but soon became visible again in the globular form, and again expanded itself at certain intervals over more than two or three acres of the adjacent mountains. The atmosphere that evening had been very hazy, and the dew was unusually unctuous and clammy.

More than a century ago Will-o'-the-Wisp was very common in the neighbourhood of Bologna. Every dark night two of these lights appeared, the one to the east of the city, the other to the north, which were especially brilliant. Sometimes these meteors divided into several parts, or floated like waves of flame, dropping small scintillations. One of them is stated to have accompanied an individual for a mile along the road

to Bologna, giving as much light as the torch carried before him. Similar appearances have been from time to time noticed in various places where a considerable amount of animal and vegetable putrefaction is going on, but in all cases these meteors are devoid of sensible heat. The colour of the light is generally pale bluish, and seems brightest when most distant. The greatest alarm has been excited among superstitious persons by the occasional appearance of a lambent flame in churchyards (called in Scotland an *elf-candle*), hovering over the abodes of the dead; yet this is perfectly natural and easily explicable: indeed, in the crowded state of many churchyards it is to be wondered at that such appearances are not more common, especially during hot weather, when the effluvia from the graves is but too perceptible.

Still more remarkable, and also more rare, is the occurrence of a faint pale light hovering about the bodies of persons in the last stage of disease. After due investigation, this seems now to be admitted as a fact, although it is very difficult to understand why so striking a circumstance, if real, should be confined to a few rare cases, and should not be witnessed in every case of slow decay, and also in bodies after death. Several cases of this kind have been published which are declared to be of unquestionable authenticity, and among them the two following are perhaps the most striking. The first was a case of hopeless pulmonary consumption where the lungs were extensively diseased. The sufferer was a young lady, and it is her friend and watchful attendant who states that about ten days previously to her decease, a very extraordinary light was seen to dart about the face, illuminating the head, and flashing very much like an aurora borealis. Supposing at first that this arose from the flickering of a candle, the attendant was desired to shade the light. "She told me the light was properly shaded. I then said, what can this light be that is flashing on Miss Louisa's face? The maid looked very mysterious, and informed me that she had seen that light before, and that it was from no candle. I then inquired when she had perceived it. She said that morning, and it had dazzled her eyes, but she had said nothing about it, as ladies always considered servants superstitious. However, after watching it myself for an hour, I got up, and saw that the candle was in a position from which this peculiar light could not have come; nor indeed was it like that sort of light; it was more silvery, like the reflection of moonlight upon water. I watched it for more than an hour, when it disappeared. It gave her face the look of being painted white, and highly glazed, but it danced about, and had a very extraordinary effect. The night after, the maid being ill, I sat up all night, and again I saw the luminous appearance, when there was no candle nor moon, nor in fact any visible means of producing it. Her sister came into the room and saw it also. The evening before her death I saw the light again, but it was fainter, and lasted but about twenty minutes. The state of the body of the patient was that of extreme exhaustion. For two months she had never sat up in bed. Many of her symptoms varied much from those of other sufferers in pulmonary complaints whom I had seen, but the general outline was the same. Her breath had a very peculiar smell, which made me suppose there might be some decomposition going on." The second example is very similar, though the case is given less in detail. The writer says, "About an hour and a half before my dear sister's death, we were struck by a luminous appearance proceeding from her head in a diagonal direction. She was at that time in a half recumbent position, and perfectly tranquil. The light was pale as that of the moon, but quite evident to mamma, myself, and sister, who were watching over her at the time. One of us at first thought that it was

* *Ignis fatuus* is the Latin for *vain or wild fire*, and seems to have been derived by translating the French term *Feu follet*. The term *Jack-o'-Lantern* is from *Jack-o'-Lent*, the name of a puppet formerly thrown at, like shrove-cocks during Lent.

lightning, till shortly after we perceived a tremulous glimmer playing round the head, and then recollecting that we had read something of a similar nature having been observed previous to dissolution, we had candles brought into the room, fearing our dear sister would perceive it, and that it might disturb the tranquillity of her last moments."

These appearances occurring at a time when the fears of the observers are peculiarly alive, and when every circumstance of awe or mystery has unusual influence upon the mind, are undoubtedly calculated to produce a deep effect. The only reason which seems to account for our not oftener hearing of these remarkable halos about the dead and the dying, is that sick persons are scarcely ever left in the dark, and that a corpse is seldom looked at during the night, unless a strong light be present. The season of the year and the state of the body may also have much to do with these lights, which would most probably be excited only during hot weather and in peculiar stages of disease. Yet should such an appearance be witnessed by any of our readers, it is to be hoped that the above remarks will remove all superstitious feeling on the subject, and enable them to view it as the natural result of inward decomposition taking place in the body of the patient.

To return to the more common cases of Will-o'-the-Wisp; it should be stated that other causes besides the generation of inflammable gases have been assigned as the origin of these appearances. Several of our native insects are said to possess, in certain states of the atmosphere, a faint degree of illumination, though not provided with any special apparatus like that of the glow-worm for elaborating the luminous matter. Thus, various stories have been related on respectable authority, of countrymen having pursued and knocked down the Jack-o'-Lantern, or Will-o'-the-Wisp, when it was found to be nothing more than a mole-cricket or a crane-fly. Without denying the possibility of this origin of the meteor, we are disposed to place it among rare and unusual occurrences, and to consider the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter as the grand source of such appearances. A third source of certain meteors which may be confounded with those we have been considering, is electrical agency; capable of producing luminous appearances of a somewhat similar character with those of Will-o'-the-Wisp; but generally distinguished by being stationary and resting upon some fixed object. Of this description is St. Elmo's Fire, lately described in these pages.

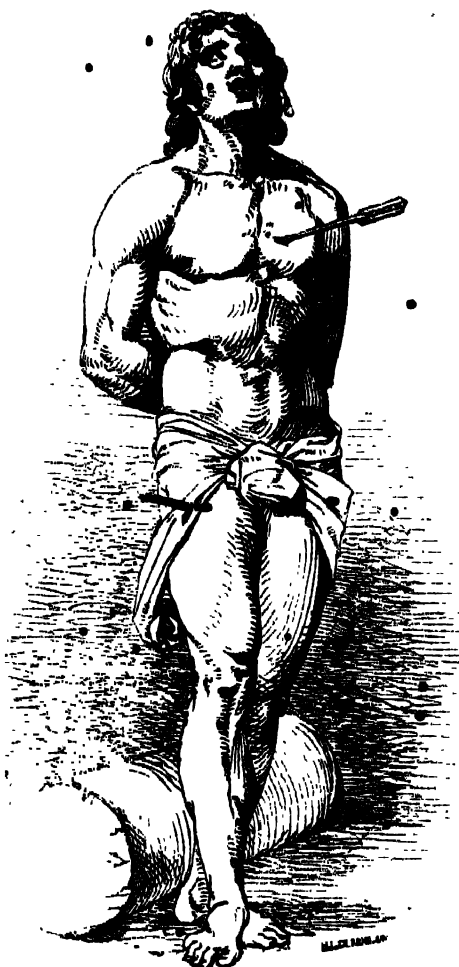
New Zealand Cookery.—We also partook of the meal, having assigned to us two or three newly made basketsful of birds and potatoes cooked deliciously. The native "*umu*," or cooking-hole, is a very complete steaming-apparatus, and is used as follows:—In a hole scraped in the ground, about three feet in diameter, and one foot deep, a wood fire is first lighted. Round stones, about the size of a man's fist, are heaped upon the faggots, and fall among the ashes as the fire consumes the wood. When they are thus nearly red-hot, the cook picks out any pieces of charcoal that may appear above the stones, turns all the stones round with two sticks, and arranges them so as to afford a pretty uniform heat and surface. She then sprinkles water on the stones from a dried gourd, of which the inside has been hollowed, and a copious steam arises. Clean grass, milk-thistle, or wild turnip leaves, dipped in water, are laid on the stones; the potatoes, which have been carefully scraped of their peel with cockle-shells, and washed, are placed on the herbs, together with any birds, meat, or fish that may be included in the mess; fresh herbs are laid over the food, flax baskets follow, completely covering the heap, and the mass is then buried with the earth from the hole. No visible steam escapes from the apparatus, which looks like a large mole-hill; and when the old hags, who know how to time the cookery with great accuracy from constant practice, open the catcomb, everything is sure to be found thoroughly and equally cooked.—*Wakefield's Adventure in New Zealand.*

French Laundry.—In the laundry were four enormous cauldrons, full of the linen at wash, under the process adopted in this country, but so unlike our own. The linen is first put into these boilers. Then a layer of wood-ashes is placed over it, but separated by a strong cloth. Hot water is then poured in from above, which filters through the linen, and passes out through holes in the bottom. The water is then repeatedly pumped up again, heated, and passed through as before. The linen is then taken to the river-side, which is here close at hand, and washed very slightly with soap and cold water. I was told by a lady of our party that the general mode of washing in the country was very similar, and that the idea of making linen white by soap and water only is reckoned quite chimerical. However, an Englishwoman is rather in alarm for her wardrobe when she sees the washers at the river-side battering the clothes with small instruments like wooden spades, perhaps one on each side, repeating blow after blow with immense noise and rapidity.—*Diary of Travels in France and Spain, by the Rev. Francis Trench.*

Ceremony of Barat.—Upon my march from Srinagar I had observed preparations making for the performance of the ceremony called Barat, the hero of which I learned lived at Tiri. On my arrival at that place I sent for him, and was visited by a man of about sixty years of age, named Bauchu, accompanied by his two sons, one about thirty, the other about fifteen, both his pupils. Barat is sliding down a rope fastened at one end to a tree or post, on some elevated point, and carried obliquely to some fixed object below to which it is attached. It is intended as a propitiatory rite to Mahadeva, and is performed to avert some impending evil, or to procure the removal of any actual calamity. It was accordingly performed by Bauchu when the cholera was raging at Almora, and was supposed to have obtained that immunity from the disease which this part of the country actually enjoyed. Bauchu brought me the articles employed on these occasions—a rope made of grass, about three inches in diameter, a wooden saddle, and two short sticks. The length of the rope used in his last descent was twelve hundred cubits. The saddle is something like a shallow and short pack-saddle, without pads, and with a very sharp ridge. The ridge was a foot and four inches long, the sides or flaps were eight inches deep, spreading outwards, so that the breadth at the bottom was three inches and a quarter. The saddle was scooped out internally nearly to the ridge, to let in the rope, which fitted it exactly. The sticks are fastened transversely from flap to flap, so as to give support to the thighs. The performer, bestriding the saddle, throws his body as far back as possible, and descends the rope rapidly by the effect of his own weight, aided by heavy stones fastened to his legs. Persons are stationed underneath with transverse cords, to endeavour to catch him should he fall, and others stationed at the foot of the rope seize him and carry him some way forward, so as gradually to diminish the momentum of his descent. The performer is nearly senseless when he reaches the ground, and is some time before he recovers: a collection is made for his benefit, and he derives no slender credit from his patriotic devotion. There does not seem to be much danger in the operation when there is adequate dexterity in the performer, as Bauchu had achieved the feat sixteen times without encountering any serious mishap.—*Moorcroft and Trebeck's Travels.*

Public Parks in Manchester.—The Park Committee of Manchester have, within the last few weeks, purchased sites for three public parks. For the last purchase, which consists of thirty-one acres of freehold land in the township of Bradford, the price was £2000, or about 10d per square yard. The two sites previously purchased (Endham Hall and Lark Hill estates) cost, the former £7250, and the latter £7000. As upwards of £1,000 have been collected, the committee have still a considerable sum at their disposal.

Value of Hedges.—Travellers in the north of France cannot but perceive the almost total absence of birds in that district. The country is open, and rarely broken by a hedgerow; and thus, shelter being denied them, they seek more favoured spots. The effect is as obvious as it is injurious, for there is no limit set to the ravages of the caterpillar or the destruction of the grub. The *Pontia rapæ*, or small cabbage-butterfly, swarms to an extent which must be seen to be believed. I have seen many hundreds on the wing at one time. The *Scarabæus melolontha*, too, flies in myriads; and there are no rooks to follow the plough.—*Thompson's Note-book of a Naturalist.*



[St. Sebastian.]

ESSAYS ON THE LIVES OF REMARKABLE PAINTERS.—No. XLI.

TITIAN—concluded.

BESIDES the pictures painted by command for royal and noble patrons, Titian, who was unceasingly occupied, had always a great number of pictures in his house which he presented to his friends, or to the officers and attendants of the court, as a means of procuring their favour. There is extant a letter of Aretino, in which he describes the scene which took place when the emperor summoned his favourite painter to attend the court at Augsburg. "It was," he says, "the most flattering testimony to his excellence to behold, as soon as it was known that the divine painter was sent for, the crowds of people running to obtain, if possible, the productions of his art; and how they endeavoured to purchase the pictures, great and small, and everything that was in the house, at any price; for everybody seems assured that his august majesty will so treat his Apelles that he will no longer condescend to exercise his pencil except to oblige him."

Years passed on and seemed to have no power to quench the ardour of this wonderful old man. He was eighty-one when he painted the Martyrdom of St. Laurence, one of his largest and grandest compositions. The Magdalen, the half-length figure with uplifted streaming eyes, which he sent to Philip II., was executed even later: and it was not till he was approaching his ninetieth year that he showed in his works symptoms of enfeebled powers; and then it seemed as if sorrow rather than time had reached him and conquered him at last. The death of many

friends, the companions of his convivial hours, left him "alone in his glory:" he found in his beloved art the only refuge from grief. His son Pomponio was still the same worthless profligate in age that he had been in youth: his son Orazio attended upon him with truly filial duty and affection, and under his father's tuition had become an accomplished artist; but as they always worked together, and on the same canvas, his works are not to be distinguished from his father's. Titian was likewise surrounded by painters who, without being precisely his scholars, had assembled from every part of Europe to profit by his instructions.* The early morning and the evening hour found him at his easel; or lingering in his little garden (where he had feasted with Aretino and Sansovino, and Bembo and Ariosto, and "the most gracious Virginia" and "the most beautiful Violante"), and gazing on the setting sun, with a thought perhaps of his own long and bright career fast hastening to its close;—not that such anticipations clouded his cheerful spirit—buoyant to the last! In 1574, when he was in his ninety-seventh year, Henry III. of France landed at Venice on his way from Poland, and was magnificently entertained by the Republic. On this occasion the king visited Titian at his own house, attended by a numerous suite of princes and nobles. Titian entertained them with splendid hospitality; and when the king asked the price of some pictures which pleased him, he presented them as a gift to his majesty, and every one praised his easy and noble manners and his generous bearing.

Two years more passed away and the hand did not yet tremble nor was the eye dim. When the plague broke out in Venice, in 1576, the nature of the distemper was at first mistaken, and the most common precautions neglected; the contagion spread, and Titian and his son were among those who perished: every one had fled, and before life was extinct some ruffians entered his chamber and carried off, before his eyes, his money, jewels, and some of his pictures. His death took place on the 9th of September, 1576. A law had been made during the plague, that none should be buried in the churches, but that all the dead bodies should be carried beyond the precincts of the city; an exception, however, even in that hour of terror and anguish, was made in favour of Titian: his remains were borne with honour to the tomb and deposited in the church of Santa Maria de' Frari, for which he had painted his famous Assumption. There he lies beneath a plain black marble slab, on which is simply inscribed—

"TIZIANO VECELLIO."

In the year 1794 the citizens of Venice resolved to erect a noble and befitting monument to his memory. Canova made the design, but the troubles which intervened, and the extinction of the Republic, prevented the execution of this project. Canova's magnificent model was appropriated to another purpose, and now forms the cenotaph of the Arch-Duchess Christina, in the church of the Augustins at Vienna.

This was the life and death of the famous Titian. He was pre-eminently the painter of nature; but to him nature was clothed in a perpetual garb of beauty, or rather, to him nature and beauty were one. In historical compositions and sacred subjects he has been rivalled and surpassed, but as a portrait painter never; and his portraits of celebrated persons have at once the truth and the dignity of history. It would be in vain to attempt to give any account of his works; numerous as they are, not all that are attributed to him

* It seems, however, generally admitted that Titian, either from impatience or jealousy, or both, was a very bad instructor in his art.

in various galleries are his: many are by Palma, Bonifazio, and others his contemporaries, who imitated his manner with more or less success. As almost every gallery in Europe, public and private, contains pictures attributed to him, we shall not attempt to enumerate even the acknowledged *chefs-d'œuvre*. It will be interesting, however, to give some account of those of his works contained in our national and royal galleries. In our National Gallery there are five, of which the Bacchus and Ariadne, the Venus and Adonis, and the Ganymede are fair examples of his power in the poetical department of his art: but we want one of his inestimable portraits. In the gallery at Hampton Court there are seven or eight pictures attributed to him, most of them in a miserably ruined condition. The finest of these is a portrait of a man in black, with a white shirt seen above his vest up to his throat; in his right hand a red book, his fore-finger between the leaves; it is called in the old catalogues Alessandro de' Medici, and has been engraved under the name of Boccaccio;* but it has no pretensions to either name: it is a wonderful piece of life. There is also a lovely figure of a standing Lucretia, about half-life size, with very little drapery—not at all characteristic of the modest Lucretia who arranged her robes that she might fall with decorum: she holds with her left hand a red veil over her face, and in the right a dagger with which she is about to stab herself. This picture belonged to Charles I., and came to England with the Mantua Gallery in 1629; it was sold in 1650, after the king's death, for 200*l.* (a large price for the time), and afterwards restored. In the collection at Windsor there are the portraits of Titian and Andrea Franceschini half-length in the same picture. Franceschini was chancellor of the Republic, and distinguished for his literary attainments; he is seen in front in a robe of crimson (the habit of a cavaliero of St. Mark), and holds a paper in his hand. The acute and refined features have that expression of mental power which Titian, without any apparent effort, could throw into a head: the fine old face and flowing beard of Titian appear behind. This picture belonged to Charles I., and was sold after his death for 112*l.*; it has been called in various catalogues Titian and Aretino, which is an obvious mistake: the well known portraits of Aretino have all a full beard and thick lips, a physiognomy quite distinct from that of the Venetian senator in this picture, which is identical with the engraved portraits of Franceschini.

In the Louvre there are twenty-two pictures by Titian. In the Vienna Gallery fifty-two. The Madrid Gallery contains most of the fine pictures painted for Charles V. and Philip II.

Before we quit the subject of Titian, we may remark that a collection of his engraved portraits would form a complete historical gallery illustrative of the times in which he lived. Not only was his art at the service of princes and their favourite beauties, but it was ever ready to immortalize the features of those who were the objects of his own affection and admiration. Unfortunately it was not his custom to inscribe on the canvas the names of those who sat to him: many of the most glorious heads he ever painted remain to this hour unknown. Amid all their *reality* (and nothing in painting ever so conveyed the idea of a presence) they have a particular dignity which strikes us with respect; we would fain interrogate them, but they look at us life-like, grandly, calmly, like beings of another world;

* The engraving, which is most admirable, was executed by Cornelius Visscher when the picture was in Holland, in the possession of a great collector of that time named Van Keynst, from whom the States of Holland purchased it with several others, and presented them to Charles I.

they seem to recognise us, and we can never recognise them:—only we feel the certainty that just as they now look, so they lived and looked in long past times. Such a portrait is that in the Hampton Court gallery; that grave dark man,—in figure and attitude so tranquil, so contemplative—but in his eyes and on his lips a revelation of feeling and eloquence. And such a picture is that of the lady in the Sciarra Palace at Rome, called expressively “Titian's Bella Donna.” It has no other name, but no one ever looked at it without the wish to carry it away; and no anonymous portrait has ever been so multiplied by copies. But leaving these, we will subjoin here a short list of those great and celebrated personages who are known to have sat to Titian, and whose portraits remain to us, a precious legacy, and forming the truest commentary on their lives, deeds, and works.

Charles V: Titian painted this Emperor several times, with and without his armour. He has always a grave, even melancholy expression; very short hair and beard; a large square brow; and the full lips and projecting under jaw, which became a deformity in his descendants.

His wife, the Empress Isabella, holding flowers in her hand.

Philip II.: like his father, but uglier, more melancholy, less intellectual. The Duke of Devonshire has a fine full-length, in rich armour. There is a very good one at Florence, in the Pitti Palace; and another at Madrid. In the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge is the picture called “Philip II. and the Princess Eboli,” of which there are several repetitions.

Francis F.: half-length, in profile; now in the Louvre. Titian did not paint this king from nature, but from a medal which was sent to him to copy.

The Emperor Ferdinand I.

The Emperor Rudolph II.

The Sultan Solyman II. His wife Roxana. These are engraved after Titian, but from what originals we know not: they cannot be from nature.

The Popes Julius II. (doubtful), Clement VII., Paul III., and Paul IV.

All the Doges of Venice of his time.

Francesco, Duke of Urbino, and his Duchess Eleonora: two wonderful portraits, now in the Florence Gallery.

The Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici: in the Louvre and in the Pitti Palace.

The Constable de Bourbon.

The famous and cruel Duke of Alba.

Andrea Doria, Doge of Genoa.

Ferdinand Leyva, who commanded at the battle of Pavia.

Alphonso d'Avalos: in the Louvre.

Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua.

Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, and his first wife Lucrezia Borgia. In the Dresden Gallery there is a picture by Titian, in which Alphonso is presenting his wife Lucrezia to the Madonna.

Cesar Borgia.

Catherine Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus.

The poet Ariosto: in the Manfrini Palace at Venice.

Bernardo Tasso.

Cardinal Bembo. Cardinal Sforza. Cardinal Farnese.

Count Castiglione.

Pietro Aretino: several times; the finest is at Florence; another at Munich. The engravings by Bonasone of Aretino and Cardinal Bembo rank among the most exquisite works of art. There are impressions of both in the British Museum.

Sansovino, the famous Venetian architect.

The Cornaro Family: in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland.

Fracastaro, a famous Latin poet.

Irene da Spilemborgo, a young girl who had distinguished herself as a musician, a poetess, and to whom Titian himself had given lessons in painting. She died at the age of eighteen.

Andrea Vesalio, who has been called the father of anatomical science—the particular friend of Titian, and his instructor in anatomy. He was accused falsely of having put a man to death for anatomical purposes, and condemned. Philip II., unwilling to sacrifice so accomplished a man to mere popular prejudice, commuted his punishment to a forced pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He obeyed the sentence; but on his return, he was wrecked on the island of Zante, and died there of hunger in 1564. This magnificent portrait, which Titian seems to have painted with enthusiasm, is in the Pitti Palace at Florence.

Titian painted several portraits of himself, but none which represent him young. In the fine portrait at Florence he is about fifty, and in the other known representations he is an old man, with an aquiline nose and long flowing beard. Of his daughter Lavinia there are many portraits. She was her father's favourite model, being very beautiful in face and form. In a famous picture, now at Berlin, she is represented lifting with both hands a dish filled with fruits. There are four repetitions of this subject: in one the fruits are changed into a casket of jewels; in another she becomes the daughter of Herodias, and the dish bears the head of John the Baptist. All are striking, graceful, full of animation.

The only exalted personage of his time and country whom Titian did not paint was Cosmo I., Grand Duke of Florence. In passing through Florence, in 1548, Titian requested the honour of painting the Grand Duke: the offer was declined. It is worthy of remark that Titian had painted many years before the father of Cosmo, Giovanni de' Medici, the famous captain of the *Bande Neri*.

THE FRENCH STAGE.

[Abridged from 'Racine, and the French Classical Drama,' by Madame Blaize Bury, in Knight's Weekly Volume.]

AFTER pointing out the essential difference between the drama of England and that of France, the latter being founded on conventional ideas of human elevation, and the former being a representation of the actual flow of events and the rapidly changing phases of character, but without contending for the superiority of either, only remarking that they offer not points of comparison, but contrast, and that both are capable of high excellence in their different lines, the authoress proceeds:—

"The English reader will have some difficulty in understanding the degree to which French society generally interested itself in the state of the stage. From the days of Louis XIV. to the period of the first great Revolution it was the fashion to be a connoisseur in literary matters; and even in the midst of all Napoleon's victories the Parisians found time, *entre deux coups de canon*, as they themselves express it, to applaud some new version of a passage by Talma or Mdle. Duchenois. The constant visitors, the *habitués* of the *Théâtre Français*, were at all times small in number; but they gave the tone to the rest, and the opinion of the public at large was entirely regulated by that of the *élite*. In a system of scenic representation, where all depends upon the proper accentuation of a syllable, or the just appreciation of a word, the actor must inevitably have gained considerably by this daily, or rather nightly, communication with an enlightened and cultivated audience. The spectators in French theatres had, up to a very late period, as solid and as technical

a knowledge of all the difficulties and intricacies of a part as the performers themselves; and we should not be very much embarrassed to mention more than one *grand seigneur* who could have played *Alceste* or *Brilannicus* as well as Lekain or Baron. 'After the play was over,' says Mdle. Dumesnil, in her *Memoirs*, 'the green-room of the *Comédie Française* had the appearance of one of the first *salons* of Paris, and in it met together the most distinguished of all ranks and classes. No one came but in full dress. Magnificence, elegance, gallantry, wit; the polished manners of the court and the intellectual conversation of the celebrated geniuses of the day were there united; all assembled there that could help to form the taste and the judgment of a newly arrived actor. The female portion of the company, the actresses, felt themselves forced in a measure to adopt the manners of high life, and to preserve, above all, a strict regard for decorum.'

"The applauses of the *Bourgeoisie*, the attentions of the *Noblesse*, flattered the performers, but did not suffice to satisfy them entirely. Their legitimate self-love required the approbation of a select few, to whom public opinion gave the right of deciding in all matters of literary taste and dramatic discipline. A remark made by the famous Mdle. Clairon will prove to us how highly the suffrages of the acknowledged *dilettanti* were valued. 'Whenever I had to perform,' says she, 'I sought to discover what *connoisseur* might be in the house, and I played for him; if none were there, I played for myself.' Those upon whom this literary dictatorship was conferred looked upon it in a very serious point of view, and considered it almost as a profession, or rather as a public trust. Their approbation was not expressed merely by empty and undiscerning praise; nor did it often rise into the unqualified and hyperbolic admiration so frequently, as well as undeservedly, lavished upon talent of a second-rate class, by the would-be judges of our days, who praise other men to be praised a little themselves; it was, on the contrary, by ingenious remarks, tempered with well-timed criticism, and by a constant and strict attention to the minutest details, that they proved to the actor the importance they attached to his calling. Philosophy, literature, philology, history, the fine arts, the study of manners and of the human heart—these were the sources from which the *connoisseurs* of those times derived that superior knowledge which enabled them, by frequent and delicate advice, to assist in the composition of the most famous *parts* of the French classical drama. By this means the polite portion of the public at large was kept constantly in that elevated sphere in which usually the most refined intelligences are alone to be found; and what in most other countries is to be regarded in the mere light of an elegant amusement, became in France a profound study, and a means of obtaining really very solid instruction. Admitted confidentially into all the secrets of the stage, the *grands seigneurs* of the two last centuries entered as it were into a sort of tacit co-operation with the dramatic artists, and often shared in the triumph of the actor, when some happy *hit*, due to their suggestions, won the applause of the audience.

"It is undeniable, that this constant system of action and reaction, this sympathetic relation between the actor and the public, tended mainly to establish the *ideal*, as opposed to the merely *natural*, drama in France. Where a whole country was accustomed to look upon the court as the supreme arbitrator in all questions of art and taste, and where that court was seriously occupied with literary matters, and regarded the purity and integrity of the language as almost equal in consequence to the purity and integrity of the government, it is not a matter of surprise that a system of theatrical representation should have become popular, in which

the *idea* entirely predominates over the *form*; and of which the end and aim is the prevalence of abstract beauty over individual truth, and the total sacrifice of the accidentally *real*, to the conventionally *sublime*, effected through the medium of the most irreproachably elegant and academically purified language. The constant effort of both the authors and actors of the *Grand Siècle* was accurately to discover and to revive the theatrical declamation of the ancients. Convinced that the Greeks chanted their tragic verses, they began by affecting a kind of half-musical recitation, which performers of great judgment and intelligence only, modified, and replaced by the well-feigned accent of passionate and heartfelt emotion. This was the secret that the celebrated Mdlle. Champmeslé had learnt from Racine himself. 'She takes good care not to sing, as the rest do,' says a critic of 1681, 'but she knows so well how to guide her voice, and gives such natural inflexions to her speech, that she appears as though that sentiment were in her heart, which in fact is only on her lips.' * * *

"With the mass of actors in general, however, the chanting system grew to a monstrous pitch of exaggeration, and after the death of the Champmeslé, the *sing-song* tone of declamation reigned almost exclusively. The first symptom of a re-action took place upon the re-appearance of Molière's pupil, Baron, who, after an absence from the stage of twenty-nine years, consented, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, to tread once more those boards of which he had so long been one of the chief ornaments. He was then seventy-two years of age, but the excellence of his acting made every one forget that the hey-day of his youth was past. Let us remark, by the way, that this could only be the case in the *conventional drama*—*Titus*, *Achille*, *Xipharis*, *Oreste*, are more or less types whose truth depends mainly upon the intelligent precision with which an actor shall portray the moral and philosophical outlines of their character—whereas *Romeo*, or *Hamlet*, with grey hairs or a tottering gait, would appear such an evident anomaly, that the experiment could not well be hazarded. But to return to Baron: the astonishment of the public more than equalled its delight at witnessing the success of an actor, who had the courage to *speak* in answer to those who *sang*; who was sparing of his own movements in the midst of extravagant gesticulation; who in the place of "tearing passion into rags," studied profoundly every line of his parts, marking with endless variety the most delicate shades of character, and preserving both calmness and simplicity, without ever approaching even to the borders of coldness; who never ceased in moments of the greatest impetuosity to be noble and dignified; and whose greatest art consisted in disguising from the spectator the fact that every intonation was prepared and every look the result of study.

"The impression produced by Baron upon the amateurs of the drama in France, and his influence upon the school of declamation, were too remarkable for us not to have noted them. It is to him and to his disciple, Mdlle. Lecousieur, that may principally be traced that perfection of French dramatic diction which consists in retaining to a certain degree the poetical rhythm without marking the *cæsura*, or dwelling on the rhyme, and yet preserving to verse the harmony and charm of which prose is not susceptible. After Baron and Mdlle. Lecousieur, Mdlle. Dumesnil, Mdlle. Clairon, and Lekain personify the brilliant tragic school of which France was so justly proud, up to the first days of the Revolution. Lekain in particular is so intimately associated with certain material changes operated in the dramatic system of his country, that we cannot take a definitive leave of him here; but being persuaded that the great French tragic poets

cannot be fully appreciated in England without a thorough comprehension, not only of the creative or moral, but also of the positively executive part of the conventional drama—let us examine without too much impatience a few of these material peculiarities which will help to explain some of the delicate beauties of a poet, that would otherwise escape our notice. We must not forget that at present the dramatic art in France, as it has been transformed by the *Ecole Romantique*, can give us no idea whatever of the tragic school of former times; and if we wish to have any accurate conception of the bygone glories of the *Théâtre Français*, Mdlle. Rachel alone must be looked to as the last depositary of the traditions so religiously observed by the last generation.

"In the *Grand Siècle* (and up to the last years of the Restoration) the great object was to ennoble and elevate reality upon the stage, and, without by any means neglecting the study of the passions or of character, to produce the strongest effects by the beauty and grandeur of the attitudes, and by the justness and power of the vocal intonations. By the *Romantic school* all this has been entirely set aside; and in order to produce a greater degree of illusion, and to give greater energy to the expression of the passions, modern actors have renounced systematically the subtleties, the over-refinements of the ancient classical diction, as well as the musical education of the voice. They have sought the merely natural in the accent, at the same time that the authors themselves have tried to substitute everywhere the proper term for the periphrasis of the academical poets. How far this can ever succeed in a country whose language is of such purely Latin origin as the French we will examine hereafter. Let it for the present suffice to say, that nothing can be more marked than the difference between the *ideal* or *Classical* and the *natural* or *romantic school* of theatrical representation. Each has its merits, which it is the province of the intelligent actor to display, and each its defects, which mediocrity in both cases would render intolerable. The dangers are, on the one hand, emphatic pomposity: on the other, mean vulgarity. In the *ideal drama*, as conceived by the Greeks, and re-modelled by Corneille and Racine, nothing is true but the sentiment—the appearance and diction are not meant to be so. In the *natural drama*, on the contrary, the outward appearances presented to the spectator must always be true, even should the sentiment or the *idea* be false; and in this latter system the actor too often incurs the blame of exaggeration, because, if he confined himself to the mere imitation of nature, he would incur that of coldness and insignificance. We again repeat that the two styles are both capable of excellence; but that it is important to separate them totally from each other. We must never require from a Siddons or a Garrick the effects which could only be produced by a Lekain or a Clairon; nor quarrel with Racine because we do not discover in him the beauties which belong to Shakspeare. To establish exclusively either of these two rival systems at the expense of the other, would be to contract without necessity the circle of our enjoyments. Unfortunately the antagonism of the two schools in France (which, far from being a necessary evil, might be productive of great good to art and literature) has given place to we know not what singular doctrine of the possibility of a fusion of the two systems, which can end in nothing but the deterioration of both. Let us not fall into this error, but proceed to the examination of some of the mechanical parts of the classical French drama, together with their re-action upon dramatic literature, which will enable us to understand more readily the secrets of a theatre so different from our own."

[To be continued.]



[Hudibras writing the Letter.]

HUDIBRAS.—No. XVII.

We have now arrived at the closing section of the poem, in which Hudibras proceeds to carry into effect the advice of the lawyer, by writing to his mistress. How it is to forward his object, it would be difficult to conceive; but it no doubt answered the author's purpose, by giving him an opportunity of displaying his hero's disputativeness, his unprincipledness, and his special pleading in defence of that want of principle, illustrated with all his own wit and pungent satire: while the lady's answer, to which it gives rise, contains a most humorous exposure of the pretences used in *making love*, as opposed to and contrasted with the real motives. He entitles the knight's letter "An Heroical Epistle of Hudibras to his Lady," and it certainly begins in a very heroic strain:—

"I who was once as great as Caesar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
And from as fam'd a conqueror,
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exercise in battle,
By you turn'd out to grass with cattle:
For since I am deny'd access
To all my earthly happiness,

Am fallen from the Paradise
Of your good graces and fair eyes;
Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent
To everlasting banishment,
Where all the hopes I had t' have won
Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own.

"Yet if you were not so severe
To pass your doom before you hear,
You'll find, upon my just defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my innocence.
That once I made a vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
But not because it is unpaid
'Tis violated, though delay'd.
Or if it were, it is no fault,
So heinous as you'd have it thought;
To undergo the loss of ears,
Like vulgar hackney perjurers;
For there's a difference in the case,
Between the noble and the base;
Who always are observ'd t' have done 't
Upon as different account:
The one for great and weighty cause,
To save, in honour, ugly flaws,
For none are like to do it sooner
Than those who are nicest of their honour;
The other for base gain and pay
Forswear and perjure by the day;

And make th' exposing and retailing
Their souls and consciences a calling."

He then argues against any over-exactness in keeping an oath, contending that the great and noble naturally abhor so doing—

" 'Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame
In meaner men to do the same;
For to be able to forget
Is found more useful to the great,
Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes; "

and adds, what has been and is far too commonly urged on great as well as many minor occasions, that—

" ' Besides, oaths are not bound to bear
That literal sense the words infer;
But, by the practice of the age,
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage;
And where the sense by custom's checkt,
Are found void and of none effect. "

He then asserts that Love—high and mighty Love—is at least above such trifling bonds:—

" ' For as the law of arms approves
All ways to conquest, so should Love's;
And not be ty'd to true or false,
But make that justest that prevails;
For how can that which is above
All empire—high and mighty Love,
Submit its great prerogative
To any other pow'r alive?
Shall Love, that to no crown gives place,
Become the subject of a case?
The fundamental law of Nature
Be over-ruled by those made after?
Commit the censure of its cause
To any but its own great laws?
Love, that 's the world's preservative—
That keeps all souls of things alive;
Controls the mighty power of Fate,
And gives mankind a longer date;
The life of Nature, that restores
As fast as Time and Death devours;
To whose free gift the world does owe
Not only earth, but heaven too. "

He next urges, as a justification for his own tricks, the ill treatment he had received from her hands, and also what mankind suffers generally from the softer sex:—

" ' You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye:
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into ambushes:
As pirates all false colours wear,
T' entrap th' unwary mariner;
So women, to surprise us, spread
The borrow'd flags of white and red.
Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the Picts;
And raise more devils with their looks,
Than conjurors' less subtle books.
Lay trains of amorous intrigues,
In towers, and curls, and periwigs,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard.
Preposterously t' entice, and gain
Those to adore 'em they disdain;
And only draw 'em in, to clog,
With idle names, a catalogue. "

This is proceeded with, and the argument next produced is, that the superiority of the male sex gives them the power and the right to choose, while the weaker have "no charter to refuse." But he then relapses into tenderness, and thus concludes:—

" ' Forgive me, fair, and only blame
Th' extravagancy of my flame,

Since 'tis too much, at once to show
Excess of love and temper too.
All I have said that's bad, and true,
Was never meant to aim at you;
Who have so sov'reign a control
O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul:
That rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd loss of heav'n too:
Both with an equal pow'r possess'd,
To render all that serve you blest;
But none like him, who 's destin'd either
To have, or lose you, both together.
And if you'll but this fault release
(For so it must be, since you please),
I'll pay down all that vow, and more,
Which you commanded, and I swore,
And expiate upon my skin
Th' arrears in full of all my sin.
For 'tis but just, that I should pay
The accruing penance for delay;
Which shall be done, until it move
Your equal pity, and your love. "

" The knight, perusing this epistle,
Believ'd he'd brought her to his whistle;
And read it, like a jocund lover,
With great applause t' himself twice over.
Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit
And humble distance to his wit;
And dated it with wondrous art—
' Giv'n from the bottom of his heart: '
Then seal'd it with his coat of love,
A smoking faggot; and above—
Upon a scroll—' I burn and weep,'
And near it—' For her Ladyship;
Of all her sex most excellent,
These to her gentle hands present.'
Then gave it to his faithful squire,
With lessons how t' observe and eye her. "

The lady has doubts whether to send the letter back or burn it: but, considering it might furnish sport, she reads it "with many a smile and leering flout," as is shown in our second engraving; and answers it in this spirit of mirth, ridiculing alike his adventures, his pretensions, his doctrines, and the style of his epistle:—

" ' That you're a beast, and turn'd to grass,
Is no strange news, nor ever was;
At least to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound replevin you,
When both your sword and spurs were won
In combat, by an Amazon;
That sword that did (like Fate) determine
Th' inevitable death of vermin;
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of pigs or cows;
By Trulla was, in single fight,
Disarm'd, and wrested from its knight;
Your heels degraded of your spurs,
And in the stocks close prisoners:
Where still they'd lain, in base restraint,
If I, in pity of your complaint,
Had not, on honourable conditions,
Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons;
And what return that favour met,
You cannot (though you would) forget;
When being free, you strove t' evade
The oaths you had in prison made:
Forsook yourself, and first deny'd it,
But after own'd, and justify'd it;
And when y' had falsely broke one vow,
Absolv'd yourself, by breaking two.
For while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for pardon at our feet,
Discourag'd by your guilty fears,
To hope for quarter for your ears;
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as your due;
Declare that treachery and force
To deal with us, is th' only course,

We have no title nor pretence
To body, soul, or conscience;
But ought to fall to that man's share,
That claims us for his proper ware."

Her description of worldly love and mercenary marriage has so much of truth and solid good sense, clad in so humorous a garb, that we must give nearly the whole of it:—

"'Tis not those paltry counterfeit
French stones, which in our eyes you set,
But our right diamonds, that inspire,
And set your am'rous hearts on fire:
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads,
Which on our lips you lay for reds,
And make us wear, like Indian dames,
Add fuel to your scorching flames;
But those true rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.
'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,
That you are so transported with;
But those we wear about our necks,
Produce those dangerous effects.
Nor is't those threads of gold, our hair,
The periwigs you make us wear;
But those bright guineas in our chests,
That light the wild-fire in your breasts.
These love-tricks I've been versed in so,
That all their sly intrigues I know,
And can thriddle, by their tones,
Their mystic cabals, and jargons:
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds;
What raptures fond and amorous,
O' th' charms and graces of my house;
What ecstasy, and scorching flame,
Burns for my money, in my name;
What from th' unnatural desire
To beasts and cattle takes its fire;
What tender sigh and trickling tear
Longs for a thousand pounds a year;
And languishing transports are lost
Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.

"These are th' attracts which most men fall

Ruamour'd, at first sight, withal.
To these th' address with serenades,
And court with balls and masquerades;
And yet, for all the yearning pain
Y' have suffer'd for their loves, in vain;
I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,
To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy;
That all your oaths and labour lost,
They'll ne'er turn ladies of the post.
This is not meant to disapprove
Your judgment in your choice of love;
Which is so wise, the greatest part
Of mankind study't as an art;
For love should, like a deadland,
Still fall to th' owner of the land.
And where there's substance for its ground,
Cannot but be more firm and sound,
Than that which has the slighter basis
Of niry virtue, wit, and graces;
Which is of such thin subtlety,
It steals and creeps in at the eye;
And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again, as nice away.

"But love, that its extraction owns
From solid gold and precious stones,
Must, like its shining parents, prove
As solid, and as glorious love.
Hence 'tis you have no way t' express
Our charms and graces, but by these;
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty invades and conquers with,
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which, as philters, Love commands?

"This is the way all parents prove,
In managing their children's love;
That force 'em t' intermarry and wed,
As if 'twere burying of the dead.

Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have;
And when the settlement's in force,
Take all the rest for better or worse;
For money has a power above.
The stars and Fate, to manage Love;
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.
And tho' some say the parents' claims
To make love in their children's names;
Who many times at once provide
The nurse, the husband, and the bride,
Feel darts and charms, attracts, and flames,
And woo and contract in their names,
And as they christen, use to marry 'em,
And, like their gossips, answer for 'em—
Is not to give in matrimony,
But sell and prostitute for money:
'Tis better than their own betrothing,
Who often do't for worse than nothing;
And when th' are at their own dispose,
With greater disadvantage choose."

She also refutes his assertion of mankind being imposed upon or ill-used by woman, and alleges that, on the contrary, men deceive themselves, or spoil the objects of their fancy by their ridiculous flatteries and protestations; and then proceeds to deny his pretended supremacy, contending that that supremacy lies with the female sex, saying—

"And if we had not weighty cause
To not appear in making laws,
We could, in spite of all your tricks,
And shallow, formal politics,
Force you our managements t' obey,
As we to yours (in show) give way.
Hence 'tis that while you vainly strive
T' advance your high prerogative,
You basely, after all your braves,
Submit, and own yourselves our slaves,
And 'cause we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our int'rests own,
Like rats, suppose we have no shares
In ord'ring you and your affairs;
When all your empire and command
You have from us at secondhand;
As if a pilot, that appears
To sit still only while he steers,
And does not make a noise and stir,
Like every common mariner,
Knew nothing of the card nor star,
And did not guide the man-of-war.
Nor we, because we don't appear
In councils, do not govern there:
While, like the mighty Prester John,
Whose person none dares look upon,
But is preserv'd in close disguise
From being made cheap to vulgar eyes,
W' enjoy as large a pow'r unseen,
To govern him, as he does men;
And, in the right of our Pope Joan,
Make emperors at our feet fall down:
Or Joan de Pucel's braver name,
Our right to arms and conduct claim;
Who, tho' a spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a Grand Constable.

"We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the judges and the cause;
Prescribe all rules of right and wrong
To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,
'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more pow'ful eloquence.
We manage things of greatest weight
In all the world's affairs of state,
And ministers of war and peace,
That sway all nations how we please.
We rule all churches and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox,
And are the heavenly vehicles
O' th' spirits in all conventicles:

By us is all commerce and trade
 Improv'd, and manag'd; and decay'd;
 For nothing can go off so well,
 Nor bears that price, as what we sell.
 We rule in ev'ry public meeting,
 And make men do what we judge fitting;
 Are magistrates in all great towns,
 Where men do nothing but wear gowns.
 We make the man of war strike sail,
 And to our braver conduct veil;
 And when h' has chased his enemies,
 Submit to us upon his knees.
 Is there an officer of state
 Untimely rais'd, or magistrate
 That's haughty and imperious?
 He's but a journeyman to us;
 That as he gives us cause to do 't,
 Can keep him in, or turn him out."

But concludes that they

"Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,
 As if they were the better women."

And thus ends, without finishing, the poem of
 'Hudibras.'



[The Lady reading the Letter.]

The Last Look at Petra.—The appearance of Petra, when viewed from any point, is singular and interesting, but it is desolate in the extreme: the Arabs rarely enter it; and although many of its excavations are commodious, they seldom make use of them, even for folding their sheep and goats, on account of the scorpions, lizards, and other creeping things which are to be found under almost every stone. On the first day after our arrival, we found two large scorpions in our tent; and I shuddered every night when I went to bed. At 9 p.m. we had a gentle shower, and the temperature was delightful: went early to rest, having arranged to leave in the morning. At 7 a.m. I started before breakfast, attended by only one of the tribe, to take a last long look at El Kamér. I gazed on it with extreme delight, heightened, perhaps, by the knowledge that I should never have another opportunity: it appeared more lovely and beautiful than ever. Of the local colour of the stone I have more than once spoken: it is no exaggeration to call it rose; it is literally of a pink rose tint, varying only in its hue, which is in some places deep, in others only a faint blush: fancy this material wrought into a temple of exquisite beauty, and garlanded with the verdant gifts with which Nature loves to decorate the ruin: fancy this, and beyond this, temple, tomb, and heaped rock, glowing in the light of an Eastern sun; and you may have some idea of the spot on which I now looked an adieu which I doubt not is eternal. M——— was there before me; and as we returned toge-

ther, we once more climbed the moss-grown seats of the theatre, to take a last view thence. And there we found Mr. B——— (the Scotch gentleman, who, it may be remembered, set out on the expedition equipped in European costume), seated, and diligently engaged in comparing the objects around, with—what will it be supposed?—with the description in an old number of the *Penny Magazine*. Other chart or description, I believe, he had none: and singularly constituted must that man have been, who could undertake the journey from Europe only upon the strength of the true but brief account given in the work in question; or who, feeling even the inclination to do so, did not possess himself of some further information on the subject. But perhaps he was right; for, at any rate, he must have been astonished the more, not knowing what to expect.—*Days and Nights in the East.*

Coire, or Cocoa-nut Fibre.—Coire is the fibre of the husk of the cocoa-nut; bearing some such relation to it as the downy fibres of cotton do to the seeds of the cotton-plant. Mr. Marshall, a medical gentleman, who resided many years in Ceylon, published a few years ago a 'Contribution to a natural economical history of the cocoa-nut tree,' from which we gain information as to the mode in which the coire is prepared. The nut is gathered before being completely ripe; and in order to remove the husk, an iron spike or sharp piece of hard wood is fixed in the ground, and the nut is forced upon the point in such a manner as to separate the rind from the shell; one man can clear about a thousand nuts in a day by this means. The rind of the nut is soaked in water for several months, then beaten upon a stone with a heavy piece of wood, and afterwards rubbed with the hand until the intermediate substance is completely separated from the fibrous portion. The rind of forty average nuts supplies about six pounds weight of the fibre. This fibre constitutes the coire, which is then ready for use in the same way as hemp or other fibrous materials. In the early part of the present century, Dr. Roxburgh communicated to the Society of Arts an account of a series of experiments which he had undertaken, to test the relative strength of coire and other kinds of fibre; from which it appears that this material possesses great tenacity. Indeed, Dr. Roxburgh remarks, that "coire is certainly the very best material yet known for cables, on account of its great elasticity and strength." The material is very buoyant, and well suited for making ropes of large diameter. Mr. Marshall states, that until chain-cables were introduced, all the ships which navigated the Indian seas had cables made of this substance; that the fibres are rather improved than injured by immersion in sea-water: but that the smoothness and elasticity of the coire cordage, though very advantageous to running-rigging and the light lines of a ship, render it less fitted for standing-rigging. There has been a branch of manufacture introduced within the last few years in England, in which coire is employed rather differently than in the above-described instances. This is for the production of rugs, druggets, mats, matting, mattresses, and similar coarse goods. Dampier mentioned two or three centuries ago the production of cloth from such a material; for he says, in his 'Voyage Round the World,' "I have been told by Captain Knox, who wrote the 'Relation of Ceylon,' that in some places of India they make a sort of coarse cloth of this husk of the cocoa-nut, which is used for sails. Myself have seen coarse sailcloth made of such a kind of substance." Besides the actual weaving or plaiting of this material into textile fabrics of a coarse kind, it is used as a stuffing for mattresses, pillows, and cushions. Dampier alluded to the use of the fibres to caulk the seams of ships; and Mr. Marshall speaks of the employment of them in India in stuffing mattresses, cushions for couches, and saddles, as a substitute for horse-hair. The availability of the material for such a purpose seems to depend upon these qualities: that the coire is very indestructible; that it does not harbour vermin as horse-hair would in a warm climate; and that it is free from offensive smell.—*Supp. to Penny Cyclopædia.*

Indian mode of preparing Pemican.—Pemican is prepared for winter, and for travelling use, in the following manner.—The lean parts of the buffalo are cut into thin slices, dried over a slow fire, in the sun, or by exposing it to frost—pounded fine, and then, with a portion of berries, mixed with an equal quantity of fat from the humps and brisket, or with marrow, in a boiling state, and sewed up tightly in sacks of green hide, or packed closely in baskets of wicker-work. This "pemican," as they call it, will keep for several years.—*Furnham's Travels in the Great Western Prairies.*



[Hill Hall.]

HILL HALL, ESSEX.

BESIDES the irregular many-gabled manor-house, so familiar as a type of the domestic architecture of the Tudor period, there arose towards the end of that period another kind of edifice, more regular in plan, and more formal in appearance; "an imperfectly understood adaptation of classic forms to the habits of its day, in this country," as it has been said. Such is that of which an engraving is given above; and of its kind it is one of the most perfect examples left. It is situated at Theydon Mount, a few miles from Epping in Essex; it was erected by Sir Thomas Smyth, secretary of state to Queen Elizabeth, it is said in 1542, but that is evidently too early a date, he did not probably commence it before 1560, and it was not quite completed at his death, in 1577.

Sir Thomas was no ordinary personage. Kimber, in his 'Baronetage,' declares that "he was one of the greatest scholars of the age, an excellent philosopher, physician, chemist, mathematician, astronomer, politician, linguist, historian, orator, and architect," which tolerably long list of accomplishments is followed by almost as long a list of virtues. His career was a brilliant one. From his Life, written by Strype the antiquary, and published in an octavo volume in 1698, we learn that he was the eldest son of John Smyth of Saffron Waldon in Essex, and entered Queen's College, Cambridge, as a scholar, in 1526, when he was only eleven years old. There he distinguished himself greatly, and was, together with the celebrated John Cheke, made a King Henry VIII.'s scholar. In 1531 he was elected fellow of his college, and two years afterwards appointed to read the Greek lecture, which language he is said to have been largely instrumental in increasing the study of at Cambridge. He also, along with Cheke, introduced the improved or English mode of pronouncing it, and he published a work on the subject. In 1536 he was elected university orator, a situation he appears to have displayed great ability in. About three years afterwards he travelled through France and Italy, spending some time at the universities of Paris and Padua, at the latter of which he took the degree of D.C.L.; on his return he received a similar degree at Cambridge, and was soon after

appointed professor of civil law. He now paid some attention to divinity, and was much concerned in promoting the spread of the Reformed doctrines among the members of the university. He about this time took orders, and received a gift of the rectory of Leverington in Cambridgeshire and of the deanery of Carlisle.

On the accession of Edward VI. a new career was opened to him. He now entered into the service of the Protector Somerset, who appointed him his master of requests, and gave him other lucrative offices. By Edward VI. he was also patronized, knighted, and made secretary of state. On the fall of Somerset he was deposed from his offices, but was restored not long afterwards. He went in the embassy to France to negotiate for the marriage of Edward with the eldest daughter of the French king. On the death of Edward he lost all his employments, but, though a thorough Protestant, escaped without further molestation—indeed he received a pension from Mary of 100*l.* a year: he is said to have owed his good fortune to the friendly offices of Bonner and Gardiner, by whom he was held in great estimation.

By Elizabeth he was immediately restored to favour and public service. At the commencement of her reign he was engaged in the "settlement of religion," and afterwards made by her secretary of state; he was sent on several embassies during her reign; placed in the privy council; created chancellor of the order of the Garter, and otherwise honoured, though he was for a short while in disgrace. He died in 1577, aged sixty-five.

Altogether, he must have been an extraordinary man. He was almost as successful an author as a man of practice. A long list of his works is given by Strype: they embrace a large variety of subjects, from Greek pronunciation to the colonization of Ireland; and from the English commonwealth to the prevention of the utterance of base coin. He was, too, of a speculative turn. Although not exactly a seeker after the philosopher's stone, he was engaged in a project for the transmutation of metals. So earnest was he in this pursuit, that he obtained a patent for the founding of a company called the "Society of the New Art," and induced Cecil, Leicester, and others to embark along with him in the undertaking. The transmutation was

that of iron into copper, by the agency of vitriol: the plan was prosecuted for many years; but, though much gold was spent, no copper was obtained. Another of his projects was that of colonizing the north of Ireland, but it was no more successful than his metallic device. He did not, however, give it up until he had expended above 10,000*l.* upon it, and "his son was killed by a wild Irishman." During his retirement in the country, he was an active justice of the peace, in which capacity "he busied himself particularly in burning of witches." He was "a man of great virtue, and extremely charitable;" a great benefactor, according to Fuller, to both universities. As old Strype declares, "the English soil, which he so adorned, would be ungrateful if she should let the memory of such a man pass away and lie in obscurity."

But we must leave the knight, and look a little at the house he built. He became possessed of the manor by his marriage with Philippa, relict of Sir John Hampden, the former possessor. The situation of the mansion is a delightful one; it stands in a fine and well-wooded park, on very high ground (whence its name, Sir Thomas called it Mount Hall), and commands extensive and beautiful prospects. It is a large quadrangular structure of brick, with stone dressings and engaged pillars. At the time it was erected, as we have hinted, buildings were constructed on a more regular plan than they had previously been. Architects had been to Italy to investigate the buildings there, and "the Italian style" was becoming fashionable among the courtiers. Yet, however superior the genuine Italian edifices might be, their imitations in England can scarcely be thought an improvement on our earlier English houses. They look exotic. There is none of the *abandon* about them that appears in their predecessors. Hill Hall is of this kind. It is a fine building, and there is a stateliness about its aspect that is sufficiently becoming, but it is extremely formal. The interior is more convenient than were the interiors of the older houses. The rooms are sufficiently large, and well adapted for their various purposes; some of them are handsome apartments. The hall is a fine room, though certainly inferior to the old halls. It is rather large, with an ornamented stucco ceiling, and a gallery running along one side of it. The hall at present contains various suits of armour, arms, heraldic devices, &c.; the large carved marble fireplace is unfortunately hidden by a huge ugly, upright, close stove, that is placed in front of it, which is the more to be regretted because in houses of this date so much prominence was given to these fireplaces. The principal staircase is a very handsome one, staircases being now made important features in a mansion. Some of the principal rooms still retain the tapestry with which all of them were once hung. In one of the bedrooms is a recess, a kind of large cupboard, that was discovered some time back on removing the paper by which it had been concealed. It might have been intended for a hiding-place, as it is popularly said to have been, but it is scarcely probable. It is worth notice, as containing a portion of the original covering of the room. When Falstaff succeeds in mollifying the anger of the Hostess (2nd Pt. of Henry IV. Act ii. sc. 2), and sets about obtaining from her some more money, she says, "I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chamber." To which he replies, "Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking:—and for thy walls a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in *water-work*, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries." In the recess is some of this "*water-work*," with which inferior rooms were then painted. It is an ill-done piece, representing "the destruction of Sennacherib his host," as a label tells you. We were

informed by one of the domestics who showed us the house, that similar painting was on some of the other rooms till covered with the ordinary paper-hangings some years back. The house is quite perfect. It has been somewhat altered since its erection; but no material change has taken place. It is still occupied by a descendant of its builder.

The scenery about the house is finer than Essex scenery generally is. The park is broken into some deep dells, and is well stocked with deer. In it is a neat little church, not far from the mansion, which contains a handsome monument to Sir Thomas Smyth, and others to his successors.

THE FRENCH STAGE.

[Concluded from page 272.]

"To rise to the rank of a great artist in either one or other of the two systems we have mentioned, requires the same genius, the same ~~organic~~ flexibility, and the same power of observation; but, as the opinion of Garrick, already quoted, warrants us to affirm—the means of execution are not the same. The *ideal* or *conventional* style requires a much longer and more laborious *mechanical* apprenticeship than that which aims at the mere reproduction of individual reality. If we reflect for a moment on the great personal disadvantages with which the most famous of French actors have had to contend, we shall easily see that their dramatic education was necessarily much more complicated than our own. The reason is, that the drama of which they were the representatives was essentially *conventional*. Mdlle. Clairon for instance, the most imposing and majestic of queens and heroines, was remarkably little, and seemed destined by her small pretty features, and *piquante* expression of face, to make a model *soubrette*. Instead of investing her with the *boudeau* of *Phèdre* or *Athalie*, imagine her as *Lady Macbeth* or *Queen Constance*, and her fame would have been impossible. Again, Lekain: the figure of this truly great artist was ungraceful, heavy, and all but ignoble; but his genius was not to be rebuked by an unwieldy outward garb. Three times successively did he alter his style and manner. At first, he gave way to the natural vehemence of his character, and captivated the public by his indomitable energy; but soon perceiving the truth of Talma's axiom, 'that of all monotones, the monotony of force is the most insupportable,' he drew in the reins of his enthusiasm, and condemned himself to partial disfavour, by sinking down into, what appeared in the eyes of the vulgar, the proportions of an ordinary actor, whilst in reality he was meditating and colabining the elements of future excellence. At length, and during the five or six last years of his life, Lekain grew to be so sure of himself, so certain of never falling into the vice of exaggeration, that he again let his inspiration take its course, and became that consummate performer whose fame is still held up to the adoration of every member of the French stage. We may divide the studies requisite to the complete education of a French classical actor into three distinct branches, namely: the study of the voice and of diction; that of gesture; and that called the *practice of the stage*, which last includes many of those traditions without an accurate knowledge of which some of Corneille's and Racine's finest scenes would be unintelligible to us. Very few people are aware of the labour undergone by actors of the classical school in France, to become entire masters of the different degrees of intonation required; to perfect, as they termed it, the *mechanism of each letter*; to give more or less light and shade to the discourse, and to obtain at will tones more or less powerful, brilliant, or tender—

intentional tones as they were technically termed. Actors in the *Grand Siècle* were considered more as the official interpreters of illustrious poets, than as the instruments of popular amusement, and were expressly chosen to call into life the creations of the most celebrated masters, and to expound to the uninitiated the delicate or profound mysteries of their intelligence. Exercising functions of such literary importance, it was natural that they should regard the quality and flexibility of the vocal organs as amongst the primary objects of care and attention. Talma had an invincible dislike to the word *declamation*, which is, however, the only one calculated to convey an exact idea of that particular tone and character assumed by the human voice, when giving utterance to a continued strain of poetry or eloquence. Declamation, properly so called, should be something between speech and song—more lofty and sonorous than the one, and less marked and rhythmical than the other.”

“Another considerable difficulty presented itself to those who could not implicitly rely upon the perfect flexibility of their voice; and this was the difficulty of adapting their individual style of recitation to the particular style of each author. Every dramatic writer of any real genius has his own manner of phrasing, as it was called, and certain peculiarities of sentiment, of language, and of accentuation, which belong exclusively to himself, and which the intelligent performer should instantaneously feel and strive to make evident to others as well as to himself. Mdlle. Clairon, for instance, whose delivery was imposing and sustained, never approached a part in one of Corneille's pieces without previously having recourse to studies of a musical nature. ‘Corneille is so grand, or so familiar,’ she was wont to say, ‘that without being doubly sure of one's intonations, one runs the risk of seeming either monotonous or trivial.’ Racine requires a melodious, grave, and persuasive delivery, impregnated, as he himself somewhere states, with ‘that majestic sadness which constitutes the chief charm of tragedy.’ With Voltaire, again, energy is almost always to be preferred to delicacy or precision, and so of others; but all French dramatic artists, worthy of the name, agree that one of the most arduous studies of an actor is to fit his style to that of the poet; and that one of the few things and the most rarely to be met with, except amongst the very greatest dramatic authors, is a work well composed for the voice.

“If from the vocal education of a classical actor we turn to the science of gesticulation, or gesture, we shall find the studies required from him, though less painful, to the full as complicated. The ideal drama is distinguished by a pantomime totally different from that of the natural drama. The mimic portion of the former, carefully prepared beforehand, is grand, graceful, calm, full of dignity and repose, and, by its theoretical rather than real truth, intended more as a comment upon, than a copy of, nature. To unite the several qualities requisite to this branch of scenic art, was termed in the schools, *to have style in the actions*; and to be reputed to have attained this envied degree of excellence, was one of the constant desires of every dramatic artist. Under the general denomination of *gesture* is comprised every variety of bodily motion; the gait, the carriage, the play of countenance, and what is technically termed *inarticulate exclamation*. Gesture is an instinctive language. It is not only the most spontaneous, but also the most sincere mode of expression, as being that which is the least under our own control. Speech, as the result of reflection, may deceive, but looks and sudden movements cannot, for they are in a great measure involuntary: they depend upon a greater or less degree of

nervous susceptibility, and are governed by actual physical sensation.”

“In common life the movements of the body have no style, unless when they are the offspring of commanding and extraordinary passion. In most cases this mute, unspoken tongue is, like common conversation, incorrect, diffuse, dull, insignificant, and, if we may be allowed the term, full of colloquialisms. It is too often the same upon the stage; and inferior actors, who have no idea of the beauty of mute eloquence, delight in a vague kind of gesticulation which may be called garrulous, and likened not inaptly to a stuttering of the limbs. ‘They say everything that comes into their arins; and for that reason have no more pretensions to style than those *improvisatori* who say everything that passes through their heads,’ remarks wittily that wit-tiest of French actresses Sophie Arnould. This is quite true; but to oppose to it we have that axiom, so popular that it has grown into a proverb, ‘*Majesty has no arms*,’ for which every first-rate artist of the *Théâtre Français* has never failed to mark his due deference.

“We again repeat it; on the stage, as in the great world, extreme sobriety of action—calm, dignified movements, rather slow than sudden, and testifying of the proper empire of the mind over the body, are all but certain marks of superiority. To be sufficiently animated to interest the spectator, and yet never forget the polite reserve inseparable from good breeding; to betray internal emotion, or, as Molé by a happy expression (the gentlemanlike sentiment of which never was surpassed) terms it, ‘to let one's nerves be guessed at’ (*laisser deviner ses nerfs*) under an outward seeming of utter impassibility;—these were amongst the crowning difficulties of both tragic and comic actors. A story is told of Mdlle. Contat, which will not be without some interest to our readers, from the celebrity of the person who is one of the principal subjects of it. A young girl, recommended to her, avowed one day to her amiable instructress, during a rehearsal, that it was totally impossible for her to moderate her outrageous method of gesticulation. ‘There is then but one way left,’ replied the smiling artist; and, catching hold of a piece of string, she bound down the arms of her protégée on each side of her, and enjoined her on no account to disengage herself. Much more withheld by the respect she bore her mistress than by the slender ligature, the fair débutante took all possible pains to observe the order imposed upon her. Her embarrassment, however, went on increasing in proportion as the scene she played grew in interest; and, at last, carried away by her part, forgetting everything, she has recourse to a movement of the arms, and the string breaks! ‘Bravo! bravo!’ cries Mdlle. Contat, ‘there lies all the secret! few or no gestures, until the moment when real emotion—when genuine passion snaps the cord that decorum imposes!’ The débutante was Mdlle. Mars; and all who have ever seen her will readily admit that never was better profit derived from a better lesson; for never did any performer on any stage carry to a more consummate degree of perfection, whether in tragedy or in comedy, the union of discreet reserve and easy freedom.

“Unless the instinctive sentiment of correct gesticulation be aided by profound study, it is next to impossible to succeed on the stage in the art of listening; a portion of dramatic education which was scrupulously attended to by our neighbours in the *Grand Siècle*. The person who speaks should follow in a measure the effect of his words upon the countenance of the person who listens, as an author follows the reproduction of his own ideas upon paper. This was supposed to be one of the great merits of the Champincisé, and she is

said, in the fifth act of '*Bajazet*,' during the scene where *Roxane* listens to the speech of *Atalide*, who avows her love for *Bajazet*, and her intention to commit suicide in order to save her lover's life, to have drawn down applauses upon the actress who played the part of her rival, from the lively and intense impression which the words of the latter seemed to produce upon her."

"In the days of Louis XIV. the costume was the same both in tragedy and comedy. It consisted of a full-dress coat, three-cornered hat and plume, flowing wig, white gloves, short breeches, silk stockings, and red-heeled shoes. Warriors and heroic characters wore over all this a cuirass. This kind of costume, worn only in private life by persons of the highest rank and importance, was intended to invest those who assumed it on the stage with the outward marks of dignity and distinction; but the alterations made by succeeding fashions contributed to bring it into disrepute. In the eighteenth century powder was adopted, but without any diminution in the length or volume of the peruke. The place of the cuirass was supplied by stays well laced, and by scarfs worn as shoulder-belts. Men as well as women laid claim to slowness of waist. The former wore false hips (*hanches*), or pads of horse-hair, that enlarged them by half a foot on each side, and the latter were imprisoned in hoops of immoderate dimensions. The dresses of the actresses, however, were invariably of the most magnificent description. It was not rare to find them costing seven or eight hundred *louis d'or*; and no duchess at the Louvre could boast of more splendid toilettes than the heroines of the *Théâtre Français*. Their costume, though modelled generally upon that of the court, was much richer and more ample; their trains were longer, their hanging sleeves wider, their gold embroidery more massive, and the plumes upon their heads more numerous. But, except the splendour visible in the costumes of the actors, everything else was upon a scale of poverty and meanness wholly at variance with our ideas of theatrical pomp; and certainly no Vaudevilliste of the present day would consent to see the humblest of his pieces brought out in the condition which satisfied Corneille, Racine, or Molière. In the times of those great writers, the manner even of lighting the stage was such as now would not be tolerated. The principal light, instead of being, as it now is, hung in the midst of the spectators, so as to cast its radiance all around, was suspended over the centre of the stage itself, whether the decoration pictured a forest, a street, or a Grecian temple. A moonlight serenade, or an invocation to the Sun, both equally took place beneath a sweating circle of foul-smelling tallow candles grouped together in a miserable chandelier—for wax-lights were not used, even at the Opera, until during the Regency, and then their introduction was owing only to an act of liberality on the part of the famous financier, Law. The stalls, or *balcons* (as they are named in France), were but rows of benches ranged on each side of the wings of the *proscenium*, where the fops of the day appointed to meet one another of an evening. The insolent *Marquis* interrupting by his noisy arrival the already advanced *tirade*—the youthful libertine coquetting with the fairer portion of the *dramatis personæ*—seemed by their demeanour to set at defiance the decently behaved citizens of the pit, who sometimes retaliated by vigorous manifestations of displeasure. 'All the world was on the stage,' writes Madame de Sévigné, speaking of a representation of '*Bajazet*,' 'the Marquis de Villeroi in a ball dress; the Count de Guiche girded and belted like his wit; all the rest like so many vagabonds.' When a piece was very attractive, sentinels were posted at the openings of the wings to keep back the

crowd; and the difficulty of passing to and fro not unfrequently gave rise to incidents of a burlesque nature. At the first representation of '*Sémiramis*,' the press was so strong just in front of the tomb, at the moment when Ninus should appear, that the sentinel was forced to cry out with all his lungs, 'Make way for the ghost, gentlemen, if you please; make way for the ghost!'"

"The first reformer of theatrical costumes was Lekain; but he was fully aware of the extreme precaution that was required in introducing into the ideal drama any attempt at scenic illusion, or at the exact reproduction of actual reality. 'Let us make use of the picturesque with discretion and care,' he was in the constant habit of saying; and these words are but the proof of the prophetic instinct which leads every intelligent innovator to foresee with anxiety the abuse which later will inevitably be made of his discovery."

"The alteration of costume in the *Théâtre Français* was far from being the work of a day. Half a century, and the authority of the most eminent names, were scarcely sufficient to subdue the influence of routine. Lekain and Mdlle. Clairon began the reform; and the former, even while casting off the false hips in the part of *Tancrède*, and substituting in *Gengis-khan* a real tiger-skin to a coat of striped silk, did not dare banish the powdered wig and curls. In truth it was an arduous undertaking for an actor to condemn the usage of that odorous dust which whitened the heads of some fifteen hundred judges before whom he stood. The innovation upon which *Gengis-khan* and *Orosmane* had not ventured was, however, accomplished, and that cleverly enough, by a second-rate singer. This individual, whose name even has not reached us, playing one night the part of Hercules, presented himself with a mass of black entangled locks upon his head, worthy of the savage inhabitant of some Hyrcanian forest; but, whilst in one hand he bore the formidable club, the other was armed with an irreproachably powdered peruke, white as snow, and his uncertain attitude clearly demonstrated that he was ready to return to the former fashion if such was the pleasure of the audience. A universal murmur of approbation apprised him that he had gained his point. Assuming quickly an heroic posture, he flings far from him the antiquated head-dress, and a shout of applause greets the rising in the air of the grey cloud which the wig shakes from it in its fall. From that hour, everything became possible. Larine had his hair cut and curled *à la Titus*; Talma, aided by the counsels of his friend David the painter, copied history exactly both in the form and quality of the vestments worn by the ancients; and, under his direction, the severe woollen toga replaced, in all Roman parts, the splendid stuffs in which former actors had delighted to attire themselves."

The greatest truths are the simplest, so likewise are the greatest men.—*Guesses at Truth.*

The Belgian Shepherd and his Sheep.—I was much amused once, in Belgium, at a curious contrivance adopted by a shepherd to extricate himself from a dilemma, and at the readiness with which his sheep obeyed his intentions. Preceding his flock, he was moving them to a fresh pasture, when his progress was stopped by a large corn-field, through which there was only a narrow foot-path. His knowledge of the habits of his charge made him thoroughly aware of the destruction they would commit if left to follow him at their leisure; so, after a few moments' reflection, he started off at the top of his speed, the whole flock pursuing him at a gallop, and almost in single file, without doing the slightest damage.—*Thompson's Note-book of a Naturalist.*



THE YEAR OF THE POETS.

No. IX.—JOLLY SUMMER.

"Then came the jolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlyued all, to be more light:
And on his head a girlond well besene
He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A bowe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
And now would bathe his limbes with labor heated sore."

Such is SPENSER's description of "the jolly Sommer."
The same vigorous pencil has personified the summer
months of June and July:—

"And after her came jolly June, array'd*
All in greene leaves, as he a Player were;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as play'd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare:
Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,
And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare,
Bending their force contráry to their face;
Like that ungracious crew which faines demurest grace."

"Then came hot July boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away:
Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He holdly rode, and made him to obey:
(It was the beast that whylome did forray
The Nemæan forrest, till the *Amphytrionide*
Him slew, and with his hide did him array.)
Behinde his backe a sithe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide."

We will select two summer landscapes, whose scenes
are laid in regions far apart. SCOTT gives us a charm-
ing picture of the mild graces of the season

"The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain-shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest:

In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice rear'd of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemm'd with dew-drops, led her fawn;
The grey mist left the mountain-side,
The torrent show'd its glistening pride;
Invisible in flecked sky
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer cou'd the cushat-dove
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love."

The American poet, BRYANT, draws his images from pine-forests and fields of maize, upon which a fiery sun looks down with "scorching heat and dazzling light:"

"It is a sultry day; the sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervours: the tall maize
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover droops
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,—
Their bases on the mountains—their white tops
Shining in the far ether—fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
That still delays its coming. Why so slow,
Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?
Oh, come and breathe upon the fainting earth
Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves
He hears me? See, on yonder woody ridge,
The pine is bending his proud top, and now
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes!
Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves!
The deep distressful silence of the scene
Breaks up with mingling of unnumber'd sounds
And universal motion. He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings
Music of birds, and rustling of young boughs,
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs
Are stirring on his breath; a thousand flowers,
By the road-side and borders of the brook,
Nod gaily to each other; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
Were on them yet, and silver waters break
Into small waves and sparkle as he comes."

Contrasted with this picture how refreshing are the "hedge-row elms,"—"the furrow'd land,"—"the russet lawns,"—"the meadows trim,"—"the upland hamlets," of MILTON's 'L'Allegro.' His "sunshine holiday" is thoroughly English:—

"To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watchtower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow
Through the sweet briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows, grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyris met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
With Thelysia to bind the sheaves,
Or if the earlier season lead
To the taun'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday."

Hay-making,—the half-sportive labour of the early summer,—has been charmingly described by JOANNA BAILLIE:—

"Upon the grass no longer hangs the dew;
Forth hies the mower with his glittering scythe,
In snowy shirt bedight, and all unbraced,
He moves athwart the mead with sideling bend,
And lays the grass in many a swathe line;
In every field, in every lawn and meadow,
The rousing voice of industry is heard;
The haycock rises, and the frequent rake
Sweeps on the fragrant hay in heavy wreaths.
The old and young, the weak and strong are there,
And, as they can, help on the cheerful work.
The father jeers his awkward half-grown lad,
Who trails his tawdry armful o'er the field,
Nor does he fear the jeering to repay.
The village oracle and simple maid
Jest in their turns and raise the ready laugh;
All are companions in the general glee;
Authority, hard-favoured, frowns not there.
Some, more advanced, raise up the lofty rick,
Whilst on its top doth stand the parish toast
In loose attire and swelling ruddy cheek.
With taunts and harmless mockery she receives
The tossed-up heaps from fork of simple youth,
Who, staring on her, takes his arm away,
While half the load falls back upon himself.
Loud is her laugh, her voice is heard afar;

The mower busied on the distant lawn,
 The carter trudging on his dusty way,
 The shrill sould know, their bonnets toss in air,
 And rodr across the field to catch her notice:
 She waves her arm to them, and shakes her head,
 And then renews her work with double spirit.
 Thus do they jest and laugh away their toil
 Till the bright sun, now past his middle course,
 Shoots down his fiercest beams which none may brave.
 The stoutest arm feels listless, and the swart
 And brawny-shouldered clown begins to fail.
 But to the weary, lo—there comes relief!
 A troop of welcome children o'er the lawn
 With slow and wary steps approach: some bear
 In baskets oaten cakes or barley scones,
 And gusty cheese and stoups of milk or whey.
 Beneath the branches of a spreading tree,
 Or by the shady side of the tall rick,
 They spread their homely fare, and seated round,
 Taste every pleasure that a feast can give."

Old ALLAN RAMSAY has caught the inspiration of
 one of his most charming songs from the same scene:—

"The lass of Patie's mill,
 Sae bonnie, blithe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 She stole my heart away;
 When tedding out the hay,
 Bareheaded on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.
 Her arms white, round, and smooth;
 Breasts rising in their dawn;
 To age it would give youth,
 To press them with his han'.
 Through all my spirits ran
 An ecstasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.
 Without the help of art,
 Likc flowers which grace the wild,
 Her sweets she did impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd:
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd;—
 I wish'd her for my bride.
 O! had I a' the wealth
 Hopefoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will;
 I'd promise, and fulfil,
 That none but bonnie she,
 The lass of Patie's mill,
 Should share the same with me."

BURNS invites his "bonnie lassie" to go forth to the
 "foaming stream" and "hoary cliffs," when "simmer
 blinks on flowery braes." He only echoes the general
 summons to the enjoyment of "the lightsome days"
 which Nature gives to all her children:—

"Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy?"

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 The little birdies blithely sing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

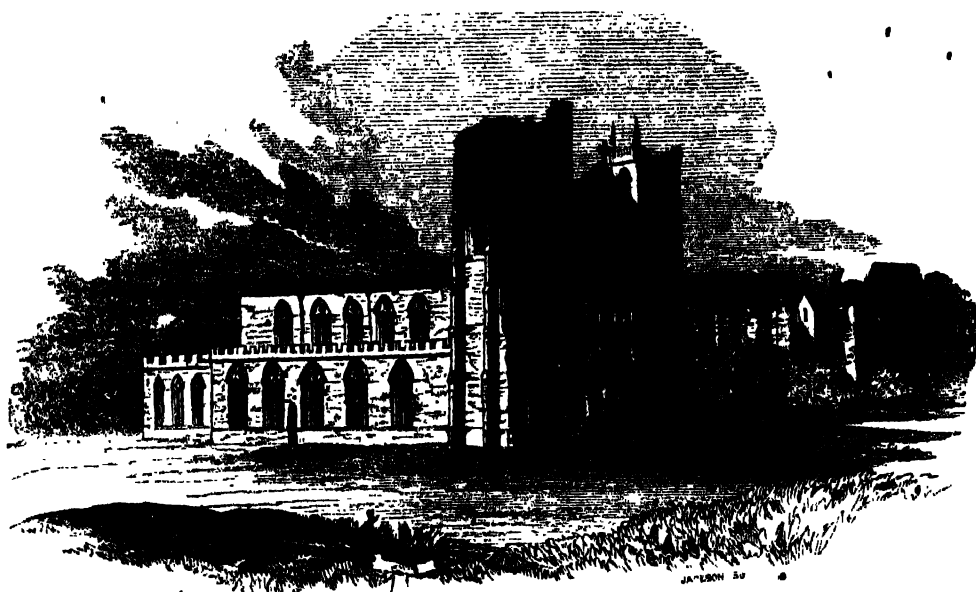
The braces ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
 O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
 The Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
 And rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

Patios of Seville.—But though the external gardens of the Sevillians are not all they might be made, their internal ones—those in their houses, I mean, their *patios*—are unique in elegance, freshness, fragrance, and charm. Figure to yourself, in every gentleman's mansion, a large square inner court, paved beautifully with marble; surrounded by elegant marble pillars, behind which runs on all sides a broad, covered, and marble floored corridor; and filled with every sort of lovely odorous shrub and flower; a graceful fountain playing in the midst. In the daytime, during hot weather, the sun is kept from this treasured spot by awnings spread overhead. Here, in this delicious Oriental sort of drawing-room, on seats and sofas placed in the encircling gallery, sit the family during the summer evenings, with their musical instruments and their friends about them, breathing the pure air of heaven to refresh them after the heats of the burning day. As the entrance to the houses is invariably by a broad passage leading from the street to the patio, and divided from the latter only by an open-work iron gate, which admits the eye of the passer by to plunge into its verdant, and, at that hour, illumined recesses; you will understand what gratification may be reaped by merely walking through the principal streets, plain and confined as, for the most part, these externally are; and how the constantly returning glimpses of these spots of fairyland within, may compensate for much that is deficient in the outer part. The patio is the heart of the Seville-house. When that is pure, fresh, glowing, undefiled; rich in breathing sweets and beauty, and ever ready to dispense on all around its blessings and its peace; who stops to ask whether the outer crust, provided it be only neat and spotless too, is perfectly chiselled, or is gaily decked?—*Letters from Spain, by X. Y. Z.*

Volcano in Kamtchatka.—At the back of the village (of Klutchee) rises the majestic volcano Kloutchefskey, rearing his awful and flaming head a considerable distance above the clouds. This huge mountain, towering to the skies, is a perfect cone, decreasing gradually from its enormous base to the summit. Kloutchefskey may perhaps be inferior to Etna in size, but it certainly surpasses it in beauty. The summit is eternally covered with snow, and from the crater issues a volume of flame and smoke that streaks the sky for many miles. Sometimes quantities of fine ashes are thrown out, which fall almost imperceptibly, and impregnate the atmosphere, so as to be inhaled in breathing. The inhabitants informed me, that they affect the lungs, and produce a tickling cough, and a swelling of the glands similar to that occasioned by suppression of perspiration. When a pure flame issues from the crater of Kloutchefskey, it is seen at the Tigil and Aleuters coasts, at the distance of three hundred versts. I thought the valley of Sherrom very beautiful; but here the sublime is so happily blended with the beautiful, that I gave the preference to Klutchee, and nothing can exceed the majesty and grandeur of Kloutchefskey. The inhabitants also informed me that this volcano had once thrown out a whitish clammy substance like honey, which stuck to the fingers, and was perfectly sweet to the taste, but disappeared about mid-day, when the sun shone out bright and warm. From their description of this phenomenon, I am rather inclined to think it must have been what is called the honey-dew, which has fallen in other parts of the world, particularly in the Carolinas and South America. I could not forbear requesting the colonel to permit the boat to pass gently along without paddling, in order to feast my eyes on the magnificent scene before us. It is greatly to be regretted that this sublime object is situated in such a remote corner of the globe. There are warm mineral-springs on the river Klutchee, which I afterwards visited.—*Dobell's Travels in Kamtchatka and Siberia.*



[Llandaf Cathedral.]

LLANDAF CATHEDRAL.

THE city of Llandaf has probably never been large: at present it is a mere village, on the west bank of the river Tâf, in Glamorganshire, consisting chiefly of cottages arranged in two short streets, which terminate in a square, where there are several good houses, and where the bishop's palace formerly stood. The situation is on elevated ground, which has a gentle slope on all sides except towards the river, where the descent is more precipitous. At the bottom of this green declivity stands the Cathedral, partially embosomed in trees, and with a branch of the river murmuring round the churchyard wall; hence the name 'Llan ar Tâf,' 'the Church on the Tâf,' contracted into Llandaf. The situation of the Cathedral is retired; and the aspect of the majestic pile, partly in ruin as it is, is solemn and impressive. The city is rather more than two miles north-west from Cardiff, and contained, according to the census of 1841, 570 inhabitants. The entire parish only contained 1276.

Llandaf has been the see of a bishop from a very early period of Christianity. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, and Lupus, Bishop of Troyes, came to England about the year 430. Dubritius, a native of Wales, was by them ordained Bishop of Llandaf; he was promoted to the Archbishopric of Caerleon in 512, and was succeeded by Teilo, who seems to have built the cathedral church—not the present structure, as may be supposed, but one much smaller, which is recorded to have been only twenty-eight feet long, fifteen feet wide, and twenty feet high.

In 1107 Urban, Archdeacon of Llandaf, was promoted to the bishopric of Llandaf, which he found in a deplorable condition, its revenues not only reduced by the mismanagement of his predecessors, but some of the estates usurped and alienated from the see by Bernard, the Norman Bishop of St. David's, and Richard, Bishop of Hereford. Urban, in 1119, appealed to Pope Calixtus II., who granted him circular letters to the king, the archbishop, and to other bishops and clergy, to contribute towards the restoration of his ruinous church. Having obtained a considerable sum, he pulled it down, and on the 11th of April, 1120, began the present structure. He not only completed the fabric, but built residences for himself and his canons, and

died in 1133, while on a journey to Rome in prosecution of suits for the recovery of the estates of which his see had been deprived; the pope, however, had already pronounced sentence in his favour.

Llandaf Cathedral has neither transepts nor central tower. The east end is terminated by a Lady Chapel. The original west front, now in a state of ruin, was flanked by two towers; the south tower was blown down by a storm in 1703, and nothing of it is left except a ruinous fragment of the bottom of the walls. The north tower still remains in tolerable preservation: it is square, very lofty, and of handsome perpendicular architecture; two sides of it rest on the walls of the Cathedral, but on the east and south it is supported by two arches which spring from a single pillar. Two buttresses, one in the wall, the other against the pillar, resist the outward pressure of the two arches, and each buttress represents a distorted figure bending beneath the heavy weight imposed on it. This northern tower was built by Jasper, Duke of Bedford, who was Lord of Glamorganshire, and uncle of Henry VII. He was created duke in 1485.

The Cathedral was repaired in 1751, when Bishop Cresset held the see. The repairs were exceedingly incongruous. A new west front of Italian architecture was built across the nave, which cut off the west end of the nave, and thus very considerably diminished the length of the church. The former west front and the portion of nave attached to it were not removed, but left to fall into decay, and this part now forms a sort of roofless vestibule to the actual church. On each side of the nave there has been a narrow aisle separated by slender clustered pillars with capitals of delicately sculptured foliage, supporting gothic arches, three of which yet remain on the north side. With the exception of the loss of the tower at the south angle, the original west front is almost entire, and is a fine specimen of Norman and gothic architecture. The western entrance is beneath a circular arch with rich Norman mouldings, and in the centre on a pillar which divided the doorway stands the figure of a bishop, with the pastoral staff in one hand and holding up the other in the act of benediction. Above the entrance is a range of five lofty lancet windows, of different sizes, the largest in the centre, above which is a range of lancet arcades diminishing in height on

each side from a tall central window. A cross surmounts the gable, beneath which is a recumbent figure, with a book in one hand and the other uplifted. On the north and south sides of the ruined nave are two Norman doorways, with circular arches; the mouldings of that on the north are very rich.

On entering the present church, the Italian façade of which intersects the ancient nave, the choir is seen to have been completely Italianized, but is of no determinate character of architecture. As a place of worship it is commodious and respectable, but in the worst taste as a restoration, or rather alteration. A colonnade of the Ionic order runs round the stalls, while the elegant pointed arches of the original edifice still separate the aisles from the choir. Even the altar was enclosed within a Grecian portico, which however was removed by order of the chapter in 1831. Wood, the architect, of Bath, seems to have been the designer of these injudicious alterations, which cost 7000*l*. The date of 1752, inscribed on the keystone above the new door, ascertains the date when they took place.

The Lady Chapel is unaltered, and is a very elegant gothic structure. Service is occasionally performed in it in the Welsh language, on which account it is commonly called the Welsh Chapel. The entire length of this chapel inside is fifty-seven feet and a half, the breadth twenty-four feet and a half, and the height about thirty feet. The building, when entire, according to Grose, measured two hundred and sixty-three feet in length, sixty-five feet in breadth, and one hundred and nineteen feet in height.

There are a few monuments. Some have probably been destroyed; some have been removed from their former situations, and placed within the modern church, but most of the inscriptions are obliterated or much defaced. There is a very fine tomb in the north aisle of the choir, with the remains of rich painting and gilding: it consists of two figures, male and female, in alabaster. The male is in armour, with his hands in the attitude of supplication, and a lion at his feet; the female is habited in a long loose robe, with ruffles round the arms; the head-dress is rich and singular. The base of the tomb is decorated with small figures chiefly in religious habits. An inscription in Latin shows that the figures are those of Christopher Matthew, Esq. and his wife, both of whom died in the year 1500. In the south aisle of the choir is a female finely sculptured in alabaster, habited in a long loose robe, which covers her feet. She is supposed to represent the wife of John, Lord Audley, who took an active part in suppressing the rebellion of Owen Glendower in the reign of Henry IV.

The chapter-house is on the south side of the Cathedral. It is a square room, each side of which is about thirty-six feet. The roof is supported by arches which spring from a pillar in the centre of the room.

The average net revenue of the bishopric of Llandaf, founded upon returns to the Church Inquiry Commissioners, for the seven years ending with 1835, is 1043*l*. 14*s*. 10*d*. By an order in council of the 12th of December, 1838, the future average annual income is to be 4200*l*., and to raise it to this amount 3150*l*. is to be paid to the bishop, by equal half-yearly payments, commencing with the next avoidance. The Bishop of Llandaf has no house of residence; till one is provided, the yearly sum of 300*l*. is to be paid, at the same times as the foregoing sum, to enable the bishop to provide himself with a temporary residence. The diocese includes Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire. The number of benefices is one hundred and ninety-four.

The chapter consists of the dean, chancellor, precentor, treasurer, and nine canons. The net revenue is 700*l*.; after all charges are defrayed, the surplus is divided into fourteen shares, of which the dean receives

two, and the other members one each. The average sum divided is 533*l*. All have separate revenues in addition.

THE SUPPLY OF WATER AT ROME.

In two or three of our earlier volumes we have given pictorial representations of some of the noble *aqueducts* built by the Romans for supplying their chief cities with water. A general sketch of the mechanical arrangements for this supply may, however, not be out of place.

The Romans appear to have been the first to adopt (on anything like a large scale) the use of aqueducts, properly so called. Yet there have been handed down to us a few accounts of ingenious contrivances, having a cognate character, in other countries. The city of Samos, in Greece, was thus supplied: a hill, nine hundred Greek feet high, was pierced by a tunnel four thousand two hundred feet long; the tunnel was eight feet high and as much in width; and in it was cut a deep channel for the conveyance of water from an abundant source to the city.

The Romans supplied not only their giant metropolis, but all their more important cities in Greece, in Gaul, in Spain, in Italy, and in Sicily, by means of aqueducts. These aqueducts were built for the most part of brick, and consisted of square piers, connected by semicircular arches, having a channel or course at the top for the flow of water. Whatever were the inequalities of the ground, the piers were built to such a height as would give a regular but very gradual descent to the water. The conduit or water-channel had a paved or tiled floor, and was enclosed laterally by walls of brick or stone, and covered with a transverse arch, or by a simple flat coping of stone. There were frequently serious difficulties to encounter; as, for instance, if the source of the water was much higher than the place at which it was to be delivered, and the distance too short to reduce the flow to a moderate velocity, the stream had to be carried in a winding direction, to diminish the rapidity of descent in a greater length; if this was not done, the pressure of the water from the head would have burst the covering of the aqueduct and inundated the country over which it was carried.

Some of these aqueducts were built as early as the year 313 B.C.; and the first (called *Aqua Claudia*) was begun by Appius Claudius; it ran almost entirely underground, and carried the water from a distance of about eight miles, in the direction of the Porta Capena, into the city of Rome. Other aqueducts were constructed during the Republic; but it was not until the establishment of the Empire that this kind of engineering reached its highest pitch of excellence. They began to be built mostly upon arches, having a gentle declivity towards the city. Augustus built two new aqueducts, and enlarged one of the old ones. Subsequent emperors added about half a dozen others, all leading into Rome by different directions. So excellent was the plan in which these aqueducts were conceived and executed, that even the ruins of them enable modern Rome to be supplied with water better than almost any other city on the Continent. Three of the ancient aqueducts yet remain, and carry an abundant supply of water into the capital; the popes having exerted their authority to keep these three in repair. The first of these is the *Aqua Vergine* (to call it by its modern Italian name), which comes from near the ancient Collatia, fourteen miles north of Rome; it supplies a great part of the lower town, and feeds thirteen public fountains. The second is the *Aqua Felice*, which comes from the east for the supply of the upper or eastern part of the town, and feeds twenty-seven public fountains. The third aqueduct, called *Aqua Paola*, enters Rome near

Mount Janiculus, and supplies the houses and the fountains not served by the other two aqueducts. It has been estimated that the supply of water thus conveyed to the city is greater than that furnished to a population six times as great at Paris.

These aqueducts of the ancient Romans were always deemed by them among the proudest monuments of their skill. One of their own writers said,—“If we consider attentively the quantities of water brought into the city for the use of the public, for baths, for fish-ponds, for private houses, for artificial lakes, for gardens in the neighbourhood of the city, and for villas; if we look also at the works which have been constructed for forming a regular channel for the water—arches raised up, mountains pierced with tunnels, and valleys filled up to a level—it must be acknowledged that there is nothing in the whole world more wonderful.” In the earlier centuries of the Roman power, indeed for upwards of four hundred years after the building of the city, the inhabitants were contented with the water of the Tiber, or what was drawn from wells in the city and its neighbourhood. But the great increase of the population rendering a more ample supply desirable, the censor Appius Claudius, as remarked in the last paragraph, commenced the aqueduct system, which afterwards led to such splendid works of art. The Aqua Martia extended for a distance of thirty-eight miles on a series of arches seventy feet high! the Aqua Julia and Aqua Tepula occupied two higher levels on part of the same structure which formed the Aqua Martia; the whole aqueduct above the arches being divided into three channels or stories. One of the aqueducts, the Aqua Claudia, ran thirty-six miles beneath the ground, then eleven miles on the surface, then went in a continuous vault for three miles, and afterwards on lofty arcades for seven more. All the aqueducts exhibited more or less of this stupendous engineering.

When the water, thus supplied by these numerous aqueducts, arrived at the great city, its distribution among the inhabitants was managed with much care and attention. The superintendence of this matter was always intrusted to an officer of high rank. In the reign of the Emperor Nerva the office was filled by Frontinus, who wrote a very minute account of the arrangements subsidiary to this object. The aqueducts were each charged with a certain number of pipes of supply; and no new pipe could be inserted without a special application to the emperor. Permission being obtained, the overseer assigned to the applicant a *calix* of definite dimensions; this *calix* was a brass cup-shaped meter fixed in the reservoir, the diameter of which regulated the quantity of water which passed through it: it was ordered to be made of brass, that it might not easily bend, and that there might be less room for fraud, either in the public or the individual, by enlarging or diminishing the prescribed aperture. Beyond the *calix* the pipe was private property; but more effectually to prevent fraud, it was ordained that for fifty feet from the *calix* the pipe and the *calix* were to be of the same diameter; and to prevent the breaking up of the public pipes, it was expressly provided that every person should draw water direct from one of the reservoirs in which the aqueducts terminated. The right to a supply of water was strictly personal, not attached to houses, so that the supply was cut off at every change of ownership. Each *calix* was the representative of one definite and uninterrupted supply of water, which fell as it were into public hands from time to time, and was sold by the superintendents to the highest bidders. If any of the inhabitants were too poor to pay for the use of a pipe leading from one of the reservoirs, they were obliged to fetch water from the public fountains.

It thus appears that ancient Rome combined two systems of water-supply: the modern European system of pipes from a reservoir, for those who could pay for this convenience; and the Oriental system of public fountains, for those of a poorer grade. As the number of the latter class, in so large a city as Rome, was necessarily very large, the fountains were extremely numerous; indeed, it is supposed that no other city in the world has ever been so abundantly supplied with fountains as was ancient Rome.

The existence of the magnificent aqueducts exhibited in many parts of southern Europe, having for their object the conveyance of water from one point to another in a course deviating only in a slight degree from a perfect level, has led to the opinion that the Romans were ignorant of the principle by which waterworks in England are regulated: that is, the power of water to ascend in a closed pipe to any height, provided it springs from a source of equal or greater height. The discoveries made at Pompeii, however, and other places, have shown this opinion to be erroneous. The want of suitable materials for making pipes of large bore, capable of sustaining the pressure to which they would be exposed, is a more probable explanation of the matter. There is, in fact, in the volumes relating to Pompeii, in the ‘Library of Entertaining Knowledge,’ a vertical section of a fountain, showing the mode in which the water flows into it; there is an ascending pipe, concealed at the hinder part of the fountain, through which the water flowed from a channel beneath into the reservoir. This is the very principle in question, on a small scale, and required nothing but suitable apparatus to be extended to a much larger.

The aqueducts, then, having brought the water into reservoirs within the city, and channels having been made to convey some of this water to the fountains for the use of the poorer citizens, the construction of the fountains themselves became an important part of the arrangement. Many of the Greek cities were supplied with such fountains: thus at Corinth there were several, of which one, near the statue of Diana, represented Pegasus, with the water flowing through his feet; another consisted of a bronze Neptune seated on a dolphin, from the mouth of which the water issued. But Italy far excelled Greece in this respect. At Pompeii not only were the streets provided with public fountains, but even the private houses were decorated with them; one of these, yet remaining, is encrusted with coloured glass and shells; and the fountain of water flowed from a large mask set on steps, placed within a large niche. At Rome itself the fountains were extremely numerous, and called forth all the talents of the architects and sculptors of those times. Many were highly decorated, of great magnitude, and much varied in their mode of ejecting the water with which they were supplied. Agrippa is said to have formed in one year seventy pools, a hundred and five fountains, and a hundred and thirty reservoirs.

We may remark that the aqueduct system is here and there observable among the remains of ancient art in various countries of the East. Pococke describes a work of this kind erected by Solomon, for conveying water from the pools and fountains near Bethlehem to Jerusalem. “The aqueduct,” he says, “is built on a foundation of stone; the water runs in round earthen pipes about ten inches diameter, which are cased with two stones, hewn out so as to fit them, and they are covered over with rough stones well cemented together; and the whole is so sunk into the ground on the side of the hills, that in many places nothing is to be seen of it.”

SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION.

THIS term is applied to a singular phenomenon which occasionally occurs in the human system. Many of the older medical writers spoke of a mysterious burning of the human body, which, as it seldom occurred, was frequently doubted. Cases however of a consuming or decomposition of various parts of the body during life, with the evolution of light, have been constantly put on record, and although often misrepresented by superstition and ignorance, the evidence of such a combustion of the human body is admitted as perfectly satisfactory by the best writers on medical jurisprudence of the present day.

One of the earliest well-authenticated cases put on record occurs in the Transactions of the Copenhagen Society. A woman of the lower classes, who had for three years used spirituous liquors to excess, and took little of any kind of food, sat down one evening on a chair to sleep, and was consumed during the night, so that next morning no part of her was found entire except the skull and the joints of her fingers; all the rest of the body was reduced to ashes. In the forty-third volume of the 'Philosophical Transactions' there is a case related which occurred in 1744. A woman of the name of Grace Pett, who was in the habit of getting up in the night to smoke by the kitchen fire, was found one morning by her daughter dead. The body was extended on the hearth with the legs on the deal floor, and it had the appearance of a log of wood consumed by a fire without apparent flame. The girl immediately ran and procured water to pour over the burning body, which produced a suffocating smoke and brought in the neighbours; but the woman was quite dead. The trunk was incinerated, and resembled a heap of coals covered with white ashes. The head, the arms, the legs, and the thighs had also participated in the burning. It is stated that she had that day drunk a large quantity of spirituous liquors. There was no fire in the grate, and the candle had burnt entirely out in the socket of the candlestick which was close to her. There were also found near the body the clothes of a child and a paper screen which had sustained no injury from the fire. Her dress consisted of a cotton gown.

Since the period at which this case was recorded many others have occurred to competent observers and been accurately described. Beck in his 'Medical Jurisprudence' gives references to twenty-eight cases, which are probably not more than half that have been related in various places. Dr. Apjohn, in the article "Spontaneous Human Combustion," in the 'Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine,' relates four cases which have occurred in Ireland within the present century. All were females and addicted to ardent spirits.

The following conclusions may be deduced from the various cases which have been related:—

1. The subjects were nearly all females. Of seventeen cases collected by Kopps, sixteen were females. Eight cases mentioned by Lair are all of the same sex. They were far advanced in life.

2. Most of the individuals had for a long time been addicted to the use of ardent spirits, and they were either very fat or very lean.

3. The combustion occurred accidentally and often from a slight cause, such as a candle, a coal, or even a spark.

4. The combustion proceeded with great rapidity, usually consuming the entire trunk, while the extremities, as the feet and hands, were occasionally left uninjured.

5. Water, instead of extinguishing the flames which proceeded from the parts on fire, sometimes gave them more activity.

6. The fire injured very slightly or not at all the combustible objects which were in contact with the human body at the moment when it was burning.

7. The combustion of these bodies left as a residuum fat fetid ashes, with an unctuous, stinking, and very penetrating soot.

8. The combustions have occurred at all seasons, and in northern as well as southern countries.

These facts being admitted, the question arises as to what is the nature of the process by which this decomposition of the body has been effected? That it is not an ordinary combustion of the body from external agents is very evident. Dr. Beck says "that large quantities of fuel are needed to convert the body to ashes. It is necessarily slow in its progress, and the heat required, being high, would extend itself to surrounding substances. The combustion also in ordinary cases would often be incomplete, and particularly so as to the bones. Again, if the body be not wholly unconsumed, there will be blisters, scars, &c. on various parts." It must therefore arise from some change in the chemical composition of the body, which favours its combustion at a lower temperature than usually occurs at the surface of the earth. All union of carbon, hydrogen, sulphur, phosphorus, &c. with oxygen, is combustion. This is constantly going on in the lungs of all animals, and generating animal heat. The heat evolved in this process is not sufficient to produce light, but if the temperature was exalted only a few degrees above that of the human body, it would be possible for light to be emitted, and this actually takes place in the burning of highly inflammable compounds, such as æther. There can, we think, be little doubt of the possibility of such a chemical composition of the blood and solids of the body taking place, under the influence of a stimulating compound containing the combustible elements carbon and hydrogen, which would under certain circumstances produce a slow combustion by contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere. Other theories have been advanced, but are not so free from objection as the one we have advanced above. Pierre Amie Lair and others attribute it to the impregnation of the tissues of the body with alcohol, but Fontenelle immersed pieces of meat for a length of time in alcohol, and could not consume them by setting fire to them. Maffei, Le Cat, and Kopp suppose it to be an electrical phenomenon. Marc, in the article "Spontaneous Combustion" in the 'Dictionnaire des Sciences Naturelles,' supposes that it may arise from inflammable gases, such as carburetted and phosphuretted hydrogen, generated in the human body; and the probability of this mode of production Dr. Apjohn is inclined to adopt.

The consideration of this subject may be the object of medico-legal inquiry; and although within a recent period it has not been brought before the courts of law, the following case indicates its relations in medical jurisprudence. It is related by Le Cat. The wife of the Sieur Millet of Rheims was in the habit of indulging in the use of ardent spirits, and the economy of her household was managed by a handsome female servant. On the 20th of February, 1725, she was found consumed at a distance of a foot and a half from the hearth in her kitchen. A part of the head only, with a portion of the lower extremities and a few of the vertebræ, had escaped combustion. A foot and a half of the flooring under the body had been consumed; but a kneading-trough and a tub which stood close by sustained no injury. Millet, being interrogated by the judges, stated that his wife had retired to rest with him, but had left him during the night; supposing she was warming herself by the kitchen fire, he fell asleep, but was awakened about two in the morning by a strong odour; and having repaired to

the kitchen, he found his wife in the state described. The judges, from the evidence, supposed he had conspired with the servant to kill his wife, and condemned him to death; but having appealed to a higher court, the circumstances were again examined, and the judgment reversed, the case having been pronounced one of spontaneous combustion.—*From the Supplement to the Penny Cyclopædia.*

Chinese Whale Fishery.—During the months of January and February, whales and their young resort to the coast of China, to the southward of Hailing shán, in great numbers; and during those months are pursued by the Chinese belonging to Haimán and the neighbouring islands with considerable success. The fish generally seemed to be in bad condition, and were covered with barnacles; and their object in resorting to that part of the coast during that season is probably to obtain food for themselves and young, from the great quantity of squid, cuttle, and blubber fish which abound, and perhaps also to roll on the numerous sand-banks on the coasts, in order to clear their skin of the barnacles and other animals which torment them. They are often seen leaping their whole length out of the water, and coming down perpendicularly so as to strike hard against the bottom. It is an exciting scene to see these boats out, in fleets of from 50 to 70, scattered over the bays as far as the eye can reach, under full sail, cruising about in search of their prey. Some steer straight ahead with the crew facing in different directions observing the boats in their company, and leaving no chance of a spout escaping unnoticed. Upon others, the harpooner may be seen leaning over the bow ready to strike, and occasionally waving his right or left hand to direct the helmsman after the fish in its various turnings, the strictest silence being observed. The boats are admirably adapted for following up the fish, as they sail well, make little noise in going through the water, and may be turned round and round in half the time and space that a foreign boat occupies. They are of different sizes; the smallest are about three tons, and the largest about twenty-five, carrying two small boats on her deck, and a crew of twelve men, of light draught of water and good length. On the bow is a crook-piece of timber, supported by a stanchion, which serves as a rest for the harpoon when not wanted; it enables the harpooner to stretch well over the bow, and see the fish as they pass below the boat. In this position they are struck, for the weight of the harpoon prevents its being thrown any distance. Aft the mainmast, the deck is rounded so as to form the roof of the cabin; on its top the whale-line is coiled. The harpoon has only one barb, and about fifteen inches from the point of the iron it is made with a socket; above which an eye is wrought, with a cord attached to the iron, to which the whale-line is fastened, and stopped slack along the wooden shaft, so that when the fish is struck, the iron and the line tighten, the shaft draws out, and leaves less chance of the iron cutting out or losing its hold of the skin of the fish. The whale-line is made of native hemp, and is about sixty or seventy fathoms long, and from four to six inches in circumference, according to the size of the boat. Great length of line is not required by them, for there is shoal-water all along the coast for many miles to seaward. One end of the line is fastened round the mainmast, the remainder is coiled away on the top of the house, and carried forward to the harpoon in the bow, where it is made fast, leaving a few fathoms of slack line. The boats come out of the different harbours at daylight, and spread themselves along the coast; as soon as a fish is seen blowing, away they go in chase. If fortunate enough to get it fast, the sails are lowered, the bight of the line got aft, the rudder unshipped, and the boat allowed to tow stern foremost. The rest of the fleet, seeing the sail lowered, come up to assist; and as the fish now keeps pretty much on the surface in its struggle to get away, they soon manage to fasten eight or ten harpoons into it, and in a couple of hours or so it is dead from wounds and the loss of blood. They always strike the fish a little behind the blowhole, on the top of the back. When the fish is dead, it is lashed alongside one or two of the boats to float it, and to allow the others to make their lines fast to the tail, and tow it on shore. It is surprising that the boats are not stove in or completely destroyed from their manner of attacking the fish, i. e. sailing right over it and then striking it; but from the cool way in which the Chinese manage the whole affair, I have no doubt that personal accidents occur more seldom than with our fishermen. Their

greatest danger is when two or three whales are struck together, in the same place, and swim round and over each other, so as to foul the lines. The boats are then drawn against each other, and over the fish, and run great risk of being soon swamped and stove in pieces. In one instance of this sort that fell under my observation, they had three of their boats swamped, but managed to clear the lines, and kill the fish in a most dexterous manner, after which some of the spare boats returned, and towed the damaged boats on shore. They had no lances in their boats, nor in fact any other weapon except the harpoons, which they refused to sell at any price. All the boats had parts of the whale's flesh salted, which they used as provisions. They refused to give any account of what use they made of the fish, and in general were not disposed to be very civil to strangers, which might arise from jealousy, or a fear of our interfering with their fishery. The fish are, I believe, what whalers call the right whale, and were calculated by those on board to yield on an average fifty barrels of oil each.—*S. in Simmonds's Colonial Magazine.*

Agriculture in Nova Scotia.—As soon as the ground is clear from snow, the farmer is busily employed in piling his summer fruit, securing his sheds and other winter apparatus about the house, clearing his drains and setting up his fences. These fences are either walls of loose stones, or rough trunks or poles placed in a variety of ways: in winter they are frequently thrown down in order to allow a free track for the passage of sleds over the snow, and always required to be fixed afresh in spring. Much labour and expense is thus annually incurred beyond that which is called for in clipping an English hedge: but the readiness with which poles are procured from the woods, the facility offered of shifting the pole-fence in any desired direction, and still more, the expense and trouble upon first rearing a hedge where no such thing has been ever planted before, are the reasons which induced the employment of timber fences, even where a farm is at some distance from the forest: hedges, however, are slowly creeping up in the best cultivated districts. Ploughing, sheep-shearing, and seed-time occupy every moment from the middle of April to the middle of June, and attending to the garden and field-crops, and removing the accumulated refuse of winter bring the farmer to the mowing season before he is nearly ready for it. The scythe comes into play in the middle of July; and in some seasons I have seen the hay left rotting on the ground for want of time to secure it before the speedy ripening of the grain obliged the husbandman to employ the sickle. The sheaves are commonly brought into the barn, or stacked by the middle of September. Digging potatoes, gathering Indian corn, and fall-ploughing, both for winter grain and as a preparation for the soil against the following spring, occupy the farmer till frost and snow compel him to put on mitts and woollens, and labour with his axe in the woods in order to provide fuel and fencing-poles, which he brings home as soon as the snow renders hauling easy. Amid such a variety of work, there is but little time left for attention to neatness; much, however, might be done which is now neglected. The larger quantity of land under cultivation, in proportion to the number of hands employed upon it, is another cause not only of slovenly farming, but of the general inferiority of produce, both in quantity and quality, below the real capabilities of the soil.—*Moorson's Letters from Nova Scotia.*

Food in the Western Prairies.—The Indians subsist on fish and acorns of the white oak. The former they eat fresh during the summer; but their winter stores they dry and preserve in the following manner:—The spine of the fish being taken out, and the flesh being slashed into cheeks with a knife, so as to expose as much surface as possible, is laid on the rocks to dry. After becoming thoroughly hard, it is bruised to powder, mixed with the oil of the leaf fat of the fish, and packed away in flag sacks. Although no salt is used in this preparation, it remains good till May of the following year. The acorns, as soon as they fall from the trees, are buried in sand constantly saturated with water, where they remain till spring. By this soaking their bitter flavour is said to be destroyed.—*Farnham's Travels in the Great Western Prairies.* *



THE BRITISH VALHALLA.

NO. VII.—UNION OF THE RACES
(Concluded.)



ABOUT three months after this great synod at Winchester, Matilda came to London, to prepare for her solemn coronation in Westminster Abbey. The citizens would not admit her until the great Earl of Gloucester had pledged his word that their liberties should be respected, and their trade and industry protected. As soon as they saw that Matilda was tyrannically disposed, and that Stephen's queen, the good Maud, was collecting troops on the south side of the Thames for her imprisoned husband, they rose against the Beau-

clerc's imperious daughter, and drove her from London, not only uncrowned, but almost without a change of raiment. One fine summer's day, about the hour of noon, when she had been only a very few days in London, all the church bells sounded the alarm, and all the people of the city ran to arms. From every house there went forth one man at least with his weapon in his hand. They gathered in the streets, says the author of the 'Gesta Stephani,' like bees rushing from their hives. Matilda, who was about to sit down to dinner, had a very narrow escape: she mounted her horse, galloped through the western suburbs, and so got upon the road that led to Oxford. She never saw London again.

It was chiefly the Londoners and their money that kept the king's party together. When Stephen obtained his liberty, by being exchanged for the Earl of Gloucester, whom the varying fortune of war had

made a prisoner, the citizens zealously supported him. On one single occasion they sent forth to his assistance two thousand fighting men, armed cap-à-pie, and mounted like knights; and, doubtlessly, many of the great civic troop had been duly admitted into the honours of chivalry by the king. These facts—and others might be mentioned—raised the character and reputation of the Londoners, and with them the spirit of the third estate in all parts of the kingdom.

When it seemed that this civil war was to be interminable, and that no reliable protection was to be expected from any party, the burghers and free denizens of many towns entered into leagues with one another in order to resist the baronial fury, and the plundering and ferocious bands of Angevins, Bretons, Brabanters, and other foreign mercenaries, who were brought into our island either by the empress-queen or by the king. The writers of the time afford us no certain light whereby to judge of the nature and extent of these popular leagues; but it appears to have been mainly owing to them, and to the resolution of the citizens to trust to their own arms for their own safety, that every city and town in England was not at one time or another plundered and burned. In many parts of the country the open villages and hamlets entirely disappeared.

William of Malmesbury, who died in the reign of Stephen, after describing the peculiarities of manners and habits which originally distinguished the Normans from the English, and the English from the Normans, says that this diversity had been in good part obliterated even at the time when he wrote, which was about eighty years after the Conquest, and certainly not more. Each people had naturally and of necessity adopted something from the other: the Normans had acquired habits of hospitality and conviviality from the English; the English had copied much from the Normans besides the fashions of dress and modes of living. The two races must, therefore, have come by this time to live with each other in common and familiar association. When Henry Plantagenet quietly succeeded to the throne on the death of Stephen, and began his remarkable and (for England at least) long and happy reign as Henry II., the English were re-admitted to offices of the highest honour and profit in the state, and intermarriages had taken place between the two races to an immense extent. The chronicler Ailred, who lived in this reign, observes that England had now not only a king, but many bishops and abbots, many great earls and noble knights, who, being descended both from the Norman and English blood, were an honour to the one and a comfort to the other. But all these magnates of mixed blood called themselves Englishmen, and took pride in a name which, during the first years after the Conquest, had been considered as a term of degradation and reproach.

The most powerful churchman, the most remarkable man of his country or of the times in which he lived—the priest that was strong enough to contend with the powerful, able, and popular Henry II.—was of the Saxon race, a native of the city of London, and the son of a London merchant. The traditionary history of the family and birth of Thomas à Becket is highly romantic and picturesque. His father, Gilbert Becket or Beckie, who was born in London either at the end of the reign of the Conqueror or during the reign of William Rufus, went to the Holy Land during the reign of Henry I. It has been stated, but more upon conjecture than upon any contemporary proof, that he went in the train of some great Norman lord or crusading knight; but it appears to be quite as probable that he was carried to Palestine by his own devotion, and his commercial and enterprising spirit, and that he was a merchant of some substance before he went. Such

journeys, undertaken by men of his class, had not been uncommon even in the old Saxon times; they were rather frequent between the time of the Conquest and the time of the first Crusade, and when the Crusaders had obtained by conquest a firm establishment in Palestine with possession of all the seaports of that country, such journeys certainly became very common. Trade and devotion have often travelled together, and thrived together. In all the countries of the East, a good portion of the pilgrims to holy places were, and still are, traffickers. The shrines, the holy wells, the fountain-heads of rivers, the sacred islands, whether on the Nile or elsewhere, the holy mounts, and all other places that were reputed holy and attracted pilgrims to them, became either the regular seats of commerce, or the scenes of great annual fairs, for the interchange of commodities, often brought from very distant districts and from countries much varying in soil, production, and manufactures. Perhaps Gilbert Becket, like other merchant-pilgrims from England, may, for the sake of protection, have enrolled himself under the banner of some great Norman knight. While in the Holy Land, he had the misfortune to be taken prisoner by the Saracens, who generally made domestic slaves of the captives of their sword. Gilbert is represented as living in a state of slavery in the house of an Emir or Mohammedan chief; but as the romantic story goes, the fair daughter of the Emir fell in love with his handsome person, and assisted him in making his escape; and when he was gone, finding that she could not live without him, she fled from her father's house and from her own sunny climate, to seek her lover through the unknown countries of the West; and knowing only two words that were intelligible to European ears, her lover's name and the name of his birthplace and home, she repeated wherever she went, "London! London! Gilbert! Gilbert!" Having, after many dangers and strange adventures, reached the English capital, she went from street to street, calling upon Gilbert, and weeping for that she could not find him. Her Eastern dress, her beauty, and her helpless condition drew crowds around her, and excited the sympathy of some good Londoners; and at last her lover was either found out for her, or he met her in the streets as she was calling his name. Such lasting and heroic love could not go unrewarded, and Becket, now a very thriving citizen, resolved to make the Syrian maiden his wife. But first she must renounce Mohammed and the Koran. She was speedily converted and baptized; and then married to Gilbert. The story struck the fancy of the artists and illuminators, and the baptism of the fair Syrian and her espousals seem to have been delineated and repeated in a good many old manuscripts. Specimens of these designs, taken from one of the royal manuscripts in the British Museum, will be found in the 'Pictorial History of England.'*

From this romantic marriage proceeded the great Thomas à Becket, who was born in London, in or about the year 1119. The boy was gifted with an extraordinary intelligence, a handsome person, and most prepossessing manners; and his prosperous father gave him all the advantages of education. He studied successively at Merton Abbey, London, Oxford, and Paris. In the French capital he applied himself to civil law, and acquired as perfect a mastery and as pure a pronunciation of the French language as any, the best educated, of the Norman nobles and officers. While yet a very young man, he was employed as clerk in the office of the sheriff of London, and probably acted as under-sheriff, a post then requiring much knowledge of law, and which was in after times occupied by Sir

Thomas More. While in the sheriff's office, he attracted the notice of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, a learned Norman, who had previously been prior of the great Benedictine abbey of Bec. Before this acquaintance with the primate began, the handsome and alert Thomas had become the intimate friend of a great baron who resided near London; and with this lord he rode, hunted, and hawked, and enjoyed all the other pleasures which were then considered as a monopoly of the aristocracy. He was qualified for the military profession and the honours of knighthood, but Archbishop Theobald, who conceived a great affection for him, advised him to take orders and to continue the study of law, all lawyers and judges being at that time chosen out of the priesthood. Thomas followed the primate's advice, and went to complete his study of the civil law at the then famous school of Bologna. After profiting by the lessons of the learned Gratian, and making himself master of the Italian language, Becket recrossed the Alps, and stayed some time at Auxerre in Burgundy, to attend the lectures of another celebrated law professor. On his return to London, he took deacon's orders, and his powerful patron, the archbishop, gave him some valuable church preferment, free from the necessity of residence and the performance of any church duties. Not long after this, Theobald having some important negotiations to conclude at the court of Rome, sent Thomas à Becket to the pope as the best qualified person he knew. The young diplomatist acquitted himself with great ability and complete success, obtaining from the pontiff a prohibitory bull which defeated the design of crowning Prince Eustace, the son of King Stephen, and which most materially contributed to put an end to the long and destructive civil war, and to place the brave and accomplished Henry II. peacefully on the English throne. Becket's services were not forgotten by the Empress Matilda and the house of Plantagenet. On Henry's accession, in 1154, Archbishop Theobald had all the authority of prime minister, but being old and infirm, delegated the most of it to the active and able Becket, who was made Chancellor of the Kingdom in 1156, being the first Englishman since the Conquest that reached any eminent office under government. At the same time, King Henry, who was charmed with his wit, and who already preferred his services and society to those of any other man, whether French or English or of the mixed race, appointed him preceptor of the heir of the crown, and gave him the wardenship of the Tower of London, the castle of Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire, and the honour of Eye in Lincolnshire, with three hundred and forty knights' fees. His revenue, flowing in from so many sources, was immense; and no man ever spent money more freely or magnificently, or, for that time, with so much taste. He was the Cardinal Wolsey of an earlier and ruder but more picturesque age. His house was a palace. It was stocked with the choicest hangings and furniture, with vessels of gold and silver; it was constantly frequented by numberless guests of all goodly ranks from barons and earls to knights and pages and feudal retainers—of which last classes he had many hundreds that were his immediate vassals. His tables were spread with the choicest viands, his cups of silver and gold were filled with the choicest wines, the richest dresses were allotted to his pages and serving men. There was a never ceasing exercise of hospitality; his feasts were more frequent and more splendid than those of any baron in the land—they were all but equal to those of the king. Mixed with this magnificence of the twelfth century there were of course certain things which would nowadays be considered as capital wants of common comfort.

The walls of the room were hung with costly tapestry, the hanging roofs were beautiful and rich, but the floors were strewn with rushes or with hay and straw like stables. The minute biographer of à Becket relates that as the number of guests was oftentimes greater than could find place at table, my Lord Chancellor ordered that the floor should be every day covered with fresh hay or straw, in order that those who sat upon it to eat their dinners might not soil their dresses.* The chancellor's out-door appearance was still more splendid. Like Cardinal Wolsey he environed the office of chancellor with all possible dignity and splendour, and never went to the court without having an immense retinue with him. On his foreign embassies he travelled like a king, and perhaps with more magnificence than any king in Europe, with the exception of his own master, could have displayed. When he went on his famous embassy to Paris he took with him for his own use twenty changes of rich apparel; and he was attended by many great barons, two hundred knights, and a host of domestics, all richly armed and attired. As he travelled through France, his train of baggage-waggons and sumpter-horses, his huntsmen and falconers with his hounds and hawks, excited the wonderment of all beholders. Whenever he entered a town, the ambassadorial procession was led by two hundred and fifty boys singing national songs; then followed his hounds, led in couples; and then eight waggons, each with five large horses, and five drivers in new frocks. Every wagon was covered with skins, and guarded by two soldiers and one fierce mastiff. Two of these waggons were loaded with that wine of Ceres, the generous old English ale, to be given to the people of the country. One carried the vessels and furniture of his chapel, another of his bed-chamber; a fifth was loaded with his kitchen apparatus; a sixth carried his plate and wardrobe; and the remaining two waggons were devoted to the use of his household servants. Some of the grotesqueness of the time entered into this splendour. After the waggons came twelve sumpter-horses, *a monkey riding on each, with a groom behind on his knees*. Then came the esquires, carrying the shields, and leading the war-horses of their respective knights; then other esquires (youths of gentle birth nurtured in Becket's house), falconers, officers of the household, knights and priests; and last of all appeared the great chancellor himself, with his noblest and most familiar friends. The picture is not the less imposing on account of its quaint and grotesque features. In the hands of a painter who would boldly throw aside prescriptive rules and conventionalities, Thomas à Becket on his French embassy would be a noble subject. As Becket passed from town to town in this guise the French people were heard to exclaim, "What manner of man must the King of England be, when his chancellor can travel with so much state."†

At home, this exaltation and splendour of a man of the Saxon race, the son of a London citizen and trader, evidently gave satisfaction to the mass of the English people, for he was to all intents their countryman, and in a manner of their own class and condition. At the same time the Angevin-born king encouraged all his pomp and magnificence, though he sometimes twitted the chancellor on the finery of his attire. All such offices of regal government as were not performed by the ready and indefatigable king himself, were left to Becket, who had no competitor in authority and no rival in the royal favour or in the favour and consider-

* Fitz-Stephen. This amusing biographer was Becket's own secretary. He was a monk of Canterbury, a native of England, but of Norman or mixed descent.

† Fitz-Stephen.

ation of the people. Henry and his minister lived together like brothers. According to a contemporary, who knew more of Henry than any other that has written about him, it was notorious to all men that he and à Becket were "*cor unum et animam unam*" (of one heart and one mind in all things).* The chancellor was an admirable horseman, and expert in hunting and hawking and in all the sports of the field. These accomplishments, and a never failing wit and vivacity, made him the constant companion of the king's leisure hours, and the sharer (it is hinted) in less innocent pleasures than hunting and hawking—for Henry, who had married a princess of a very indifferent character for the sake of the dominions she brought him, was a very unfaithful husband, and the general licentiousness of the time was great. More than once à Becket accompanied Henry in his wars in the south of France, and at several sieges he is said to have displayed his fearlessness and activity in being the first man to mount the breach.

At the same time it is universally admitted that Becket was an able and honest minister, and that his administration was not only advantageous to his master, but, on the whole, extremely beneficial to the nation. He took a pride in protecting the quiet citizen against the violent man of war; and the experience of his father, and the things he had seen in his father's house and in the city of London in his early days, had given him a sense of the importance of trade and industry. The envy of the aristocracy only bound him the more to the cause of the people, or of that portion of them who were free men, and who were slowly but gradually and surely forming the broad basis of our tiers état. Most of the excellent measures which distinguished the early part of the reign of Henry II. have been attributed to Becket's advice, discriminating genius, good intentions, and patriotism. We must not look for perfect legislature in such a period, or expect to find in the twelfth the political or public economy of the nineteenth century; but during Becket's administration internal tranquillity was restored to a country that had scarcely had a glimpse of that blessing for the space of twenty years, the baronial power was curbed, better judges were appointed, the currency, which had been alloyed and spoilt in the time of Stephen, was reformed, and trade with foreign countries was protected and encouraged. A charter was granted confirming the liberties and privileges of the citizens of London, who had valourously proved in the preceding reign their importance in the state. Fitz-Stephen says that there was nowhere so much trade, that no city in the world sent out its merchandise to so great a distance; that the London citizens were distinguished above all others in England for the elegance of their manners and dress, and the magnificence of their tables. There were already thirteen large conventual churches and one hundred and thirty-six parochial churches within the city and suburbs. It was in fact during this reign that London first became decidedly, what Fitz-Stephen calls it, the capital of the kingdom of England. But other trading cities were rapidly rising in importance, as Bristol, Gloucester, Winchester, Chester, Dunwich, Norwich, Lynn, Lincoln, and Whitby. Great attention was paid to the commercial navy, which was entirely manned by men of the Saxon or mixed race; and the frequent use Henry was obliged to make of this shipping in conveying his troops and stores to the Continent, and in attacking maritime towns, taught him to consider the naval force of England as an important arm of its strength. The commerce of England had never been so great since the departure of the Romans as it

became during the reign of Henry II. And perhaps it had not so flourished even in the best time of the Roman dominion. The enriched citizens of London lived like barons and were frequently called so; and already some of the noblest of the aristocracy contracted matrimonial alliances with them. The two races were now entirely forgetting their old animosities, were coalescing into one undivided and indivisible nation, and under the common name of Englishman they had all English feelings, and were already beginning to show a spirit of resistance to all arbitrary power, and a knowledge and love of free institutions. The Barons who obtained from King John the signing of the *Magna Charta*, were born, bred, and educated under Henry II. The pictures of society which Sir Walter Scott drew in his romance of 'Ivanhoe' would, for the most part, have been correct enough if he had fixed the period of his story in the reign of Stephen, but they are incorrect and an anachronism as applied to the times which followed the thirty-four happy years of the reign of Henry II. When Henry's son Richard I. came to the throne the distinctions and jealousies between the two races had almost entirely disappeared, and the men of Saxon lineage, instead of being the despised and oppressed race that they are represented to be in the romance, were esteemed equally with men of Norman lineage. The distinctive names had ceased to be used: there were no more Normans and Saxons—all were alike English, and alike proud of the name. The distinctions which existed were between classes, not between races. A baron and his men-at-arms might be haughty, arrogant, insolent, and cruelly oppressive towards poor people in the days of Richard I., but it was because the common people were *serfs*, and not because they were *Saxons*. The poor people fared no better in any other country in Europe—nay, in most, if not all, they fared much worse.

It does not enter into our present object to dwell upon the life of Thomas à Becket, the sudden change which came over him on being made Archbishop of Canterbury (he being the first primate of English birth since the Conquest), his fearless demeanour at the council of Clarendon, his flight, long exile, and triumphant return; for, though no life more abounds in picture, the subjects are not altogether suited to our national Valhalla; and we at present are treating of Becket simply as one of the great causes that brought about the union and identification of the two races. But his death or martyrdom had an influence over the completion of that union, and the subject, though grim, is grandly picturesque.

King Henry, incensed at reports which were carried to him on the Continent of Becket's conduct after his return to England and restoration to the see of Canterbury, exclaimed in his first fury—"How! a fellow that has eaten my bread, a beggar that first came to my court on a lame horse, dares insult his king, and tread upon the whole kingdom, and not one of the cowards I nourish at my table—not one will deliver me from this turbulent priest!" Reginald Fitzurse, William Tracy, Hugh de Morville, and Richard Brito, who are described by a contemporary as being barons and servants of the king's bed-chamber, took this outburst of temper as a sufficient warrant for violent proceedings, and, without speaking to the king, they secretly hurried over to England, binding themselves together by an oath to rid the king of the turbulent priest, who had made the pastoral crook sharper and stronger than the sword, and who for eight long years had disturbed the peace of their master. Three days after Christmas-day (A. D. 1170) they arrived at Saltwood, in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, and there

* *Petrus Blesensis, or Peter of Blais.*

privately collected a number of adherents to quell the resistance of Becket's attendants and the town-people, in case any should be offered. On the following day, the 29th of December, about two hours after noon, they went to the archbishop's palace in Canterbury, and entering his apartment abruptly, seated themselves on the floor, without saluting him or offering him any sign of respect. There were twelve men of the party, besides the four knights. The archbishop saluted them all, but they returned not the salute either by word or by gesture. There was a pause—the knights not knowing how to begin, and not one of them liking to speak first. At length, à Becket asked what they would have of him: but still they sat on the rushes gazing at him with haggard eyes, but speaking no word, and the archbishop's people, and his chaplain and monks, gazed at the mailed men with amazement and terror. At last Reginald Fitzurse feigned a commission from the king, and thus spake:—"We come that you may absolve the English bishops you have excommunicated, re-establish the bishops whom you have suspended, and answer for your own offences against the king." The primate replied with boldness and with great warmth, not sparing taunts and invectives. He said he could not remove the excommunication which he had pronounced by order of the pope, but that he would remove the censures and suspensions if the bishops who had incurred them would swear to submit to the decisions of Rome. "But of whom then," demanded Reginald Fitzurse, "do you hold your archbishopric—of the king or the pope?" "I owe the spiritual rights to God and the pope, and the temporal rights to the king," was à Becket's reply, which was conformable to the doctrine of all churchmen in that day. "How! Is it not the king that hath given you all?" Becket's decided negative was received with loud murmurs, and the knights furiously twisted their long hard gauntlets. Three out of the four knights had followed à Becket in the days of his prosperity and vain glory, and had vowed themselves his liegemen. He recalled the fact to their memory, telling them that it ill became such as they to threaten him in his own house, and that if he were threatened by all the swords in England he would not yield. "We will do more than threaten," replied the knights, and then departed. The twelve men that had come with them followed the knights, and anon other voices without were crying, "To arms! To arms!" (This scene in the house, which we have never seen attempted by any one, seems to us quite as striking as the martyrdom in the church, which has been painted so often.)

So soon as the stern intruders were gone out of the apartment, the archbishop's people closed the door upon them and made it fast. The four knights soon returned with their swords drawn, and with all their accomplices armed. They found that the gate had been locked and barred. There was a carpenter quietly pursuing his labours close at hand, and seizing this man's ponderous axe, Reginald Fitzurse smote upon the gate till the whole building rang with the noise. The strong gate might have offered some considerable resistance, but Robert de Brock showed them the way in at a window. The terrified people about Becket had in vain urged him to take refuge in the cathedral church, but at this moment the voices of the monks singing vespers in the choir striking his ear, he said, "Since now it is my duty, I will go to the church." And making his cross-bearers precede him, with the crucifix elevated, he traversed the cloister with slow and measured steps, and entered the church. His servants would have closed and fastened the doors, but he forbade them, saying that the house of God was not to be barriadoed like a castle. He had passed through

the north transept, and was descending the steps which led to the choir, when Reginald Fitzurse appeared at the other end of the church, waving his great sword and shouting, "Follow me, loyal servants of the king!" And the other conspirators followed him closely, armed like himself from head to foot. The shades of evening had fallen, and in the obscurity of the fast church, which was only broken here and there by a lamp glimmering before a shrine, à Becket might easily have withdrawn, and have hid himself in the dark and intricate crypts underground, or beneath the roof of the old church, to which access was given by a narrow winding staircase. Each of these courses was suggested by the monks and his other attendants, who knew all the secrets of the place, which were little known to the conspirators; but the archbishop, who, on Christmas-day, had preached in the church upon the text, *Venio ad vos mori inter vos*—I come to you to die among you—had made up his mind to die the death of a martyr, and rejecting the advice of his followers, he turned boldly to meet the intruders, accompanied by his cross-bearer, the faithful Edward Gryme, the only one of his attendants who did not now flee from him for safety. An unknown voice shouted, "Where is the traitor?" Becket answered not; but when Reginald Fitzurse said, "Where is the archbishop?" he replied, "Here am I, an archbishop, but no traitor, ready to suffer in my Saviour's name." William Tracy pulled him by the sleeve, saying, "Come hither, thou art a prisoner." He pulled back his arm with so strong a jerk, that he made Tracy stagger forward. Then the archbishop received from behind a stroke from the flat of a sword, which did him no arm; and he that gave it said, "Fly, or thou art but a dead man!" "No," said he, "I will not move hence! Do unto me here in the church that which you have undertaken to do!" The conspirators probably wished him to fly out of England, as he had once done before; and while some bade him go, others entreated him to go quietly along with them out of the church. These men seem really entitled to the benefit of a doubt as to whether they really intended a murder, or were not rather hurried into it by his obstinacy and provoking language. Addressing Reginald Fitzurse, he said, "I have done thee many pleasures; why comest thou with armed men into my church?" They told him again that he must absolve the loyal bishops. "Never, until they have offered satisfaction," was his answer; and he applied a foul vituperative term to Fitzurse. "Then die!" exclaimed that knight, striking at his head in a sudden and great passion. The true-hearted and bold-hearted Edward Gryme, the cross-bearer, interposed his arm to save his master: the arm was broken, or nearly cut off; and the stroke descending with mitigated force, only slightly wounded the archbishop's head. Then another voice cried, "Fly, or thou diest!" Becket moved not, but with the blood running down his face, he clasped his hands, and bowing his head, exclaimed, "To God, St. Mary, to the holy patrons of this church, and to St. Denis, I commend my soul and the church's cause!" Then one of the four knights shouted, "Strike! Strike the rest of ye!" A second stroke brought him to the ground, close to the foot of St. Bennet's altar; a third, given with such force that the sword was broken against the stone pavement, cleft his skull. One of the followers of the knights put his foot on his neck and cried, "Thus perishes a traitor!" The conspirators then withdrew, without encountering any hindrance or molestation. They went to Knareborough, but finding themselves shunned by all men, they soon fled out of England. They all ended their days as penitents at Jerusalem, and this inscription, in

Latin, was put upon their tomb, "Here lie the wretches who murdered Saint Thomas of Canterbury." The faithful Edward Gryme was himself the relater of many of these tragical details; and all the rest of the story is told by contemporary writers, like à Becket's secretary, Fitz-Stephen, or by chroniclers who lived very near the time. There is little doubt that the narrative is as correct as it is striking, tragical, and picturesque.

The crown of martyrdom which he had coveted was speedily awarded to the late archbishop; the king soon found himself compelled to go as a penitent to Canterbury, and there submit to a flagellation from the monks; and from that time forward no shrine was so frequented by pilgrims, or so much enriched by them, as the shrine of the blessed St. Thomas. The greatest of English churchmen while alive became the greatest of English saints when dead. In the reverence that was paid to him patriotism was mingled with devotion. He would not have occupied so brilliant a position in English hagiology and martyrology, if he had not been a born Englishman and a man of the people. But all classes worshipped at his tomb, and wept and prayed over his relics; and in the frequent pilgrimages from every part of the land, men of every class and condition travelled together, and were brought for the time to a footing of equality by the devotion that was common to all of them. When Chaucer, more than two hundred years after the death of à Becket, wrote his exquisite prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales,' the pilgrimages to Canterbury were as frequent as ever, and the same familiarity and temporary equality existed between the different classes of society. These frequent pilgrimages indisputably contributed to do away with the few remaining distinctions between race and race.

The wars of the time contributed to the same end. They were waged on the Continent with English, Norman, and Angevin troops, all united together under the standard of one victorious prince, against the armies of the French king, the armies of the Count of Toulouse, and the insurgents of Aquitaine, who, encouraged by the French court, were constantly endeavouring to give independence to their country, which Henry could only claim in right of his wife Eleanor. In these long wars, which never disturbed the internal peace of England, the armies he carried over with him from our islands were noted as the finest troops in the world; they never fought a battle of any consequence without winning it; and in their various campaigns they secured him in possession of the whole of the western side of France, from the shores of the English Channel to the foot of the Pyrenees. His Angevins and Normans were frequently unsteady, and even unfaithful; but there was no instance of a native English army failing to do its duty. The harmony which existed among these his insular forces is in itself good proof that the old distinctions of races were obliterated.

The conquest of Ireland, which was made during this reign, at the expense of very little war, also contributed to enlarge the commerce of England, and to complete the identification of the Norman and Saxon parts of the nation. Moreover, the pope who sanctioned that conquest, and gave Henry a bull wherein all the people of Ireland were charged to submit to him as their sovereign lord, was an Englishman—and the only Englishman that ever wore the triple crown of Rome. The family name of this pope (Adrian IV.) denotes his Saxon origin. It was Breakspear, a name still common in some parts of England, where the Saxon blood has been least mixed. He had been a monk, and a great traveller. He maintained the dig-

nity and prerogatives of his station quite as much as any preceding pope had done, even without excepting Gregory VII. He found the city of Rome in a state of anarchy, and he left it tranquil and in good order. This co-existence of an English pontiff with so great an English king as Henry II. tended to raise the reputation of this country throughout Europe.

The French king, who was so often humbled by his arms, was once heard to exclaim, "This King of England neither rides on land nor sails on water, but flies through the air like a bird. In a moment he flits from Ireland to England, in another from England to France!" The French wars of Henry, and his negotiations in that country, are fertile in subjects for the pencil.

The usual place of conference for the two rival sovereigns was under an old elm-tree between the towns of Trie and Gisors. The tree stood in an open plain: it is described by the old French chroniclers as being a venerable elm of most grateful aspect, the branches of which descended to the earth. It was the centre of the primitive scene where the French kings and the Norman dukes had been accustomed for some generations to hold their parleys for truce or peace. Here Henry entered into several treaties, which were no better observed than the old ones had been. There was a grand meeting here in 1188, when William, the eloquent and enthusiastic Archbishop of Tyre, attended, with many bishops and priests, to preach a new Crusade, and to animate the two kings to take up arms against the great Saladin, who had driven the Christians of the West out of Jerusalem, and reconquered nearly the whole of Palestine. Some of these churchmen had witnessed with their own eyes the reverses and dangers they described; and kings, lords, and common soldiers listened to their narrations with streaming eyes. And quick!—there, in the shadow of the venerable elm, a treaty of peace was signed between them, and King Henry and King Philip swore to be brothers in arms for the cause of God; and, to seal their voluntary engagement, each took the cross from the hands of the Archbishop of Tyre and attached it to his dress, pledging the vow of the true Crusader, never to quit the cross or neglect the duties of a soldier of Christ, either upon land or upon sea, in town or in the field. The English knights and the French knights hastened to follow the royal examples. The crosses given to the King of France and his people were red; those distributed to the King of England and his people were white. Before they left the old elm tree nearly every man in the field had taken the badge. Henry's ardent imagination had already conveyed him into the Holy Land—he spoke of the certain victories he and his brave Englishmen would gain over the infidel—he was already thundering at the gates of Jerusalem. There is every reason to believe that his enthusiasm was perfectly sincere; but the French king, who had then no intention to go himself, only wished Henry gone in order to fall upon his continental dominions. The malice of the ancient enemy of mankind, says a monkish chronicler, was not asleep, and this infernal malice turned the oaths of Christian princes into a mockery and rekindled the flames of war among Christian princes. After some hard fighting another conference was agreed upon, and Henry and Philip again met under the peaceful shadow of the old elm-tree. But they could not agree as to terms of accommodation, and the French king venting his spite on the innocent tree, swore by all the saints of France, that no more parleys should be held there, and caused it to be cut down so soon as Henry was gone.

The declining years of the great Plantagenet were overcast by domestic treason and filial ingratitude.

His wife Eleonora urged on his ambitious and impatient sons to conspire against him, and these sons, allying themselves with the French king, the Count of Toulouse, and other enemies of Henry, fought against their own father. Several times he forgave his sons their foul and unnatural treasons; but they were not to be reclaimed. Prince Henry, the eldest of them, who died in 1183, repented on his death-bed, publicly confessing his undutifulness to his indulgent parent. King Henry wept for his death, though he knew that the prince had laid plots to take his own life. He was merciful even to those who had misled his sons and armed them against him. The day after the funeral of Prince Henry he stormed and took Limoges, and shortly after this Bertrand de Born, the famous fighting troubadour, the soul of the conspiracy, the seducer of his children, fell into his hands. Never had enemy been more persevering, vindictive, insidious, and dangerous—never had vassal so outraged his liege lord—never had subjects so insulted a king, or in such a variety of ways; for Bertrand, like Luke de Barré, was a very popular poet, and he had cruelly satirized Henry in productions which were known and repeated throughout Aquitaine, and wherever the romance dialect of the troubadours was understood. All men said he must surely die the death, and Henry said so himself, for that he had been a truce-breaker and in all things a most faithless man. The captive troubadour was brought into his presence, to hear his sentence; the king taunted him with a boast he had been accustomed to make, namely, that he had so much wit in reserve as never to have occasion to use one half of it, and told him that he was now in a plight in which the whole of wit would not serve him. The troubadour acknowledged that he had made that boast in former times; and, being still proud of his old craft and cunning, he added that his boast had been justified by facts. "And I," said the king, "do think nevertheless that now thou hast lost thy wits." "Yes, sire," replied Bertrand mournfully, "I lost them that day the valiant Prince Henry died!—Then, indeed, I lost my senses, my wits, and all my knowledge!" At this allusion to his son the king melted into tears and fainted. When he came to himself his vengeance had departed from him. "Sir Bertrand, thou mightest well lose thy wits because of my son, for he loved thee more than any other man upon earth; and I, for love of him, give thee thy life, thy wealth, thy castle!" This is indeed a proof of Henry's superiority in the quality of mercy to his grandfather the Beauclerc, who, under infinitely slighter provocation, had caused the death of the poetical Luke de Barré. Dante, who wrote about one hundred and twenty years after the event, and who merely took up the popular legend, places Bertrand de Born in one of the worst circles of his *Inferno*, among the sowers of discords, scandals, schisms, and heresies. There the awful Florentine meets him and makes him speak. "Know then," says the lost troubadour, "that I am Bertrand de Born, he who gave the evil counsel to King John, and that made the son rebel against his father. Achitophel did no worse deed with Absalom."

The penitence and remorse of Prince Henry had no effect on his brothers; and the warlike and terrible Richard gained several advantages in the field over his father's forces, and induced a great many of his subjects, as well in the north as in the south of France, to rebel against him. Grief and incessant fatigue broke the health and lowered the high spirit of the English king; and in this state he was induced to solicit peace with King Philip and his own son Richard. The two monarchs met on a plain between Tours and Azay-sur-Cher. While the two kings were conversing together

in the open field and on horseback, a loud peal of thunder was heard, though the sky seemed cloudless, and the lightning darted between them. They separated in great alarm, but after a brief space they met again. They had scarcely renewed their conference when a second peal of thunder more awful than the first rolled over their heads. The state of Henry's health rendered him more nervous than his younger and then triumphant rival King Philip: he dropped the reins, and reeling in his saddle, would have fallen from his horse had not his attendants supported him. He recovered his self-possession, but he was too ill to renew the conference; and the humiliating conditions of peace, reduced to writing, were sent to his quarters for his signature, and were read to him article by article by his bedside as he lay weak and suffering on the bed. When they came to the article which bound him to pardon all his vassals who had deserted him to join his son Richard, he asked for a list of their names. The list was given him, and the very first name upon it was that of his darling son John, of whose base treachery he had hitherto been kept happily ignorant. The broken-hearted king started up in his bed and gazed widely around. "Is it true," he cried, "that John, the child of my heart, that he whom I have cherished more than all the rest, and so much trusted, and for love of whom I have drawn down on mine own head all these troubles, hath verily betrayed me?" They told him it was even so. "Now then," he muttered, falling back on his bed, and turning his face to the wall, "let all things go as they may—I no longer care for myself, or for the world!" Shortly after this he caused himself to be carried to the pleasant town of Chinon, the French Windsor of our kings of the Norman line; but those favourite scenes could not cheer or revive him, and in a few days he laid himself down to die. Geoffrey, his illegitimate son by Rosamund Clifford, who had been faithful and affectionate to him through life, was with him at his death, and received his last sigh. But as soon as the breath was out of his body all such ministers, barons, bishops, and priests as had waited so long, took a hasty departure, and his own personal attendants, after having stripped his dead body and seized everything of any value in the apartment, followed the example of their betters. It was not without delay and difficulty that Geoffrey found people to wrap the body in a winding-sheet, and a hearse and horses to convey it to the abbey of Fontevraud. While it was on its way to the abbey Prince Richard, who had learned the news of his father's death by public rumour, met the procession and accompanied it to the abbey church. Here, as the dead king lay stretched on the bier, his face was uncovered in order that Richard might look upon it for the last time. The face was marked with the awful expression of a long agony, and as Richard gazed on it in silence he shuddered. He then knelt and prayed before the altar, but only for "a modicum of time, or about as long as it takes to say the Lord's Prayer; and before the funeral was over he quitted the church of Fontevraud, and entered it not again until that hour when, cut off in the full strength and pride of manhood, he was carried thither a corpse, to be laid at the feet of his father."

These are but a few of the incidents of the reign of Henry II. that stand out as grand picture-subjects. The chroniclers of the time are rich beyond measure in the details necessary to the proper filling up of the canvas, and in monumental remains and the illuminations of old manuscripts the artist may glean most correct notions of the costume of the period, together with other useful hints.

Henry had his vices as a man, and his errors and crimes as a king, but, on the whole, he was the best as

well as the greatest sovereign of the twelfth century, and under him England flourished, and the condition of the people, generally, was elevated and improved. He was more learned than his grandfather who had enjoyed the name of the Fine Scholar: he loved the society of men of letters, and was a liberal patron to them. A learned and witty foreigner—Petrus Blesensis, or Peter of Blois—who lived much with him, describes his court as a daily school or academe, so much was it frequented by learned men, and so frequent were the discussions in which the king engaged with them. "No one," says Peter, "can be more dignified in speech, more cautious at table, more moderate in drink, more splendid in gifts, more generous to the poor. He is skilful and munificent in architecture, erecting towers, walls, fortifications, and other buildings. . . . No one is more gentle to the distressed, more affable to the poor, more overbearing to the proud. It has always indeed been his study to put down the insolent, to encourage the oppressed, and to repress the swellings of pride." Peter does not give us (what would have been very interesting) a catalogue of the royal library of these times; but he tells us that when the king could find breathing time from the cares and anxieties of state business, he had nearly always a book in his hand.

The subject of the design by Mr. Harvey in the first page is the extraordinary scene at Northampton, when Becket entered into an open contest of power with Henry. Becket was summoned by Henry to appear before him at his court. When he dismounted at Northampton castle, one of his antagonists would have borne the cross before him, but he would not let it go out of his hands, saying, "It is most reason I should bear the cross

myself, under the defence thereof I may remain in safety; and, beholding this ensign, I shall not doubt under what prince I serve." "But," said the Archbishop of York, "it is defying the King our lord, to come in this fashion to his court." As the primate entered, the king, who had expected submission, rose with great wrath and withdrew to an inner apartment, whither the barons and bishops soon followed him, leaving Becket alone in the great hall, or attended only by a few of his clerks. These poor priests trembled and were sore dismayed; but not so the primate, who seated himself on a bench, and, still holding his cross erect, calmly waited the event. Soon the Bishop of Exeter came forth from the inner apartment, and on his knees implored him to have pity on himself and the bishops: for the king had vowed he would slay the first of them that should attempt to excuse his conduct. "Thou fearest," replied Becket; "Flee then. Thou canst not understand the things that are of God!" Then came the rest of the bishops in a body, to tell him that he was no longer their primate, but a convicted traitor and a perjured archbishop. "I hear," said Becket, and he deemed no further reply. In a short time, the door of the inner chamber opened again, and Robert Earl of Leicester, followed by the barons, came forth into the hall to read the king's final sentence. The primate rose from his seat on the bench, and, interrupting the great earl, said, "I forbid you to judge me; I decline your tribunal, and refer my quarrel to the Pope. To him I appeal; and now, under the holy protection of the Catholic church, and the apostolic see, I depart in peace." He slowly strode through the crowd towards the door of the hall. On that threshold he paused, and the spirit of the soldier overcame the aspirations of the saint. Some of the courtiers had thrown at him straw or rushes, gathered from the floor, and had called him traitor. Turning round, and drawing himself up to his full height, he cried, "If my holy calling did not forbid it, I would make my answer with my sword to those cowards!" He then mounted his horse amidst the acclamations of the lower clergy and common people, and rode in a sort of triumph to his lodgings in Northampton, the populace shouting, "Blessed be God who has delivered his servant from the hands of his enemies."





[Zingari.]

ZINGARI, OR GIPSIES, AT ROME.

IN our time the Zingari in the south of Italy were much more frequently spoken of than seen. The old tales and traditions of the country-people had many mentions of them, and, besides a very popular opera, there were several little comedies in which Zingari were the principal characters. Several of the old Italian chroniclers relate the sudden appearance of the gipsies towards the end of the thirteenth century, when they came in numerous bands, and all at once, as if they had dropped from some dark cloud, or started out of the bowels of the earth. None knew whence they came, or their object in coming; no man could understand the language they spoke, or trace in it a resemblance to any known language. Their complexion, aspect, usages, were all new and most strange. Even to the swart and black-eyed people of the Roman States and the Neapolitan kingdom, they seemed very dark and black-eyed. The wild robbers of the Apennines were a smooth and civilized set of men compared with these Zingari. As they had no recognisable forms of worship, they were set down as atheists or as heathens of the worst sort. Two or three centuries later they would have run a chance of being hunted down, savagely persecuted, and even burned; but, as yet, the Inquisition was not, and there was a great deal of practical toleration in the head-quarters of the Roman church. Many of the Zingari were punished for their marauding, lawless habits, but for a long time there appears to have been no active persecution of the whole class. That came later, when Christians began to differ among themselves, and when men in various parts of Europe began to raise the cry for Church reformation.

The Zingari wandered from state to state, and were seldom long fixed within the limits of one government. The minute partitions of Italy—with states not much larger than English parishes—made it easy for them to do this. It was found out in time that some of them were very knowing horse-dealers, and skilled in all the arts of the farrier, and that some had a decided genius for mending copper cauldrons; that some professed a familiar acquaintance with the stars and their influences, and that their old women very generally dealt in chiromancy, and other species of fortune-telling. As a faith in astrology was then almost universal, and as even popes and princes of the church entertained their indovini, or soothsayers, these pretended sciences did

not expose the gipsies to any particular persecution. For a very long time the palmistry of the gipsy women was allowed to pass without any challenge or interruption, being laughed at by some and believed in by others—which may be said to be the case even now, for every Zingara, or female gipsy, we saw in Italy made an open trade of fortune-telling—but it was of course otherwise when they proceeded to traffic in philters and love-potions, and hate-potions, and when it was found that poisons were occasionally used in their chemistry. Yet it does not appear that any of the hags who drove this infernal trade to a great length in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and even in a later period, either were Zingare, or had any connection or intercourse with the gipsy race. Of those of whom any record is preserved in history or annals, we believe every one was a baptized Christian, that had secretly abjured her faith and made a compact with the Evil one. They were STREGHE—witches or sorceresses, but not gipsies—they formed a curious variety in the strange chapter of human malignity and superstition, differing from the common witch of the north of Europe, as also from the ancient or classical witch of the Romans, yet partaking of the natures of both. On a future occasion we may devote a column to the witch-tree of Benevento, and the real Neapolitan Strega, who still exercises an influence upon the uneducated peasantry of that kingdom and upon the populace of the city of Naples. For the present we return to the Zingari.

We cannot trace when the great band of gipsies disappeared from the Italian peninsula. History is silent on these matters, and a gipsy chronicle is rather to be desired than hoped for. All that we know of a certainty is, that troops of Zingari are no longer seen either in the Roman or in the Neapolitan states; and that even the sight of a single gipsy is very rare. We scarcely remember to have seen a male gipsy more than five or six times in the course of a good many more years, and, to our knowledge, we never saw two male gipsies together. Where the husbands and children of the women lurked we could never discover, although we were led to believe that some who outwardly conformed to the Roman church, and went to mass and confession, dwelt among the Roman Trasteverini, and at Naples, in a poor and populous and, in our time, somewhat turbulent district near the Capuan gate. It should seem that they sent forth their women to tell fortunes, and that they lived upon what the

women got in this way. We certainly never heard of any of them, men or women, being in trouble for robbery, or petty theft, or any other offence. In the Campagna of Rome the women are occasionally seen travelling and pursuing their profession in pairs, like the two sibyls Pinelli has represented in his design, and who are cajoling a couple of Bovarij, or Buffolarij, in the hope of getting two or three baiocchi, or halfpence. But beyond the Neapolitan frontier we hardly ever saw two gipsy women together. The only well-known Zingara at Naples, or the only one that showed herself frequently abroad in the most open and frequented parts of that city, was a middle-aged woman, that might have stood advantageously to a painter for the picture of her class and race. Her long, dishevelled hair was slightly tinged with grey, but her eyes were the blackest and wildest we ever beheld, and her tongue the quickest we ever heard. We had, in our time, many of her readings of fortune and predictions, and—the price of the commodity in that country being considered—paid well for them: but we need hardly add, that we found no more truth in her soothsaying than in the extravagantly hopeful dreams of boyhood. She strictly adhered to the few fundamental rules which are common to all fortune-tellers. To the young, she promised the possession of beauty and happy love; to the middle-aged, worldly advancement with honours and wealth; to the old, more wealth, a far-prolonged life, with happy marriages for children, grandchildren, and the rest. In the lines of the hand that gave liberally she always traced the happiest and highest fortunes. In the sparing hand she always saw some crosses and traverses; and she would tell the niggard that would give her nothing, that there was an ominous sign of the gallows in his palm or on his ugly brow. She generally accosted a young man by whispering that she knew a young woman or *lady* (as the case might be) that was absolutely dying for him. In accosting a young woman or young lady, she merely changed the sex of her moribund. Being translated from the broad expressive dialect she spoke, into our vernacular, with a little allowance made for differences of customs and manners, her speeches would pass perfectly well on our racecourses and country fairs, or wherever our gipsy folk ply their trade. But occasionally this woman was a great improvisatrice in prose. Generally she had more of the spirit of impromptu and of poetry than the England-dwelling gipsies. One evening, at the beginning of autumn, a violent storm set in with that suddenness which is common in the Mediterranean. English sailors call it a white squall, but while it lasts there is nothing white or bright about it except the white foam. The wives of a number of fishermen who were out in their little boats beyond the island of Capri, gathered on the sandy shore between the city and Posilippo, and screamed and gesticulated, and tore their hair as they are wont to do on all occasions of danger or risk or grief. The Zingara went up to them with a composed face, and stood stark and immovable among them like a bronze statue, until the fisherwomen cried “La buona fortuna! La buona fortuna! (Give us the good fortune!)” “And what will ye give for the good fortune?” said the Zingara; “I have it in my pocket; what will ye give for it?” “O! Zingara bella, tell us good of our husbands, and we will give you four alici.” “Presto, and give them,” said the sibyl, who was so constantly giving her hundreds and thousands of ducats, “for I am digiuna” (fasting). Some of the women ran and brought her a handful or two of those Mediterranean sprats, and the Zingara tied them up in a red handkerchief; and when she had thus secured her reward, she pointed with her brown finger to the blackening sky; “Buone femi-

nine—good females! there is not in all those clouds the wind that will trouble your husbands, or the rain that will wet their jackets—credite a la Zingara (believe the gipsy);” and then pointing downward to a bucket of water, she said, “Women, the sea whereon your husbands are is as smooth as *that*.” Your men will all be safe home to-night; so get ready the bread and the wine, and the fire on the hearth to grill some fish. When did the Zingara say that which was not true, or did not come to pass?” She then walked away through the storm, leaving the clamorous women comforted for the while.

The Emperor of Austria, who has so many gipsies in various of his states and dominions, has turned some of them into soldiers: an experiment which, we believe, has not been tried by any other sovereign in Europe. In the Hungarian regiments serving with the Imperial army that occupied the kingdom of Naples during several years after the unfortunate revolution of 1820, there was a good sprinkling of gipsies. Their officers described them as being turbulent and troublesome, and much addicted to pilfering, but otherwise good alert soldiers. In 1823 there was a detachment from one of these Hungarian regiments stationed in the hilly and antique town of Venafrò—a place which should seem to have undergone little change since the days of Horace, and which is still famous for the flesh of the wild boar that was so grateful to the palate of that classical gourmet. A Zingara came into the town, on her way, as she said, from the Abruzzi to Capua. Some of the soldiers gathered round her to have their fortunes told. One of their officers seeing this pastime, bade them call a gipsy comrade, in order that he might ascertain whether an Italian Zingara and a gipsy from Hungary could understand one another by speech. The man came, and he talked with the Zingara and she with him, both in a dry, hard, monotonous tone, and, to appearance, without any excitement or feeling whatever. The gipsy soldier reported that she spoke his mother's tongue, and that which was spoken by his tribe on the banks of the Danube; but he complained that she used many words that were new to him, and could not understand some of his vocables. The woman went her way among the mountains; and that night the gipsy soldier either went after her or went somewhere else where he ought not to have gone, for the next morning he did not answer at muster.

It was a good and truthful notion of Pinelli to place his weird women by and upon a fragment of an ancient Roman column. Such fragments are frequent, not only in the city, but also in the wild Campagna. The sibyls of old had many temples; the living squalid Zingara may chance to utter her vaticinations from the broken pillar of one of those splendid temples which were raised to the glory of the half-human, half-divine virgin soothsayers, and which were served and kept by a wealthy and honoured priesthood. The sibyl of old meddled with the destinies of the conquerors of the earth and the fate of the eternal city—*fata urbis Romæ*; our modern sibyl, or Zingara, prophesies in the same places about bullocks, and buffaloes, and sweethearts, and good harvests, knowing nothing of the existence of her classical prototype: the one was often made the instrument of deception for high state purposes; the other seldom does more than deceive a clown of the Campagna or a poor Roman citizen, with the sole purpose of obtaining for herself a few halfpence.

MAP-TRAVELLING.

It is mentioned in the Life of Dr. Arnold, that he was accustomed to derive as much pleasure from inspect-

ing a good map as most men would from looking at one of Claude's landscapes. To him a map was more suggestive of the appearance and individuality of a country and its inhabitants than would a book of travels be to many a less thoughtful man. His richly stored memory and observant mind, and also a peculiar inclination for geographical science, fitted him to obtain the fullest repulsion from an object that to many is almost repulsive and nearly unintelligible. Yet there are few, as we shall endeavour to show, who may not draw some measure of similar instruction and delight, although, of course, different in degree, from the same source.

The experiment may be easily made, even by one who has not been accustomed to find gratification from the examination of a map, by tracing, by the aid of a very good one, some locality with which he is familiar, or to which any circumstances may have imparted more than common interest. Let a person who has just returned from a pedestrian tour take a sheet of the Ordnance map of the district he has been exploring, and then, as it is *laid* upon, and the forms of the mountains and valleys and their connexion with each other, the streams and their windings, the towns and scattered hamlets, become distinct, it will be found to bring back the remembrance of the several parts and of the whole with a vividness far beyond that of any description, and with a degree of completeness unattainable by any pictorial delineation. The same with one's native place, or the neighbourhood of one's residence. It will need few such trials to render the examination of the maps of *known* scenes delightful. As it is the best preparation for the thorough exploration of a district to examine a good map *before* visiting it, so is it the most effectual mode of recalling its various features afterwards. It is the best substitute for actually re-visiting it. It will renew in the liveliest manner our acquaintance with it, though years have intervened since we saw it.

But the sight of a map may come to yield a higher gratification than this. To the eye of a practised geographer the map of a country with which he is previously unacquainted exhibits much more than a mere plan of it. By it not a little of the actual appearance and character are produced before the mind, the pictorial features are not obscurely conceived, and if the commercial and political condition cannot be predicated, little difficulty will be felt in perceiving what they might be. It becomes in fact a species of travelling from which, as in all other modes, the traveller will derive benefit, and draw just conclusions, in proportion as he is prepared by his previous habits, knowledge, and powers of observation. It is not a substitute for travelling nor even for description, but it is an aid to both; the feeblest description of the traveller becomes comparatively clear and powerful if it be read alongside of a good map.

To understand a country we must not glance over a map as hurriedly as some travellers would run over the country itself. To know a place is not to be merely acquainted with the relative positions of the various portions of it. It is not enough to obtain a correct conception of the different dwelling places of man upon it. We must become familiar with its organic structure; must fully comprehend its bones and arteries, as they have been called, its hills and its rivers, as well as its external shape. How greatly the physical structure of a country affects the character and condition of its inhabitants is well known, but seldom sufficiently regarded. As has been said, geography "stretches out one hand to history and the other to geology and physiology." History can, indeed, be but imperfectly comprehended without a considerable knowledge of the physical nature of the country treated of. What Greece

was, and why it was so, will be feebly understood without a considerable acquaintance with the geography of its several divisions. How much the mountain barriers, and the deep valleys, and the strips of coast-land had to do with the character and conduct of the various tribes, can be but partially learnt from history alone. And so of Rome. Very much in proportion as its physical structure is understood will be the ease with which its fortunes will be traced.

A military history is at once felt to be in a great degree unintelligible without accurate maps. But perhaps its full dependence upon them is not so commonly felt. Not alone are the immediate movements connected with an encounter regulated by the character of the country, but often the complicated arrangements of a whole campaign. Hence the intense interest with which military men regard maps of the seats of war. To the civilian they do not, of course, afford such aid; but they enable even him to realize the poetic and picturesque details with somewhat of the accuracy and life with which an antiquary reproduces the events and manners of any particular age or country.

We will only hint at the pleasure derivable from travelling over a map historically; observant, that is, of the changes that have occurred in the country or countries it delineates. The gradual change from wild wastes to densely populated districts; the growth of towns; the spread of civilization; the march of conquest or of commerce; all afford abundant scope for the exercise of the intellect, for thought, and for investigation. Unfortunately we are ill provided with maps to carry us along such a journey. There are ancient maps—there are modern; but the gulf between is too wide for an ordinary man to overleap, and there is no bridge built. Of our own country there are no maps readily obtainable of any period intervening between the Roman era and the last century. The Saxon period has been done, though the result is not easily procurable; but the whole of the time from the Norman Conquest to the Reformation, and far later, is unrepresented, and must be projected by the student for himself as he best can.

But we are wandering to most unreasonable lengths. We meant merely to endeavour to induce any who are not accustomed to the frequent consultation of maps to commence the practice, and we must not startle them at the outset. We wished to show that a kind of travelling might be practised with pleasure and profit over a map, a travelling more suggestive than one who has not tried it would suppose, and in which, like every other study or pursuit, the pleasures and advantages derivable from it increase with an increased practice of it. We repeat, that it seems to us that the capability of obtaining clear and vivid ideas of a country we have not seen is most readily obtained by the habit of comparing it with one with which we are acquainted. The mountains of Greece are not like the mountains of Cumberland; but in proportion as we are familiar with the latter shall we be likely to comprehend the former: as the man who understands his own times will be most capable of understanding a past age.

We would venture, indeed, to recommend this as the surest and safest mode of obtaining a comprehensive knowledge of geography. Let some one locality be thoroughly mastered, by personal inspection and investigation, aided by maps; let its history be made familiar; its commercial characteristics and capabilities, its physical features, its physiology, its geology—everything that can be learned about it—be fully apprehended, and then the power will be obtained of comprehending almost at a glance any other district or country. To be fitted to understand all we must *know* one.



CHAUCER'S
CANTERBURY TALES.

THE CLERK'S TALE.

On the west side of Italy, by the base of Mount Vesulus, there is a fruitful and pleasant plain, where many a town and tower founded in old times may be seen, and the name of this country is Saluces. A Marquis named Walter was, at one time, lord of that land, as his fathers had been before him. He was a man beloved for himself, and dreaded for his power and position. He was young, of a fair person and strong, full of honour and courtesy, and possessing discretion enough to guide his people. In some things, however, he was to blame; he considered nothing of the future, all his thoughts were upon the present and passing pleasure. He hawked and he hunted, and let weightier cares and duties slide by; above all, he would not marry, and for that especially his people grieved.

One day, accordingly, they went to him in a crowd, and one of them thus spoke: "O noble Marquis, your humanity giveth us boldness to tell you our grief. Accept, then, lord, of your gentleness, what we, with piteous hearts, complain of unto you; let not your ears disdain my voice,

"For certes, lord, so well us liketh you
And all your work, and e'er have done, that we
Ne coulden not ourselves devisen how
We mighten live in more felicity;
Save one thing, lord, if it your wille be
That for to be a wedded man you lest,*
Then were your people in sovereign heartes rest.

Boweth you necke under the blisful yoke
Of sovereignty, and not of service;
Which, that men clepen spousal, or wedloke;
And thinketh, lord, among your thoughtes wise,
How that our dayes pass in sundry wise;
For though we sleep, or wake, or roam, or ride,
Aye fleeth the time, it will no man abide.

And though your green youth flower as yet, in creep-eth age always as still as a stone; and death menaceth and smites all in every state. Accept, then, of us our true purposes, who have never disobeyed your will; and, if you would consent, lord, we desire now that you will choose quickly a wife, born of the gentlest and best of the land. Deliver us out of this mighty

* Pleased.

dread, and, for God's sake, take a wife; for should your lineage cease with your death, and a strange successor take your heritage, alas! sad were our lives!"

Their meek prayer and their piteous cheer touched the Marquis with pity. "Ye will," he said, "mine own dear people, constrain me to that which I never thought to have done: I rejoiced in my liberty; and whereas, now I am free, I must endure servitude. But nevertheless, I see your true intent, and trust your judgment as I have ever done; therefore, of my free will, I agree to marry. But as to your proffer to choose me a wife, I release you from that choice, and pray you to cease urging it. For God knows, that children be often unlike their worthy parents; goodness cometh all from God, and not of the race or blood. Therefore,

"Let me alone in choosing of my wife,
That charge upon my back I will endure;
But I you pray, and charge upon your life,
That what wife that I take, ye may assure
To worship her while that her life may endure,
In word and work, both here and elles where,
As she an emperours daughter were.

And furthermore, this shall ye swear, that ye
Against my choice shall never grutch* or strive;
For since I shall forego my liberty,
At your request, as ever may I thrive,
There, as mine heart is set, there will I wive;
And, but ye will assent in such mannere,
I pray you speak no more of this mattère."

With a hearty will they assented, not one said nay; only, ere they went they besought him to grant as early a day for his espousals as he could;

For yet alway the people somewhat dread
Lest that the Marquis woulde no wife wed.

The Marquis then fixed a day on which he would be surely married, and having said he did all this at their request, they with full and humble hearts thanked him upon their knees, and went home. The Marquis then commanded his officers to prepare the feast.

Not far from the palace there stood a little hamlet, in which dwelt certain poor folk, and among them a man, reckoned the poorest of all, who was called Janicola:

But highe God sometimè senden can
His grace unto a little ox's stall.

And Janicola had a daughter, Griselda, who was fair enough to the eye, but who, if we speak of virtuous beauty,

Then was she one the fairest under sun.

She had been poorly fostered up;

Well oft'ner of the well than of the tun
She drank; and for she woulde virtue please,
She knew well labour, but no idle ease.

But though this maiden tender were of age,
Yet in the breast of her virginity
There was enclosed sad* and ripe courage;†
And in great reverence and charity
Her olde poore father foster'd she;
A few sheep spinning on the field she kept;
She woulde not be idle till she slept.

And when she came homewards, she would bring roots and other herbs, which she shred and seethed to make decoctions of for a living. And ever she watched over her father's life, with all the diligence and obedience that child can show to a revered parent.

Upon this poor creature the Marquis had often looked, as he was hunting; and whenever it so happened that he might see her, he would gaze, not with

the wanton glances of folly, but with serious earnestness, communing to himself upon her behaviour, and commending in his heart her womanly and virtuous qualities. And he had determined that, if he ever should wed, it should be Griselda only. The day of wedding came, but no one could tell who should be the bride. Men wondered, and said privately among themselves—

Will not our lord yet leave his vanity?
Will he not wed? Alas, alas, the while!
Why will he thus himself and us beguile?

The Marquis, nevertheless, has caused gems to be made, set in gold and azure, also broaches and rings, for Griselda, and taken measure for her clothing from a maiden of similar stature, and provided all other ornaments proper for such a wedding. The time of the day approached for the ceremony; the palace is arrayed throughout, and the Marquis, richly habited, with lords and ladies in his company, amidst the sound of music, takes his way towards the village.

Griselda—innocent, God knows, that all this pageant was formed for her—has been to a well to fetch water, from whence she hurries home as soon as she can, having heard that this day the Marquis is to be married. If she can, she would fain see something of the sight.

She thought, I will with other maidens stand
That be my fellows, in our door, and see
The Marchioness, and thereto will I fond*
To do at home, as soon as it may be,
The labour which that 'longeth unto me;
And then I may at leisure her behold,
If she this way unto the castle hold.

And as she woulde over the threshold gone,
The Marquis came and 'gan her for to call;
And she set down her water-pot anon
Beside the threshold in an ox's stall,
And down upon her knees she 'gan to fall,
And with sad† countenance kneeleth still,
Till she had heard what was the lord's will.

This thoughtful Marquis spake unto this maid,
Full soberly, and said in this mannere:—
"Where is your father, Grisildis?" he said;
And she, with reverence, in humble cheer
Answered, "Lord, he is already here."
And in she goeth withouten longer let,‡
And to the Marquis she her father set.§

He by the hand then took this poore man,
And saide thus when he him had aside:
"Janicola, I neither may nor can
Longer the pleasure of mine hearte hide;
If that thou vouchsafest, what so betide,
Thy daughter will I take, ere that I wend,
As for my wife unto her lives end."

"Thou lovest me, that I well know, and art my faithful liegeman born; and all that pleases me, I dare well say, will please thee; tell me, therefore, if that thou wilt incline to this purpose, and take me for thy son-in-law."

The suddenness of the proposal so astonished the man, that he waxed red, and stood abashed and quaking, and with difficulty he said, "Lord, my will is as ye will; just as you please, mine own dear lord, govern this matter."

"Then I will," said the Marquis softly, "that I and thou and she have a collation in thy chamber, and I will ask her if it be her will to be my wife. All shall be done in thy presence."

Meanwhile the attendants of the Marquis came into the house, wondering to see how well and in what an honest manner Griselda provided for her father; and

* Exhibit a discontented spirit.

* Steadfast, thoughtful.

† Spirit.

* Try.

† Grave.

‡ Hindrance.

§ Fetched.

she herself was astonished beyond measure to see such guests ;

For which she looked with full pale face.

The Marquis now addressed her in these words :—
“Griselda, you must understand it pleaseth your father and me that I should wed you; but I ask first whether you will consent to these demands :—Are you ready with good heart to do all my pleasure, and to consent that, as appears to me best, I may gladden or grieve you; and you never to be discontented: and when I say Yea, you never to say Nay, neither by word nor frowning countenance.—Swear this, and here I swear our alliance.” Wondering, and quaking with dread, Griselda answered, “Lord, unworthy am I of this honour that you call me to; but as ye will yourself, right so will I.

“And here I swear, that never willingly,
In work nor thought, I will you disobey,
For to be dead, though me were loth to dey.”
“This is enough, Griselda mine,” quoth he;
And forth he goeth, with a full sober cheer,
Out at the door, and after then came she,
And to the people he said in this mannere :
“This is my wife,” quoth he, “that standeth here;
Honoureth her, and loveth her, I pray,
Whoso me loveth: there n’is no more to say.”

And for that nothing of her olde gear
She shoulde bring into his house, he hade
That women should despoilen her right there;
Of which these ladies weren nothing glad
To handle her clothes wherein she was clad :
But nathelless this maiden, bright of hue
From head to foot they clothed have all new.

Her haire have they comb’d that lay untress’d
Full rudely, and with their fingers small
A coronne on her head they have y’dress’d.

But why of her marriage should I make a tale?
Hardly the people know her for her beauty, when she
was transformed by her rich apparel. The Marquis,
having wedded her, caused her to be set upon a snow-
white horse, and carried to his palace; and the day
was spent in revel.

And God hath such favour sent to the new Mar-
chioness, that it seemed unlikely that she was born and
fed in rudeness in a village—

or in an ox’s stall,
But nourish’d in an emperours hall.

Even those who had known her from her birth, year
by year, hardly durst swear she was Janicola’s daughter;
for though she had been ever virtuous, she now in-
creased in such excellent manners, enshrined in such
high goodness, she was so full of discretion and elo-
quence, so benign, and so worthy to be revered, she
could so embrace the hearts of the people, that, in a
word,

Each her loveth that looketh on her face.

It was not long before a daughter gladdened the
Marquis and the people.

[To be continued]

THE ACTION OF MADDER IN COLOURING THE BONES OF ANIMALS.

ABOUT the year 1736, Mr. Belchier, surgeon, of Lon-
don, dining one day at the house of a calico-printer,
noticed that the bones of a joint of pork were of a red
colour. On mentioning this, as a remarkable circum-
stance, he was informed that the hogs kept at the
establishment had usually mixed with their food the
bran which had been boiled with printed calicoes in
order to clean them from a dirty red colour produced

by an infusion of madder-root. He observed that the
solid parts of the bones were in general most tintured
with the colour, and the teeth, with the exception of
the enamel, particularly so. Upon sawing through
the bones, the internal parts were found to be equally
tinged, except at the extremities, where the substance is
more spongy. The stain was not removed by water
or by spirit.

As the madder was mixed with other dyes which
might have contributed to the general effect, Mr.
Belchier tried a few experiments, the result of which
he has recorded in the Philosophical Transactions for
1736. He mixed some madder-root in powder with
fig-dust and fed a cock thereon. “The cock dying
within sixteen days after his first feeding on the mad-
der, I dissected him and examined the bones, not in
the least expectation of finding them tinged in so small
a time; but to my great surprise found them univer-
sally of a red colour.” In this case, as in that of the
pigs, the bones only were coloured; the muscles,
membranes, cartilages, &c. retaining their ordinary
colour.

In 1739, Duhamel, a distinguished French physiolo-
gist, being informed of the above facts, repeated the
experiments on a number of chickens, pigeons, and
sucking pigs. On dissecting one of each kind of
animal, he remarked that the bones were converted
into the colour of carmine; but the feathers, the nails,
and the claws remained unstained.

Having obtained this result, Duhamel restored the
remaining animals to their accustomed diet, when
their bones appeared to recover their original white-
ness. Such, however, was not the case, for it was
soon ascertained that the colour had not disappeared,
but was merely concealed by a deposit of white bone.
Hence, by alternately supplying and withholding mad-
der, the bones were in process of time alternately
formed of red and white layers. Upon these experi-
ments Duhamel founded his theory of ossification,
which has been so much discussed by physiologists.

These facts have been verified at different times by
Haller, Hunter, and other distinguished observers, and
however much they might differ in their deductions,
there was no doubt respecting the singular affinity of
the colouring principle of madder for bone; no point
of ossification, however delicate, or however isolated
from the rest of the osseous system, escaping its
action.

In 1839, M. Flourens commenced an inquiry on this
subject, and published his results in several memoirs
in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*; to which we are
indebted for the following very brief abstract. He
employed in his experiments two descriptions of mad-
der, namely, the madder of Alsace and that of Avignon,
and also the alcoholic extract of madder known to
chemists by the name of *alizarin*.* The madder was
mixed in determined quantities with the ordinary food
of the animals.

On the occasion when M. Flourens’ first memoir
was read, he exhibited to the academy the results of
his experiments on pigeons of two or three weeks old.
The first was the skeleton of a pigeon which had been
fed during fourteen days on the madder of Avignon.
The bones were of a beautiful red, but not so deep in
colour as those of the skeleton of a pigeon fed during six
days on the madder of Alsace. This result was ob-
tained in all the experiments, showing a more ener-
getic colorific action in the madder of Alsace. The
bones of a third specimen were coloured with alizarin,
on which the bird had been fed during two days only,
and had partaken of not more than two or three
grammes. The bones were very red, but not so much

* From *alizeri*, the name applied to madder-roots in the
Levant.

so as in the second example. In a fourth specimen the bird had been fed on this substance during only one day, and yet the bones were very red. A fifth specimen was coloured by the madder of Alsace alone, of which about forty grammes were administered by force, without allowing the bird to partake of any other kind of food. It died in fifty-two hours, and yet the bones were deeply reddened.

In these preparations the cartilages, ligaments, and portions of the periosteum were preserved. "It cannot but excite admiration," says M. Flourens, "to notice the precision with which the madder selects all the bony portions and exerts no action whatever on the others. In each bone the cartilaginous portion is unchanged; in each cartilage, wherever ossification has commenced, the colour is decidedly red."

Other specimens were exhibited on which the skilful operator had performed certain delicate dissections for the purpose of laying bare minute points of ossification, all of which displayed the characteristic stain. The details are too technical for our purpose, but we may notice one curious result. In the eyes of pigeons fed on madder, a red circle was seen round the iris, and this was the only portion of the organ that was coloured. It appears that in birds there exists between the two plates of that portion of the eye anterior to the cornea a circle of minute osseous pieces which is absent in mammalia, so that this result is never obtained in them.

In a second memoir M. Flourens stated the result of his experiments on mammalia, and in order to give some idea of the rapidity of the action of the madder, he exhibited the bones of a pig which had eaten only five grammes of madder, and was killed five hours after, and yet the bones were decidedly red. This result was obtained on a pig of two or three weeks old. The effect was even more rapid on pigs of fifteen or sixteen days. In an adult pig the bones exhibited scarcely any colour after the animal had partaken of madder during some days. In fact, the older the animal the slower was the action of the dye, because ossification was more or less complete. In an old pig no trace of colour was found after the lapse of from twenty to twenty-two days.

It has been already noticed that the bones of animals which had been fed alternately on madder-diet and on ordinary food exhibited alternate layers of red and white; whence it appeared that the growth of bone in the direction of its thickness is by the deposition of layers on the exterior surface; but this is not sufficient to account for the increase of the internal diameter or hollow of the bone. According to Duhamel, a general expansion or enlargement takes place, in a manner which, to us, is not very clearly expressed; and, indeed, this point has been very much debated among physiologists. M. Flourens, however, claims the merit of having decided it by these experiments. By feeding a number of young pigs of the same age alternately upon madder-food and upon ordinary food, and watching the results from time to time, he arrived at the remarkable conclusion, that while fresh deposits are being made upon the exterior surface of the bone, absorption goes on within; so that, as the whole diameter of the bone becomes increased, the internal canal is enlarged. A large number of sections of bones were exhibited, showing the progress of absorption as detected by the gradual disappearance of the red and white concentric rings from the interior. By sections of bones in the direction of their length, it was proved that bones increase in length by the addition and juxtaposition of layers to their extremities.

The action of madder on the teeth of animals is very curious. Duhamel showed by its means that the bony portions of the teeth are enlarged by successive depo-

sits of bone, so as to resemble a number of drinking-cups placed one within the other. He further observed, that the madder excited no colorific action on the enamel of the teeth. Flourens, however, has detected some curious facts which escaped the notice of Duhamel. According to him the development of the teeth is much more curious than that of bone, their growth being in an inverse order; for as in the bones the development consists in the addition of external layers and the absorption of the interior ones; in the teeth, on the contrary, the addition is made on the interior and the absorption on the external face.

The molar teeth of two young pigs which had been fed during fourteen days on madder were exhibited. On cutting them through, two distinct deposits were visible—the interior red and the exterior white. The white portion was that formed before the animal was fed on madder, and was consequently the oldest; the interior or red portion was formed during the use of the madder, and was more recent than the former, thus establishing the fact that the teeth increase in size by internal deposits of bone or ivory.

In a third example the animal had been fed with madder during fifteen days, and then kept on its ordinary food during twenty days. On making a section of one of its molars, the external ring was white; this was followed by a red ring, and the third, or that last formed, was white.

According, then, as the animal concludes its existence with the use of madder or ordinary food, the innermost layer is red or white: in proportion as the internal layers are formed, the external ones disappear. In several specimens which were exhibited of teeth taken from pigs fed on madder and then returned for a longer or shorter time to their ordinary diet before being killed, it was found that the red deposit diminished in size in proportion as the time of feeding on ordinary food was long or short.

Such is a very brief notice of M. Flourens' elaborate inquiry;* but we cannot conclude without referring to two authorities of repute among our own countrymen, who have written on the teeth of animals.

Mr. Bell, in his 'Essay on the Teeth,' published in 1828, speaking of their formation and growth, says, "The outer lamina of bone is first completed, and lamina after lamina is deposited one within the other, the pulp still receding until at length there remains only the permanent cavity of the tooth lined with its proper membrane and filled with the remaining portion of the pulp, which now serves as the bed upon which the vessels and nerves ramify previous to their entering the bony substance of the tooth."

Professor Owen, in his 'Introduction to Odontography,' published in 1841 (apparently referring to our knowledge of the subject previous to M. Flourens' experiments), says, "The structure of a tooth was regarded as simply laminated, and the ivory was described as being formed layer within layer, deposited by and moulded upon the formative superficies of the vascular pulp."

He admits that the appearances observed in the teeth of animals fed alternately with madder and ordinary food undoubtedly illustrate the true progress of dental development; but he is not prepared to admit, with M. Flourens, that these appearances undoubtedly prove that the deposit of new matter is made on the surface of the pulp within the tooth. He also thinks that the hollow cones into which a tooth is commonly resolved in the process of decomposition, by being immersed in an acid, illustrate the structure as well as any other method that has been contrived.

* M. Pelouze has recently discovered that aloetic acid imparts a violet colour to the bones of animals.

PROGRESS OF OHIO.

In passing from the southern to the northern frontier of Ohio, we left a handsome and populous city and fine roads, and found the towns grew smaller and the high road rougher as we advanced. When more than half-way across the state, and after leaving Mount Vernon, we saw continually new clearings, where the felling, girdling, and burning of trees was going on, and where oaks were growing amidst the blackened stumps on land which had never been ploughed, but only broken up with the harrow. The carriage was then jolted for a short space over a corduroy road, constructed of trunks of trees laid side by side, while the hot air of burning timber made us impatient of the slow pace of our carriage. We then lost sight for many leagues of all human habitations, except here and there some empty wooden building, on which "Mover's House" was inscribed in large letters. Here we were told a family of emigrants might pass the night on payment of a small sum. At last the road again improved, and we came to the termination of the tableland of Ohio, at a distance of about sixteen miles from Lake Erie. From this point, on the summit of Stony Hill, we saw at our feet a broad and level plain covered with wood; and beyond, in the horizon, Lake Erie, extending far and wide like the ocean. We then began our descent, and in about three hours reached Cleveland.

The changes in the condition of the country which we had witnessed are illustrations of the course of events which has marked the progress of civilization in this state, which first began in the south, and spread from the banks of the Ohio. At a later period, when the great Erie Canal was finished, which opened a free commercial intercourse with the river Hudson, New York, and the Atlantic, the northern frontier began to acquire wealth and an increase of inhabitants. Ports were founded on the lake, and grew in a few years with almost unparalleled rapidity. The forest then yielded to the axe in a new direction, and settlers migrated from north to south, leaving still a central wilderness between the Ohio and Lake Erie. This forest might have proved for many generations a serious obstacle to the progress of the state, had not the law wisely provided that all non-resident holders of waste lands should be compelled to pay their full share of taxes laid on by the inhabitants of the surrounding district for new schools and roads. If an absentee is in arrear, the sheriff seizes a portion of his ground contiguous to a town or village, puts it up for auction, and thus discharges the debt, so that it is impossible for a speculator, indifferent to the local interests of a district, to wait year after year, until he is induced by a great bribe to part with his lands, all ready communication between neighbouring and highly cultivated regions being in the meantime cut off.

Ohio was a wilderness exclusively occupied by the Indians, until near the close of the last century. In 1800 its population amounted to 45,365, in the next ten years it had increased five-fold, and in the ten which followed it again more than doubled. In 1840 it had reached 1,600,000 souls, all free, and almost without any admixture of the coloured race. In this short interval the forest had been transformed into a land of steamboats, canals, and flourishing towns; and would have been still more populous had not thousands of its new settlers migrated still farther west into Indiana and Illinois. A portion of the public works which accelerated this marvellous prosperity was executed with foreign capital, but the interest of the whole has been punctually paid by direct taxes. There is no other example in history, either in the old or new world, of so sudden a rise of a large country to opulence and power. The state contains nearly as wide an extent of arable land as England, all of moderate elevation, so rich in its alluvial plains as to be cropped thirty or forty years without manure, having abundance of fine timber, a temperate climate, many large navigable rivers, a ready communication through Lake Erie with the north and east, and by the Ohio with the south and west, and, lastly, abundance of coal in its eastern counties.

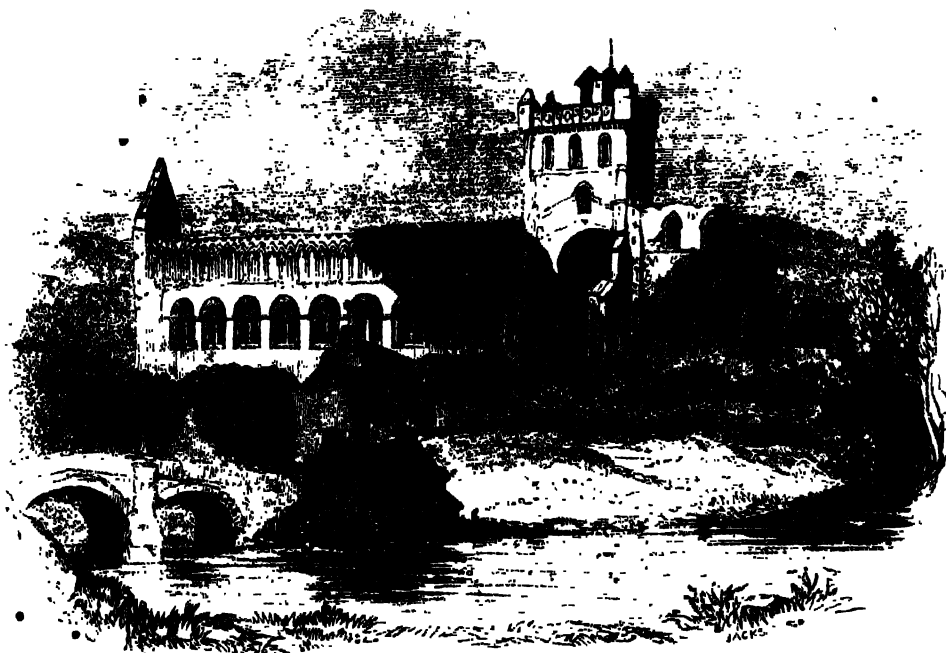
I am informed that, in the beginning of the present year (1842), the foremost bands of emigrants have reached the Platte River, a tributary of the Missouri. This point is said to be only half-way between the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains, and the country beyond the present frontier is as fertile as that already occupied. De Tocqueville calculated that along the borders of the United States, from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, extending a distance of more than 1200 miles as the bird flies, the whites advance every year at a mean rate of seventeen miles; and he truly observes that there is a grandeur and solemnity in

this gradual and continuous march of the European race towards the Rocky Mountains. He compares it to "a deluge of men rising unabatedly, and daily driven onwards by the hand of God."

When conversing with a New England friend on the progress of American population, I was surprised to learn, as a statistical fact, that there are more whites now living in North America than all that have died there since the days of Columbus. It seems probable, moreover, that the same remark may hold true for fifty years to come. The census has been very carefully taken in the United States since the year 1800, and it appears that the ratio of increase was 35 per cent. for the first decennial period, and that it gradually diminished to about 32 per cent. in the last. From these data Professor Tucker estimates that in the year 1850 the population will amount in round numbers to 22 millions, in 1860 to 29 millions, in 1870 to 38 millions, in 1880 to 50 millions, in 1890 to 63 millions, and in 1900 to 80 millions.

The territory of the United States is said to amount to one-tenth, or at the utmost to one-eighth, of that colonised by Spain on the American continent. Yet in all the vast regions conquered by Cortes and Pizarro there are considerably less than two millions of people of European blood, so that they scarcely exceed in number the population acquired in about half a century in Ohio, and fall far short of it in wealth and civilization.—*Lyell's Travels in North America.*

Hurricanes on the Euphrates.—Plutarch, in his 'Life of Crassus,' says, "As Crassus was taking his army over at the Zeugma, many extraordinary claps of thunder broke around, and many flashes of lightning came right in front of the army; and a wind, mingled with cloud and hurricane, falling on the raft, broke up and crushed to pieces a large part of it.—The spot also on which Crassus intended to encamp was struck with two thunderbolts. A horse, belonging to the general, which was caparisoned in splendid style, violently dragged along the man who held the reins, and, plunging into the stream, disappeared." In the notes on this passage, just published in the Second Series of 'The Civil Wars of Rome: Select Lives of Plutarch, with Notes,' by G. Long, the editor adds:—"Probably these great hurricanes are not uncommon on the Euphrates. In the year 1831 a gale sent Colonel Chesney's 'little vessel to the bottom of the river;' but a still greater calamity befel the Tigris steamer, in the Euphrates expedition which was under the command of Colonel Chesney, in May, 1836. A little after one p.m. a storm appeared, bringing with it clouds of sand from the west-north-west. The two steamboats, the Tigris and Euphrates, were then passing over the rocks of Es-Geria, which were deeply covered with water. The Euphrates was safely secured, but the Tigris, being directed against the bank, struck with great violence: the wind suddenly veered round and drove her bow off; this rendered it quite impossible to secure the vessel to the bank, along which she was blown rapidly by the heavy gusts; her head falling off into the stream as she passed close to the Euphrates, which vessel had been backed opportunely to avoid the concussion. The Tigris perished in this violent hurricane, and twenty men were lost in her. The storm lasted about eight minutes. Colonel Chesney escaped by swimming to the shore just before the vessel went down: he was fortunate to take a direction which brought him to the land without having seen anything whatever to guide him through the darkness worse than that of night." "For an instant," says Colonel Chesney, "after getting to land I saw the keel of the Tigris uppermost (near the stern); she went down bow foremost, and having struck the bottom in that position, she probably turned round on the bow as a pivot, and thus showed part of her keel for an instant at the other extremity; but her paddle-beams, floats, and parts of the sides were already broken up, and actually floated ashore, so speedy and terrific had been the work of destruction." (*Letter from Colonel Chesney to Sir J. Hobhouse, 28th May, 1836; Euphrates Expedition Papers, printed by order of the House of Commons, 17th July, 1837.*) Ammianus Marcellinus speaks of a violent storm at Anatha (Anah), on the Euphrates, during the expedition of the Emperor Julian. It blew down the tents, and stretched the soldiers on the ground."



[Jedburgh Abbey.]

JEDBURGH ABBEY.

THE very picturesque and rural county of Roxburgh, in Scotland, possesses three of the most interesting ruins of its old ecclesiastical establishments in the abbeys of Melrose, Kelso, and Jedburgh. Of the first we have given a view in No. 79; of the last a view is given at the head of this article, and we are about to add an account of it.

The surface of the county is hilly, approaching to mountainous: some of the heights, as Carter Fells, attaining an elevation of two thousand and twenty feet, and are used for sheep-walks, but the hills around Jedburgh are less lofty and well wooded. The country around is distinguished for its orchards, and particularly for the production of apples and pears of great variety and excellence. The town of Jedburgh stands on the Jed Water, which flows into the Teviot, itself an affluent of the more important Tweed, in a small narrow valley formed by this stream. It is about forty-five miles from Edinburgh, and three hundred, and thirty-three from London. The abbey was on the south side of the town, on the west side of the Jed, near its junction with the Teviot, and was originally a large foundation, possessing the tithes of many of the adjoining parishes, besides other estates. It had also two cells attached: one at Restenote, in Angusshire, surrounded by a loch and approached by a drawbridge, and here were kept the papers and valuables of the abbey; the other at Canobie, in Eskdale, Dumfriesshire. The revenues of the abbey, with its two dependent cells, at its dissolution, were estimated by Keith at 1274*l*. The abbacy was converted into a temporal lordship in 1622, when Sir Andrew Ker, of Fernhurst, ancestor of the Marquis of Lothian, was created Lord Jedburgh by King James.

Roxburghshire, being on the borders, was always a field of conflict for the neighbouring countries, and is studded all over with castles and peels, or fortified houses. Bede says that in the time of Cuthbert it was a part of Northumberland. Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Border Antiquities,' says—"It became therefore the scene of many a sudden inroad and many a desperate conflict, according to the varying issue of which it was incorporated with England or Scotland. These continued

incursions and sanguinary frays materially affected the welfare of Jedburgh Abbey, so that, in process of time, neither the condition of the house nor its funds were adequate to the lodging and maintenance of the canons. Edward I., who in the midst of conquest forgot not the interests of religion, as they were then considered, sent several of these canons to different religious houses of the same order in England, that they might be there maintained till this house could be repaired and restored to better circumstances. There is still extant a work by which a canon named Ingelram de Colonia was sent to the convent of Bridlington, in Yorkshire." In one of these frays, "the battle of the Reidswire," the inhabitants of Jedburgh are recorded in a ballad yet existing as having greatly distinguished themselves—

"The Rutherfoords, with great renown,
Convoy'd the town of Jedburgh out."

They had a town-piper, who no doubt accompanied; and this relic of olden times was preserved by the borough to a recent period; Sir W. Scott, in his Introduction to the 'Border Antiquities,' recording the death of Robert Hastie, the last holder of the office.

Jedburgh is the capital of the county, and a market-town, with a population, in burgh and parish, in 1841, of 5116. It has several streets, and three bridges over the Jed, with a suburb on the east bank. The market-place is in the centre of the town, and the county-hall is adjacent. Near the southern end of the town is the county-prison, occupying the site of the ancient castle, and still bearing the name. There is a good deal of business done in the town; there is a monthly cattle-market and four horse and cattle fairs in the year, besides a large wool-fair, held at Rink, in a remote part of the parish. It has also a dispensary, a savings' bank, and some public libraries, one comprehending a valuable and extensive collection of books. It is also the seat of a presbytery, of the circuit Court of Justice, and of Justice of Peace, Sheriff, and Small-Debt Courts. The corporate body of the burgh consists of a provost, four bailies, dean of guild, and eighteen councillors, four of whom are chosen from the deacons of the eight incorporated trades. The royalty or jurisdiction extends only over a part of the

parish: it was somewhat enlarged for parliamentary purposes by the Reform Act. The burgh unites with Haddington, North Berwick, Dunbar, and Lauder to return a member..

The date of the foundation of the abbey is not exactly known, but is supposed to have been in the first half of the twelfth century, or a little earlier; but it was much indebted for its prosperity to that "sore saint" for the Scottish crown, David I. It was pillaged and burned by the Earl of Surrey, when he stormed Jedburgh, in 1523, and again seriously damaged by the Earl of Hertford (afterwards Duke of Somerset), in 1545. Of the ruins of the abbey we give the following description from the 'Statistical Account of Scotland':—"This venerable structure stands on the declining bank of the river, which winds past its front, washing some remnants of its out-works. The chapter-house, cloisters, and other appendages have perished, and nothing remains but the church, which, in the form of a cross, extends from east to west two hundred and thirty feet. The choir is much dilapidated, bearing marks of great antiquity. The two lower stories consist of massive pillars and semicircular arches, with the diagonal or zigzag mouldings of Saxon architecture, whilst the upper windows and some other parts are Gothic, evidently added at a more recent period. The north transept is entire, presenting tracery Gothic windows, especially one of great size and beauty. The south transept has disappeared. Above the intersections of the transepts with the nave and choir, a large square tower rises on four pillars to the height of a hundred feet, surmounted by a projecting battlement, and crowned with turrets and pinnacles. The nave, measuring one hundred and thirty feet long, presents on each side three tiers of arches: the first, opening into the aisle, consists of pointed arches, deeply recessed and richly moulded, supported by clustered columns with sculptured capitals; the second, which opened into the galleries, consists of beautifully moulded semicircular arches, with two pointed arches inserted in each; and the third, of elegant pointed windows. The lofty western gable possesses a Norman door of uncommon beauty, the archway exhibiting a profusion of ornamented mouldings, supported by slender pillars to the depth of seven feet and a half. Above it is a large window with a semicircular arch, flanked by small blank pointed arches on long slender shafts, and this is surmounted by a beautiful St. Catherine's wheel. On the south side of the choir there is a chapel, which was once appropriated to the use of the grammar-school, and in which the poet Thomson received his education.* But the chief object of architectural interest in this abbey is the Norman door, which formed the southern entrance to the church from the cloisters. This, for the elegance of its workmanship and the symmetry of its proportions, is unrivalled in Scotland. Its sculptured mouldings, springing from slender shafts, with capitals richly wreathed, exhibit the representations of flowers, men, and various animals, executed with surprising minuteness and delicacy."

The general appearance of the ruin is now grand, massive, and simple, and is in admirable accordance with the romantic valley in which it is seated. Traces of the flames where they burst through the arches are yet visible; but portions of the building have been destroyed, by those who should have felt a pride in their preservation, even since the spoliation of the Earl of Hertford; two beautiful doors and several aisles having been demolished in comparatively recent times. A better taste however has now been disseminated, care is taken for its due conservation, and

some essential repairs have lately been made. The foundations of the old building can yet be traced to a considerable distance, and the old burial-ground attached to it was very extensive.

In the parish, besides the castles of Branksholm, Jedburgh, and Fernehurst, and many towers and peels, large caves were constructed at Hundalee, Lintalee, and Mossburnford, for the concealment of cattle and goods. The one at Hundalee contains three apartments, a large centre one, with smaller ones on each side. That at Lintalee was in the face of the precipice, and is now inaccessible.

• MISAPPLIED INGENUITY.

THERE is a kind of labour in which men have been ever prone to indulge, whose essence seems to consist in doing things for the sake of the difficulty necessary to accomplish them; and of which the service or pleasure they can afford, when done, is in inverse proportion to the labour they have cost. 'This is a kind of employment by which men cheat themselves into a belief that they are really industrious, while they are only consuming their time in laborious indolence. It has, no doubt, arisen from a desire to escape from real industry, but so great have often been the ingenuity and labour necessary to effect their object, that they would seem to have been of the class Butler speaks of, who "run away from death by dying." This elaborate trifling has taken many shapes, and has been confined to no particular age or profession. In all countries and in all times, and among those who follow every calling, it has been common. Passing by the more important affairs in which it has been exhibited, we proceed to string together a very few out of the infinity of examples that might be collected of it.

One of the most common modes of thus misapplying time and skill has been in writing so minutely as to be as nearly invisible and as absolutely unreadable as possible. The Iliad, as Pliny mentions, was so written as to be contained within the compass of a nut-shell. A feat paralleled by that of an English penman in the reign of Elizabeth—and it is noticeable how curiously these kind of subtleties are repeated in different ages, often, of course, but not always from mere imitation—who copied the whole Bible into a little book which could be enclosed in a walnut-shell no bigger than a hen's egg. (D'Israeli.) It is doubtful whether either of these surpasses another specimen of minute writing, described in the newspapers a few years back as having been produced by a Welsh schoolmaster, who wrote, "within the circumference of a penny-piece, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, and twenty-one Collects (from the Fifth Sunday after Trinity, to the Twenty-fifth inclusive), his name, place of abode, day of the month, date of the year, and also a drawing of the Crucifixion, all perfectly distinct." Equally minute and equally absurd was that writing spoken of by Ælian—a distich in letters of gold, enclosed in the rind of a grain of corn. This, too, has been equalled. Dr. Walsh, in his 'Narrative of a Residence in Constantinople,' says that one day an Arab called on him with a great curiosity. It was a grain of rice, but the doctor could discern nothing remarkable about it, till the man produced a powerful magnifying-glass, when he perceived engraved upon it some beautiful Arabic characters, perfectly formed. It was a verse of the Koran, and consisted of several words. The Arab declared that his ancestor, who prepared it, had been several years occupied in his work. He had brought it to the English ambassador to sell, but his excellency declined to give the price (about 5000*l.*) demanded for it. Even this piece of handicraft has had its fellow. In one of the volumes of the Philo-

* He was born at Ednam, in this county. •

sophical Transactions there is an account of a cherry-stone, which Dr. Oliver saw in 1687, whereon were carved one hundred and twenty-four heads, and that with such distinctness, that those belonging to popes, emperors, and kings could be readily distinguished, by their different tiaras and crowns, with the naked eye! This was so highly valued, that, on a dispute about its ownership, it became the object of a chancery suit. It was originally purchased in Prussia for 300*l*.

The Greeks and Romans had other follies of a nearly similar kind. Poems were constructed by both nations, in which a particular letter was omitted, sometimes one letter in one book or canto, and another in the next, and sometimes whole books commenced with the first letters of each line alike. This fancy found abundant copyists two or three centuries back in every country in Europe, and not least in our own. And about the same time a still more whimsical humour prevailed, also copied from the ancients, of making the verses themselves assume different forms. There were globes, crosses, stars; axes, scissors, ladies' slippers, lockets, gloves; the outward form often adumbrating the matter contained—as when drinking-songs took the shapes of flasks or glasses; love-ditties became portraits of the fair ones praised; or, when a touch of sentiment was intermingled, ran into true-love knots, bleeding hearts, and stolen ringlets. This fashion soon passed away, the only relic of it now remaining being that of making the first letters of the verses form an acrostic; a species of invention we still occasionally meet with in albums and country newspapers.

But the poets, though the most prominent, were not the only sinners. It would be invidious to dwell on the vain subtleties of more serious callings; but we may remark, in passing, that even the pulpit was not free from straining after such quiddities; sometimes shown in the choice of an unmeaning text; sometimes of a subject to all appearance barren or intractable; and still more frequently, perhaps at a certain period, in "exhausting" the subject chosen. There is a story told of a German divine who announced his intention of expounding the book of Isaiah, and spent twenty years on the first chapter of it. This may be taken, like all such stories, with some abatement, but there was a time when English divines appeared inclined to emulate his skill. We shall only mention one instance, and that from the Rev. Henry Teonge, who in 1675 left his rectory of Spenal, in Warwickshire, to become a naval chaplain. He duly notes in his Diary, that he commenced preaching on the plague of frogs when at Tripoli, and continued the course up the Mediterranean and good part of the homeward voyage. He also made the opening of the Lord's Prayer last him a considerable part of one of his voyages;—the word "Our" serving as the text for several sermons. His Diary frequently has the entry "preacht on the old text," or "last on that text." The sophisms of the later Greeks, and the themes of the schoolmen in the middle ages, however, surpass all else in the extravagance of the subjects chosen, and it hardly surprises one to read that some have absolutely evaporated in vain attempts to unravel them. The only people who have approached them are the Chinese, and they, it must be confessed, have ever shown a considerable talent that way.

Yet if the schoolmen and sophists must claim the pre-eminence in regard to the unprofitableness of their labours, it is almost certain that they have been more than equalled in the puerility of them. We have heard of some who have set themselves the task of counting how many times the word *and*, or a particular letter, occurs in the Scriptures, which is worse than that often laughed at, of computing the number of words into which the alphabet is capable of being transposed.

If we had not extended these illustrations already further than we intended, it would be easy to add many other examples. The trifling of the learned would be a fertile field, but a thorny one; and the painters would supply us with an amusing variety. Somewhat more than half a century back there was a painter in London who obtained some popularity and more profit by teaching a "new mode of painting." His plan was to dash a number of colours at random on a prepared surface, and then arrange them into such forms as their accidental combinations suggested. When a picture was shown to Michael Angelo with the information that it had been painted with the fingers instead of brushes, the great Florentine replied, "the foolish man had better have used his brushes"—an answer applicable to all such artists. It were best to be content with the plainest ways; the road to excellence is ever sufficiently difficult, without choosing the ploughed fields.

But we must break off. We have thrown together a few stray examples—it would be easy to multiply them to any extent—as hints. Our object was to show how commonly have ingenuity and talent been wasted in all ways and ages; and we must not conclude without adding that any one who will look around him will see sufficient proof that they still continue to be misapplied. It does not constantly occur that they are misapplied in so striking a manner. Squarers of the circle and discoverers of the perpetual motion even are becoming extinct, but in the lesser matters of every-day life, and these are what are of most importance to all of us, how few are altogether blameless! But while perhaps we can hardly expect quite to avoid the misapplication of time and talent to worthless objects, we may at least refrain from doing so intentionally. If we cannot avoid doing foolish things, we need not *try* to do them. We may as well choose something worth the labour while we are about it.

The leisure which those who are engaged in the business of life can obtain, is so little, that it is a pity to expend it on useless trifles. If our few stray minutes are to be employed productively, there must be an object for the mind to fix its thoughts upon, and it may as well be a serviceable one. In the interesting volumes on the 'Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties' many examples are given of the successful cultivation of spare time, and it is certain that the briefest opportunities, regularly and diligently employed, will ensure success in any reasonable pursuit. A further proof of this, of a kind quite opposite to those contained in that work, may be found in Nyren's book on Cricketing. Mention is there made of a Hampshire shepherd who attained to extraordinary skill in bowling. His practice was, when tending the sheep, to set up a hurdle or two and a stick, and then bowl away for hours together. The consequence was that he acquired almost unequalled skill as a bowler, but he could do nothing else—even at cricket. His skillfulness all who have played at cricket would admire, but who would not regret that such a price should be paid for it? What a pity he had not spent his hours on some more worthy object!—but have we no stick at which we are bowling?

How to print a Picture from the Print itself.—The page or print is soaked in a solution, first of potass, and then of tartaric acid. This produces a perfect diffusion of crystals of bi-tartrate of potass through the texture of the unprinted part of the paper. As this salt resists oil, the ink-roller may now be passed over the surface, without transferring any of its contents, except to the printed parts.—*Faraday.*



[Tintoretto, and Group from his Picture of Christ feeding the Five Thousand.]

ESSAYS ON THE LIVES OF REMARKABLE PAINTERS.—No. XLII.

THE VENETIAN PAINTERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

TINTORETTO.—PAUL VERONESE.—JACOPO BASSANO.

TITIAN was the last great name of the earlier schools of Italy—the last really *great* painter which she produced. After him came many who were good artists, excellent artificers; but, compared with the heaven-endowed creators in art—the poet-painters who had gone before them, they were mere mechanics the best of them. No more Raphaels, no more Titians, no more Michelangelos, before whom princes stood uncovered! but very good painters, bearing the same relation to their wondrous predecessors that the poets, wits, and playwrights of Queen Anne's time bore to Shakspere. There was, however, an intervening period between the death of Titian and the foundation of the Carracci school, a sort of interregnum, during which the art of painting sank to the lowest depths of laboured inanity and inflated mannerism. In the middle of the sixteenth century Italy swarmed with painters: these go under the general name of the *mannerists*, because they all imitated the *manner* of

some one of the great masters who had gone before them. There were imitators of Michael Angelo, of Raphael, of Correggio:—Vasari and Bronzino, at Florence; the two brothers Taddeo and Federigo Zuccaro, and the Cavalier d'Arpino, at Rome; Federigo Barroccio, of Urbino; Luca Cambiasi, of Genoa; and hundreds of others, who covered with frescoes the walls of villas, palaces, churches, and produced some fine and valuable pictures, and many pleasing and graceful ones, and many more that were mere vapid or exaggerated repetitions of worn-out subjects. And patrons were not wanting, nor industry, nor science; nothing but original and elevated feeling—"the inspiration and the poet's dream."

But in the Venetian school still survived this inspiration, this vital and creative power, when it seemed extinct everywhere besides. From 1540 to 1580 the Venetians were the only *painters* worthy the name in Italy. This arose from the elementary principle early infused into the Venetian artists—the principle of looking to Nature, and imitating her, instead of imitating others and one another. Thus at every man who looks to Nature looks at her through his own eyes, a certain degree of individuality was retained even in the decline of the art. There were some who tried to look at nature in the same point of view as Titian, and these

are generally included under the general denomination of the School of Titian, though in fact he had no school properly so called.

MORONE was a portrait painter who in some of his heads equalled Titian. We have in England only one known picture by him, but it is a masterpiece—the portrait of a Jesuit, in the gallery of the Duke of Sutherland, which for a long time went by the name of Titian's Schoolmaster: it represents a grave, acute looking man, holding a book in his hand, which he has just closed; his finger is between the leaves, and, leaning from his chair, he seems about to address you.

- The very life is warm upon that lip,
• The fixture of the eye has motion in't,
• And we are mock'd by art!

BONIFAZIO, who had studied under Palma and Titian, painted many pictures which are frequently attributed to both these masters. Superior to Bonifazio was ALESSANDRO BOVICINO, by whom there are several exquisite pictures in the Milan Gallery.

ANDREA SCHIAVONE, whose elegant pictures are often met with in collections, was a poor boy, who began the world as an assistant mason and house-painter, and who became an artist from the love of art; but by some fatality, or some quality of mind which we are wont to call a *fatality*, he remained always poor. He painted numerous pictures, which others obtained, and sold again for high prices, enriching themselves at the expense of his toil of hand and head. At length he died, and in such wretched circumstances that he was buried by the charity of a few friends. In general the Venetian painters were joyous beings; Schiavone was a rare and melancholy exception. Very different was the temper and the fate of PAUL BORDONE of Treviso, a man without much genius, weak in drawing, capricious or commonplace in invention, without fire or expression, but a divine colourist, and stamping on his pictures his own buoyant, life-enjoying nature; in this he was like Titian, but utterly inferior in all other respects. Some of his portraits are very beautiful, particularly those of his women, which have been often mistaken for Titian's.

The elder Palma is also considered as a scholar of Titian, though deriving as little from his personal instruction as did Tintoretto, Bordone, and others of the school. The date of his birth has been rendered uncertain by the mistakes of various authors, who confounded the elder and the younger Palma; but it appears that he was born between 1500 and 1515. He resembled in his manner both Titian and Giorgione. In some pictures he has shown the dignity of Titian, in others a touch of the melancholy sentiment of Giorgione. But not half the pictures attributed to Palma Vecchio are by him. We have not one in our National Gallery; and those at Hampton Court which are attributed to him are not genuine—mere third-rate pictures of the Venetian school. This painter had three daughters of remarkable beauty. Violante, the eldest and most beautiful, is said to have been loved by Titian, and to be the original of some of his most exquisite female portraits. One called Flora, because she has flowers in her hand; and another in the Pitti Palace, in a rich dress. We have the three daughters of Palma, painted by himself, in the Vienna gallery; one, a most lovely creature, with long light brown hair, and a violet in her bosom, is without doubt Titian's Violante. In the Dresden gallery are the same three beautiful girls in one picture, the head in the centre being *the* Violante.

It remains to give some account of two really great men, who were contemporaries of Titian, but could hardly be called his rivals, his equals, or his imitators.

They were both inferior to him, but original men in their different styles.

The first was TINTORETTO, born in 1512; his real name was Jacopo Robusti: his father was a dyer (in Italian *Tintore*); hence he received in childhood the diminutive nickname *Il Tintoretto*, by which he is best known to us. He began, like many other painters whose genius we have recorded, by drawing all kinds of objects and figures on the walls of his father's house. The dyer, being a man of sense, did not attempt to oppose his son's predilection for art, but procured for him the best instruction his means would allow, and even sent him to study under Titian. This did not avail him much, for that most excellent painter was by no means a good instructor, and it is said that he became jealous of the progress of Tintoretto, or perhaps required more docility: whatever might be the cause, he expelled him from his academy, saying somewhat rashly, that "he would never be anything but a dauber." Tintoretto did not lose courage; he pursued his studies, and after a few years set up an academy of his own, and on the wall of his painting-room he placed the following inscription, as being expressive of the principles he intended to follow: "*Il disegno di Michel Agnolo: il colorito di Tiziano*" (the drawing of Michael Angelo and the colouring of Titian). Tintoretto was a man of extraordinary talent, unequalled for the quickness of his invention and the facility and rapidity of his execution. It frequently happened that he would not give himself the trouble to make any design or sketch for his picture, but composed as he went along, throwing his figures on the canvas and painting them in at once, with wonderful power and truth, considering the little time and pains they cost him: but this want of study was fatal to his real greatness. He is the most unequal of painters. In his compositions we find often the grossest faults in close proximity with the highest beauty. Now he would paint a picture almost equal to Titian, then produce one so coarse and careless that it seemed to justify Titian's expression of a "dauber." He abused his mechanical power by the utmost recklessness of pencil; but then, again, his wonderful talent redeemed him, and he would enchant his fellow-citizens by the grandeur, the dramatic vivacity, the gorgeous colours, and the luxuriant invention displayed in some of his vast compositions. The larger the space he had to fill, the more he seemed at home; his small pictures are seldom good. His portraits in general are magnificent; less refined and dignified than those of Titian, less intellectual, but quite as full of life.

Tintoretto painted an amazing number of pictures, and of an amazing size—one of them is seventy-four feet in length and thirty feet in height. One edifice of his native city, the School of St. Roch, contains fifty-seven large compositions, each containing many figures the size of life. • The two most famous of his pictures are—a Crucifixion, in which the Passion of our Saviour is represented like a vast theatrical scene, crowded with groups of figures on foot, on horseback, exhibiting the greatest variety of movement and expression; and a large picture, called the Miracle of St. Mark, in the Academy of Venice, of which Mr. Rogers possesses the first sketch:—a certain slave having become a Christian, and having persevered in paying his devotions at the shrine of St. Mark, is condemned to the torture by his heathen lord; but just as he is bound and prostrate St. Mark descends from above to aid his votary; the executioner is seen raising the broken instruments of torture, and a crowd of people look on in various attitudes of wonder, pity, interest. The whole picture glows with colour and movement.

In our National Gallery we have only one small unimportant work by Tintoretto, but there are ten or

eleven in the Royal Galleries; he was a favourite painter of Charles I., who purchased many of his works from Venice. Two pictures, once really fine, which belonged to this king, are now at Hampton Court—Esther fainting before Ahasuerus, and the Nine Muses. They have suffered terribly from audacious restorers, but in this last picture the figure of the Muse on the right, turning her back, is in a grand style; not unworthy, in its large, bold, yet graceful drawing, of the hand of Michael Angelo himself. In the same collection are three very fine portraits. *

Tintoretto died in 1588. His daughter, Marietta Robusti, whose talent for painting was sedulously cultivated by her father, has left some excellent portraits; and in her own time obtained such celebrity that the kings of France and Spain invited her to their courts with the most tempting offers of patronage, but she would never leave her father and her native Venice. She died at the age of thirty.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

THE CLERK'S TALE—continued.

And it so befel, that the Marquis longed in his heart to tempt his wife, in order to test her steadiness of purpose; although he had tried her often enough before, and found her ever good. So he

wrought in this mannere :

He came a night alone there as she lay,
With sterne face, and with full troubled cheer,
And saide thus:—"Grisild," quoth he, "that day
That I you took out of your poor array,
And put you in estate of high nobles,
Ye have it not forgotten, as I guess?"

I say, Grisilde, this present dignity,
In which that I have put you, as I trow,
Maketh you not forgetful for to be;
That I you took in poor estate full low,
For any weal ye must yourselven know.
Take heed of every word that I you say;
There is no wight that heareth it but we tway.

Ye wot yourself well how that ye came here
Into this house, it is not long ago;
And though to me ye be right lief* and dear,
Unto my gentles ye be nothing so:
They say, to them it is great shame and woe
For to be subjects, and be in servage
To thee, that born art of a small lin'age.

And especially since thy daughter was born, have they spoken thus. I desire to live with them in rest and peace; I must therefore deal with thy daughter for the best: not as I would, but as my gentles desire. And yet, God knows, I am full loath to do this thing, nor will I without your assent. So now show me the patience in your behaviour that you swore to me the day of our marriage."

When she had heard all this, apparently unmoved in word, in cheer, or in countenance, she said,

"Lord, all lieth in your pleasure;

My child and I with hearty obeisance
Be youres all, and ye may save or spill†
Your owen thing: worketh after your will.

There may no thing, so God my soule save,
Like unto‡ you that may displeasen me;
Ne I desire nothing fur to have,
Ne drede for to lose, save only ye:
This will is in mine heart, and aye shall be;
No length of time or death may this deface,
Nor change my courage to another place."

* Pleasant, agreeable.

† Kill, destroy.

‡ Like unto—be pleasant unto.

The Marquis was glad of her answer, but seemed not so—

All dreary was his cheer and his looking;

and when he had left the chamber, he privately told his purposes to a man, and sent him to his wife. The man stalked into the chamber of Griselda, saying, "Madam, ye must forgive me; I only do that to which I am constrained: ye know well that lords' behests must be fulfilled. I am commanded to take this child." He then ceased, and seized the child in a rough manner, and appeared as though he would have slain it before he went. Griselda must suffer all, consent to all. As a lamb, she sitteth still, and lets the cruel sergeant do what he pleases. Suspicious was the reputation of this man, suspicious-looking his face, suspicious his words. Alas! her daughter that she so loved. She believed he would have slain it at once, but she neither wept nor sighed, conforming herself to the Marquis's pleasure.

But at the last to speaken she began,
And meekely she to the sergeant prayed
(So as he was a worthy gentleman)
That she might kiss her child ere that it deyed;*
And in her barmet† this little child she laid
With full sad face, and gan the child to bliss,‡
And lulled it, and after gan it kiss.

And thus she said in her benigne voice,
"Farewell, my child, I shall thee never see,
But since I have thee mark'd with the cross,
Of thilke father yblessed may'st thou be,
That for us died upon a cross of tree.
Thy soule, little child, I him betake,
For this night shalt thou dien for my sake."

To a nurse in such a case it had been hard to see this pitiable little creature; well then might a mother cry, alas! But so steadfast was Griselda, that she endured all adversity, and said meekly to the sergeant—

"Have here again your little younge maid.

"Go now, and do your lord's will. And one thing I would pray of your grace, unless my lord forbid it. Bury this little body in some place where neither birds nor beasts may tear it." But no satisfaction would he give her, but took the child and went his way.

The sergeant told his lord all Griselda's words and behaviour, and presented him with his daughter. Somewhat this lord was touched with pity, but nevertheless he held to his purpose. So he directed the child to be softly and warmly wrapped,

With alle circumstances tenderly,

and taken to Bologna, unto his sister, the Countess of Pavia, whom he besought to foster the child in all gentleness. And whose child it was, he bade her conceal from every one. The sergeant also was told to let no man know, upon pain of his head, the object of his journey, or the place he came from, or the place he was sent to. The Marquis now goes to Griselda, in order that he might see by her air and countenance, and words, if she were changed; but he found her ever the same, at once steadfast and kind:

As glad, as humble, as busy in service,
And eke in love, as she was wont to be,
Was she to him, in every manner wise;
Nor of her daughter not a word spake she;
No accident for no adversity
Was seen in her, ne never her daughter's name,
Ne nevned§ she for earnest or for game.

Thus passed on four years, when Griselda had another child, a boy,

Full gracious and fair for to behold,
and the Marquis and the whole country were in great

* Died.

† Lap.

‡ Bless.

§ Named.

joy and thankfulness to God. When the child was two years old, and had left its nurse, the Marquis again felt a desire to tempt his wife. Most needless was it;

But wedded men ne connen* no measure
When that they find a patient creature.

"Wife," quoth the Marquis, "ye have heard, ere this, my people bear sadly our marriage. Now, s nce my son is born, it is worse than ever. The murmur destroyeth my heart. They now say—

"When Walter is agone,
Then shall the blood of Janicle succeed,
And be our lord, for other have we none."
Such wordes say my people, it is no drede:
Well ought I of such murmur taken heed,
For certainly I dread all such sentence,
Though they not plainen in my audience.

I woulde live in peace if that I might;
Wherefore I am disposèd utterly,
As I his sister servèd ere by night,
Right so think I to serve him privily.
This warn I you, that ye not suddenly
Out of yourself for no woe should outraie†,
Be patient, and thereof I you pray."

"I have," quoth she, "said thus, and ever shall—
I will no thing, ne nill‡ no thing certain,
But as you list: not grieveth § me at all,
Though that my daughter and my son be slain,
At your commandement; that is to sain,
I have not had no part of children twain,
But first sickness, and after woe and pain.

Ye be my lord, doeth with your owen thing
Right as you list, asketh no rede || of me:
For as I left at home all my clothing
When I came first to you, right so (quoth she),
Left I my will, and all my liberty,
And took your clothing; wherefore I you pray,
Do your pleasance, I will your lust obey.

* *Ne connen*—Know not.

† Be outrageous, burst out in sudden grief.

‡ That is to say, I do not at present—I never shall—will anything but what you please.

§ This must not be understood to mean more than that Griselda, in the height of her sublime devotion to what she believes to be her duty, desires to avert from her lord even the reflection of her sorrows. What she really suffers we feel but too acutely. Chaucer's wonderful art, while apparently making no attempt to show the state of Griselda's real feelings, is in truth constantly revealing to us depth beneath depth of the heart of the divine woman who is the subject of his poem. And we may here add to this note a few words upon the nature of Griselda's sentiment of duty. This is a compound of various and most potential elements. It is not merely that Griselda has sworn to obey the Marquis—that gratitude for her elevation has strengthened the bond of that oath—or that she loves him most devotedly;—it is also that he is her feudal lord, acknowledged master of the lives and fortunes of his vassals, who have been taught from earliest childhood to render both ungrudgingly whenever he required them. This is in truth the material base of the poem—the circumstance that, taken in connection with her oath and the demands of gratitude upon her, as well as with her boundless love for her husband, makes all Griselda's sacrifices *natural* in the commonest sense of the word. But whilst thus based, the poem has a higher scope—appeals to an infinitely nobler *nature*. The story of Griselda is the embodiment of the spirit which eighteen hundred years ago shone through the words and acts of Him who died upon the cross, saying, "Forgive them; they know not what they do;" and which for eighteen hundred or eighteen times eighteen hundred years to come, can alone, by its diffusion through all hearts and institutions, redeem or preserve the world from the "thousand ills" it has been heir to. Upon the altar of Love the poem of the Clerk's Tale remains through all time an offering of unapproachable value.

|| Counsel.

And certainly, if I had prescience to know your will ere ye told it to me, I would do it. If I knew that my death would relieve you, I would right gladly die. Death may not make comparison with your love." When the Marquis saw the constancy of his wife, he cast down his eyes, wondering; and with a pleased heart, but a dreary countenance, went forth. The sergeant then came to Griselda, and took away her son, that was so full of beauty, but—ever the same—she remained patient. Only, she prayed the sergeant,

if that he might,
Her little son he woulde in earthe grave,
His tender limbes, delicate to sight,
From foules* and from bestes fur to save.
But she none answer of him mighte have:
He went his way as he no thing ne rougt,†
But to Bologn' he tenderly it brought.

The Marquis well knew that next to himself Griselda loved her children, but still no change appeared in her behaviour; and indeed, if it were possible, she was, as she grew older, only the more true in her love to him. And yet although the slander spread far and wide that he had murdered the children, and though the people began to hate him, yet he would not cease his cruel purpose; he was still determined to tempt his wife.

[To be continued.]

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

(From the Life of Dr. John Colet, in Cabinet Portrait Gallery, vol. ii.)

THERE had been in very early times a school connected with the cathedral church of St. Paul's, as there were with most of the other principal churches and monasteries throughout the kingdom. But, like many of the other better parts of the Romish system, this seminary, in Colet's days, appears to have fallen into complete decay, and to have subsisted, if at all, in little more than in name and form. His own institution, which entirely superseded it, was founded by him, about nine years before his death, and its settlement and superintendence principally occupied the remainder of his life. The best account of how he proceeded is that given by Erasmus, who says, "Upon the death of his father, when by right of inheritance he was possessed of a good sum of money, lest the keeping of it should corrupt his mind, and turn it too much toward the world, he laid out a great part of it in building a new school in the churchyard of St. Paul's, dedicated to the child Jesus, a magnificent fabric, to which he added two dwelling-houses for the two several masters; and to them he allotted ample salaries, that they might teach a certain number of boys free and for the sake of charity. He divided the school into four apartments. The first, namely, the porch and entrance, is for catechumens, or the children to be instructed in the principles of religion, where no child is to be admitted but what can read and write. The second apartment is for the lower boys, to be taught by the second master or usher; the third for the upper forms, under the head master; which two parts of the school are divided by a curtain, to be drawn at pleasure The fourth or last apartment is a little chapel for divine service. The school has no corners or hiding-places; nothing like a cell or closet. The boys have their distinct forms or benches, one above another. Every form holds sixteen; and he that is head or captain of each form has a little kind of desk, by way of pre-eminence. They are not to admit all boys, of course; but to choose them according to their parts and capacities. Their wise and sagacious founder after he had finished all, left the perpetual care and oversight of the estate, and government of it,

* Birds.

† Had no pity or ruth.

not to the clergy, not to the bishop, not to the chapter, nor to any great minister at court; but amongst the married laymen, to the Company of Mercers, men of probity and reputation. And when he was asked the reason of so committing this trust, he answered to this effect:—that there was no absolute certainty in human affairs; but, for his part, he found less corruption in such a body of citizens than in any other order or degree of mankind.”*

But the nature of the original establishment, and also some points in the character of the founder, will be best illustrated by a few extracts from the statutes, as drawn up by Colet himself. They are dated the 18th of June, 1518.

The school is described as founded “in the honour of Christ Jesu in *pueritia*, and of his blessed moder Mary.” The high or head master is directed to be “a man whole in body, honest and virtuous, and learned in good and clean Latin literature, and also in Greek, if such may be gotten a wedded man, a single man, or a priest that hath no benefice with cure, nor service that may let the due business in the school.” His wages are appointed to be “a mark a week, and a lively gown of four nobles, delivered in cloth.”

The number of children received in the school is directed to be a hundred and fifty-three (in allusion, it is supposed, to the number of fish taken by St. Peter, as recorded by the evangelist John, chapter xxi. verse 2), “of all nations and countries indifferently.” One of the rules with regard to the scholars is, that “in the school, in no time in the year, they shall use tallow candle in no wise, but a lonely wax candle, at the costs of their friends.” Colet, though he hated show and luxury, was a great lover of cleanliness; he dressed only in black, while many of the other clergy of his degree arrayed themselves in purple; but he was always remarkable for the neatness of his attire, and also for the good condition and order of his house and everything about him. Other rules which he lays down for the boys are the following:—“Also I will they bring no meat, nor drink, nor bottle, nor use in the school no breakfasts nor drinkings in the time of learning in no wise; if they need drink, let them be provided in some other place. I will they use no cock-fighting, nor riding about of victory, nor disputing at St. Bartholomew, which is but foolish babbling and loss of time. I will also that they shall have no remedies [that is, holidays]. If the master granteth any remedies, he shall forfeit 40s. *lotiens quotiens* [for every time], except the king, or an archbishop, or a bishop present in his own person in the school desire it. All these children shall every Childermas-day come to Paul’s church and hear the Child Bishop Sermon; and after be at the High Mass; and each of them offer a penny to the Child Bishop; and with them the masters and surveyors of the school.” This festival of the Boy Bishop is remarked as almost the only popish observance attendance upon which the dean enjoined upon those educated at his school.

Some instructions are given as to what should be taught and what books should be read in the school. Generally it is explained that the purpose of the seminary is to afford instruction both in Latin and Greek, but always as far as possible in connexion with Christian truth. He recommends, therefore, that Lactantius, Prudentius, and other Christian authors who wrote in Latin be used; but at the same time he wholly banishes and excludes, along with everything immoral, whatever corruption or adulteration of style “the later blind world brought in,” “which,” he facetiously adds, “more rather may be called blotterature than literature.”

Finally, Colet shows his good sense in a very unusual provision with which he concludes, under the title of “Liberty to declare the Statutes.” Notwithstanding all that he has laid down under previous heads, “yet because,” as he well says, “in time to come many things may and shall survive and grow, by many occasions and causes which at the making of this book was not possible to come to mind,” he leaves entire liberty to the Company of Mercers, to whom he had intrusted the government of the institution, “to add and diminish of this book, and to supply in it every default; and also to declare in it every obscurity and darkness, as time and place and just occasion shall require.”

*Colet’s first head master was William Lilly, the principal author of the Latin Grammar which goes under his name. He had visited not only Italy, but Rhodes, to acquire and perfect himself in the Greek language, which he is said to have been the first person who taught at Oxford, at least after the revival of letters. He was a married man with many children; and he lived and presided over St. Paul’s school till the year 1523, when he was carried off by the plague.

Colet’s allowance to his head master of a mark (13s. 4d.) a week, with two houses (one attached to the school; the other, as an occasional country retreat, at Stepney), was a liberal provision according to the value of money at that day. The revenues of the school, however, derived from land, have of course since greatly increased: they amounted, as Colet calculated them, to about 120*l.*, and are understood to be now nearly 6000*l.* The estates lie chiefly in Buckinghamshire.



[St Paul's School, as it appeared before the Fire of London.]

Pigs in Cincinnati.—The pork aristocracy of Cincinnati does not mean those innumerable pigs which walk at large about the streets, as if they owned the town, but a class of rich merchants, who have made their fortunes by killing annually, salting, and exporting, about 200,000 swine. There are, besides these, other wealthy proprietors, who have speculated successfully in land, which often rises rapidly in value as the population increases. The general civilization and refinement of the citizens is far greater than might have been looked for in a state founded so recently, owing to the great number of families which have come directly from the highly educated part of New England, and have settled here. As to the free hogs before mentioned, which roam about the handsome streets, they belong to no one in particular, and any citizen is at liberty to take them up, fatten, and kill them. When they increase too fast, the town council interferes, and sells off some of their number. It is a favourite amusement of the boys to ride upon the pigs, and we were shown one sagacious old hog, who was in the habit of lying down as soon as a boy came in sight.—*Lyell's Travels in North America.*

* Translated in *Life by Knight*, pp. 110-113.



[Cathedral of St. Asaph, from the south-east.]

CATHEDRAL OF ST. ASAPH.

THE city of St. Asaph, like that of Llandaf, is hardly more than a village. The name of the township is Brynpolyn, and, according to the census of 1841, it contains one hundred and eighty-two houses, and seven hundred and eighty-two inhabitants. It is situated near the western extremity of Flintshire, in Wales, on the slope of a small hill between the rivers Elwy to the west and Clwyd to the east. The Elwy falls into the Clwyd a little farther down the vale of Clwyd. St. Asaph was formerly called Llan Elwy, 'the church on the Elwy.'

The cathedral of St. Asaph crowns the summit of the hill, south of the city, and is surrounded by a church-yard sufficiently large to afford a good view of the church on both sides.

The foundation of the see, which is undoubtedly of great antiquity, is attributed to Kentigern, who, having been driven from his bishopric at Glasgow, about the year 543, fled to Wales, where the Prince of Wales assigned him a situation for the establishment of a monastery near the river Elwy, and where he erected an episcopal see, over which he presided till the year 580, when he was recalled to Scotland. The number of brethren in the monastery is said to have been nearly one thousand. Kentigern resigned his see to Asaph, one of his disciples, who presided over it with great reputation for sanctity till his death in 596. During the wars between the Welsh and Saxons there is no record of the successors of St. Asaph for the long period of about five hundred years. Geoffrey of Monmouth was consecrated as bishop of St. Asaph February 24, 1152. The cathedral was burnt to the ground in 1282 during the war between Edward I. and the Welsh. Edward, after the conquest of Wales, wished to remove the see from St. Asaph to Ruddlan, where he had built a town and a strong castle, the ruins of which yet remain. There is extant a letter in Latin, written in 1283, from Edward I. to the Pope, Martin IV., in which he states, that he had lately built a town at Ruddlan, in a convenient and safe situation, to which there was great resort of the Welsh and English people; that the cathedral of St. Asaph, about

two miles distant, was in a solitary rural district, where its canons were neither protected by fortifications nor had the comfort of the society of neighbours, but were exposed, together with the body of their glorious Saint, Asaph, to the continual incursions of robbers; and that the place was altogether subject to so many inconveniences, that even on the most solemn festivals the dignitaries of the church had no audience, but spake to the very stones. Either the death of the Pope or the circular letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury exhorting the bishop and canons to rebuild their church, prevented the removal of the see. Edward assembled a parliament at Ruddlan in 1283, and passed an act for the regulation of Wales, which is called the Statute of Ruddlan.

The cathedral was rebuilt in 1284; but in 1402 it was burnt by Owen Glendwr, together with the bishop's palace and the houses of the canons, for which outrage his excuse was, that Trevor the bishop had revolted from Richard II., by whom he had been preferred, and had become an adherent of Bolingbroke.

The cathedral appears to have remained in a ruinous state, with only the walls standing, till the time of Bishop Redman, who was consecrated in 1472; he repaired the walls, put on a new roof, made a new east window, and fitted up the choir with stalls and an episcopal throne. David ap Owen, promoted to the bishopric in 1503, rebuilt the episcopal palace, and constructed the bridge over the Clwyd, which is still called Pont Davydd Eecob, "Bishop David's Bridge."

During the Great rebellion in 1641, the cathedral was desecrated by Miles, who held the post-office, and who kept horses and cattle in the nave, and fed calves in the choir, and removed the font into his yard for a hog-trough. In 1648, 1649, and 1650, various manors and lordships belonging to the see were sold to the amount of 5297*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* Bishop Isaac Barrow, uncle of the great Isaac Barrow, translated to St. Asaph in 1669, expended large sums in repairing both the cathedral and the bishop's palace.

The cathedral of St. Asaph consists of a nave with aisles, choir without aisles, transepts, and central tower. It is one of the smallest of our cathedrals. Its dimensions are as follows:—

Entire length, from east to west . . .	178
Length from the west door to the choir . . .	81
Length of the choir . . .	94
Length of the transepts, from north to south . . .	104
Breadth of the nave and its aisles . . .	68
Breadth of the choir . . .	32
Height of the nave, from pavement to ceiling . . .	60
Height of the choir, from pavement to ceiling . . .	40
Breadth of the transepts . . .	32
Height of the central tower . . .	93
Width of the tower, 34 feet by 30 feet . . .	

The respective lengths of the nave and choir differ considerably from those given by Brown Willis, in his 'History of the Church and Diocese of St. Asaph,' and for this reason, that in 1833, the space below the central tower was added to the length of the choir, and consequently deducted from that of the nave.

The nave and transepts are for the most part of the architecture called Decorated English. The window in the west front is an elegant composition in this style, divided into six lights with rich tracery. The mouldings of the west door are plain, and of an earlier style. The side windows which light the aisles have pointed arches and tracery, but the clerestory windows above, which light the nave, are square, with some remains of ancient tracery. The buttresses are few, but bold. Besides the west door, there are side doors, one into the south aisle and another into the north aisle. The nave is separated from the aisles by four pillars on each side, about four feet and a half in diameter at the base, besides two pilasters in the wall of the west end.

The arches which support the tower spring from four pillars five feet and a half in diameter at the base, the two western isolated, the two eastern forming portions of the choir and transepts. The windows of the transepts are of decorated architecture, but the tracery is not rich. The tower is square and embattled. The view from the top is very fine, embracing the whole sweep of the beautiful vale of Clwyd, the mountains, and the Irish sea.

The choir was almost rebuilt by the dean and chapter about 1770, apparently in imitation of the ancient architecture, but with little success. The great east window has probably not been altered; it is a fine piece of work, twenty-seven feet high and eighteen feet wide, modelled after the east window of Tintern Abbey; about 1800 it was filled with stained glass by Mr. Egginton, of Handsworth, near Birmingham.

The cathedral was thoroughly repaired about 1833, and both the bishop's palace and the deanery were rebuilt about the same time. The bishop's palace is about one hundred and fifty yards south-west from the cathedral, with gardens and orchards which adjoin the churchyard wall; the deanery is about eight hundred yards west from the cathedral, on the other side of the Elwy. The canons' houses, destroyed by Glendwr, have never been rebuilt.

The cathedral is remarkably poor in monumental antiquities. The only ancient monument worth notice is an effigy of a bishop, who, when Warner was there in August, 1793, had been raised from his recumbent position, and set upon his legs. No doubt he has since been replaced in his posture of repose. There is a monument erected to Bishop Shipley; it is a full-length figure, of white marble, seated, in his episcopal robes. There is also a somewhat heavy monument to the memory of Bishop Luxmore. Bishop Barrow, who died in 1660, has a monument in the churchyard, near the west door.

The diocese of St. Asaph comprehends parts of Denbighshire, Montgomeryshire, Caernarvonshire, Merionethshire, Flintshire, and Shropshire. By the 6 & 7 Will. IV. cap. 77, the bishoprics of St. Asaph

and Bangor are to be united. The present income of the Bishop of St. Asaph is £5000. The average net annual revenue of the two bishoprics is estimated at £6684. The future annual income of the united see is fixed at £5200; there will, consequently, be a surplus of £1484, and by an order in council of the 12th of December, 1833, a fixed annual payment of £4750, is to be paid out of the united see into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The number of benefices in the bishopric of St. Asaph is one hundred and forty-nine, of which one hundred and twenty-one are in the patronage of the bishop.

The corporation includes a dean, precentor, treasurer, chancellor, three canons, seven curial canons, four minor canons, besides an organist, six choristers, and other officers.

The parish church of St. Asaph is in the town, about one hundred and fifty yards from the cathedral. It is a small building without a steeple.

With St. Asaph we conclude our accounts of the cathedrals of England and Wales, all of which we have now described, except that of the recently created see of Ripon, and of the prospective see of Manchester. For the convenience of those who may wish to refer to these accounts and views, we give a list of them, with references to the number and page of the Penny Magazine in which they are contained:—

	No.	Page.
Bangor	806	409
Bristol	829	85
Canterbury	132	73
Carlisle	624	41
Chester	800	365
Chichester	814	473
Durham	73	196
Exeter	143	215
Exeter	132	157
Gloucester	838	151
Hereford	810	1
Lichfield	61	97
Lincoln	65	132
Llandaf	851	284
Notwich	183	129
Oxford	844	201
Peterborough	71	177
Rochester	97	388
Salisbury	78	233
St. David's	809	433
St. Paul's	133	161
Wells	103	433
Winchester	90	353
Worcester	217	326
York	63	33

Buck-washing.—A lady, residing in Kent, has been able from her own recollection to furnish the following account of Buck-washing, in illustration of a passage in Shakespeare's 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' where Falstaff is put into the basket and thrown into the Thames:—we preserve the lady's own words. Buck-washing was not an everyday method of washing linen, neither does it mean washing in the river. In Dr. Edward Harwood's edition of Bailey's Dictionary, published in 1790, is "Buck"—a lye made of ashes, or a lather of soap for washing linen. "The Whitsters" at Datchet Mead were probably persons to whom linen was sent to be washed in that manner, from the Town of Windsor. My residence is an old-fashioned country house which has been in the possession of the same family for many generations—and I can remember witnessing, when a little child, many usages of "the olden time," established by my forefathers, as long ago as the days of Shakespeare. It is more than forty years since I saw the process of Buck-washing. My grandfather then possessed this old place; at that time a widower: he had been very fond of his wife, and after her decease would scarcely allow of any furniture to be disturbed, and was particular that everything should be done in the same manner as when she lived—they were so while he retained his old servants, but death came

...the linen was put into a large tub, over which was suspended a cradle-shaped basket, a coarse cloth was put over the basket on which was placed wood ashes, with alternate layers of nettles, mallows, sow-wort, and hardlock—boiling water was poured upon all this, which drained through the basket (a strong and clear lye) upon the linen beneath. This was repeated several days, the linen soaking all the while—it was then taken out and washed in the usual way. This process made the linen very white. Mrs. Page reminds Mrs. Ford, that "it is whitening time" and advises the bucket (into which she induces Falstaff to get) to be carried "as if it were going to bucking;" and Ford says to his wife, "Behold what honest cloths you send forth a bleaching." Everything used on the occasion of a bucking was necessarily on a large scale, when it is remembered the linen had been partly sufficient for a family during the winter, although there certainly were small purifications in the interim—consequently the buck-basket was large enough to receive Falstaff, and the pole (cow-stuff) strong enough to bear his weight several miles; this could not have been the case had Mrs. Ford's washing been of the usual kind. The contents of the basket being turned into the river, instead of being left at "the whitsters" close by, is thus made the practical joke of the merry wives. The men "mistook their direction."

A South American Drought.—While travelling through the country I received several vivid descriptions of the effects of a late great drought, and the account of this may throw some light on the cases where vast numbers of animals of all kinds have been embedded together. The period included between the years 1827 and 1830 is called the "gran seco," or the great drought. During this time so little rain fell, that the vegetation, even to the thistles, failed; the brooks were dried up, and the whole country assumed the appearance of a dusty high road. This was especially the case in the northern part of the province of Buenos Ayres and the southern part of St. Fé. Very great numbers of birds, wild animals, cattle, and horses, perished for want of food and water. A man told me that the deer used to come into his courtyard to the well, which he had been obliged to dig to supply his own family with water; and that the partridges had hardly strength to fly away when pursued. The lowest estimation of the loss of cattle in the province of Buenos Ayres alone was taken at one million head. A proprietor at San Pedro had previously to these years twenty thousand cattle; at the end not one remained. San Pedro is situated in the middle of the finest country, and even now abounds again with animals; yet, during the latter part of the "gran seco," live cattle were brought in vessels for the consumption of the inhabitants. The animals roamed from their estancias, and, wandering far southward, were mingled together in such multitudes, that a government commission was sent from Buenos Ayres to settle the disputes of the owners. Sir Woodbine Parish informed me of another and very curious source of dispute: the ground being so long dry, such quantities of dust were blown about, that in this open country the landmarks became obliterated, and people could not tell the limits of their estates. I was informed by an eye-witness that the cattle in herds of thousands rushed into the Parana, and being exhausted by hunger they were unable to crawl up the muddy banks, and thus were drowned. The arm of the river which runs by San Pedro was so full of putrid carcasses, that the master of a vessel told me that the smell rendered it quite impassable. Without doubt several hundred thousand animals thus perished in the river: their bodies when putrid were seen floating down the stream; and many in all probability were deposited in the estuary of the Plata. All the small rivers became highly saline, and this caused the death of vast numbers in particular spots; for when an animal drinks of such water it does not recover. Akens describes the fury of the wild horses on a similar occasion, rushing into the marshes, those which arrived first being overwhelmed and strangled by those which followed. He adds, that more than once he has seen the carcasses of upwards of a thousand wild horses thus destroyed. I noticed that the smaller streams in the Pampas were paved with a breccia of bones, but this probably is the effect of a

gradual increase, rather than of the destruction at any one period. Subsequently to the drought of 1827 to '32, a very rainy season followed, which caused great floods. Hence it is almost certain that some thousands of the skeletons were buried by the deposits of the very next year. What would be the opinion of a geologist, viewing such an enormous collection of bones, of all kinds of animals and of all ages, thus embedded in one thick earthy mass? Would he not attribute it to a flood having swept over the surface of the land, rather than to the common order of things?—*Darwin's Journal of a Tour round the World.*

Lectures at Lowell, and Moral Influence of Lecturing.—I had been invited when in England, by Mr. Lowell, trustee and director of a richly endowed literary and scientific institution in this city, to deliver a course of twelve lectures on geology during the present autumn. According to the conditions of the bequest, the public have gratuitous admission to these lectures; but by several judicious restrictions, such as requiring applications for tickets to be made some weeks before, and compliance with other rules, the trustees have obviated much of the inconvenience arising from this privilege, for it is well known that a class which pays nothing is irregular and careless in its attendance. As the number of tickets granted for my lectures amounted to 4500, and the class usually attending consisted of more than 3000 persons, it was necessary to divide them into two sets, and repeat to one of them the next afternoon the lecture delivered on the preceding evening. It is by no means uncommon for professors who have not the attraction of novelty, or the advantage which I happened to enjoy, of coming from a great distance, to command audiences in this institution as numerous as that above alluded to. The subjects of their discourses are various, such as natural history, chemistry, the fine arts, natural theology, and many others. Among my hearers were persons of both sexes, of every station in society, from the most affluent and eminent in the various learned professions to the humblest mechanics, all well dressed and observing the utmost decorum. The theatres were never in high favour here, and most of them have been turned to various secular and ecclesiastical uses, and among others into lecture rooms, to which many of the public resort for amusement as they might formerly have done to a play, after the labours of the day are over. If the selection of teachers be in good hands, institutions of this kind cannot fail to exert a powerful influence in improving the taste and intellectual condition of the people, especially where college is quitted at an early age for the business of active life, and where there is always danger in a commercial community that the desire of money-making may be carried to excess. It is, moreover, peculiarly desirable in a democratic state, where the public mind is apt to be exclusively absorbed in politics, and in a country where the free competition of rival sects has a tendency to produce not indifference, as some at home may be disposed to think, but too much excitement in religious matters. The rich who have had a liberal education, who know how to select the best books, and can afford to purchase facts, who can retreat into the quiet of their libraries from the noise of their children, and, if they please, obtain the aid of private tuition, may doubt the utility of public lectures on the fine arts, history, and the physical sciences. But oral instruction is, in fact, the only means by which the great mass of the middling and lower classes can have their thoughts turned to these subjects, and it is the fault of the higher classes if the information they receive be unsound, and if the business of the teacher be not held in high honour. The whole body of the clergy in every country, and, under popular forms of government, the leading politicians, have been in all ages convinced that they must avail themselves of this method of teaching if they would influence both high and low. No theological dogma is so abstract, no doctrine of political economy or legislative science so difficult, as to be adapted unfit to be preached from the pulpit, or inculcated on the hustings. The invention of printing, followed by the rapid and general diffusion of the cheap daily newspaper, of the religious tract, have been by no means permitted to supersede the instrumentality of oral teaching, and the powerful sympathy and excitement created by congregated numbers. If the leading patrons and cultivators of literature and physical science neglect this ready and efficacious means of interesting the multitude in their pursuits, they are wanting to themselves, and have no right to complain of the apathy or indifference of the public.—*Lynn's Travels in North America.*



[The Oak.]

THE YEAR OF THE POETS.—No. X.

Trees—so beautiful in their individual attributes,—so magnificent in their forest groups—are amongst the most lovely and glorious of the materials which Nature spreads before the poets. SPENSER makes his Catalogue of Trees full of picturesque associations by his wonderful choice of epithets:

"And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
 Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest's dread,
 Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky;
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,
 The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
 The vine-drop elm, the poplar never dry,
 The boulder oak, sole king of forests all;
 The aspen good for staves; the cypress, funeral.

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
 And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still,
 The willow, wren of forlorn paramours,
 The yew, obedient to the bender's will,
 The birch for shafts, the willow for the mill,
 The myrrh sweet bleeding of the bitter wound,
 The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
 The fruitful olive, and the platane round,
 The carver holm, the maple seldom inward sound."

SPENSER.

COWPER paints "the woodland scene" with a lighter pencil: his outlines are less defined; but, his whole picture is true as well as beautiful:

"Not distant far, a length of colonnade
 Invites us: Monument of ancient taste;
 New scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate.
 Our fathers knew the value of a screen
 From sultry suns, and in their shaded walks
 And long-protracted hours, enjoy'd as ours
 The gloom and coolness of deathuring day.
 We bear our shades about us; self-deprived
 Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread,
 And range an Indian waste without a tree.
 Thanks to Benerolus; he spares us yet
 These deserts ranged in corresponding lines,
 And though himself so polish'd, still relieves
 The absolute prolixity of shade.

Wandering now (but cautious, lest too fast)
 A staid sheep, upon a rustic bridge

We pass a gulf in which the willows dip
 Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink.
 Hence ankle-deep in moss and flowery thyme
 We mount again, and feel at every step
 Our foot half sunk in hullocks green and soft,
 Raised by the mole, the miner of the soil.
 He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,
 Disfigures earth, and, plotting in the dark,
 Toils much to earn a monumental pile
 That may record the mischiefs he has done.



[The Beech.]

The summit gain'd, behold the proud alcove
 That crowns it! yet not all its pride secures
 The grand retreat from injuries impress'd
 By rural scavengers, who with knives deface
 The panels, leaving an obscure rude name
 In characters upon it, and spelt amiss.
 No strong the soul to immortalise himself
 Bids in the breast of man, that even a few
 Few transient years won from the abyss abhor'd
 Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,
 And even to a clown. Now roves the eye,
 And posted in this speculative height
 Exults in its command. The sheep-fold here
 Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.
 At first progressive as a stream, they seek
 The middle field; but scatter'd by degrees
 Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.

There, from the sun-burnt hay-field homeward creeps
The loaded wain, while lighter'd of its charge
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by,
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team
Vociferous, and impatient of delay.
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,
Diversified with trees of every growth,
Alike, yet various. Here the grey smooth trunks
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,
Within the twilight of their distant shades;
There lost behind a rising ground, the wood
Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its topmost boughs.
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar; paler some,
And of a wannish grey; the willow such
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm;
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leaved and shining in the sun,
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours: nor unnoted pass
The sycomore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright.
O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map
Of hill and valley interpos'd between)
The Ouse, diverting the well-water'd land,
Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,
As bashful, yet impatient to be seen."

COWPER.

SCOTT associates the "forest fair" with the feudal grandeur of hunt and falconry:

"The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourish'd once a forest fair,
When these waste gleus with copse were lined,
And peopled with the hart and hind.
Yon thorn—perchance whose prickly spears
Have fenced him for three hundred years,
While fell around his green compeers—
Yon lonely thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,
Since he, so grey and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough;
Would he could tell how deep the shade,
A thousand mingled branches made;
How broad the shadows of the oak,
How clung the rowan to the rock,
And through the foliage show'd his head,
With narrow leaves and berries red;

What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what aspens shook,
What alders shaded every brook!
'Here in my shade,' methinks he'd say,
'The mighty stag at noontide lay;
The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,
(The neighbouring dingle bears his name,
With lurching step around me prowled,
And stop against the moon to howl;
The mountain-beer, on battle set,
His tusks upon my stem would whet;
While the ant roe, and red-deer good,
Have bounded by through gay green-wood.
Then off, from Newark's river tower,
Belled a Scottish monarch's power:
A thousand vassals muster'd round,
With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound;
And I might see the youth intent
Guard every pass with cross-bow bent;
And through the brake the rangers stalk,
And falcons hold the ready hawk;
And foresters, in green-wood trim,
Lead in the leash the game-hounds grim,
Attentive, as the bratchet's bay
From the dark covert drove the prey,
To slip them as he broke away.
The startled quarry bounds amain,
As fast the gallant greyhounds strain:
Whistles the arrow from the bow,
Answers the arquebus below:
While all the rocking hills reply
To hoof-clang, hound, and hunter's cry,
And bugles ringing lightsumely."

SCOTT.

KEATS makes the "leafy month of June" fresher and greener, with remembrances of the "Sherwood clan"—the woodland heroes of the people's ballads:

"No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and grey,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden fall
Of the leaves of many years:
Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen north, and chilling east,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew not rents nor leases,

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivy shill
Past the heath and up the hill;



[The Forest]

There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old bunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris den;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grené-shawe;"
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his tufted grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is; yet let us sing
Honour to the old bow-string!
Honour to the bugle-horn,
Honour to the woods unshorn!
Honour to the Lincoln green!
Honour to the archer keen!
Honour to tight Little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honour to hold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underworld!
Honour to Maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood clan!
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try."

KEATS.

A living writer dwells upon the solemn stillness of the forest, with a poet's love built upon knowledge. No one can understand that peculiar stillness who has not passed many a thoughtful hour beneath the "melancholy boughs," amidst which there is ever sound which seems like silence:

"I love the forest; I could dwell among
That silent people, till my thoughts up grew
In nobly-ordered form, as to my view
Rose the succession of that lofty throng:—
The mellow footstep on a ground of leaves
Form'd by the slow decay of numerous years,—
The couch of moss, whose growth alone appears,
Beneath the fir's inhospitable eaves,—
The chirp and flutter of some single bird,*
The rustle in the brake,—what precious store
Of joys have these on poets' hearts conferred!
And then at times to send one's own voice out,
In the full frolic of one startling shout,
Only to feel the after stillness more!"

MILNES.

The American poet's reverence for the forest rises into devotion:

"Father, thy hand
Hath rais'd these venerable columns, thou
Hast rear'd this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budd'd, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,

Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, mossy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The bust of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music;—thou art in the cooler breath,
That from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt—the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship;—nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower—
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finish'd, yet renew'd
For ever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die—but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful form. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy, Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre—
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end."

BRYANT.

PICTURE-DEALING.

THE recent discussions respecting the genuineness of a picture purchased for the National Gallery, and said to be painted by Holbein, suggest to us that we may not uselessly give a few illustrations of picture-dealing. How far from easy it is for those who may be supposed to be judges of works of art to decide on the authenticity of the works of any particular master, is shown by the fact that the authorities of a great public institution have not escaped the purchase of a doubtful production.

Strange things may, we know, be in many matters accomplished by skilful dealers. A choice *old* wine is quickly brewed: gunpowder-tea can be got out of any hedge; an old and ill-tempered horse can, in a very short time, be changed into a spruce young one, and warranted "quiet to ride, quiet to drive." The tricks of

horse-dealers have indeed become a by-word, yet it must in fairness be confessed that picture-dealers at least rival them.

The object of dishonest picture-dealers is to pass off their wares as the productions of celebrated painters, mostly of the old masters. The evil consequences are not confined to the purchasers: works attributed to artists of great name, are naturally looked up to as examples of excellence; and the beneficial influence derivable from their study is counteracted when worthless and tasteless daubs are so regarded. A bad and erroneous mode of judging is created and fostered, and the taste is corrupted instead of being refined. Paintings with the names of celebrated ancient artists attached to them are plentifully diffused through the country; yet it would, perhaps, not be too much to say, that generally, those are of small value which are met with in private collections—under which designation we do not, of course, mean to include such as the Stafford, or Grosvenor, and similar galleries, though they are far from immaculate. Works of art can only be studied with any confidence in the public galleries by those who have not sufficient experience to determine a genuine from a counterfeit production. Even the public galleries are seldom free from suspicious pictures. In the National Gallery there are several whose claims to the names they bear would not endure a very strict scrutiny; while in the vaults are others known to be counterfeit, that have been withdrawn from public view. In other galleries spurious works are far more abundant, as Dulwich, where a large moiety of the Italian pictures are such; and Hampton-Court, which is now a sort of receptacle for those of damaged characters.

Still, in the main, the works in great collections are trustworthy. Large prices are paid for them; and many of the principal ones are traceable from the time they left the painters' hands. In private collections, on the contrary, while the works of the great painters have been sought after, prices far below what *known* works would fetch are commonly given; of course, there are exceptions, but generally it is so. For many years the manufacture of *old* paintings has been extensively carried on in this country and on the Continent. In Reynolds' time it was much practised. Ibbotson, an English artist of considerable talent, who lived at the close of the last century, was, as he himself tells us, almost constantly engaged in it till late in life, and many others also. The trade has been continued since; and there are now in this metropolis many skilful and clever artists who live by painting *old* pictures. Very far, however, have the English been surpassed in this branch of manufacture by their continental brethren. It is in Italy that it is best understood and most extensively practised; but in Germany, in France, and in Belgium large numbers of such works are annually produced. The extent of this manufacture is astounding. It is a fact proved by the Custom-house returns, that within the last seven years some eighty thousand pictures have been imported into this country. Now, a comparatively small number of these are the genuine works of living foreign artists, sold with their names attached, and not very many the real productions of the old painters; for there is a constantly increasing difficulty in procuring such, and a growing disinclination on the part of the Italian governments to allow of the exportation of valuable old pictures; by some, indeed, it is entirely prohibited. It follows, therefore, that by far the greater portion are spurious;—pretended works, of ancient painters, but really modern imitations. It would not be too much to affirm that seventy thousand are so; that about ten thousand fabricated *old* pictures are annually imported into this country; and

when to these are added those manufactured here, the extent of the trade will be somewhat comprehended.

These works are the productions often of really clever men, who have devoted no small time and pains to the attaining of the ability successfully to imitate the mode of working peculiar to the great painters. The pictures are not *copies* of celebrated works, but variations. Enough is retained to give a general resemblance, while by adapting a part from some other work, or by adding a portion in the manner of the artist simulated, an air of originality is given to the whole. The picture is so painted, of course, as to be as near as the artist is able to make it to the style, touch, and general technical appearance of the master in whose name it is intended it shall pass. Much too of the effect that has been wrought by time on the colours of the original is imitated. But this is not all. After the *painting* is done, another process has to be commenced upon it. It has to be made *old*. So skilful have these men become in this, that they are able to produce the cracks upon the surface of a picture, and even make these cracks resemble those generally met with in the works of the artist whom they are desirous of imitating. This is done by regulating the body of colour with which it is at first painted, or using different vehicles in working the colours—and after the picture is painted, by spreading varnishes that dry rapidly (sometimes using such as are made of white of egg—thick gum arabic, &c.) over the picture, in consequence of which the surface is soon covered with cracks. The picture is then baked (to harden the paint), smoked, rubbed over with darkening mixtures and otherwise doctored until it takes the tone and general appearance required. It is then often damaged and retouched and otherwise handled to remove suspicion; finally, it is thickly varnished, to keep it from too curious examination, and put into an *old* frame; when it only remains to be declared a fine Raphael, or Claude, or Berghem, from the — Gallery.

This is something like the process through which the better kind of these productions pass. But perhaps the larger portion is got up in a far ruder manner. Often they are the copies made by Students in the course of their usual studies, or to procure a subsistence while learning their art. Many are the work of men of the meanest talent, who receive only the most wretched pay. The works of both these classes are vamped up, and made to look old and time-worn, by such dealers as would be likely to purchase such works, and then, with barefaced disregard of all probability, named Raphaels, Titians, &c.—their true character is discovered at a glance by any one possessed of ever so moderate a knowledge of art; but they have fine names and low prices, and they find customers.

A recent number of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review' (April, 1845) contains an article on picture-dealing, in Italy, in which many curious particulars are related, and from which we learn that all the worst of those produced there do not come to England. In 1837 an agent, it is stated, arrived in Rome from America with a commission to buy up any paintings he could procure, of whatever subject, or whatever substance, and in whatever state, not exceeding the price of sixteen *pence*! Nor are Englishmen the only people duped by paintings of mere pretence, as the following, taken from the same source, will testify. The writer asserts it to be strictly true, and it may serve to show the elaborate manner in which these frauds are contrived: whether true or not, it is a good story, and runs well to the end.

"M. Kerscoff, a Russian amateur, was invited to accompany some Florentine gentlemen on a shooting-party into the Maremma. Whilst they pursued their sport, he, disgusted by ill success, returned to wait for them at a cottage where their horses were put up.

Having got into conversation with its occupant, the latter inquired if his guest was fond of pictures, as he had something curious that might interest him. After a long story how his father had, on his death-bed, confided to him the secret that a picture concealed in the house was of value sufficient to make the fortune of all his family, but that having been feloniously obtained, it would, if ever shown or sold in that neighbourhood, certainly bring him into trouble—the rustic produced a very pleasing Madonna and Child in a very antique carved frame, which the Russian cordially admired, and being asked to guess the artist, named Raffaele. 'That,' said the peasant, 'was, I do believe, the very one my father mentioned; but you can see if it was so, as he gave me this bit of paper with the name written on it.' On the dirty shred there was in fact scrawled 'Raffaele Sanzio;' and its possessor went on to hint that being anxious to realize what he knew to be most valuable property, and seeing no great chance of then disposing of it safely, he would accept from him, as a forger, a price far below its value. The negotiation, thus opened, ended in the Russian offering 35,000 francs, or £1400, which after due hesitation was accepted. The prize was huddled into a clothes-bag, and its new master, without waiting to take leave of his friends, started for Florence, and thence hurried on to Rome, lest it should be stopped by the Tuscan Government. There he boasted of his acquisition, and showed it to several connoisseurs, who sang its praises, until Signor Vallati, a skilful dealer, quickly recognised the real artist. It was, in fact, a beautiful repetition, with slight variations, of Raffaele's famous Madonna del Granduca—it was painted by Micheli, who avows that he sold it for one hundred and fifty crowns; and the shooting-party was a conspiracy by several well-born swindlers to take in their Russian friend! The latter returned to Florence to seek redress by a prosecution, which was compromised by their returning most of the price. Being curious to see or obtain the subject of so strange a tale, we subsequently inquired for the picture, but were told it might probably be met with as an original in some great German collection, having been there resold by the Russian, at a price almost equal to what he had himself originally paid!"

The pictures which are imported into England are most commonly disposed of at the public auctions of pictures which are occurring almost daily in London. At these auctions "undoubted" Raphaels, Titians, and Berghems may be seen lingering at half-crown biddings, till knocked down at prices less than a tithe of what the smallest honest specimen would readily obtain. We have seen many of these auctions, and have often been surprised at the extreme folly of the purchasers in imagining it to be probable that the pictures they purchased for such a price *could* be genuine. But they are bought, and the buyers *do* believe them to be genuine. We know several who have spent in collecting such rubbish more than would have sufficed to purchase a really respectable collection of the works of living painters. A short time back we were invited by a gentleman to look at his pictures: "Works of the old masters, sir—there is little worth picking up among the moderns." We did look at them—a house full of all sizes, but mostly with Dutch names. He was especially proud of "some fine Cuypes"—not one of all he possessed was genuine. He had been many years collecting them, and paid no little money for them. This is no uncommon case. To those who have some spare money, "and fancy they have taste," temptations to purchase these things are very abundant. The auctions are not confined to London. At the furniture-sales in the suburbs "a few pictures by the old masters" are constantly foisted in. In the larger country

towns picture-sales are of constant occurrence, and the pictures are even worse than those put off in London; at least those we have seen are so. Another device now rather prevalent is to get up itinerant exhibitions and sales, and some of those are of the most thoroughly dishonest kind.

Moved by the success of the Art-unions, some bold attempts were made not long since to dispose of wretched works of this class, on a large scale, by a kind of lottery.—'Art-unions for works of the Old masters' they were called. The prizes bore great names and were marked at exorbitant sums. The fraud was palpable to all but the most credulous, yet the various schemes would probably have been successful, had not their progress been stopped by the interference of the government. By some means, however, dupes are found who give extravagant prices for these works, and it seldom happens that they find out the fraud. It often must remain undiscovered for many years—till perhaps the death of the owner, or of some of his descendants, causes the pictures to be dispersed. Then, and such things frequently occur, the *real* value will be made known. Two months ago a "Raphael" was sold at Christie's, for which a few years before a gentleman had given 2000*l*. It fetched 170*l*, and was said to have been purchased by the same dealer who had received the former sum for it. We could tell of several like instances, were it necessary—they are continually happening—(not indeed so large in amount but similar in character). There is little doubt that these forgeries are for the most part got rid of at auctions, but there are very many sold privately by dealers, and these generally obtain the highest prices. No rules can be given by which genuine works can be known. Much experience among pictures, and some knowledge of art (whatever dealers and connoisseurs may think), are necessary to judge between the real and the pretended. Pictures marked with great names and small prices are always to be suspected—but large prices are no guarantee. There are dealers and there are auctioneers who do not willingly mislead their customers, and those who are interested in art know where to find them; but the low auctioneer and picture-dealer should be avoided by all who would avoid being cheated.

The evil of these fraudulent dealings is not trifling. Some ten or twelve thousand of these base fabrications cannot be purchased and diffused every year without much mischief. Were the sum annually expended on these employed in the encouragement of living artists, it could not fail to be of great advantage to the arts in this country, while now its only use is to encourage fraud and to disperse the seeds of a corrupt taste. A copy of a good picture has its value *as a copy*. The value of a work of art is in proportion as it is a work of mind. There must be the evidence of thought as well as of manual dexterity. A copy exhibits a reflection of the latter, but the former is only faintly indicated; and this is borne in mind by those who examine it as a copy. But when a wretched imitation is regarded, and trusted to, as an original, it is far otherwise, and the result can only be a perversion of taste.

Lighting by Natural Gas.—I sailed in a steamboat to Fredonia, a town of 1200 inhabitants, with neat white houses and six churches. The streets are lighted up with natural gas, which bubbles up out of the ground, and is received into a gasometer, which I visited. This gas consists of carbonated hydrogen, and issues from a black bituminous slate, one of the beds of the Hamilton group of the New York geologists, or part of the Devonian formation of Europe. The lighthouse-keeper at Fredonia told me that, near the shore, at a considerable distance from the gasometer, he bored a hole through this black slate, and the gas soon collected in sufficient quantity to explode when ignited.—*Lyell's Travels in North America.*



[View of Astorga.]

ASTORGA.

THE city of Astorga in Spain possesses some points of interest to a native of Britain, beyond those which belong to it in its foreign relations. It was the point from whence Sir John Moore began his retreat to Corunna, and where Bonaparte assembled his army of eighty thousand men in the hopes of overwhelming him; and the fine collection of books once belonging to the Marquis of Astorga, and located in the palace there, now forms a part of the library of the advocates of Edinburgh.

Astorga is an episcopal city of the kingdom of Leon, situated about half a league from the right bank of the river Tuerio, about thirty miles west-south-west of the city of Leon. It has only a small population, but has four parish churches besides the cathedral and one or two convents. The altar-piece by Becerra, afterwards mentioned, is said to have cost 3,300*l*.

From the Hand-Book of Spain, by Mr. Ford, recently published by Mr. Murray, we extract (very slightly abridged) the following account of Astorga, the most recent and the best it is possible to have; and we cannot allude to the work without saying that it is the fullest of information, as regards places, manners, and customs, and ancient and modern history, of any work on Spain with which we are acquainted:—

"Astorga—Asturica Augusta—was, in the days of Pliny, a 'magnificent city,' now it is miserable and decayed. The bishopric, founded in 747 by Don Alonzo El Catolico, is suffragan to Santiago; the town bears for arms a branch of oak, indicative of strength. The Spaniards finding in 'Sil. Italicus' (iii. 394) that Astyr, son of Memnon, fled to Spain, consider him the founder of Asturica. Certainly it is most ancient; the walls are singularly curious, and there are two Roman tombs and inscriptions near the Puerta de Hierro. Seen from the outside it has a venerable imposing appearance, with its infinite semi-circular towers, which do not rise higher than the level of the wall; like Coria and Lugo, it gives a perfect idea of a Roman fortified city, of which so few specimens remain, since most of them were dismantled by Witzia.

"Astorga ranks as a grandee, for Spanish cities and

corporations have personal rank. It gives the marquissate to the Osorio family, a ruin of whose palace yet remains.

"The Gothic cathedral was raised in 1471, on the site of one more ancient; it has since been much modernised and disfigured; one tower is built of grey stone, the other of red, which is capped with a slated top, that of the grey tower having been destroyed by an earthquake in 1765. The exterior and entrance is churrigueresque (barbaresque or mixed), and the two lateral aisles are lower than the central one; the *Reja* (grating) and *Silla del Coro* (stalls in the choir) are in the tedesque (gothic) style, by Rodrigo Aleman. The ridiculous drummers, naked women, and monsters, which ornament the organ, contrast strangely with the venerable saints and bishops. The *trascoro* (back of the choir) is very bad; the pulpit, with its medallions, is more clerical; the cloisters are modern. The enormous Retablo (altar-piece) is by Gaspar Becerra, who was born at Baeza in 1520, and studied under Michael Angelo, in Italy, and was patronised by Philip II.; his finest works are in the Castiles and centre of Spain. This Retablo, executed in 1568, was perhaps his master-piece; and is one of the most remarkable of its kind in the Peninsula, but unfortunately it has been much repainted; it is divided into three parts; the frame-work of the under story is supported by Berruguete pillars; the second tier has fluted columns and enriched bases, the third pilasters, in black and gold. The carvings represent subjects from the life of the Saviour and Virgin; the Pieta, the ascension and coronation of the Santissima, and the fine recumbent females and Michael Angelesque 'Charity,' deserve especial notice. These nudities gave offence and were about to be covered, when the Consejo (council) of Madrid interfered; these grand carvings are very Florentine and muscular. In the Capella de S. Cosmo is the tomb of King Alonzo, obit 880, with ancient marble sculpture in low relief, from subjects of the New Testament: the former glory of the cathedral was the Relicario, the gem of which was a grinder and part of the jaw of St. Christopher, cosa monstruosa, says the admiring Morales; it weighed twelve pounds, and never had an

equal, save and except that ass's jawbone with which Sampson killed a thousand men.

"Astorga, when, as usual, utterly unprovided, was assailed in February, 1810, by the French under the cruel Loison, who was nobly repulsed by the gallant José Maria de Santocildes, with a few raw soldiers. Junot came next, March 21, and threatened to put the whole town to the sword; and then, in spite of the advice of his engineers, rashly tried to storm the town by the Puerta de Hierro, but was beaten back. Santocildes, deserted by the coward Mahy, who ought to have relieved him, and having expended his scanty ammunition, capitulated April 22, after a defence as glorious as those of Gerona and Ciudad Rodrigo. The French then dismantled the works and destroyed the fine palace of the Astorga family, of which only two turrets and some armorial shields remain, and are best seen from the garden of the Moreno family, in whose house Moore was lodged.

"Astorga is the capital of La Maragateria, or the country of the Maragatos, which is about four leagues square. It contains thirty-six villages, San Roman being one of the best. The name Maragato has been derived by some from Mauregatus, the king who was forced to pay, as an annual tribute to the Moors, one hundred Spanish virgins. The Maragatos, however, are not proud of having descended from such a stock, and probably the whole tale is fabulous. Others trace the name to los Moros Godos, i. e. those Spanish Goths who continued among the Moors, like the Musárabes; and now, like the Jew and gipsy, the Maragatos live exclusively among their own people, preserving their primeval costume and customs, and never marrying out of their own tribe. They are as perfectly nomad and wandering as the Merinos trashumantes or the Bedouins, the mule only being substituted for the camel. They are almost all arrieros, ordinarios, or carriers, and their honesty and industry are proverbial. They are a sadate, grave, dry, matter-of-fact, business-like people. Their charges are high, but the security counterbalances, as they may be trusted with untold gold. They are the channels of all traffic between Galicia and the Castiles, being seldom seen in the southern or eastern provinces. They are dressed in leather jerkins, jabonetas, which fit tightly like a cuirass, leaving the arms free; their linen is coarse but white, especially the shirt collar, Gorguera (gorget), or Lechuguilla; a broad leather belt, in which there is a pouch (the purse of the Roman Zona), is fastened round the waist. Their breeches, 'brieks,' bragas, are called Zaragüelles, like the Valencians, a pure Arabic word for kilts or wide drawers, and no burgo-master of Rembrandt is more broad bottomed. They wear long brown cloth gaiters, or polainas, with red garters; their hair generally is cut close, sometimes, however, strange tufts are left; a huge, slouching, flapping hat completes the most inconvenient of travelling dresses, and it is too Dutch to be even picturesque; but these fashions are as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians were; nor will any Maragato dream of altering his costume until those dressed models of painted wood, which strike the hours on the clock on the plaza of Astorga, do theirs; Pedro Mato, also, another figure costume, who holds a weather-cock at the cathedral, is the observed of all observers; and, in truth, this particular traje, or costume, is, like that of Quakers, a sort of guarantee of their tribe and respectability; thus even Cordero, the rich Maragato deputy, appeared in Cortes in this local costume.

"The dress of the Maragata is equally peculiar; she wears, if married, a sort of head-gear, El Caramiello, in the shape of a crescent, the round part coming over the forehead, which is very Moorish, and resembles those of the females in the basso-relievos, in the

Capillo real, at Granada. Their hair flows loosely on their shoulders, while their apron or petticoat hangs down open before and behind, and is curiously tied at the back with a sash, and their boddiced is cut square over the bosom. At their festivals they are covered with ornaments, La Joyada, or jewellery, of long chains of coral and metal, with crosses, relics, and medals in silver. Their earrings are very heavy, and supported by silken threads, as among the Jewesses in Barbary. A marriage is the grand feast; then large parties assemble, and a president or Padrino is chosen, who puts into a waiter whatever sum of money he likes, and all invited must then give as much. The bride is enveloped in a Manto, which she wears the whole day, and never again except on that of her husband's death. She does not dance at the wedding-ball. Early next morning two roast chickens are brought to the bedside of the happy pair. The next evening ball is opened by the bride and her husband, to the tune of the gaita, or Moorish bagpipe. Their dances are grave and serious, but such indeed is their whole character. The Maragatos, with their honest, weather-beaten countenances, are seen with files of mules all along the high road to La Coruña. They generally walk, and, like other Spanish arrieros, although they sing and curse rather less, are employed in one ceaseless shower of stones and blows at their Machos.

"The whole tribe assembles twice a-year at Astorga, at the feasts of Corpus and the Ascension, when they dance El Canizo, beginning at two o'clock in the afternoon, and ending precisely at three. If any one not a Maragato joins, they all leave off immediately. The women never wander from their homes, which their undomestic husbands always do. They lead the hardworked life of the Iberian females of old, and now, as then, are to be seen everywhere in these Western provinces toiling in the fields, early before the sun has risen, and late after it has set; and it is most painful to behold them drudging at these unfeminine vocations.

"The origin of the Maragatos has never been ascertained. Some consider them to be a remnant of the Celtiberian; most, however, prefer a Bedouin, or caravan descent. To this Capt. Widdrington (ii. 61) is decidedly opposed: he suspects them to be of a Visigothic origin. It is in vain to question these ignorant carriers as to their history or origin, for like the gipsies they have no traditions, and know nothing. Arrieros, at all events, they are, and that word, in common with so many others relating to the barb and carrier-caravan craft, is Arabic, and proves whence the system and science were derived by Spaniards.

"The Maragatos are celebrated for their fine beasts of burden; indeed, the mules of Leon are renowned, and the asses splendid and numerous, especially the nearer one approaches the learned University of Salamanca. The Maragatos take precedence on the road: they are the lords of the highway, being the channels of commerce in a land where mules and asses represent luggage rail-trains. They know and feel their importance, and that they are the rule, and the traveller for mere pleasure is the exception. Few Spanish muleteers are much more polished than these beasts. However picturesque the scene, it is no joke, meeting a recua of laden acemilas in a narrow road, especially with a precipice on one side, cosa de España. The Maragatos seldom give way, and their mules keep doggedly on, and as the tercios or baggage projects on each side, like the paddles of a steamer, they sweep the whole path. But all wayfaring details in the genuine Spanish interior are calculated for the pack; and there is no thought bestowed on the foreigner, who is not wanted, nay is disliked. The inns, roads, and right sides, suit the natives and their brutes; nor will

either put themselves out of their way to please the fancies of a stranger. The racy Peninsula is too little travelled over for its natives to adopt the mercenary conveniences of the Swiss, that nation of innkeepers and coach-fobbers.

"The difficulties and over-haste of Moore's retreat began after Astorga, for up to then he had hoped to bring the enemy to a general action. The high road to Lugo is magnificent, and a superb monument of mountain engineering. The leagues are very long, being de marco, or of eight thousand yards each; they are marked by mile-stones. The climate is cold and rainy, and the accommodations fit only for swine; both (experto crede) are bad even in summer and in time of peace: how fearful must they have been during the snows and starvation of a December retreat!"

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

THE CLERK'S TALE—concluded.

When the Marquis's daughter was twelve years of age, he caused a counterfeit bull to be sent to him from Rome, which authorized him to put aside his first wife and marry another, if he pleased. When the tidings came to Griselda, her heart was full of woe; but she was as steadfast as ever—

"Disposid was this humble creature
The adversity of fortune all to endure;"

abiding ever the Marquis's will and pleasure. He next sent secretly to the Earl of Pavia, who had wedded his sister, praying that his two children might be brought home openly in honourable estate, but that no one should know whose children they were; those who inquired were to be told the maiden should be married to the Marquis of Saluces. So, on the day appointed, the earl, with his lords, in rich array, set out towards Saluces, to guide the maiden, and her brother, who rode by her side.

Arrayed was toward her marriage,
This fleshe maiden, full of gemmes clear;
Her brother, which that seven year was of age,
Arrayed eke full fresh in his maniere:
And thus in great noblesse, and with glad cheer,
Toward Saluces shapen their journey, •
From day to day they riden in their way.

In the mean time the Marquis, in order to tempt to the uttermost proof his wife's spirit, said one day to her, roughly, and in public, "Certainly, Griselda, I was fully pleased to have you for my wife, for the sake of your goodness, truth, and obedience, and not for your riches nor your lineage; but now I know in very truth that there is great servitude in great lordship.

"I may not do as every ploughman may:
My people me constraineth for to take
Another wife, and crien day by day;
And eke the Pope, rancour for to slake,
Consenteth it, that dare I undertake:
And truly thus much I will you say,
My newe wife is coming by the way."

Be strong of heart, and void anon her place,
And thilke dower that ye broughten me
Take it again; I graunt it of my grace.
Returneth to your father's house (quoth he),
No man may always have prosperity.
With even heart I rede* you to endure
The stroke of fortune or of adventure."

* Advise.

And she again answered in patience:
"My Lord," quoth she, "I wot and wist alway
How that betwixen your magnificence
And my povert' no wight ne can ne may
Maken comparison; it is no may;
I ne held me never digne* in no maniere
To be your wife, nor yet your chamberere.

And in this house where ye me lady made
(The highe God take I for my witnes,
And all so wisely he my soules glad)
I never held me lady or mistress,

• But humble servant to your worthiness,
And ever shall, while that my life may dure,
Aboven every worldly creature.

"That ye so long have holden me in honour, I thank God and you. I will gladly go unto my father, and with him dwell while I live. There I was fostered from a little child, there I will now lead my life, till that I am dead—a widow, pure in body, heart, and all. Since I am your true wife, God shield such a lord's wife from taking another husband.

"And of your newe wife, God of his grace
So grant you weale and prosperitee,
For I will gladly yelden her my place,
In which that I was blissful wont to be:
For since it liketh you, my Lord (quoth she),
That whilom weren all my heartes rest,
That I shall go, I will go when you lest.†

But there-as ye me proffer such dowair
As I first brought, it is well in my mind
It were my wretched clothes, nothing fair,
The which to me were hard now for to find.
O Goode God! how gentle and how kind
Ye seemed by your speech and your visage
The day that makid was our marriage.

"Truly is it said—I always find it so—that love when old is not the same as when new; but it shall not be that I will repent, either in word or in deed, that I gave to you my whole heart.

"My Lord, ye wot that in my father's place
Ye did me strip out of my poore weed,
And richely ye clad me of your grace;
To you brought I nought elles out of diere
But faith, and nakedness, and 'womanhede';
And here again your clothing I restore,
And eke your wedding ring, for evermore.

"The remainder of your jewels be ready within your chamber. Naked out of my father's house I came, and naked I must turn to it again."

The Marquis went his way, hardly able to speak for pity; and she, before the folk, strippeth herself to all but her under-garment, and thus, with foot and head all bare, she set out towards her father's house.

The folk her followen weeping in their way,
And Fortune aye they curse as they gone;
But she from weeping kept her eyen dry,
Ne in this tyme wordes spake she none.
Her father, that this tidings heard anon,
Curseth the day and tyme that Nature
Shapen him to be a living creature.

For out of doubt this olde poore man
Was ever in suspect of her maniage;
For ever he deemid, since it first began,
That when the lord fulfill'd had his courage;
Him woulde think it were a disparage
To his estate, so low for to alight;
And voiden her as soon as ever he might,
Against his daughter hastily goth he,
(For he by noise of folk knew her coming.)
And with her olde coat, as it might be,

he, vainly, tries to cover her,

Weeping full sorrowfully.

* Worthy. † Please. ‡ Inclination. § Towards.
2 T 2

Thus with her father, for a certain space, dwelleth Griselda, showing to no one by words, or in her face, that she had received any offence, or that she remembered her high estate :—

No wonder is, for in her great estate
Her ghost spirit was ever in plain humility ;
No tender mouth, no hearte delicate,
No pomp, no semblance of royalty,
But full of patient benignity,
Discreet, and pridelless, aye honourable,
And to her husband ever meek and stable.

From Bologna is come the Earl of Pavia, and the same springs up everywhere among the people, of the new Marchioness that he has brought with him in such splendour and richness, that never before was seen in West Lombardy such an array. Before the earl came, the Marquis sent for Griselda, and she, with humble heart and glad visage, came, and kneeling, greeted him wisely and reverently.

"Grisild" (quoth he), my will is utterly—
This maiden that shall wedded be to me,
Received be to-morrow as royally
As it possible is in my house to be ;
And eke that every wight in his degree
Have his estate in setting and service,
And high plesance, as I can best devise.

I have no woman sufficient, certain,
The chambers for t' array in ordinance
After my lust, and therefore would I fain
That *thine* were all such manner governance :
Thou knowest eke of old all my plesance :
Though thing array be bad, and evil besey,*
Do thou thy devoir at the leaste way."

"Not only, Lord, that I am glad (quod she)
To do your lust, but I desire also
You for to serve and please in my degree,
Withouten fainting, and shall evermo :
Ne never for no weal, ne for no woe,
Ne shall the ghost within mine hearte stent†
To love you best with all my true intent."

And with that word she 'gan the house to dight,
And tables for to set, and beddes make,
And pained her to do all that she might,
Praying the chamberers for Goddes sake
To hasten them, and faste sweep and shake ;
And she, the mooste serviceabl' of all,
Hth every chamber arrayed, and his hall.

Heeding not her rude and tattered clothing, she goes with the rest to greet the Marchioness at the gate, and then receives the guests with such glad cheer, and with such skill, that every man wonders what she may be, who, so poorly arrayed, can act with so much prudence, and show so much reverence and honour. When all were prepared to sit down to meat, the Marquis began to call for Griselda, as she still busied herself in the hall :—

"Grisild" (quoth he, as it were in his play)
How liketh thee my wife and her beauty ?
"Right well, my Lord, (quoth she) for in good fay,‡
A fairer saw I never none than she ;
I pray to God give you prosperity,
And so I hope that he will to you send
Plesance enough unto your lives end.

One thing beseech I you, and warne also,
That ye ne pricke with no formenting
This tender maiden as ye have done me ;§
For she is fostered in her nourishing
More tenderly, and to my supposing
She mighte not adversity endure
As could a poore foster d creature."

* Besought. † Stint, cease. ‡ Faith. § Me.

And when this Walter saw her patience, her glad cheer, and her utter want of malice, he began

his hearte dresse
To rue upon her wifely steadfastness.

"This is enough, Griselda mine," quoth he ; "be no more aghast. I have thy faith and benignity assayed as much as ever woman was ; now know I, dear wife, thy steadfastness ;" and then he took her in his arms and kissed her. But

She for wonder took of it no keep ;
She heard not what thing he to her said ;
She fared as she had start out of a sleep,
Till she out of her madness abraid,
"Grisild (quoth he), by God, that for us deyed,
Thou art my wife ; none other I ne have,
Ne never had, as God my soule save.

This is thy daughter, which thou hast supposed
To be my wife ; that other faithfully
Shall be mine heir, as I have aye disposed ;
Thou bare them of thy body truly ;
At Bologn' have I kept them privily ;
Take them again, for now mayst thou not say
That thou hast lost none of thy children tway.

And folk that otherwise have said of me,—
I warn them well that I have done this deed
For no malice nor for no cruelty,
But for t' assay in thee thy womanhede,
And not to slay my children, (God forbid !)
But for to keep them privily and still
Till I thy purpose knew and all thy will."

When she this heard, a-swoone down she falleth,
For piteous joy ; and after her swooning,
She hold her younge children to her calletth,
And in her armes, piteously weeping,
Embraceth them, and tenderly kissing,
Full like a mother, with her salte tears
She bathed both their visage and their hairs.

O, which a piteous thing it was to see
Her swooning, and her humble voice to hear !
"Grand mercy, Lord ! God thank it you ! (quoth she)
That ye have saved me my children dear.
Now reck I never to be dead right here.
Since I stand in your love and in your grace,—
No force of death,† nor when my spirit pace.

O tender, O dear, O younge children mine !
Your woful mother weened‡ steadfastly
That cruel houndes or some foul vermine,
Had eaten you ; but God of his mercy
And your benigne father tenderly
Hath done you keep : and in that same stound
All suddenly she swapp'd§ adown to ground.

And in her swoon so sadly holdeth she
Her children two, when she 'gan them embrace,
That with great sleight and great difficulty,
The children from her arm they gan arrace.||
O ! many a tear on many a piteous face
Down ran of them that standen her beside ;
Unnethe¶ abouten her might they abide.

But when, abashed, she riseth from her trance,
Walter assuageth her sorrow, and gladdens her, and every one endeavours to make her look joyful, and her ladies dress her in a cloth of gold, and put on her a rich crown, and again bring her into the hall to be honoured, as she deserved to be. More solemn in every man's sight was this feast than the revel of their marriage. And now, for many a year after, these two lived in concord, and in rest, and in high prosperity

* Lost.

† I take no heed of—I care not for death, &c.

‡ Believed.

|| Take away.

§ Fell.

¶ Hardly.



[Paul Veronese.]

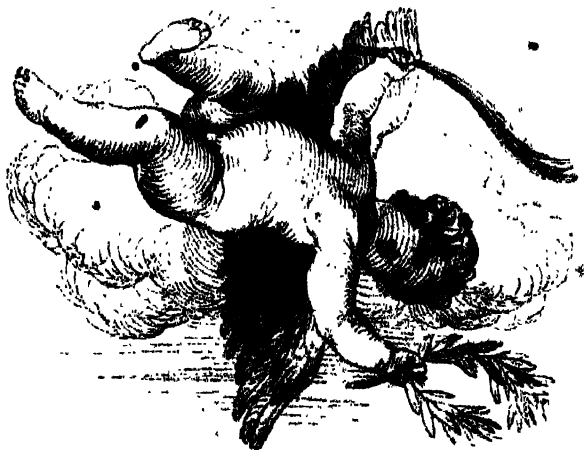
ESSAYS ON THE LIVES OF REMARKABLE PAINTERS.—No. XLIII.

THE VENETIAN PAINTERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

PAUL VERONESE.—JACOPO BASSANO.

PAUL CAGLIARI of Verona, better known as Paul Veronese, was born in that city in 1530, the son of a sculptor, who taught him early to draw and to model; but the genius of the pupil was so diametrically opposed to this style of art, that he soon quitted the studio of his father for that of his uncle Antonio Badile, a very good painter, from whom he learned that florid grace in composition which he afterwards carried out in a manner so consummate and so characteristic. At that time Verona, like all the other cities of Italy, could boast of a crowd of painters; and Paul Cagliari, finding that he could not stand against so many competitors, repaired to Venice, where he remained for some time, studying the works of Titian and Tintoret, but without attracting much attention himself, till he had painted, in the Church of St. Sebastian, the history of Esther. This was a subject well calculated to call forth his particular talent in depicting the gay, the sumptuous accessories of courtly pomp; banquet scenes, processions, &c.; and from this time he was continually employed by the splendour-loving citizens of Venice, who delighted in his luxuriant magnificence, and overlooked, or perhaps did not perceive, his thousand sins against fact, probability, costume, time, and place. We are obliged to do the same thing in these days, if we would duly appreciate the works of this astonishing painter. We must shut our eyes to the violation of all proprieties of chronology and costume, and see only the abounding life—the wondrous variety of dignified and expressive figures—crowded into his scenes (we may a little marvel how they got there), and the prodigality of light and colours all harmonized by a mellowness of tone which renders them most attractive to the eye. To give an idea of Paul Veronese's manner of treating a subject, we will take one of his finest and most characteristic pictures—the Marriage of Cana, which was painted for the Refectory of the Convent of San

Giorgio at Venice, and is now in the Louvre. It is not less than thirty feet long and twenty feet high, and contains about one hundred and thirty figures, life size. The Marriage Feast of the Galilean citizen is represented with a pomp worthy of "Ormuz or of Ind:" a sumptuous hall of the richest architecture; lofty columns, long lines of marble balustrades rising against the sky; a crowd of guests splendidly attired, some wearing orders of knighthood, are seated at tables covered with gorgeous vases of gold and silver, attended by slaves, jesters, pages, and musicians. In the midst of all this dazzling pomp, this display of festive enjoyment, these moving figures, these lavish colours in glowing approximation, we begin after a while to distinguish the principal personages, Our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, the Twelve Apostles, mingled with Venetian senators, and ladies clothed in the rich costume of the sixteenth century—monks, friars, poets, artists, all portraits of personages existing in his own time; while in a group of musicians he has introduced himself and Tintoretto playing the violoncello, while Titian plays the bass. The bride in this picture is said to be the portrait of Eleanor of Austria, the sister of Charles V., and second wife of Francis I., of whom there is a most beautiful portrait at Hampton Court.



[From the Picture of St. Longas.]

There is a series of these Scriptural banquet scenes, painted by Paul Veronese, all in the same extraordinary style, but varied with the utmost richness of fancy, invention, and colouring:—Christ entertained by Levi, now in the Academy of Venice; The Supper in the house of Simon the Pharisee, with Mary Magdalen at the feet of Our Saviour, now in the Doria-Palazzo at Genoa; of which the first sketch, a magnificent piece of colour, is in the possession of Mr. Rogers; and the Supper at Emmaus, in which he has introduced his wife and others of his family as spectators.

Paul Veronese died in 1588. He was a man of amiable manners, of a liberal, generous spirit, and extremely pious. When he painted for churches and convents he frequently accepted very small prices, sometimes merely the value of his canvas and colours: for that stupendous picture in the Louvre, the Marriage at Cana, he received not more than 40*l.* of our money.

He painted all subjects, even the most solemn, in the same gorgeous style. He had sons and relatives who were educated in his atelier and assisted in painting his great pictures, and who after his death continued to carry on a sort of manufactory of pictures in the same magnificent ornamental style; but they were far inferior painters, and had not, like him, the power of redeeming gross faults of judgment and taste by a vivid imagination and strong feeling of character.

Almost all galleries and collections contain specimens of the works of this splendid and popular painter; but the finest are in the churches at Venice, in the Louvre, and in the Dresden gallery, where there are fifteen of his pictures.

In our National Gallery there is a fine picture of the Consecration of St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, in 1391: the principal personages are very nobly conceived, and the foreshortened figure of the angel descending above the kneeling saint, and holding the mitre and crozier, explains the subject in a manner at once very poetical and very intelligible. The little sketch of Europa is a study for the splendid picture now at Vienna.

Before we close the list of the elder painters of Italy we must mention as flourishing at this time the Da Ponte family of Bassano. Giacomo da Ponte, called old Bassano, was the head of it. His father had been a painter before him, and he, with his four sons, Leandro, Francesco, Gian Battista, and Girolamo, set up in their native town of Bassano a kind of manufactory of pictures which were sold in the fairs and markets of the neighbouring cities, and became popular all over the north of Italy. The Bassani were among the earliest painters of the *genre* style; they treated sacred and solemn subjects in a homely familiar manner which was pleasing and intelligible to the people, and, at the same time, with a power of imitation, a light and spirited execution, and in particular a gem-like radiance of colour which fascinates even judges of art. There are pictures of the elder Bassano which at the first glance remind one of a handful of rubies and emeralds. His best and largest works are at Bassano; his small pictures are numerous, and scattered through most galleries. He painted sheep, cattle, and poultry well, and was fond of introducing them in the pastoral scenes of the Old Testament, where they are appropriate: sometimes, unhappily, where they are least appropriate they are the principal objects. His scenery and grouping have a rural character; and his personages, even sacred and heroic, look like peasants. They are not vulgar, but rustic. The same kind of spirit informed the Bassani that afterwards informed the Dutch school—the imitation of familiar objects without elevation and without

selection; but the nature of Italy was as different from that of Holland as Bassano is different from Jan Steen. Like all the Venetians, the Bassani were good portrait painters. We have a fine portrait by Jacopo Bassano in our National Gallery, and at Hampton Court several very fine and characteristic pictures, which will give an excellent idea of his general manner; the best are Jacob's Journey, and the Deluge. Mr. Rogers possesses the two best pictures of this artist now in England; they are small, but most beautiful, vivid as gems in point of colour, with more dignity and feeling than is usual: the subjects are, the Good Samaritan, and Lazarus at the door of the Rich Man. Nothing could tempt Bassano from the little native town where he flourished, grew rich, and brought up a numerous family: he died in 1602.

All these men had original genius and that individuality of character which lends a vital interest to all productions of art, whether the style be elevated and ideal or confined to the imitation of common nature: but to them succeeded a race of *mannerists* and imitators, so that about the close of the sixteenth century all originality seemed extinguished at Venice, as well as everywhere else: and here we close the history of the earlier painters of Italy.

SUMPTUARY LAWS.

Laws regulating the personal expenses of the different classes of the community have prevailed in the earlier stages of nearly all civilized countries. The governments of most of the ancient states believed it to be their duty to restrain extravagant expenditure, and to prevent the growth of too luxurious habits among private persons. To leave each one to indulge his own inclinations in his dress, or his eating, the entertainment of his friends, or the burial of his family, was not thought by them to be consistent with a paternal polity. In Greece, and still more in Rome, laws which fixed the highest cost of these various matters were frequently enacted, and in more recent times the example has been frequently followed. In Greece and in Rome these laws, perhaps, most commonly interfered to limit the sums to be spent on banquets, or festivals, or funerals; in modern states they have been chiefly directed against costly apparel. It will be enough to look at the latter class, not with a view of entering upon the subject in a wide extent, but only by a few examples to illustrate the application, progress, and discontinuance of sumptuary laws.

Montesquieu is of opinion that sumptuary laws are only suited to a democracy, and spends a chapter of his 'Spirit of the Laws' in supporting that opinion. We are not going here to consider their propriety at all—they are now, indeed, almost wholly given up; and it is alike idle to censure or to praise them. No doubt they were often issued by the law-givers out of an honest desire to check what to them appeared to be injurious to the society as well as ruinous to the individual, and often they owed their origin to the pride of rank. Princes and rulers liked not to be too closely pressed on by their inferiors; and in times when they affected great splendour of dress, and those beneath them from their increase in wealth could afford to imitate and perhaps rival that splendour, it was only by the strong arm of the law that their emulation could be prevented. Spenser, in his 'View of the State of Ireland,' gives another reason why "preciseness in reformation of apparel is so material and greatly pertinent." . . . He is urging the necessity of putting in force the neglected laws respecting the Irish costume:—"Men's apparel," he says, "is commonly

made according to their conditions, and their conditions are oftentimes governed by their garments; for the person that is gowned, is by his gown put in mind of gravity, and also restrained from lightness by the very unaptness of his weed. Therefore it is written by Aristotle, that when Cyrus had overcome the Lydians, that were a warlike nation, and devised to bring them to a more peaceable life, he changed their apparel and music, and instead of their short warlike coat clothed them in long garments like women; and instead of their warlike music appointed to them certain lascivious lays and loose jigs, by which, in short space, their minds were so mollified and abated that they forgot their former fierceness, and became most tender and effeminate. Whereby it appeareth that *there is not a little in the garment to the fashioning of the mind and conditions.*"

The ladies appear to have been chiefly aimed at in ancient legislation respecting apparel, and to have borne it with the least patience. During the second Punic war, about 215 B.C., a law was passed that no woman should wear a dress of different colours, nor possess more than half an ounce of gold, nor ride in a carriage in the city or within a mile of it, unless on public sacrifices. But it was repealed in about twenty years, through the glamour of the women, who, like the damer of the French Revolution, assembled in the streets and surrounded the houses of the senators, and besieged the senate, refusing to be pacified or even to be silent so long as the obnoxious statute remained. Bayle says, their conduct is not at all surprising, but rather what might be expected from them; and refers to his article on Bossus, who, towards the close of the fifteenth century, wrote against one who had advocated the repeal of a decree passed at Bologna, forbidding all superfluity in feminine apparel. "I do not wonder," says Bayle, somewhat irreverently, "that he converted his antagonist; but I should have wondered if he had eloquence enough to persuade the women to consent to the decree. There was the difficulty. *Hoc opus, hic labor est.*" And Bossus himself seems to have been much of the same opinion; for he said in his 'Discourse,' "One of the most difficult points to manage with women is to root out their curiosity for clothes and ornaments of the body. The reason of it is, women naturally love to be fine. St. Jerome calls the female sex *Philoscomon*, that is to say, *lovers of finery*. . . and Eustachius"—but it would be unfair to cite all the fathers against the fair, as our orator proceeds to do. It must, however, be acknowledged that the sex has always been considered peculiarly unmanageable in this matter. In England, as well as in Rome and Bologna, they have been ever unrestrainable by statute: thus it was noticed, that when in 1612 an edict was issued against the excess in the size of their farthingales, instead of their being reformed they were immediately made more preposterous.

Sumptuary laws became general, owing to a variety of circumstances impossible here to go into, throughout Europe in the fourteenth century. In France they were made very stringent, perhaps more so than in any other country. We will, however, confine our attention to those passed here. The first sumptuary law enacted in England was in the 37th of Edward III. (1363). The preamble affirms that the excessive apparel of divers people beyond their estate and degree is the impoverishment and destruction of the realm; it is then provided by several enactments that "knights, gentlemen under the estate of knights, esquires of two hundred mark land, clerks, merchants, citizens, burgesses, servants, handicrafts, yeomen, ploughmen, and others of mean estate," and the wives and children of each, shall wear only clothes of such kinds and prices as are there specified. Knights and "squires possessing

two hundred mark land" may wear cloth of silver, with girdles, &c. reasonably embellished with silver, and woollen cloth of the value of six marks the whole piece. Persons of lower rank, or possessing land of smaller value, are not to wear any silk, nor embroider their cloth with any silver, nor wear any jewellery, and the cloth itself must not cost more than four marks the whole piece, the penalty in every case for infringing the statute being the "forfeiture to the king of all such apparel differing from the form of this ordinance." Then follows another enactment that would seem to be quite necessary,—"That clothiers shall make cloths sufficient, of the aforesaid prices, so that this statute for default of such cloths be in no wise infringed!" This law did not ascend higher than knights. It was partly repealed the next year.

The male costume in England had reached the highest pitch of extravagance and absurdity in the beginning of the reign of Edward IV. As might be expected, an effort was therefore made to check it by a law which strictly ordained what should not be worn by those beneath the dignity of lords. This time the form as well as the value was prescribed, and penalties were provided against tailors and shoemakers who should make any prohibited articles for unprivileged persons, as well as those who wore them when made. This was the period when the long peaks were worn to the shoes; sometimes, it is said, those of lords and great personages were a foot, and of princes two feet long. The statute forbids any one under a lord wearing them of a length exceeding two inches. Other laws followed during this reign, but it is needless to refer to them. In the reign of Henry VII. an ordinance was issued limiting the quantity of stuff to be used in the garments of the several orders. Dukes, marquises, and archbishops were allowed sixteen yards for their gowns; earls, fourteen; viscounts, twelve; barons, eight; knights, six; and those of lower rank but five yards for their gowns. The habits of the servants were arranged in a corresponding scale. The king's mother also issued a decree describing exactly the various articles of apparel, together with the qualities and quantities, to be worn by ladies of all ranks during the period of mourning.

Henry VIII. set no limit to his own love of splendid apparel, but he was more regardful of his subjects. Very early in his reign he passed a law declaring "who only may buy hats and caps wrought beyond the sea," and regulating the prices at which they were to be sold. The cap-trade appears to have been about this period an object of very frequent legislative regard. He did not confine his attention to hats and caps, however; in 1532 he passed a very strict law, limiting the use of black genet furs to the royal family, and sable furs to the nobility above the rank of a viscount. Crimson and blue velvet he also forbade to any below a knight of the garter, and velvet of any colour to any not possessing estates of two hundred marks per year, or not being the heirs of such. Jewellery of every kind was also forbidden below a certain degree, while the common people were not to wear even a silver button or any kind of ornament, except a badge of service. A statute passed in the 1 & 2 of Philip and Mary (1554), which enacted that "Whoever shall wear silk in or upon his hat, bonnet, girdle, scabbard, hose, shoes, or spur-leathers, shall be three months imprisoned and forfeit 10*l.*, except mayors, aldermen, &c. . . . If any person knowing his servant to offend, and do not put him forth of his service within fourteen days, or do retain him again, he shall forfeit 100*l.*"

How little all these edicts availed to produce the effect intended is well known; or if not, may be seen in the lugubrious pages of Master Stubbes' 'Anatomic of

Abuses,' published in 1582, about the middle of the next reign. Elizabeth could show that she did not approve of her subjects dressing beyond their condition, but she did not seek to prevent it by law. Stubbes mourns over this fact. "There is now such a confuse mingle-mangle of apparel, and such preposterous excess thereof, as every one is permitted to flaunt it out in whatever apparel he listeth himself, or can get by any kinds of means. So that it is very hard to know who is noble, who is worshipful, who is a gentleman, who is not; for you shall have those which are neither of the nobility, gentility, nor yeomanry, no, nor yet magistrate or officer in the commonwealth, go daily in silks, velvets, satins, damasks, taffeties, and such like; notwithstanding that they be both base by birth, mean by estate, and servile by calling; and this I count a great confusion and a general disorder." No doubt many thought so too as well as Master Philip. Could anything have induced a new statute it might have been expected then, if the extravagance was so enormous and so general as he affirms it to be. The very shirts, he declares, "which all in a manner do wear (for if the nobility or gentry only did wear them, it were some deal more tolerable), are either of camerrick, Holland, lawn, or else of the finest cloth that may be got . . . And these shirts (sometimes it happeneth) are wrought throughout with needlework of silk and such like, and curiously stitched with open seam, and many other knacks besides, more than I can describe, insomuch as I have heard of shirts that have cost some ten shillings, some twenty, some forty, some five pounds, some twenty nobles, and (which is horrible to hear) some ten pounds a piece; yea, the meanest shirt that commonly is worn of any does cost a crown, or a noble, at the least; and yet this is scarcely thought fine enough for the simplest person that is." Yet these "goodly shirts" are nothing in comparison of a certain unmentionable garment. "It is a small matter now to bestow twenty nobles, ten pound, twenty pound, forty pound, yea, a hundred pound, of one pair of breeches (God be merciful to us!)." And after all he declares that the women are far worse than the men.

All laws regulating dress were repealed by statute in the first year of the reign of James I., and no attempt has since been made to re-introduce them. Public opinion supplied the place of these laws during the Commonwealth, or it is probable they would have been then renewed. Charles II. had a fancy to form a national costume, and actually adopted one, but, with his usual fickleness, soon dropped it. Evelyn wrote and published a pamphlet entitled 'Tyrannus on the Mode, a Discourse on Sumptuary Laws,' apparently as a *feeler* on the occasion. He recommends that, in order to effect uniformity, "our illustrious Charles shall make provision by sumptuary and other wholesome laws." Though he thinks, that "when his majesty shall fix a standard at court, there will need no sumptuary laws to repress and reform the *lux* which men so condemn in our apparel."

The only law respecting dress since enacted is that which was passed in 1747, prohibiting the use of the Highland costume. But that was on political grounds, and not as a sumptuary law. The only relics left to us of sumptuary laws are the taxes on the wearing of powder, &c., and those conventional ones, that with a tolerably hard grasp confine certain sects and professions to the use of drab or black coats, broad-brimmed hats, or white handkerchiefs, together with certain peculiarities in the shapes, colours, and materials of some ladies' habiliments.

But they are not altogether abolished from all countries. A few years back a traveller "saw a crier stand by the palace gate at Pera and make a long pro-

clamation. He held in his hand a baton shod with iron, which he struck three times sonorously on the pavement; and when he had thus collected a crowd in the streets and windows, like one of our bellmen, he lifted up his voice and said, 'The Padisha,' taking into his consideration the vain superfluities of female apparel, strictly enjoins every woman whose perigee touches the ground to cut it off as high as her ancles; and every woman whose head-dress extends too far from her head is ordered to restrain it within due limits.' The windows and doors of all the streets about the palace were filled with women listening to this important proclamation as the crier went along. The Greek women were in the habit of enlarging their head-dress with gauze and tinsel to an enormous expansion, and in those perilous times no kokola felt her head safe on her shoulders till she reduced it to a size the padisha thought reasonable." We have somewhere read an account of the way of settling what was the reasonable size, and at the same time punishing its transgression. It was at once summary and sufficient. An officer carried with him a rule of the proper standard, and then *cut off* so much of the head-gear as stretched beyond it.

Ploughing near Salerno.—The fields, being without fences, have an open look; and the mingling of men and women together in their cultivation gives them a chequered appearance, and renders them very picturesque. In the middle of a large green wheat-field would be a group of men and women weeding the grain; the red petticoats and blue spencers of the latter contrasting beautifully with the colour of the fields. In one plot of ground I saw a team and a mode of ploughing quite unique, yet withal very simple. The earth was soft as if already broken up, and needed only a little mellowing: to effect this, a man had harnessed his wife to a plough, which she dragged to and fro with all the patience of an ox, he the meantime holding it behind, as if he had been accustomed to drive and she to go. This was literally "ploughing with the heifer." She, with a strap around her breast, leaning gently forward, and he, bowed over the plough behind, presented a most curious picture in the middle of a field. The plough here is a very simple instrument, having but one handle and no share, but in its place a pointed piece of wood, sometimes shod with iron, projecting forward like a spur; and merely passes through the ground like a sharp-pointed stick, without turning a smooth furrow like our own.—*Headley's Letters from Italy.*

African Currency.—I have procured some of the country money: it is more curious than convenient. The "manilly," worth a dollar and a half, would be a fearful currency to make large payments in, being composed of old brass kettles melted up and cast in a sand mould. The weight is from two to four pounds; so that the circulation of this country may be said to rest upon a pretty solid metallic basis. The "buyapart," valued at twenty-five cents, is a piece of cloth four inches square, covered thickly over with the small shells called cowries, sewed on. The other currency consists principally in such goods as have an established value. Brass kettles, cotton handkerchiefs, tobacco, guns, and kegs of powder are legal tender. * * * Coin is almost unknown in the traffic of the coast; and it is only those who have been at Sierra Leone or some of the colonial settlements who are aware of its value. One "cut money," or quarter of a dollar, is the smallest coin of which most of the natives have any idea. This is invariably the price of a fowl, when money is offered; but a head of tobacco or a couple of fish-hooks would be preferred. Empty bottles find a ready market. Yesterday, I "dashed" three or four great characters with a bottle each; all choosing ale or porter bottles in preference to an octagonal-sided one, used by "J. Wingrove and Co." of London, in putting up their "Celebrated Raspberry Vinegar." The chiefs must have consulted about it afterwards; for this morning no less than three kings and a governor begged, as a great favour, that I would give them that particular bottle, and were sadly disappointed on learning that it had been paid away for a monkey-skin. No other bottle would console them.—*Journal of an African Cruiser.*



[Famiglia a Cavallo.—From Pinelli.]

ROMAN FAMILY, TRAVELLING ON HORSEBACK.

THE modes of travelling among the peasants of the Roman states vary according to the nature of the country. In the hilly and mountainous parts they use mules; in the Maremma, or marshy country which lies near the sea, they make frequent use of *carri*, or carts, which have wheels of an enormous diameter, and which are generally drawn by buffaloes; and in the great pastoral plain of the Campagna they sometimes travel in waggons drawn by oxen (which are for the most part of a pretty cream or fawn colour, and which only require a little attention to be stupendous animals, for they are big-boned and of far greater height than our English oxen); but much more frequently they travel on horseback: and here, as in other parts of the south of Italy, curious methods are frequently employed to make one horse carry a whole family on his back. One contrivance is to have a pair of panniers like those put upon our asses. When this is used, the children are stowed in the panniers, the husband sits astride on the shoulder of the horse, and the wife sits astride behind her husband—and not unfrequently there is a third forked rider sitting over the horse's tail. This is considered a very rustic and poor way of travelling. In other cases, instead of the panniers, a framework of wood, not unlike that on which our army surgeons carried their medicine chests, instruments, &c., while serving in the mountainous parts of Spain and Portugal, but still more like the great wooden machines which the Turks and Arabs put on the backs of their camels, is slung over the back of the horse, from which it depends on either side like panniers. On each side of this frame, two or more persons, as accidents may require, seat themselves as in a chair, their legs hanging down to within a short distance of the ground—the bridle-rein is held by a man who sits on the back of the steed. This is called riding with ease and comfort, *con agio e comodo*. We once witnessed this way of travelling from the poor and despised town of Brindisium (now Brindisi) as far as the port of Naples, which takes from Lecce to Naples, being unable to procure any other conveyance; but we bargained for less than the usual fare, and so we started and made the journey with ease and port-manteau on our side, which was pretty equally illuminated by a Capuchin friar on the other. Some attention

is required as to the keeping of a proper equilibrium. They will often make up for a deficient weight on one side with big stones. But, being rather a careless people, such precaution is often neglected; and then one of two things ensues—the over and unequally loaded horse falls on his side, or the horse, turning round on the horse's back, and first the heavier and then the lighter side fall among the horse's feet. We have more than once seen a company of travellers in this predicament, not without being amazed, and at a loss to conceive how one single animal could carry such a troop. The Trojan horse could scarcely have held more than the number twice told within his capacious oaken ribs.

It should seem to require a very big and strong horse to carry either the wooden bardello or the panniers and its accompaniments; yet, generally, the horses in the south of Italy, though strong and capable of enduring great fatigue, are not distinguished by their size. There is, however, rather a large breed in the Campagna of Rome, as also in some parts of Apulia and Capitanata; and horses of this breed are in great request in the many districts where there are no wheeled carriages, and where, properly speaking, there are no roads. Yet it is by no means a rare thing to see a small poor miserable-looking hack carrying four or five peasants with not less discomfort to them than toil to himself. One would think it pleasanter to trudge on foot, but these people of the plains will never ask if they can in any way be carried; and, to say the truth, the heat of the climate, for at least six months of the year, renders walking very exhausting work.

In bygone times, but times not at all remote, some of the Roman and Neapolitan nobility took a pride in their studs, and bred beautiful horses, some for the saddle and some for draught. The Borghese family had a remarkably fine breed, of a curious bronze-like colour, with heads, necks, manes, quarters and legs resembling the horses which Guido, in his immortal picture, put to the car of Aurora. It was flourishing and numerous as late as the year 1793, but during the wars and spoliation of the French Revolution the brood mares were carried off, the whole flock was dispersed, and the type, as far as we could discover, entirely lost. As the French invaders helped themselves, it is probable that most of the Borghese studs perished in battle, or were the lot of the march. These studs were as well in Tuscany and

the Neapolitan States as in the States of the Church; but a fine unsmiled Borghese we never saw. It was a common and a barbarous custom in the south of Italy to put a distinctive mark on thorough-bred horses by branding them on the flank with a red-hot iron, on the base of which was cut the owner's crest, or a royal crown, or some other device. The poverty consequent upon war and revolutions, and the establishment, in good part of the peninsula, of the French law of inheritance, which, in a few generations, must utterly break up the most wealthy families, has prevented the reformation of good studs, or any extensive attempt to restore the old breeding-establishments in Italy. Here and there an amateur is found sufficiently favoured by fortune to have the means of bestowing some attention to breeding; but, taking all the peninsula, their collective number is but small. The only horses now bred in the Campagna of Rome are of a mixed and middling breed. They are all black; their form is neither decidedly bad nor decidedly good. They are all entire, and by no means deficient in spirit. Occasionally a horse of truly admirable qualities is found among them. In these railroad days it sounds ridiculous to talk of the speed of any other mode of travelling; but a quarter of a century ago we thought it was rare posting, that between Rome and Naples! We certainly never saw so much speed attained by post-horses in any other country, not even in England, and when the post-boys were promised double fees. Most travellers will remember the "Scampatori," or "runaways," of the Pontine marshes. They were all puledri—colts or very young horses—hot, wild, vicious, and almost unbroken; but for spirit, wind, and speed they were very often astonishing creatures. The mischief and the danger lay in getting them put-to. Very often they had just been caught and brought in from the marshes, or from the great plain beyond them, which is almost as wild as a desert of Arabia. It would often require half a dozen of men to put-to a pair of horses and to prevent their bolting when put-to. With four of these snorting, neighing, kicking, and biting equine devils, the task of putting-to was tremendous! There would be a couple of fellows at every horse's head, holding on with all their might, while the postillions were getting into their saddles, and then, the riders being fully mounted, there was a whoop and a scream, and away went the Scampatori like an arrow from a bow, starting with a gallop, and rarely if ever moderating their pace until they came to the next post-house, some twelve or fourteen English miles off. "There is nothing for it," said an old Neapolitan priest, "but to sit still and say, 'The Lord have mercy upon us.'" As for stopping, there could seldom be question of that, for the puledri had generally the bit between their teeth and the mastery over their riders. Luckily the road was for many miles broad, and as smooth as a bowling green, but for a long space there was that ugly, deep, draining canal, cut by Pope Pius VI., running close by the side of the road! The post-masters generally kept these puledri in store for the English; "for," said they, "your Milords always like to go fast, and he knows what horses are."

The number of horses kept on the vast pastoral farms in the Campagna is a very striking feature of that economy. It was not unusual to find from three hundred to four hundred horses of all sorts on one farm. Many of these, perfectly wild and unbroken, were kept for no other purpose than that of being used in the corn, this primitive and rude manner of being common throughout Italy. On these farms no factor, no cart or head of a plough, no cattle-driver, ever thinks of using a horse. He has to go fully a quarter of a

mile, he vaults into his cumbersome antiquated saddle. They may be said to pass more than half of their time on horseback. The factor of a friend, who was showing us over a farm, stopped and fell a-poning before we had gone two hundred yards. "For the infants," said he, "I am bad; but I am good on horseback;" and so he proved himself to be when we all mounted. The stable is generally of an immense size; and besides those that are out, there are always within a certain number of horses saddled and bitted and ready to start. Thus mounted, the factor and upper men being armed with muskets, and the herdsmen and cattle-drivers with long lances, they gallop over the plains, looking at a distance very much like a marauding band of wild Arabs. Some of these farm-horses are old and well trained, and singularly patient and docile, often remaining for many hours in vedette without being fastened, and exposed all the while to the great heat, and the terrible persecution and rage of the gad flies, and of other flies bigger and sharper than we ever saw them elsewhere. But many of the steeds are puledri, whose temper and habits we have described. Some of the cattle-drivers break in and train these colts, when they are intended for saddle-horses; when destined for draught, they are sold in their wild state.

MARINE GLUE.

Among the many novelties of the present day which are proved to be really good, we may number Mr. Jeffery's invention of what he terms the "Marine Glue." It is a composition of caoutchouc, or common Indian rubber, and shell-lac, and, on account of its numerous valuable properties, it has been found to be very useful for all the purposes of ship-building or in fact for any purpose where undue heat or moisture is to be resisted.

The circumstances which led to the result of this invention are not a little curious, and serve to show by what chance incidents some of the best discoveries have been perfected.

It is generally known, we believe, that Mr. Jeffery was one of the first producers of copper-plates by galvanic action; and it occurred to him, at the time that he was experimenting on this manufacture, that copper sheathing for vessels might possibly be made cheaper and of better quality by the same process.

In practice, however, he found that the new method was equally as expensive as the old one, and therefore turned his attention to the production of some cheaper substance as a covering for the bottoms of ships, which would not only act as a protection to the timber, from natural causes, but should also put a stop to the ravages of that insidious enemy the *teredo navalis*. The idea then occurred to him, of applying gums insoluble in water, for this purpose; and by combining elastic gum with non-elastic, and adding to the composition such ingredients as would be destructive both to animal and vegetable life, he should be able to coat vessels so securely as to prevent entirely the bad effects before alluded to. Accordingly he made the experiment, by coating several ships of war with his mixture, first infusing into it a quantity of corrosive sublimate as a poison, the result of these experiments, however, as it was not difficult to foresee, had not been successful, as upon an examination of the bottom of one of the vessels, some months afterwards, it was found that in many places the cement was worn away, and in others, that a thick deposition both of animal and vegetable matter had taken place. The reason of this is obvious, and in fact it is occasioned by the very property which, as a *water* material, constitutes its chief value, namely, its perfect insolubility in water. Hence the result of mixing any poisonous matter whatever with

an insoluble resinous cement, is merely to envelope the poison in a water-tight covering, so that it is at once put out of the reach of injuring either animals or plants, and therefore the former will attack the vessel with just as much avidity as if it were entirely uncovered, and, for the same reason, the deposition of vegetable matter is just as great. To form a poisonous coating, which shall prevent the fouling of a vessel's sheathing, and at the same time prevent corrosion of the metal, its composition, while fatty or resinous, must be such that it will be slightly soluble in water, and so gradually liberate the poison to act upon adherent animals or plants.

Although it is evidently unfitted for superseding the present sheathing for vessels, yet it has been proved to be invaluable as an adjunct to the component parts of a ship. Every one knows that the timbers of a ship are continually exposed to strains from the winds and waves. One of the qualities required in a substance to join these timbers, must be insolubility in water, or it would be useless; it must be impervious to water, to prevent leakage; it must be elastic, so as to yield to the strain upon the timber or the vicissitudes of the climate; it must be sufficiently solid to give strength; and, lastly, it must be adhesive, so as to connect the timbers firmly together. Each of these properties Mr. Jeffery has combined in his "Marine Glue." Numerous experiments have been made from time to time to test the power of the glue. In one case, two blocks of African oak (a wood which, by the way, is extremely difficult to unite by means of any ordinary cement) eighteen inches long by nine wide, and four and a half thick, were joined together longitudinally by the glue, and a bolt of one and a quarter inch in diameter, was passed through each of them, from end to end, having a chain attached to it. The day after the junction of these blocks, attempts were made to draw them asunder longitudinally, by means of an hydraulic press in Woolwich dockyard. A strain to the extent of nineteen tons broke one of the bolts, but the junction of the wood by the glue remained perfect. Two bolts of one and a half inch diameter were inserted on the following day into the same block, and the strain was again applied, until it reached twenty-one tons, when one of the bolts gave; but, as in the former instance, the junction of the two blocks remained perfect. Numerous experiments have also been made to discover the best proportions of the ingredients constituting the glue, for various kinds of wood; in one instance, where it was applied to elm, it resisted the enormous strain of three hundred and sixty-eight pounds to the square inch.

Several large pieces of timber were also glued together, and precipitated from a height of seventy feet upon the hard ground beneath, in order to discover what effect that most severe of all tests, concussion, would have upon the joint.

In this case, however, although the wood itself was shattered and split, in one case only did the joint yield, and that was supposed to have been occasioned by the badness of the joint in the first instance; still it withstood the effects of the fall even in this case, until the third trial. As a test of its capabilities of expansion, a block of wood with a rend in it was taken, and the rend filled up with the glue; it was then immersed in a mast-pond for a month at a temperature ranging from 30° to 40° Fahrenheit. On removing it from the pond, the glue from the pressure of the wood, was slightly squeezed out, so as to present a raised surface above the rend; but after this block had been a month in a dry shed, at a temperature of from 70° to 80° Fahrenheit, it assumed a concave form in the rend. This experiment is still going on, and it is intended to place the block alternately in the pond and shed for

the space of a year, so as to determine in the most effectual manner upon its capability of resisting extraneous changes both of temperature and moisture. If the result of this experiment therefore is successful, the shipwright will immediately perceive its immense importance as a means of filling up the fissures and rents in his timber, as very many other valuable pieces are obliged to be condemned on this account alone. As a substitute for pitch also, for sealing the seams of vessels, we should suppose it to be invaluable, besides the no small advantage of its being free from any disagreeable smell.

Probably one of the best uses to which it can be applied, will be the building of large masts, as its power of adhesion and elasticity admirably fit it for joining together the smaller spars of which they are composed: at present, most masts are made from one piece of timber, on account of the great difficulty of executing a built mast satisfactorily with the ordinary glue. In a few instances, latterly, the Lords of the Admiralty have had it applied to this purpose on board several ships of war. The main-mast of the Eagle, fifty-gun ship, and also that of the Trafalgar, one hundred and twenty gun ship, have been joined with it, and some idea may be formed of the number of joints in the latter, when it is stated that it is one hundred and twenty-five feet in length, by forty inches in diameter. Several other masts are also in progress of being joined by this composition, and the whole of the practical workmen express a very high opinion of its merits.

In order to satisfy himself as to whether the glue could be used with the same results in cold weather, the inventor took eight pieces of timber, twelve feet long, and six inches diameter at one end, by five at the other, and having cut each of them lengthways into four pieces, he joined them by means of the glue, in very frosty weather; two of the pieces, with a new sample of the composition, and the rest in the usual manner, only varying the proportions of the shell-lac from six-twelfths to nine-twelfths. These pieces of wood were alternately attached by strong bolts to the floor; and an iron collar and chain being placed in the centre, the following weights were placed on a balance to show the amount of deflection or strain:—

No. 1, with the new sample, with a strain of 25 cwt., bent exactly 3 inches; and on the withdrawal of the power, returned to its former position with the greatest elasticity.

No. 2, with a strain of 27 cwt., only yielded 2½ inches.

No. 3, under the same circumstances, bent 2½ inches.

No. 4 yielded 3½ inches, having been joined with a new sample.

No. 5 bent 2½ inches.

No. 6 bent 2 inches.

No. 7 bent 1½ inches; and with 20½ cwt., showed a deflection of 2½ inches; with 31½ cwt., showed a deflection of 2½ inches.

It was then attempted to break this model mast, and additional weights were put on, until they amounted to 43 cwt., when it yielded 3½ inches, and fractured the upper part of the wood, although it did not separate the joinings, or thoroughly break the timber, thus showing that the joined timber was much superior in strength to solid timber of the same proportions.

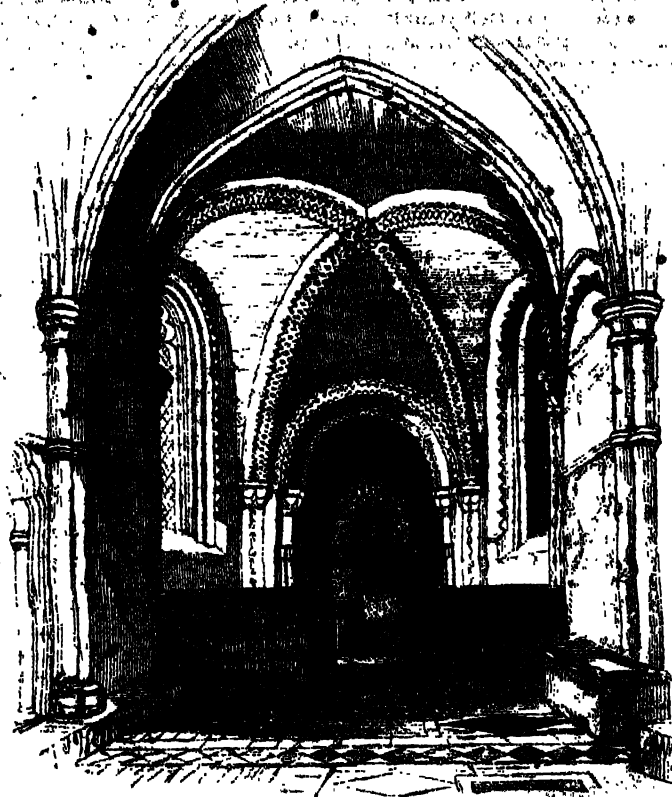
No. 8 gave the same result.

All these experiments were carried on in a temperature only 6° above freezing-point, proving that cold does not affect it. Another experiment was also tried by way of testing its strength under pressure: two pieces of wood, nine inches square, twenty inches long, were placed in such a position that twenty-one cwt. of iron, forming a pile twenty

feet high and seven inches broad, by twenty inches long, rested upon it: the whole of this immense weight it bore without giving way in the least at the time; the next day, however, the wood gave way, thus showing that in this case also the cement was more powerful than the solid timber.

The extraordinary utility of this invention is be-

coming daily more recognised, that it will, we think, not be fully appreciated until it shall have been applied throughout some vessels, from the kelson to the main-top, and those vessels shall have been exposed to weather which no common ship could stand. Then, and not till then, will its excellent qualities be clearly recognised.



[Interior of Ifley Church.]

IFFLEY CHURCH.

Among the examples of ecclesiastical architecture which the neighbourhood of Oxford, rich in such objects, presents to the admirer of architectural antiquities, Ifley Church is one of the most interesting. It is situated by the side of the Thames, or Isis, as it is frequently called in these parts, about two miles from Oxford. Ifley itself is not a place of much importance, nor has it any historical or other associations to render it attractive. It is mentioned in 'Domesday,' where it is called Givetolei. When that survey was made it was held of the king by Earl Aubrey. There were four hides of land. To the land six ploughs. One plough in the land and five bondsmen; and fourteen villeins with six bordarii (or cottagers) had four ploughs. There was also a fishery valued at four shillings. Altogether it was worth four pounds. In King Edward's time it was worth one hundred shillings.

The date of the erection of Ifley Church is unknown. It is, indeed, in his 'History of Kiddington,' states

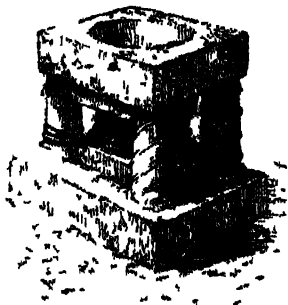
have been built by a Bishop of Lincoln in the twelfth century, but he gives no authority for his statement; it appears probable, however, from the style of the architecture, that it belongs to the early part of that century. All that is really ascertained is that it was in existence in 1180. It belonged as early as 1217 to the Black Canons of Kenilworth. "In the charter of Henry de Clinton, the third founder of Kenilworth (preserved in the registry of the priory, now in the British Museum) the church of Ifley, as it is there called, with a virgate of land in Cowley (now Cowley), are stated to have been given to the monastery by Juliana de Sancto Remigio." (Skelton.) Its great antiquity is therefore clear, apart from the evidence afforded by its style, and fortunately it has escaped without any remarkable injury. It is indeed generally admitted to be one of the finest and most beautiful specimens in England of an Anglo-Norman parochial church. It consists of a nave and chancel, which are separated by a large square tower. The tower is low and divides the church into two nearly equal portions. On each side of it are two windows with circular arches supported by pillars. As in almost all these Norman edifices, the doorway is the most elaborately ornamented, and most striking feature. That on the western side is the finest, and has long been known and admired by antiquaries. It is large, and has a bold circular arch with receding mouldings, carved in the richest manner, with the zig-zag and other orna-

ments.

ments; the outer arch shows a double row of grotesque heads, and one of animals above. These carvings have been supposed to have an allegoric significance; they are rude in style, but they possess on the whole something of grandeur of effect. The doorways on the northern and southern sides of the church are likewise considerably enriched. The southern is singular, but far less beautiful than the western doorway. On each side of it are two pillars, with the usual Norman ornaments, but all differing from each other; they support a circular enriched arch. Over the western door there was originally a circular window ornamented with zig-zag tracery, but a window with a pointed arch was inserted within it on occasion of some alterations being made in the church, it is supposed from the form of the arch, in the fifteenth century. At the same time several other windows in the sides of the building were altered in a similar manner. The original circle is still plainly visible, however, in each instance.

The interior of the edifice, although it received some alterations at the same time as the exterior, still retains much of its original character, and has a remarkably old and sombre look. Mr. Brewer, in the 'Sketches of England,' calls it rude and cold, but that will not be the opinion of any one possessing any true feeling for Gothic architecture. The chancel is vaulted with stone, and grained. There are some circular arches of bold span and handsomely carved at the intersection of the nave and chancel with the tower. In some portions of the interior are pointed arches. Some of the windows contain some curious painted glass.

There are no monuments of interest in the church. Perhaps the most curious thing in it is the font, which



is as old as the church. It is very large, being intended, as is supposed, for baptism by immersion. It is a plain trough, supported on an extremely thick central pillar, around which are four smaller ones differently carved, one being twisted. There are also piscinas, and near the altar there is a large receptacle, originally intended for holy water.

In the churchyard is a yew-tree with a trunk of enormous girth. Near this are the remains of a cross. Many of these crosses are to be met with in the churchyards about Oxford; several of them are in a much more perfect state than this, which has suffered greatly from the effects of time and ill usage. Looked at from the churchyard, the appearance of the church is highly picturesque, especially when the huge dark mass of the yew and the old yew cross beside it are in the foreground.

At Littlemore, a library belonging to the church and belonging to it, there was formerly a priory of Benedictine monks; it was founded in the reign of Henry II., and was among the smaller religious houses suppressed by a papal bull in the reign of Henry VIII. It was given to Wadham College, and the new college in Oxford. Considerable portions of the building were standing in the last century, and some still remain.

AMULETS.

At a period when galvanic rings enjoy so great a popularity, it may be useful to glance at the analogous reputation which other bodies heretofore obtained; and to this end we reproduce an interesting article from the pen of Dr. Plimmon on 'The belief and superstitions relative to Amulets,' which appeared in a recent French medical periodical. It may be said that the galvanic ring is only employed on account of the supposed medical efficacy resulting from its composition; but we believe that the vast majority of persons had recourse to it not in consequence of supposing it to possess any electrical agency, but from their belief (those of them who think or believe at all upon the subject) or hope in the discovery of a new species of amulet!

The origin of amulets is lost in the night of time, and it cannot be doubted that the ridiculous and puerile confidence which they still inspire, has betrayed poor human nature from the earliest periods; so true has it always been that "man is all fire for falsehood, all ice for the truth." Travellers have found these injurious and imbecile customs established in all parts of the globe—among the most polished nations, as well as among the most brutalized and savage tribes.

Let us enumerate some of the amulets or preservatives which have enjoyed the highest reputation. In general they have consisted, as in our own times, of various substances, images, pictures, or written characters which have passed for possessing marvellous properties, either on account of the nature of the material of which they are composed, or the secret influence of the singular ceremonies which were performed during their preparation. The Indian, Egyptian, Jewish, Greek, Latin, Mohammedan, and other superstitions endowed almost every body in nature with some one of the occult virtues, and even attributed these to merely certain words. Among the natural substances which have been employed as amulets, we may notice the plant *moly*, of which Homer speaks, and which was very celebrated against enchantment; the root *barath*, with which the Hebrews relieved those possessed by demons; the excrements of the Grand Llama, which were borne by the mightiest potentates of the East; the mistletoe cut with a golden sickle, &c. To these celebrated amulets we might add many others, such as the stone *serpentine*, which, according to Dioscorides, cured the bite of a serpent, as also the headache; peony root, which Galen recommended for hæmorrhages; coral; amber; iustic, and a multitude of other substances, in which different nations have not hesitated to place their fondest hopes. So that the interminable list has continued to augment in the process of time, and we are unable to assign any probable limit to its doing so. Very often the strangest analogies, and the most insignificant relations between man and other beings, have enabled him to distinguish the most astonishing properties, where it is evident not the slightest vestige of these could have existed. Instead of seeking by sustained observation, and wise and careful experiments, the reason of things he was desirous of knowing, he preferred inventing that which he had not the patience to study. In this way he has imagined, without any reason whatever, that rhubarb, carrots, lentils, and other substances of a more or less yellow colour, possess the power of dissipating a jaundice; and that red bodies, as coral, dragon's-blood, sealing-wax, scarlet cloth, and crimson thread, are very fitting for the prevention of hæmorrhage, or the purification of the blood. "A sick man just getting well," says Valtre, "found himself much better one day after eating of lobster, and it was hence concluded that lobster reinvigorated the blood because it became red on boiling." So also, from their

lively movements, are deemed suitable for the palsied. The teeth of the wolf, dog, or fox, which are very sharp, have on that account been formed into necklaces for assisting children in cutting their teeth. In France, too, it is very common for old women to suspend pieces of cork round the necks of their female domestic animals, in order to induce a good supply of milk—owing to the supposed great absorbing power of cork.

Is it necessary to add others to these examples of ignorance and credulity? If so, we may cite the bone of a man who has been hanged; of a mole, of a toad, powder of viper, mercury shut up in a little iron box, Arnoud's bags, and the famous argument by which he was enabled to gain the favour of the amateurs of amulets: "It is not proved that my bags do not sometimes cure apoplexy; you must therefore wear them, and then you will be on the safe side." But we should never finish if we produced all the nonsense uttered by empirics concerning their arcana and amulets, which have, and will, at least in certain localities, long enjoy their popularity. Certain localities!—popularity! did I say? Why, in Paris, that centre of light and civilization, in the bosom of one of the most learned bodies in Europe—the Institute, a member of that illustrious body, and brother to one of our best dramatic writers, declared that he had been cured of a painful and troublesome affection by carrying five horse-chestnuts in his pocket! Bayle, too, declared that powder of a human skull, retained on the skin until it became warm, relieved him of a bleeding at the nose, to which he was very subject, and which had resisted many former remedies. Van Helmont and Zwelfer, men in some respects beyond their period, both believed in the anti-pestilential power of toad-lozenges. The latter even says that he had preserved himself and family from the plague by their means, and had relieved or cured others affected with it. What can we oppose to the testimony in favour of amulets offered by such grave authorities? Nothing but this, deplorable and humiliating consideration—that it is not rare to see men of incontestable merit, and even of great genius, partake with the lowest classes of the people of the most absurd prejudices and grossest errors.

The *simulacra* of the ancients, used like amulets, were little figures of metal, stone, wood, or ivory, which were worn on the person with different views. The athletes wore them to render themselves invulnerable, and to preserve them from any enchantments their adversaries might endeavour to practise upon them. Amulets of this kind were called *profisuni*, from *pro* and *fascinatio*, i. e. that which met or prevented fascination. Women suspended such around their necks in order that they might obtain male progeny; and the temples of the gods were filled with such; just like what takes place in Catholic countries at the present time in the ex-voto offerings to the Madonna or saints, in the shape of the numerous arms, legs, eyes, &c., executed in gold, silver, plaster, or wax, which the piety or gratitude of the faithful have caused to be deposited at the shrines either before or after recovery. These practices and others analogous to them are as old as human society; but how much more noble an offering would an upright and sincere heart prove than so degrading and imbecile a superstition! "A philosopher of antiquity, when they pointed out to him, in order to exalt the deity they adored, the ex-voto offerings of all those who had invoked him when in danger from shipwreck, and had been saved in consequence, justly remarked," says Laplace, in his 'Essay on Probabilities,' "that he did not see the names of those invoked who had perished in spite of their invocations." Employed in the same manner as amulets we have the engravings of St. Januarius of Naples, St.

Nicholas of Russia, &c., the medals of the Guardian Angels, St. Hubert's rings, pictures of the Virgin, and the chaplets which the Christians have borrowed from Islamism. But after having done all in his power to ensure for himself personally the benevolence and assistance of the elect of Heaven, man has believed himself able to put under their powerful protection all that belonged to him, even to the very animals themselves. Thus, he has charged St. Martin, St. George, and St. Eloi with the health of his horses, St. Luke and St. Joseph with the prosperity of horned cattle, St. Anthony with that of the pigs, St. Genevieve with wool-bearing animals; and so on with regard to asses, quails, poultry, bees, &c. Indeed this fantasy has been carried so far as to compose special prayers on their behalf, the forms of which have been preserved in the rituals of those times. There is one of these prayers for the preservation of hawks from the beak and claws of the eagle—a matter of great importance for the chateaux, who then entered so warmly into the pleasures of the chase by means of these birds. These prayers, in which the whole celestial hierarchy was invoked for an object which religion, now better understood, blames and disowns with good reason, were interspersed with the figure of the cross. This was practised during the whole of the middle ages, not only in prayers, but also in the prescriptions of physicians, the pleadings of advocates, the acts of notaries, the account-books of merchants, and generally in all written documents, public or private—the mark being placed at the commencement and between each member of the sentence. The following is the prayer concerning eagles just noticed:—

+ + +
+ *Adjuro vos, aquilam genus, + per Deum verum,*
per Deum virum, + per Deum sanctum, + per beatam
Virginem Mariam, + per novem ordines angelorum, + per
sanctos prophetas, + per duodecim apostolos, + per sanctas
virgines & viduas, + in quorum honorem & virtutem vobis
præcipio, ut fugiatis, exeat & recedatis, & avibus nostris
ne noceatis. + *In nomine Patrum, &c.*

Another order of amulets which the Orientals, great connoisseurs in these matters, designate as *talismans*, are not less fantastic, irrational, and ridiculous than those already mentioned; and are composed of symbolical images, emblems, signs, characters written, or graven sometimes on little plates of metal, or on hard stones, and at others drawn or written on parchment, or other convenient material. They generally represented the figure of some imaginary animal, some species of monster or chimera; or consisted of some celestial emblem, as the constellations and signs of the zodiac; or, again, the written character existed singly or were formed into words which made sense or nonsense. But by a perversity, which it would be difficult to explain, it has happened that the words most in request and esteem were precisely those which signified nothing at all, and which were consequently incomprehensible; as for example, the word *abrosas* or *abrozas*, which was believed in Egypt to possess the power of expelling flies or other insects to without the circumference of a circle in the centre of which it was traced; it was after having pronounced this magic word, and being anointed with an ointment formed of cow-dung and goat's-hair, that miserable old women, deceived by pretended sorcerers, believed themselves witches, and imagined they went to their Sabbath upon a broomstick at the dread hour when the bat flies and the owl utters his horrible screech. Among the words having a known and limited signification, even the name of the Deity was not infrequently appealed to; for there was no hesitation in profaning and prostituting his holy name by imputing it upon a multitude of objects devoted to absurd uses. The name of Jehovah

was so employed by the Israelites; Theos by the Greeks; and Allah by the Mohammedans. These last, in imitation of the Jews, who wore on the cross or forehead slips of skin or parchment, on which were inscribed the commandments and other passages of Scripture, had, for their part, recourse to the sentences of the Kurán, which they regarded as infallible preservatives against every kind of fascination and witchcraft. They raised their arms to the heavens, carried them to their heads, then crossed them, and gesticulated in a hundred different ways to drive away the evil spirits: just as in our small towns, the old women, unable to understand the holiness of the religion they believe themselves professors of, cross themselves and sprinkle themselves with holy-water when it hails, thunders, or lightens, or they happen to overhear oaths or other improper language.

We were just speaking of the word *abracad*; but the most curious and celebrated amulet of this kind is, without contradiction, the *abracadabra*. It should be written upon as many lines as there are letters in the word; and consequently repeated as many times, taking the precaution of suppressing the last letter of each line, so that a sort of triangle may be formed, having its base uppermost. It is necessary to fasten this word around the neck, by a flaxen string. Sorenius Sammonicus, who flourished in the second century, maintains that this gibberish cured and preserved from fever and several other diseases. In a work on medicine, which he wrote in hexameter verse, he clearly indicates the disposition and use of this barbarous assemblage of characters.

The Jews attributed similar powers to the word *abracelan*, which signifies no more than that just referred to; but the learned Selden, in his *De Diis Syris*, considers them both as imitations of the name of a Syrian idol. However, whatever opinion we may have of these magic words, whether they had any signification or not, which very little concerns us, we cannot doubt but that the ancients had most implicit faith in their virtues, and largely employed them for the relief of suffering in sickness. All these words were called *epoidia* by the Greeks, and *incantamenta* or *carmina* in Latin; whence were derived the French expressions *enchantment* and *charme*. Alpha and Omega, the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet, were also supposed to be possessed of magic powers—representing the beginning and end of all things. The same, or nearly so, may be observed of the Pythagorean reveries concerning numbers. Among the most remarkable men who abandoned themselves too readily to these singular ideas, we must especially allude to Leibnitz, who believed he saw the image of creation in his system of binary arithmetic, in which he employed but the two characters 0 and 1. He imagined that the Deity might be represented by unity, and nothingness by zero. The sovereign power had drawn from nothing all existencies. This strange idea so pleased him that he communicated it to the Jesuit Grimaldi, President of the Tribunal of Mathematics in China, in the hope that this emblem of creation would operate the conversion of the reigning emperor to Christianity—he being a great admirer of mathematical sciences.

THE DOG OF THE TSCHUTSCH IN SIBERIA.

[From Wrangell's "Expedition to the Polar Sea,"]

Of all the animals that live in the high north latitudes none are so deserving of being noticed as the dog. The companion of man in all climates from the islands of the South Sea, where he feeds on bananas, to the Polar Sea, where his food is fish, he here plays a part to which he is unaccustomed in more favourite regions. Necessity has taught the inhabitants of the more northern countries to employ these com-

paratively weak animals in draught. On all the coasts of the Polar Sea, from the Obi to Behring's Straits, in Greenland, Kamtschatka, and the Kurile Islands, the dogs are made to draw sledges loaded with persons and with goods, and for considerable journeys. These dogs have much resemblance to the wolf. They have long, pointed, projecting noses, sharp and upright ears, and a long bushy tail; some have smooth, some have curly hair (such are the smooth-haired dogs of Newfoundland, noticed previously). Their colour is various; black, brown, reddish brown, white, and spotted. They vary also in size, but it is considered that a good sledge-dog should not be less than two feet seven and a half inches in height (at the head?), and three feet three-quarters of an inch in length (English measure). Their barking is like the howling of a wolf. They pass their whole life in the open air: in summer they dig holes in the ground for coolness, or lie in the water to avoid the mosquitoes; in winter they protect themselves by burrowing in the snow, and lie curled up, with their noses covered by their bushy tails. The female puppies are drowned, except enough to preserve the breed, the males alone being used in draught. Those born in winter enter on their training the following autumn, but are not used in long journeys until the third year. The feeding and training is a particular art, and much skill is required in driving and guiding them. The best-trained dogs are used as leaders, and as the quick and steady going of the team, usually of twelve dogs, and the safety of the traveller, depend on the sagacity and docility of the leader, no pains are spared in their education, so that they may always obey their master's voice, and not be tempted from their course when they come on the scent of game. This last is a point of great difficulty; sometimes the whole team, in such cases, will start off, and no endeavours on the part of the driver can stop them. On such occasions we have sometimes had to admire the cleverness with which the well-trained leader endeavours to turn the other dogs from their pursuit; if other devices fail, he will suddenly wheel round, and by barking, as if he had come on a new scent, try to induce the other dogs to follow him. In travelling across the wide tundra, in dark nights, or when the vast plain is veiled in impenetrable mist, or in storms or snow-tempests, when the traveller is in danger of missing the sheltering powarna, and of perishing in the snow, he will frequently owe his safety to a good leader. If the animal has ever been in this plain, and has stopped with his master at the powarna, he will be sure to bring the sledge to the place where the hint lies deeply buried in the snow; when arrived at it he will suddenly stop, and indicate significantly the spot where his master must dig. Nor are the dogs without their use in summer: they tow the boats up the rivers; and it is curious to observe how instantly they obey their master's voice, either in halting or in changing the bank of the river. On hearing his call they plunge into the water, draw the towing-line after them, and swim after the boat to the opposite shore; and, on reaching it, replace themselves in order, and wait the command to go on. Sometimes even those who have no horses will use the dogs in fowling excursions, to draw their light boats from one lake or river to another. In short, the dog is fully as useful and indispensable a domestic animal to the settled inhabitant of this country, as the tame reindeer is to the nomade tribes. They regard it as such. We saw a remarkable instance of this during the terrible sickness which, in the year 1821, carried off the greater part of these useful animals. An unfortunate Juhakir family had only two dogs left out of twenty, and these were just born and indeed still blind. The mother being dead, the wife of the Juhakir determined on nursing the two puppies with her own child, rather than lose the last remains of their former wealth. She did so, and was rewarded for it, for her two nurslings lived, and became the parents of a new and vigorous race of dogs. In the year 1822, when most of the inhabitants had lost their dogs by the sickness, they were in a most melancholy condition; they had to draw home their own fuel; and both time and strength failed them in bringing home the fish which had been caught in distant places; moreover, whilst thus occupied, the season passed for fowling and fur-hunting; and a general and severe famine, in which numbers perished, was the consequence. Horses cannot be made a substitute; the severity of the climate and the shortness of the summer make it impossible to provide sufficient fodder; the light dog can also move quickly over the deep snow, in which the heavy horse would sink. Having thus described the out-of-door life and

employments of the people of this district, let us accompany an individual into his habitation, at the close of summer, when he and his family rest from all these laborious efforts, and enjoy life after their manner. The walls are caulked afresh with moss and now plastered with clay, and a solid mound of earth is heaped up on the outside as high as the windows. This is accomplished before December, when the long winter nights assemble the members of the family around the hearth. The light of the fire, and that of one or more train-oil lamps, are seen through the ice windows; and from the low chimneys rise high columns of red smoke, with magnificent jets of sparks, occasioned by the resinous nature of the wood. The dogs are outside, either on or behind in the snow. From time to time their howling interrupts the general silence; it is so loud as to be heard at great distances, and is repeated at intervals usually of six or eight hours, except when the moon shines, when it is much more frequent.

The "Great Dismal" Swamp.—There are many swamps or morasses in this low flat region, and one of the largest of these occurs between the towns of Norfolk and Weldon. We traversed several miles of its northern extremity on the railway, which is supported on piles. It bears the appropriate and very expressive name of the "Great Dismal," and is no less than forty miles in length from north to south, and twenty-five miles in its greatest width from east to west, the northern half being situated in Virginia, the southern in North Carolina. I observed that the water was obviously in motion in several places, and the morass has somewhat the appearance of a broad inundated river-plain, covered with all kinds of aquatic trees and shrubs, the soil being as black as in a peat-bog. The accumulation of vegetable matter going on here in a hot climate, over so vast an area, is a subject of such high geological interest, that I shall relate what I learnt of this singular morass. It is one enormous quagmire, soft and muddy, except where the surface is rendered partially firm by a covering of vegetables and their matted roots; yet, strange to say, instead of being lower than the level of the surrounding country, it is actually higher than nearly all the firm and dry land which encompasses it, and to make the anomaly complete, in spite of its semi-fluid character, it is higher in the interior than towards its margin. The only exception to both these statements is found on the western side, where, for the distance of about twelve or fifteen miles, the streams flow from slightly elevated but higher land, and supply all its abundant and overflowing water. Towards the north, the east, and the south, the waters flow from the swamp to different rivers, which give abundant evidence, by the rate of their descent, that the Great Dismal is higher than the surrounding firm ground. This fact is also confirmed by the measurements made in levelling for the railway from Portsmouth to Suffolk, and for two canals cut through different parts of the morass, for the sake of obtaining timber. The railway itself, when traversing the Great Dismal, is literally higher than when on the land some miles distant on either side, and is six to seven feet higher than where it passes over dry ground, near to Suffolk and Portsmouth. Upon the whole, the centre of the morass seems to lie more than twelve feet above the flat country round it. If the streams which now flow in from the west had for ages been bringing down black fluid mire, instead of water, over the firm subsoil, we might suppose the ground so inundated to have acquired its present configuration. Some small ridges, however, of land must have existed in the original plain or basin, for these now rise like low islands in various places above the general surface. But the streams to the westward do not bring down liquid mire, and are not charged with any sediment. The soil of the swamp is formed of vegetable matter, usually without any admixture of earthy particles. We have here, in fact, a deposit of peat from ten to fifteen feet in thickness, in a latitude where, owing to the heat of the sun, and length of the summer, no peat mosses like those of Europe would be looked for under ordinary circumstances. In countries like Scotland and Ireland, where the climate is damp, and the summer short and cool, the natural vegetation of one year does not rot away during the next in moist situations. If water flows into such land, it is absorbed, and promotes the vigorous growth of mosses and other aquatic plants, and when they die, the same water arrests their putrefaction. But as a general rule, no such accumulation of peat can take place in a country like that of Virginia, where the summer's heat comes annually as

large a quantity of dead plants to decay as is equal in amount to the vegetable matter produced in one year. It has been already stated that there are many trees and shrubs in the region of the Pine Barrens (and the same may be said of the United States generally), which, like our willows, flourish luxuriantly in water. The paper trees, or white cedar (*Cupressus thyoides*), stand firmly in the softest part of the quagmire, supported by their long tap-roots, and afford, with many other evergreens, a dark shade, under which a multitude of ferns, reeds, and shrubs, from nine to eighteen feet high, and a thick carpet of mosses, four or five inches high, spring up and are protected from the rays of the sun. When these are most powerful, the large cedar (*Cupressus disticha*) and many other deciduous trees are in full leaf. The black soil formed beneath this shade, to which the mosses and the leaves make annual additions, does not perfectly resemble the peat of Europe, most of the plants being so decayed as to leave little more than soft black mud, without any traces of organization. This loose soil is called sponge by the labourers; and it has been ascertained that, when exposed to the sun, and thrown out on the bank of a canal, where clearings have been made, it rots entirely away. Hence it is evident that it owes its preservation in the swamp to moisture and the shade of the dense foliage. The evaporation continually going on in the wet spongy soil during summer cools the air, and generates a temperature resembling that of a more northern climate, or a region more elevated above the level of the sea. Numerous trunks of large and tall trees lie buried in the black mire of the morass. In so loose a soil they are easily overthrown by winds, and nearly as many have been found lying beneath the surface of the peaty soil as standing erect upon it. When thrown down, they are soon covered by water, and keeping wet they never decompose, except the sap wood, which is less than an inch thick. Much of the timber is obtained by sounding a foot or two below the surface, and if is sawn into planks while half under water. The Great Dismal has been described as being highest towards its centre. Here, however, there is an extensive lake of an oval form seven miles long, and more than five wide, the depth, where greatest, fifteen feet; and its bottom, consisting of mud like the swamp, but sometimes with a pure white sand, a foot deep, covering the mud. The water is transparent, though tinged of a pale brown colour, like that of our peat-mosses, and contains abundance of fish. This sheet of water is usually even with its banks, on which a thick and tall forest grows. There is no beach, for the bank sinks perpendicularly, so that if the waters are lowered several feet it makes no alteration in the breadth of the lake. Much timber has been cut down and carried out from the swamp by means of canals, which are perfectly straight for long distances, with the trees on each side arching over and almost joining their branches across, so that they throw a dark shade on the water, which of itself looks black, being coloured as before mentioned. When the boats emerge from the gloom of these avenues into the lake, the scene is said to be "as beautiful as fairy land."—*Lyell's Travels in North America.*

General Expenses.—A Constitution of the Emperor Justinian (A.D. 537) regulated the expense of funerals in Constantinople. The constitution refers to prior legislations of Constantine and Anastasius. The object of the regulation is well expressed in the following words:—"It was to secure men against the double calamity of losing their friends, and at the same time incurring heavy pecuniary liabilities on their account." Provision was made for securing interment to each person free of cost, and for protecting the surviving friends from the extortion of those who buried the dead. Funds were appropriated for the purpose of interment, which was conducted by persons appointed for the purpose, and with decency, but at little cost. All persons were to be buried alike, with some small allowance in favour of those who wished for a little more display at their own cost; but even this additional expense was limited; and it is said, "thus there will be nothing undetermined; but such those who wish to have funerals on a moderate scale will enjoy the advantages of our rule, and those who wish for more liberal arrangements will not be neglected heavily, and will be enabled to show their liberality at moderate cost."—*Art. Funerals, Knight's Political Dictionary.*



THE BRITISH VALHALLA.

No. VIII.—OUR CRUSADING KINGS.



THE first of our Norman princes that gained fame in Palestine was the unfortunate Duke Robert, the first-born son of William the Conqueror, but the last in the affections of his father, who always put above him his two younger sons, William, afterwards the Red King, and Henry the Beauclerc. After waging war against these brothers and his own father, Duke Robert was obliged to flee for a humiliating protection to the King of France. Robert was living in exile when his father died. By the Conqueror's will, and in consequence of oaths of fealty long since taken to him, Robert was put in pos-

session of the duchy of Normandy; but his younger brother, William Rufus, by the same will, and by his activity and good policy, obtained quiet possession of the kingdom of England. Failing completely in his attempt to wrench the crown royal from William by force of arms, Robert saw his duchy of Normandy invaded by that king, and himself obliged to make a formal renunciation of all his claims and pretensions to the English throne. Three years after this, another quarrel broke out between the two brothers; and Rufus, appearing again in Normandy with an English army, and buying off the French king with a large sum of money, reduced Robert almost to extremities. A war with the Welsh, and a great conspiracy in the north of England, headed by Robert Mowbray, Earl of Northumbria, made King William recross the Channel, and thus afforded a respite to Robert. But that ill-starred prince was unfit for civil government.

and a prey to an incurable extravagance and thoughtlessness, and in the year 1096 he gladly mortgaged the duchy of Normandy to his brother the Red King for the sum of 10,000*l.*, and taking the cross, joined the first Crusade, which had been formed by the enthusiastic preaching of Peter the Hermit, and sanctioned by the decisions of the Council of Clermont and the bulls of Pope Urban II. The 15th of August, the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin, was the day fixed for the departure of the holy warriors, who were all sworn to die or recover the tomb of Christ and the city of Jerusalem. Unavoidable circumstances, chiefly of a financial description, delayed the departure of the main body until the following year, but on the day first appointed, Peter the Hermit, Walter Habenichtis, Count Eriko of Leiningen, and the priest Gottschalk, impatient of delay, set out with an immense multitude, which is stated as high as 80,000 or 100,000 men, besides women and children. This rabble army perished ingloriously, scarcely a man in it living to reach Palestine. Their standards were a goose and a goat. They began by ill-treating and plundering the Jews settled in their own countries or in other parts of Christendom, whom they treated as the murderers of the Son of God. On their march through Hungary they were assailed by a fierce and warlike people, who would not submit to be robbed. Two-thirds of them were slain by the Hungarians and Bulgarians, the other third of the naked fugitives, the hermit Peter being of the number, escaped to the Thracian mountains, and reached Constantinople. Thence, crossing the Bosphorus into Asia Minor, they advanced as far as the plain of Nicæa, where they were cut to pieces and exterminated by the Turks of Sultan Solymán.

But by this time the main body of this first Crusading army was in motion, and the East was threatened by a hundred and sixty thousand or two hundred thousand armed men, of whom a good part were very superior in quality and equipment to their forerunners. This army was headed by the noblest knights of Christendom, as Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine, Baldwin, his brother, Hugo, the great brother of the French king, Raymond of St. Gilles, Count of Toulouse, Stephen, Count of Chartres and Blois, Bohemond, son of Robert Guiscard, and Prince of Tarentum, with his cousin Count Tancred, the mirror of chivalry; Robert, Count of Flanders, and Robert, Duke of Normandy, who, from the first took a foremost place among the greatest, for though indolent as well as imprudent in peace, he was energetic and brave in war, and knew that art as well as any man of his times. This mighty force, which was not led by an unskilful monk, was strong enough to impose respect in the countries through which it passed. It reached the capital of the Greek empire without any material diminution of strength, and crossing into Asia, it soon reduced the cities of Nicæa, Laodicea, Antiochia, Tripolis, Sidon, Tyre, and other places in Syria or upon the coast of Palestine. Leaving garrisons in most of these conquests, they advanced with sixty thousand fighting men to the siege of Jerusalem. In that long siege, which seems to become almost interminable under the poetical amplifications and adornments of Tasso, no knight and chief was more distinguished than "England's son and brother," the brave Duke Robert. The Saracens and Arabs trembled at his name, even as their descendants did at that of Richard the Lion-hearted. Many were the checks, reverses, and disappointments—as there well might be, seeing that all the devils from "the black and spacious heavens" took an active part with the infidels, and the Crusading knights were liable to all manner of sorceries and enchantments; but at last, on the 15th of July, the encamped grove of Sichen being cut down,

the holy city is stormed and taken, and every Crusader "hangs up his arms and devoutly adores the grand sepulchre, and so discharges his vow"—

"E qui l'arme scepente; e qui divoto
Il gran Sepolcro adora, e esoglie il voto."

The success of the Christians was followed by a bloody sacrifice. Sixty or seventy thousand Moslems, including women and children, were put to the sword, and the Jews, being driven into their great synagogue, were there burned—for the Saracens would not receive baptism, and the Jews were the descendants of those who had crucified the Saviour—and, according to the then universal opinion of Christians, it was meritorious and praiseworthy to kill them all.

Duke Robert, say our old historians, had behaved with such courage and prudence in this Holy War, that when the Christians had taken Jerusalem, and thought it necessary to prefer one of the Crusading princes to be king of it, the crown was with general consent offered to Robert; but he, having just before heard of the death of his brother, William Rufus, refused that dignity, and hastened homeward to assume his kingdom of England. And these monkish chroniclers generally think that Robert crossed Providence by this refusal, and that all his subsequent calamities—his entire loss of the duchy of Normandy, his long captivity in the dungeons of Cardiff Castle, with the sear in out of his eyes by his cruel brother, Henry the First, &c.—are all attributable solely to his having preferred England to the Holy Land. But in this account nothing seems true except the sad category of Robert's woes. The Red King did not die until the month of August, 1100, more than a year after the capture of Jerusalem, and the news of the event did not reach Palestine until the beginning of the year 1101. But eight days after gaining possession of the Holy City, the Crusaders proceeded to elect a king, and by the unanimous voice Godfrey of Bouillon was proclaimed, as the wisest, the first, and most worthy of the champions of Christendom, a man that "verily seemed born to hold empire, so well did he know the arts of government and of arms"—

"Veramente è costui nato all' impero,
Si del regnar, del comandar sa l' arti."

The only two chiefs who could have competed with Godfrey were, indeed, Robert of Normandy and Robert of Flanders, but neither of them ever entered into competition. Godfrey would not wear a crown of gold in a city where his Saviour had been crowned with thorns, and rejecting the names and ensigns of royalty, he contented himself with the modest title of "Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre." Duke Robert of Normandy left Jerusalem almost immediately after the conquest, and, covered with holy laurels, crossed the Mediterranean to Brundisium, the nearest port of Italy, intending to travel homeward through that beautiful and luxurious country. The shaft of Sir Walter Tyrrel had not yet been sped, and Robert showed no haste upon his journey. The Norman lance had won the fairest portion of southern Italy some years before it invaded England and overthrew King Harold at Hastings, the Guiscards had fully established their dominion in the provinces which now form the kingdom of Naples, and in the beautiful island of Sicily; and as Duke Robert advanced into Apulia, he was everywhere met by Norman barons and nobles of Norman descent, who held the whole country, under the Guiscards, upon the feudal tenure. At every castle the Duke was hailed and welcomed as a countryman, a friend, a hero, a Crusader returning with victory, whom it was honourable to honour, and

so much was their hospitality, and minstreys, and tourneying, and hunting, to the taste of this joyous, convivial, and thoughtless prince, that he lingered long on his way, seeming to forget all things in his present enjoyment and happiness. Of all these noble hosts, the noblest and most powerful was William, Count of Conversano: he was the son of Geoffrey, who was the nephew of Robert Guiscard, the founder of the Norman dynasty in Naples: his vast possessions lay along the shores of the Adriatic, from Otranto to Bari, and extended far inland towards Leucania and the other sea. He was the lord of many castles; but his principal castle, of Conversano, which stood on an eminence surrounded by olive-groves, at a short distance from the Adriatic, had many attractions for the pleasure-loving and susceptible son of the Conqueror. There were minstrels and jongleurs; there were fine horses and hounds and hawks in almost royal abundance; and the vast plains of Apulia, with the forests and mountains and lakes that encompass them, and the river Ofanto, which flows through them, offered a variety of the finest sport both in hunting and hawking. But there was a charm even more attractive than all these, in a lovely young maiden, the dark-eyed Sibylla, the daughter of his host. Robert became enamoured; and such a suitor, who, besides his other merits, was sovereign duke of Normandy, with a prospect of possessing the royal crown of England, was not likely to be refused. He received the hand of Sibylla, who is painted as being as good as she was beautiful, together with a large sum of money as her dowry. Happy in the present, careless of the future, and not thinking that a man so young as his brother the Red King would die, he lingered several months in Apulia; and finally, when he travelled thence with his young bride, he showed no eagerness or speed to reach Normandy; and at the critical moment when the English throne fell vacant by the death of the Red King in the New Forest, his friends hardly knew when they might expect him, and not being able to undertake anything in his absence, his youngest brother, the learned and most crafty Henry I., was allowed to seize the royal treasury at Winchester, and to seat himself upon the throne without any opposition. On his arrival, however, in Normandy, Robert was received with great joy by the people, and obtained peaceful possession of the whole of the country, with the exception of some castles which his brother Henry had previously gotten into his hands. The duke announced his intention of prosecuting his claim on England; but instead of taking the field at once, he postponed his great enterprise, in order to have time to show his beautiful bride to the Normans, and to entertain those chiefs with feasts and tournaments; and so incurable was his imprudence, that he spent Sibylla's fortune in feasting and pageantry. The rest of his tragical history is well known, and does not belong to our present subject. His son by Sibylla of Conversano, the gallant Fitz-Robert, was almost as unfortunate as his father; and after undergoing many vicissitudes, even before he reached man's estate, he was mortally wounded in the moment of victory, when in his twenty-sixth year, and with prospects brightening before him. The good Sibylla was happy in this, that she died in 1102, shortly after giving birth to her only child Fitz-Robert, and before her husband's misfortunes began. More than seven hundred years after his happy residence there, we have heard the people of Conversano and other parts of Apulia, talking with great interest, and telling curious traditional stories of Robert, the prince of England, who had married the daughter of their great count. Broken and impoverished by the numerous revolutions to which their country has been a prey, and most of all by the spoliation and the no-

compensation system of the French republicans, and then the French imperialists, and cast into that obscurity which is the inseparable attendant upon poverty, this ancient and illustrious family still survives at Naples, bearing the united titles of Duke of Atri and Count of Conversano.

In consequence of the victories of the first Crusade, in addition to the new Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, Christian principalities were founded in Antiochia, Edessa, Sidon, Tyre; and several other places. To defend and preserve these conquests, the two great military religious orders, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem and the Knights Templars, were called into existence. High and truly romantic was the valour of these knights, and of the Christian colonists generally. They had frequently to contend with all the power of the Saracens and Arabs, the kings of Jerusalem alone being compelled to fight with a force which seldom exceeded, but which often fell short of 12,000 men, against the mighty armies of the Turkish Sultan and the Caliph of Egypt. The fame of the battle of Ascalon rang through all Europe; but there were many other combats equally remarkable. The "pious Godfrey" of Tasso, who deserves the name better than the pious Æneas of Virgil, died a year after his elevation; but his brother Baldwin succeeded him, and after Baldwin six other Christian kings reigned in Jerusalem; and a seventh—the incompetent and faithless Guido or Guy of Lusignan—wore the holy crown, when, in the year 1187, the Mohammedan conqueror Saladin the Great put an end to this Christian kingdom, and conquered nearly the whole of Syria and Asia Minor. But before this last event, which cast a gloom over all Christendom, the Christian principality of Edessa had been conquered by the infidels, and this had called forth the second Crusade. Bernard, the Abbot of Clairvaux, in Champagne, afterwards canonized as St. Bernard, preached this crusade, as Peter the Hermit had done the first: his mental acquirements were far greater than those of his predecessor and prototype; his eloquence had been already acknowledged in other causes, in France, England, and Italy, but it was in his proclamation of this the second Crusade that he was thought to shine as the missionary and prophet of God, calling the nations to the defence of the Holy Sepulchre. The German emperor, Conrad III., and Louis VII., king of France, were induced to take the cross; and in the year 1147 western Europe is said to have armed and sent forth one hundred and forty thousand knights and nearly a million of foot soldiers. Stephen, king of England, would have been with the emperor and the French king, if the daughter of the Beaulieu, Matilda, had not been contending for his throne, and if his kingdom had not been wasted and impoverished by ten years of civil war and anarchy. Many Englishmen or Anglo-Normans went with the emperor, some of them being exiles, and some being glad to escape from the horrors which reigned in their country. They all went to suffer misery, and most of them death. The Greek emperor of Constantinople betrayed the Emperor Conrad, and prepared the way for the destruction of these immense Christian armies. Conrad, misled by Greek guides, lost the best of his soldiers in the defiles of Mount Taurus; and the rest were almost annihilated at the siege of Iconium. The forces led by the French king were defeated in a great battle by the Turkish Sultan. The Christian emperor and king united the miserable relics of their two armies, and making a rapid march, and nearly starving while it lasted, they reached Jerusalem, and there embraced and wept. This was in 1149, or nearly two years after their departure from their own countries. The last remnant of their army was wasted and consumed in the fruitless siege of Damascus. Edessa could not be

recovered; Jerusalem itself was threatened; and yet emperor and king were obliged to embark for Europe. When Conrad came into Italy, the people asked him where were the tens of thousands of Christians he had taken with him. Not being able to make other answer, he pointed to the east, and said "There!" "No," said an enthusiastic monk, pointing upward to the bright blue heavens, "they are there, with the crowns of saints and martyrs on their heads; and it is from Heaven that they call upon us yet to save the tomb of our Lord, and take vengeance on the unbelievers!" This belief and these sentiments were everywhere felt; it was evident that the fire was not yet burned out, and that Europe would again roll its flames into the East. The last Christian kings of Jerusalem were reinforced by many volunteers, and the Knights of St. John and the Templars were almost annually supplied with aspiring novices and hardy men-at-arms; but it was not until the year 1187, when Guido of Lusignan had been defeated and taken prisoner in the great battle of Tiberias, together with the Grand Master of the Templars and many noble knights, and that Saladin had planted the crescent over the walls of Jerusalem, and in nearly every town and castle in Palestine, that the third Crusade was banded and prepared by William, archbishop of Tyre, who first brought the bad news to Pope Urban IV., and thereby, it is said, causing the premature death of that pontiff. In a previous article we have exhibited the Archbishop of Tyre preaching this Crusade near to the old elm-tree, between Trie and Gisors, to Henry II. of England and Philip II. of France, and the enthusiasm with which the English and French knights took the cross from the hands of the archbishop, and vowed to go forthwith to the Holy Land. Henry, as we have showed, could not keep his vow; but his son, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, had scarcely secured his seat on the English throne ere he resolved to keep his. And here commenced the brilliant exploits of the Anglo-Norman royalty in the East.

The first of the European sovereigns to put himself in motion was the great emperor Frederic Barbarossa, who had served in Asia forty years before under his uncle the emperor Conrad, and who since then had made forty campaigns in Germany and Italy. Frederic took the same route by land which had been followed by Godfrey of Bouillon and by Conrad. With an host which is roundly estimated at half a million, he swept through Europe, and forced his way through Asia Minor and Syria, but his forces were fearfully thinned by famine, disease, and the lances of the wild Turcomans and Arabs; and the emperor himself met his death by attempting to swim on horseback across the river Calycadnus. His younger son Frederic, duke of Swabia, took the command of all that was left of the imperial army, and proceeded with Conrad of Montferrat, Lord of Tyre, Guido of Lusignan, who had recovered his liberty, and the other Christian princes of Palestine, to press the siege of Ptolemais, now called Acre or St. Jean d'Acre. Other European forces had in the meanwhile assembled on that memorable coast. Genoa, Venice, Pisa, and other of the maritime states of Italy had sent knights, troops, stores, and engines of war, by sea; and a great Italian force was united near the walls of Acre, under the command of the pious and warlike bishops of Ravenna and Pisa, who could carry the crucifix and its benedictions in one hand, and the sword and death to the Paynim in the other. Fifty vessels, charged with men and arms, had sailed from the ports of Denmark and Friesland, and thirty more, freighted in the like manner, had taken their departure from Antwerp and Ostend for Palestine. The Knights Templars and their rivals the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who had been ac-

tered about Europe, collected themselves again in strong bodies, which successively found their way across the Mediterranean Sea to the Holy Land. To meet the expenses of the war, every Christian prince had laid some tax or taxes upon his people, and an impost common to all, and called the Saladin penny or the Saladin tithe, was laid on by the pope, who did not so much as exempt the clergy. Yet little progress was made until the arrival of the French king and the Lion-heart of England; and they, to say the truth, were somewhat slow in arriving.

It was not until the midsummer of the year 1190 that Richard and Philip met with their respective armies in the plains of Vezelai. Their united forces are said to have amounted to 100,000 men. The two sovereigns and armies marched in company from Vezelai to Lyons, and as they marched the people everywhere said that the Paynim could never withstand them, and the Crusaders sang the song or hymn, composed by a monk of Orleans, which was universally known in England as well as in France, and which had excited many to take up the cross—"The word of the Cross is the sign of the Leader, and that the army will follow;"—

"*Lignum crucis
Signum ducis,
Sequitur exercitus,*" &c.

At Lyons the kings separated, with the mutual understanding that they were to meet again at Messina in Sicily. Philip, with his forces, took the road across the Alps and Apennines to Genoa, for he had no fleet of his own, and that flourishing commercial republic had agreed to furnish him with transports and some war-galleys. But Richard had already a considerable fleet royal:—one of the "chiefest and newest" of his ships was capable of accommodating four hundred men; he had fifty galleys of three banks of oars, and many other armed galleys superior in size to those commonly in use;—and in addition to all these, he had selected transports from the shipping of all his seaports, as well in France as in England. Thus his has been considered as the most formidable naval armament that had as yet appeared in modern Europe.* Having ordered that his ships should enter and ascend the Mediterranean, and meet him at Marseilles, Richard, upon quitting Lyons, marched by the pleasant valley of the Rhone towards that city and port. But his great fleet, having met with storms and other disasters, and having besides stopped to fight the Moors near Lisbon, had not arrived at Marseilles when the Lion-heart rode into that city. After passing eight impatient days, vainly looking across the sea for his ships, he hired twenty galleys and ten great barks, and leaving the mass of his army to wait till the fleet should come, he embarked with some of his forces, and coasted to Genoa where he again met the French king, who appears to have been detained by the covetousness of the Genoese, those traders having been accustomed to drive very hard bargains even with princes engaged in the Holy Wars. Parting again with Philip, almost as soon as they had met, and coasting the Riviera of Genoa and a part of Tuscany, the Lion-heart entered the river Arno, and visited the already splendid city of Pisa. From the Arno he came to the desolate spot where the Tiber pours his brown waters into the bright blue sea; and as his galley required some repairs, he brought her to anchor in that famed river where the galleys of the Caesars had once lain. Here he was within a few miles of Rome; but though a liberal curiosity and devotion would alike have suggested a pilgrimage to the eternal city, he did not go further. It appears that he was deterred by some vision which the court of Rome

* Southey, "Naval Hist."

had upon him, and that he treated the Bishop of Ostia, who waited upon him and demanded the money, in a very rough and uncourteous manner. His galley being repaired, he made his way round the Circian promontory into the Bay of Naples, where he again landed. His active body and restless mind being no doubt wearied with the close confinement of shipboard and the slow progress made during the dead calms of summer in the Mediterranean, he resolved to continue his journey from the city of Naples to the Strait of Messina by land. While at Naples he visited the splendid sanctuary of St. Januarius, and said his orisons in an awful crypt, wherein the bodies of the dead stood up in niches, dry and shrivelled, but arrayed in the dresses they had worn when alive, and otherwise looking as if they still lived, and were only there for penance and prayer. The beauties of the scenery, the gaieties of the city, or some other inducements, made him loiter many days at Naples; but he then mounted his horse, in company with a few of his knights, and taking the beautiful pass of the Apennines which leads by Nocera, the Benedictine abbey of La Cava, and Vietri, and which nearly approaches the towers and the town of Amalfi, he reached Salerno, which had been for a time the capital of the Norman Conqueror, Robert Guiscard. The place was redundant with Norman glory, and crowded with objects proper to interest Richard. The Normans had built the cathedral in the plain, and rebuilt the noble castle on the hill behind the city. Princes descended, like himself, from the first duke, Rollo, slept in sculptured tombs in the great church, and goodly epitaphs, with many a Leonine (or rhyming Latin) verse—that favourite composition of the Normans—recorded their exploits, their piety, and their other good deeds. Every castle that met his eye on the flanks and crests of the neighbouring mountains was occupied by the descendant of some Norman knight, who had first gone into Italy singing the song—

"No fortune have I save the lance that I hold;
But a lance is a realm in the hands of the bold!"

Salerno, always one of the most beautifully situated, was then one of the most civilized cities of all Italy. Besides its famous school of medicine, which had been carried to its height of celebrity by the liberal patronage of the Guiscards, it had other schools which were then flourishing. Moral and natural philosophy, such as they were, geometry, astronomy, rhetoric, and poetry, were all cultivated, and Richard himself was a professed poet, having merited by his compositions a place among the troubadours, and being born a poet, if not in the sense of Horace, at least genealogically, for his mother Eleanor, as well as his maternal grandfather Henry Bracclerc, were troubadours, and the rank was made hereditary in some families. After staying at this interesting city several days, during which the galleys and barks he had hired at Marseilles came round to him from Naples, he mounted his steed and left Salerno on the 13th of September. He rode across the solitary *Pestum* plain, and through the secluded but luxuriant district of Cilento, into Calabria, his galleys following along shore, from which his own rough path was seldom very distant. Roads there were none; and as the autumnal rains had now set in, he must have encountered great difficulties in crossing the swollen streams and mountain torrents; for he did not reach Mileto till the 21st. From that town he spurred on with only one knight in attendance. On passing through a village, he was told that a peasant there had a very noble and well-trained hawk. For a churl to keep that sporting bird was contrary to the customs and the written laws of aristocratic Europe; and Richard, who wanted some pastime to beguile the

tedium of the way, went into the poor man's house and seized the hawk. The peasant ran after him, demanding his property; but the king kept the bird on his wrist, and would not restore it. The poor man shouted and whistled, and his neighbours, descending from their mountains, took up his quarrel; and the Calabrians, being ever a proud and fiery race, they presently attacked the royal robber with sticks and stones, and one of them drew his long knife against him. Richard struck this fellow with the flat of his sword; the sword broke in his hand, and then matters looked so serious, that the hero let go the hawk and took fairly to flight. The enraged rustics followed him with their sticks and stones, and if a priory had not been close at hand, to afford him a refuge, it is probable that the Lion-heart would have perished in Calabria, in this ignoble brawl. He afterwards ran no greater peril among the Saracens in contending for the Holy Sepulchre. At last he reached the shore of the narrow strait which separates Calabria from Sicily, and passed a night in a tent hard by the famed rocks and resounding caverns of Scylla. The next morning (September the 23rd, 1190), being either advised by signal or by some one of his Marseilles galleys, the mass of his fleet royal, which had now reached Messina, crossed over from the island to receive him. He embarked, and scorning or being ignorant of the Homeric and Virgilian dangers of Scylla and Charybdis, was presently wafted over to the noble harbour of Messina, which he entered with so much splendour and majesty, and such a clangour of horns and trumpets and other warlike instruments, that he astonished and alarmed the Sicilians, and the French crusaders also, who, with Philip their king and a shattered fleet, had gained that port about a week before.

Envy and hatred broke out forthwith among these allies and confederates in a Holy War. King Philip re-embarked as soon as possible, intending to pursue his voyage to Acre; but storms and contrary winds compelled him to put back, and, to the no small alarm and grief of Tancred, the king of the island, and his exposed subjects, both the French and the English kings resolved to winter in Sicily. To make matters worse, Tancred was illegitimate by birth, and was considered as a usurper, and Joan, widow of the late King William the Good, was the *Cœur-de-Lion's* sister, and one who had many reasons to complain of harsh treatment since her husband's decease. Tancred had not only withheld her dower, but had imprisoned her in a castle near Palermo. Richard demanded her immediate enlargement. This was granted, and the widow Joan was sent in a royal galley to Messina, and there delivered to her brother. To have a stronghold for his sister until her extensive claims for dower should be settled, he recrossed the straits, and without announcing his intention to Tancred, he stormed and took the town and castle of La Bagnara, with an island near it. One of the chroniclers says that these places were possessed by Saracens, and that Richard slew them all, "riff and raff;" but it is much to be apprehended that the people slain were Christians of Calabria. Having established Joan, and left a force to protect her, he returned to Messina, and there drove the monks out of a large monastery, in order that he might have a place as strong as King Philip, who then occupied the royal palace. Turning a deaf ear to the prayers and threats and maledictions of the expelled monks, Richard brought his stores into the strong monastery and fortified it round about. These acts led to some fierce commotions and not a little bloodshed between the English and the Sicilians. Tancred was not at Messina, but the citizens closed the gates upon

* Robert of Brunne.

the Cœur-de-Lion and defied him. This was a rash deed, for Richard presently stormed their walls, slew all that resisted in the streets; took possession of the city, and planted the English banners on its loftiest tower. The French king, who had taken no part in the assault, and who would not have been sorry to see the Lion-heart repulsed, took great offence at sight of the English flag, and demanded either that it should be lowered or that his own banner should be planted by the side of it. Richard in his turn now reddened with wrath, vowing that his was the deed and his the nobler flag;—but an open rupture and hand-to-hand battle within the walls of Messina were at last avoided by friendly mediation, and by the Lion-heart's consenting to lower his banner, and commit the castle and city to the keeping of the Templars and the Knights of St. John, until his demands upon Tancred for his sister's dowry should be satisfied.

By other proceedings equally summary King Tancred was soon induced to pay Richard 20,000 ounces, or about 10,000*l.*, in satisfaction of Joan's demands, and to pay or promise to pay 20,000 more upon a treaty of friendship and family alliance with the formidable English king. A good part of the money obtained was lavished by Richard upon his followers and upon the soldiery. On the feast of Christmas he gave a splendid banquet, to which he invited every man of the rank of a knight or gentleman, in either the French or English army; and when the dinner was over he made a present in money to each of his guests, the amount being more or less according to the rank of the parties. A little army of troubadours and minstrels, who had followed him from Aquitaine and other parts of the south of France, constantly sang his praises and made songs for the soldiers to sing. This display of superior wealth, and the popularity he obtained by his liberality, increased the envy and malevolence of Philip. Some short time after Christmas the Cœur-de-Lion mounted his horse and rode to the flanks of the towering and smoking Mount Aetna, which had recently been in active eruption. At the city of Catania, near the foot of that volcano, he was met by Tancred, and for the first time. The two kings embraced, and, walking in splendid procession to the cathedral church (another work of the Normans), kneeled side by side and prayed together before the shrine of St. Agatha. They lived for some days in great cordiality, exchanging presents like the heroes of Homer, and his Sicilian majesty giving, or promising, as a contribution to the Holy War, four large ships and fifteen galleys. On his return to Messina, Tancred accompanied his guest for many miles; even as far as the ancient town of Taormina; and before they parted there (in the shadow of stately edifices—among temples and tombs and theatres which had been raised by the Romans, or, before those conquerors, by the Greeks, and which had not yet been reduced to the bare ruins they now are), he gave to Richard a letter, wherein the French king declared his majesty of England to be a traitor, who meant to break the peace and treaty he had concluded with the King of Sicily, and offered to assist Tancred in driving him and his wretched English out of the island. To the Cœur-de-Lion's doubts whether his liege and sworn comrade in that holy pilgrimage could be guilty of so much baseness, Tancred replied by solemnly asseverating that the letter had been delivered to him; as from the King of France, by the Duke of Burgundy. A day or two after Richard's return to Messina, he produced the letter, and asked the French king if he knew it. Philip pronounced it to be a vile forgery, and, changing his defence into attack, accused Richard of seeking a pretext for breaking off his marriage with his (Philip's) sister, the Princess Alice of France, to whom he had been affianced ever since his childhood, Richard

in fact, as Philip no doubt well knew, had contracted a very different alliance, and was every day expecting another bride. The French king vowed that if the Lion-heart did not keep his engagements with the Princess Alice, he would be the mortal enemy of him and his. Richard, never behind in wrath, swore that the French princess was a dishonoured and profligate woman, and that he could not and never would marry her. This grievous insult, according to an old French writer, was as a nail stuck in and driven through the heart of Philip. Mediators, however, did their best, wishing that the two kings should go together to recover Jerusalem, and not kill one another or ruin their two armies by a war in Sicily upon personal quarrels which did not concern the holy cause in which they were embarked; and, for the present, Philip bartered his sister's honour for a pension, agreeing to release Richard from his matrimonial contract with Alice, for 2000 marks a year, to be paid only for the term of five years. The French king then got ready for sea, and, after receiving some vessels and stores bountifully given to him by the English king, he set sail on the 30th of March, 1191, for Acre. Richard, with a few of his most splendid galleys, accompanied him down the Strait of Messina; but where the strait begins to open on Syracuse and the broad channel of Malta the kings parted, with a great blowing of trumpets and beating of cymbals, and a loud shouting on either side of "*Sainte Terre! Sainte Terre! la Croix! la Croix!*"—The Holy Land! the Holy Land! The Cross! The Cross! And then Cœur-de-Lion, like the gay and anxious bridegroom that he was, stemmed the rapid currents of the strait with press of sail and with labouring oars, and that same evening got to Reggio, on the Calabrian coast, nearly opposite to Messina, and took on board the young bride of his own choice, who had been for some time in that neighbourhood, waiting only for the departure of the French king, and then carried her over triumphantly to his quarters in the fortified monastery. This lady was Berengaria, the beautiful daughter of the King of Navarre. Richard had seen her in her own country a year or two before the death of his father Henry II., and had become passionately enamoured of her, as she of him. On both sides it was a romantic and disinterested attachment; he had bargained for no territories or political advantages; and she, undeterred by the prospect of many dangers and privations, joyfully consented to travel from the Pyrenees to the Alps and the Apennines and into Sicily, and thence to follow her husband beyond the dreaded sea to the land of the Paynim, where a fierce and doubtful war was raging. Her chief companion and guardian on the long journey was Eleanor of Aquitaine, the mother of Richard and the widow of Henry II.—a resolute woman whose energies were not broken by age. Eleanor had already made the "great passage," as it was called, with her first husband, Louis VII., and it is thought that certain recollections of that Crusade, in the course of which she had been accused of flagrant breaches of the seventh commandment, contributed more than her advanced years in preventing her from revisiting Palestine. She consigned the bride to the matronly care and direction of her daughter Joan, the queen-dowager of Sicily, and in a very short time took her departure for England, to look after matters there, and to be a check upon the impatient and very unscrupulous ambition of Prince John.

The very day after old Eleanor's leave-taking—on the 7th of April, 1191—Richard embarked his forces and set sail with his whole fleet for Palestine. This is a scene for a painter of the highest order; this is a subject eminently national, and elating, and which, after six centuries and a half, may make the English

heart and pulse beat high. For several miles the Strait of Messina is like a broad majestic river, running deep between the grand embankments of the Calabrian and Sicilian mountains—heights rich in beauty as much as in grandeur—and the great sea-stream which ever runs downward or towards the east, carries with it a fresh and unvarying breeze, so that, favoured by current and by wind, all ships glide through with a smooth and rapid pace. As Richard's fleet got out into mid-channel and glided down the strait, and felt the current and the breeze, it presented a beautiful and imposing appearance, that called forth the involuntary admiration of all who beheld the spectacle. And there was no want of spectators, for the Lion-heart had filled the country on either side with the fame of his doings, his daring character, and his open-handed generosity; he had doubled the interest which was at first felt for him as a Crusader, and Calabrians and Sicilians crowded along their opposite shores, and on the hills behind them; to gaze and wonder, and to load the bright sunny air with their shouts. The islanders forgot the hard blows they had gotten from the English king, and his knights and men-at-arms, and they were heard saying that no gallant an armament had never been seen before in those seas, and never would be seen again. The size and beauty of the ships excited this ecstasy, not less than their number. The right royal flag of England, which was even then the noblest national standard that had ever been adopted by a martial country, floated over fifty-three royal galleys, thirteen dromones, * mighty great ships with triple sails,† one hundred carikes or busses, and a swarm of smaller craft. Thirty great busses or barks from England had arrived just before this departure, bringing out fresh stores, and many knights and men-at-arms, who had put the red cross on their breasts and on their shields, and had sold houses and lands to follow their king, and redeem the holy sepulchre. Over the high projecting, antique stern, and along the sides of the royal galleys, larboard and starboard, over the bulwarks, were suspended the glittering and emblazoned shields of royal princes, dukes, counts, and mighty barons, the choice or the very substance of the chivalry of England, Normandy, Brittany, Anjou, Maine, Poitou, and the other countries in France, which were either subject to the sceptre of Richard or linked in alliance with him and dependent upon him. In every galley shield touched shield—there was no break or space between; in the waist of the ships were stacked the long lances with their bright steel heads and their drooping pennons; and the warlike Crusaders walked the decks looking on the fair land they were leaving, or wistfully forward to the wide sea upon which they were about to enter, and saying with their tongue, or with their eyes, "Ho! for Palestine!"

A storm overtook the fleet when steering between Rhodes and Candia, or Crete, and for a time the galley was missing which carried Richard's fair bride Berengaria and his sister Joan, who are said to have lived lovingly together like two gentle birds in one cage.† Two vessels were wrecked on the coast of Cyprus, and the Greeks of that island barbarously plundered them, and cast the mariners and Crusaders on board into prison. Richard soon came up to take a dire vengeance, and dethrone the sovereign, one Isaac, a prince of the imperial race of the Comneni, who pompously styled himself "Emperor of Cyprus." Landing his troops, he drove the unwarlike Greeks before him like a flock of sheep, stormed their capital, seized all their property, beat their emperor Isaac, and made him fly

so precipitately, that, in the words of one of the Lion-heart's very hearty chroniclers, he took with him neither "sarks" nor "breke."‡ Poor Isaac implored for a treaty of peace and friendship, obtained one upon sufficiently harsh terms, and then treacherously flew to arms again. Richard beat him again, with as much ease as that with which the eagle would master the owl, or the lion the jackal; and this time he dethroned him, put him in irons, and shipped him off for the Christian camp in Syria. Having garrisoned Limasol, the capital, and some other places of strength, and having introduced something like order and government into this easy but valuable conquest, Richard, within a month after his first arrival at Cyprus, re-embarked his troops, and, well furnished with fresh provisions and with other good stores, gleaned in the favourite island of Venus, he rowed and sailed away for Acre. But he did not make that short voyage without meeting with more fighting and other adventures. Between Cyprus and the Syrian coast he fell in with an enormous ship which was conveying troops and stores to the great Saladin. He dashed upon this prey with his own single galley, threatening to crucify his sailors if it were suffered to escape. The infidel ship was taken after a gallant action, in which the superior height of her board, and an abundant use of the Greek fire, to which Richard's people were as yet unaccustomed, gave her for some time a decided advantage. There were on board seven Emirs, or Saracens of the highest rank, wearing the green turbau in sign of their lineal descent from Mahomet the prophet, and there were six hundred and fifty, or, according to another account, fifteen hundred picked men on board. Of all these thirty-five individuals were saved; the rest were slain in the action or massacred after it, or drowned in the deep sea, for the argosy went to the bottom, almost as soon as the fighting was over, and before the Crusaders could remove any of her valuable stores.

At length, on the 10th of June, an astounding clangour of trumpets and drums and horns, and every other instrument in the Christian camp, hailed the arrival of Richard and his host in the roadstead of Acre. The welcome was sincere, for the aid was opportune and indispensable. Without the Lion-heart there must have been a capitulation of the Christians to Saladin. The French king had arrived some time before, but had done nothing. Frederic of Swabia, who had taken the command of the remnant of the army of the emperor Frederic Barbarossa, and who had not been able to give a favourable turn to the siege of Acre, had been for some time dead, and the Duke of Austria, who assumed the command of the Imperialists, was a formalist and a sluggard, being at the same time conceited and jealous. The loss of life among the Christians had been fearful. The sword and the plague, with other diseases, had swept away six archbishops, twelve bishops, forty cardinals, and five hundred barons, whose names are recorded in history, and one hundred and fifty thousand of "the meaner sort."§ The siege had lasted well nigh two years, and the Crusaders were not only still outside the walls, but actually pressed and hemmed in, and almost besieged themselves by Saladin, who occupied Mount Carmel and all the neighbouring heights with an immense army. But the arrival of the English king put a new spirit and life into the languishing siege; and on the 12th of July, only a month and two days after his landing, Acre was taken. The glory of the achievement was justly given to Coeur-de-Lion—

So that King Philip was annoyed there at the thing, That there was not of him a word, but all of Richard the King.†

* By this expression is meant that they were three-masted.

† Robert of Brünne.

‡ Neither sarks nor brekes.—*Roll of Brünne.*

§ Robert of Gloucester.—*Rhymed Chronicle.*

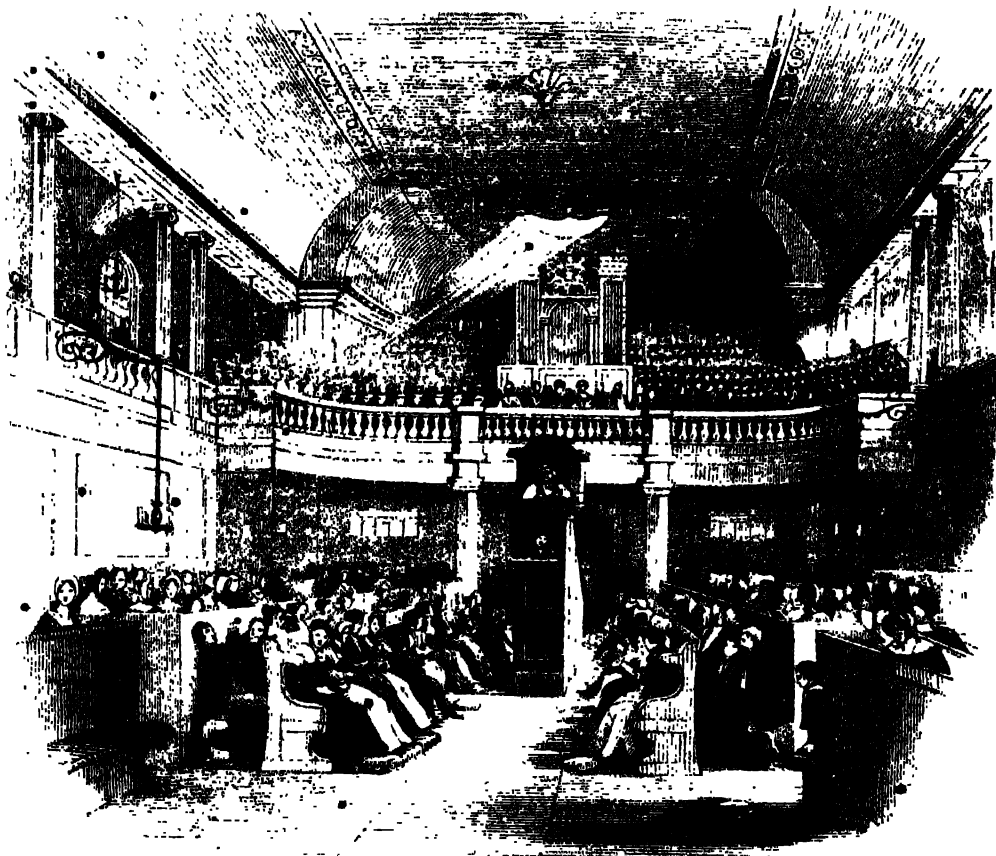
The French and English soldiery entered fully into the piques and jealousies of their respective kings, who did not agree the better for the treaty which had been concluded between them while in Italy. Nothing but a Holy War could ever have brought these two sovereigns to attempt to act in concert with one another. Philip was constantly aiming at the overthrow of Richard's dominion in France, and Richard was resolute to keep those French provinces, which rendered him even in France as powerful as Philip. These quarrels nearly split in twain the great confederacy of the Crusaders. Each king had his partisans. The Genoese and Templars espoused the quarrel of France; the Pisans and Hospitalers, or the Knights of St. John, took part with England; and, on the whole, it appears that Richard's more brilliant valour, and greater command of money and other means, rendered the English faction the stronger of the two. The Templars and the Hospitalers, the Genoese and the Pisans, were old rivals, and had often fought against one another even in the Holy Land, and when surrounded by their common enemy, and the foe of all Christians: they were therefore sure to take opposite parts; but among the other Crusaders who were not divided by such rivalry and enmity, and who looked exclusively to the triumph of the Christian cause, the *Cœur-de-Lion* was evidently regarded as the best present leader and as the most valorous prince that had ever taken the Cross and adhered to the vows he pledged at taking it. He never showed himself in the camp without being hailed enthusiastically by the great body of the Christian army; and he had not been a month in the country ere the Saracens began to speak of him with mingled respect and terror. During the siege of Acre he had worked like a common soldier at the heavy battering-engines; and when assailed by a violent endemic fever, he had caused himself to be carried to the trenches on a silk pallet or matress. Even without his ever liberal guerdon the minstrels might have been animated to sing his praise, and to declare, as they did, that if the sepulchre of our Lord were ever again recovered, it must be through King Richard. All this gave rise to fresh jealousies in the breast of Philip, who, though brave, was far more distinguished as an adroit statesman in Europe than as a warrior in the Holy Land.

After the capture of Acre, the banners of the two kings were raised with an equality of honour or pre-eminence on the ramparts; but Richard took the best house in the place for the accommodation of himself and family, leaving Philip to take up his lodging with the Knights Templars, who, many years before this, had built themselves a spacious and magnificent mansion. Scarcely, however, had they taken possession of the town, ere the French king announced his determination to forego the further toils and honours of the Crusades, and return to Europe. He pleaded bad health as the motive of this sudden departure: but his motives were various, the chief of them being an eager desire to attack the King of England's French territories during his absence in the East. Intent as he was on the triumph of the cause in which he had

embarked, and dazzled as he was by visions of chivalry and of glory, Richard was not yet so blind as to overlook the danger that threatened him in the West, and after many but vain efforts to persuade Philip to remain, he exacted from him a solemn oath not to make war upon any part of his territories until at least forty days after he himself should have returned from Palestine. Besides taking this oath, the French king agreed to leave at Acre ten thousand of his followers, to be immediately commanded by the Duke of Burgundy, who, however, was to submit to the superior authority of King Richard. In the eye of every sincere Crusader, Philip appeared as a perjured man and deserter; and as he embarked he was very generally hissed, hooted, and cursed. By the same popular feeling the glory of King Richard, who stayed, was amplified.

The Saracens did not keep the terms of the capitulation they had made at Acre; they neither restored the Christian captives nor the true Cross; and they failed to pay the money they had promised to pay as a ransom. Moreover a rumour was spread through the Christian camp that Saladin had massacred his prisoners of war. The Crusading soldiers demanded instant vengeance, made a fearful riot, and killed several of their officers who opposed their sanguinary desires. After waiting a few more days, Richard gave the order for a frightful massacre in cold blood.





(Chapel of the Foundling Hospital.)

FOUNDLING HOSPITALS.

FOUNDLING HOSPITALS are charitable institutions, which exist in most large towns of Europe, for taking care of infants forsaken by their parents, such being generally the offspring of illegitimate connexions. These institutions date from the Middle Ages, and were established for the purpose of preventing the destruction of children either by actual violence or by being exposed in the streets or highways. Among the Romans and other nations of antiquity, the exposure of children by poor or unfeeling parents was a frequent practice, and was not punished by the laws. After Christianity became the religion of the empire, it was forbidden by the Emperors Valentinian, Valens, and Gratian (*Cod. viii. tit. 51 (52), "De Infantibus expositis," &c.*). At the same time, the greater strictness of the laws concerning marriage and against concubinage, the religious and moral denunciations against unwedded intercourse, and afterwards the obligatory celibacy introduced among the clergy, and the severe penalties attending its infraction, all tended to increase the danger to which illegitimate infants were exposed from the sentiments of fear and shame in their parents. Child-murder and the exposure of children became nearly as frequent in Christian countries as they had been in heathen times, only the parents took greater care to conceal themselves; and humane individuals in various countries began to devise means to collect and provide for the forsaken infants found in the streets. In this, as in other acts of charity, ecclesiastics stood foremost. At Rome, Innocent III., in 1198, when rebuilding and enlarging the great hospital of S. Spirito, allotted a part of it to the reception of foundlings, several infants having been found drowned in the Tiber about that time. This asylum

for the "esposti," or foundlings, was afterwards enlarged and endowed by subsequent popes, and the institution was adopted by degrees in other cities. It was thought that by providing a place where mothers might deposit their illegitimate children in safety without being subject to any inquiry or exposure, the frequent recurrence of the crime of child-murder would be prevented. For this purpose a turning-box was fixed in an opening of the wall in a retired part of the building, in which the child being deposited by the mother in the night, and a bell being rung at the same time, the watch inside turned the box and took the infant, which from that moment was placed under the protection of the institution, was nursed and educated, and afterwards apprenticed to some trade or profession. Those parents who were in hopes of being able to acknowledge their child at some future time, placed a mark or note with it, by which it was afterwards known when they came to claim it, and it was then restored to them on their defraying the expense incurred for its maintenance.

In France the philanthropist Vincent de Paule, the founder of the Society of the Missions, in the first half of the seventeenth century, exerted himself to found an asylum for infants, which were at that time frequently left to perish in the streets of Paris. It was at first supported by private subscriptions, but afterwards was made a national establishment—*Hôpital des Enfants trouvés*. Similar institutions were founded in other great French cities. In 1841 there were 70,838 illegitimate children born in France—about one-thirteenth of the whole number of births; but in Paris the proportion is much greater, being one illegitimate child in every 27 births. Of the whole number of illegitimate children, about 58 out of every 100 are abandoned by their mothers and taken to the

foundling hospitals, where nearly two-thirds of them die before they are a year old. (Guerrey, *Statistique Morale de la France*.) In 1842, out of 10,286 births of illegitimate children, 8231 were abandoned by their parent or parents, and were sent to the foundling hospital. Mortality appears to be very great in most foundling hospitals of the Continent, owing to carelessness, mismanagement, or want of sufficient funds for the administration of those institutions. The infants are given out to cheap nurses in the country, where a great number of them die. At the same time, it is remarkable that the number of illegitimate births has increased over all Europe during the last forty years. (Benoiston de Châteaufort, *Consid. sur les Enfants trouvés dans les principaux Etats de l'Europe*, 1821.)

In 1739 a charter was granted for establishing a foundling hospital in London. On the 26th of October, 1740, a house was opened in Hatton Garden for the reception of twenty children not exceeding the age of two months. The regulations stated, that "no questions whatever will be asked of any person who brings a child, nor shall any servant of the house presume to endeavour to discover who such person is, on pain of being discharged." The number of applicants for the admission of children was so great that a balloting process was necessary in order to settle the choice of admission. In 1745 the western wing of the present hospital was opened, and the other two portions of the building were soon built. The applications so constantly exceeded the number which the funds would support, that application was made to parliament, and in 1756 the sum of 10,000*l.* was granted, and the governors of the hospital were empowered to form provincial establishments. At this period the institution was evidently popular. The act of application was rendered as little troublesome and disagreeable as possible. A basket was hung at the gate, and the only trouble imposed on parents was the ringing of a bell as they deposited their child. On the 2nd of June, 1756, when the new system began, 117 children were received, and before the close of the year the number of children that had been adopted by the institution was 1783. The governors did not yet see the consequences of their mistaken liberality. In June, 1757, they caused notices to be advertised in the newspapers, and placards to be posted in the streets, informing all who were concerned how liberally the hospital was thrown open to them. The number of children received in 1757 was 3727. In three years and ten months from June, 1756, the number of infants received into the hospital amounted to nearly 15,000. The conveyance of children from distant parts of the country to the foundling hospital had become a regular trade. It was proved that of eight children brought up by waggon from the country seven had died. Various abuses which, strange to say, had not been foreseen, developed themselves. Vigilant overseers of the poor occasionally relieved the rate-payers by dropping into the basket at the hospital a child or two that they feared might become chargeable, or they frightened the mothers into the act when they had no desire to part with their offspring. Moreover, the institution had got into full play before anything like a system of regulations could be adopted for preserving the life and health of the foundlings, and there was even a scandalous want of wet-nurses. Out of 14,934 children received in less than four years, only 4400 lived to be apprenticed. The enormous errors which had been committed by the governors and by parliament were now palpably evident. In February, 1760, a resolution was passed by the House of Commons, which declared, "That the indiscriminate admission of all children under a certain age into the hospital had been attended with many evil consequences, and that it be discon-

tinued;" but at this time there were nearly 6000 children in the institution, and parliament was bound to continue the grant until they were apprenticed. Between 1756 and 1771 there was voted a sum of 549,786*l.* towards the expenses of the hospital. The public also now perceived the evils inherent in such institutions, and popularity was succeeded by odium, so that the governors actually passed a resolution, though afterwards rescinded, to style the establishment "The Orphan Hospital." After this the governors proceeded more cautiously, restricted their exertions to the scope of their own funds, and sold their country hospitals. In 1801 the practice of taking children without inquiry on payment of 100*l.* was abolished.

The present modified character of the hospital as an institution for foundlings will be understood from the following extracts from the regulations now in force:—"No person need apply unless she shall have previously borne a good character for virtue, sobriety, and honesty." Application for admission must, in the first instance, be by petition, and this, properly filled up, must be presented personally at the ordinary periodical meeting of the committee of the institution. Inquiries are made into the poverty and good character of the applicant, the illegitimacy of her infant, the abandonment by the father, and the non-cognizance of the case by the parish authorities. The chairman of the committee questions the applicant as to the probability of her return to the paths of virtue on the event of her child being admitted, and the number of persons to whom her shame is known. The next step is to make inquiries into the truth of the applicant's statement. This delicate task is undertaken by the treasurer's clerk; and in performing it his instructions are not to divulge any of the facts with which he may have become acquainted. If the result of the investigation be satisfactory, the admission of the child is secured either at once, if there be a vacancy, or when a vacancy occurs. The number of children is limited to 360. On leaving her child the mother receives a certificate in return, to which is attached a private mark, by which the authorities of the hospital may, if requisite, subsequently recognise the child, and a corresponding mark is carefully attached to the child's clothing; but, as respects the mother, it is probable that the child is severed from her for ever, and that she will never again be able to recognise it. The child may be restored at a future time if the mother can give the most satisfactory proofs of her ability to maintain it; but this claim is of rare occurrence. Many devices are resorted to by mothers with a view to the future identification of their children; but the rules of the hospital are strict as to the severance being complete. The children are sent out to nurse until they are five years old at establishments which belong to the hospital, at East Peckham, Kent, and at Chertsey. On attaining their fifth year they return to the hospital for their education, and at its completion they are apprenticed to some trade.

The chapel of this hospital, of which we have prefixed a view, is in itself large, light, and generally elegant in its appearance; the stained glass here and there sheds its rich glories; the altar-piece, with its most touching and beautiful of subjects, Christ blessing children, treated in the artist's (West's) best manner, is at once appropriate and impressive; but it is not on these features the eye of the spectator rests, much less on the mingled crowd of the pious, the wealthy, and the fashionable which occupies the gallery over the altar-piece at the end, as well as the two side-galleries and the body of the chapel;—it is that long slope of youthful and interesting faces descending from the ceiling to the front of the gallery at the other extremity of the building, the boys in their dark costume

on the right, the girls with snowiest vesture on the left, with the noble organ rising between them.

In 1841 the income of the London Foundling Hospital was rather more than 11,000*l.*; but it is said that in a few years, by the falling-in of leases, the income will be not less than 50,000*l.*

In 1833 there were 8130 children maintained in three foundling hospitals in Ireland. By the Irish Poor Law Act (1 & 2 Vict. c. 56) the control of these establishments was given to the Poor Law Commissioners; the number of children was to be gradually reduced; and finally, the hospitals were to be converted into union workhouses, by which provision hospitals for foundlings are virtually abolished. The Dublin Foundling Hospital was erected in 1704, and was scandalously managed. A basket was placed on the outside of the gate for the reception of infants, and a bell was rung when they were deposited. The number of children received from 1785 to 1797 was 27,274; of these 13,120 died. In 1797 the admissions were 1322, and the deaths 1457. From 1799 to 1808 the admissions were 19,638, and the deaths amounted to 5043.

There are Foundling Hospitals in Eastern (Lower) Canada, and grants have heretofore been made to them by the local legislature; but in 1845 it was officially stated that such grants would be discontinued. The Commissioners of Foundlings, &c., in the district of Quebec, accordingly issued a notice stating that "persons have been placed at the different avenues leading to the dépôt at the Hôtel-Dieu to prevent people from leaving clandestinely any children there."

ON THE INCLOSURE OF COMMONS.

A Report from the Select Committee on Commons' Inclosure, together with the Minutes of Evidence and Index, has been recently published, the facts of which are of great value, and of which we shall endeavour to give some notion, as also of the two most recent Inclosure Acts. The Report is accompanied with maps which explain various parts of the evidence. A complete digest of these minutes of evidence would form a very instructive article on the state of agriculture in England. The little that has been here attempted is of necessity very incomplete. The witnesses agree in the main, but there are some differences of opinion which a reader of the minutes will not fail to see.

The term Inclosure is applied to the inclosing and partitioning of lands in England and Wales, which are comprehended under the general name of Commons or Common Lands. A knowledge of the present condition of the lands comprehended under this term enables us to form a better estimate of the state of agriculture in England and its capabilities of improvement. We learn also what was the general condition of the lands in England before inclosures were made.

It is necessary to define the terms Commons and Commonable and Intermixed Lands. Commons or Common Lands are lands in a state of nature or waste, of which individuals have not the severalty. Commonable Lands are those lands which during a part of the year are in severalty, that is, occupied severally by individuals as their own, to the exclusion for the time of other people. The amount of common land in England is not known, but it is conjectured that it may be about 8,000,000 of acres: the total area of England and Wales is supposed to be about 37,000,000 acres.

Of what is called common land there is none that is not held by some species of tenure, and the notion that villagers have a right of turning a cow, a pig, or some geese on a common is a mistake. Mere inhabitancy gives no such legal right. The right of common belongs in part to the landholders, and is let to the tenant with the land or tenement. "The common

right is inseparably attached, indissolubly attached to the tenement; and the person renting from the owner of the tenements the land and house, must of necessity rent the common right." Nor can he alienate it; so that "he has not the power of transferring that right of turning stock to anybody else; he must either exercise it himself, or it is lapsed and cannot be exercised at all."

The amount of commonable and intermixed lands is not known. The nature of these commonable and intermixed lands may be collected from the following instances:—"There are many parishes in the kingdom that consist altogether of intermixed or commonable lands; there are others in which there is a great intermixture of common land with the commonable and intermixed land. The township of Barmby on the Marsh in Yorkshire contains 1692 acres. There are 1152 pieces of open land, which contain 1015 acres, giving an average size of 3 roods and 23 perches; and there are 352 old inclosures, containing 677 acres. In the parish of Cholsey in Berkshire, the total contents of which are 2381 acres, there are 2315 pieces of open land, which contain 2327 acres, giving an average size of one acre." This open land generally consists of long strips which are so narrow that it is impossible to plough them across. Yet much of this land is the best in the kingdom for natural fertility, and is the oldest cultivated land.

There is great variety in these commonable lands; but they may be divided into three classes, exclusive of wood-lands. First, there is open arable and meadow land, which is held and occupied by individuals severally until the crop has been got in. After the crop has been removed, that is, during the autumn and winter, it becomes commonable to persons who have severalty rights in it, and they turn on to it their cattle without any limit, or without stint, as it is termed. Thus there is a divided use in these open lands; individuals have the exclusive right to the enjoyment of one or more of these strips of open land for a part of the year; and during another part of the year all these individuals enjoy this open land in common. Second, there is open arable and meadow land that is held in severalty during one part of the year, like the first class; but after the crop is removed, it is commonable not only to parties who have severalty rights, but to other classes of individuals: these lands are generally called Lammas Lands.

These commonable rights may belong to a particular class, as a body of freemen, or to all landholders. There is great variety in these two classes as to the severalty holdings also. "There are many cases in which the severalty holding varies year by year. There are in these open lands what is called a pane of land, in which there may be forty or sixty lots. It is reported to be a remnant of an old military custom, when on a certain day the best man of the parish appeared to take possession of any lot that he thought fit; if his right was called in question, he had to fight for it, and the survivor took the first lot, and so they went on through the parish. It often happens that in these shifting severalties the occupier of lot one this year goes round the whole of the several lots in rotation; the owner of lot one this year has lot two the next, and so on. When these lands are arable, they do not change annually, but periodically, according to the rotation of the crops. Then there is the lot meadow, in which the owners draw lots for the choice. There are a great variety of circumstances under which the severalty ownership of these lands shifts from time to time—but after the severalty ownership has ceased, and after the crop has been removed, they all become commonable."

[To be continued.]



[Night and Morning.]

THE YEAR OF THE POETS.—No. XI.

SUMMER—MORNING AND EVENING.

THE Poets luxuriate in their descriptions of Morning and Evening. These descriptions belong more especially to the mornings and evenings of Summer, when "the breath of morn" is sweet, and "the coming on of gentle evening" is "mild."

First let us hear a quaint and simple old master sing the charms of MORNING :

"The Sun, when he hath spread his rays,
And shew'd his face ten thousand ways,
Ten thousand things do then begin
To show the life that they are in.
The heaven shows lively art and hue,
Of sundry shapes and colours new,
And laughs upon the earth; anon,
The earth as cold as any stone,
Wet in the tears of her own kind,
'Gins then to take a joyful mind.
For well she feels that out and out,
The sun doth warm her round about,
And dries her children tenderly;
And shows them forth full orderly.
The mountains high, and how they stand!
The vallies, and the great mainland!
The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,
The castles, and the rivers long.
And even for joy thus of this heat
She sheweth forth her pleasures great,
And sleeps no more; but sendeth forth
Her clerigions, her own dear worth,
To mount and fly up to the air;
Where then they sing in order fair,
And tell in song full merrily,
How they have slept full quietly
That night, above their mother's sides.
And when they have sung more besides,
Then fall they to their mother's breast.
Whereas they feed, or take their rest.
The hunter then sounds out his horn,
And rangeth straight through wood and corn.
His hills then shew the ewe and lamb,
And every young one with his dam.
Then lovers walk, and tell their tale,
Both of their bliss and of their bale;
And how they serve, and how they do,
And how their lady loves them too.

Then tune the birds their harmony;
Then flock the fowl in company;
Then everything doth pleasure find
In that, that comforts all their kind."

SURREY.

Cowley's "Hymn to Light" is a noble performance, from which we extract a few stanzas :

"First-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
From the old Negro's darksome womb;
Which when it saw the lovely child,
The melancholy mass put on kind looks and smile'd.

Thou tide of glory which no rest doth know,
But ever ebb and ever flow!
Thou golden show'r of a true Jove!
Who does in thee descend, and heaven to earth make love!

Hail! active Nature's watchful life and health!
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!
Hail to thy husband, Heat, and thee!
Thou the world's beautiful bride, the lusty bridegroom he!

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
Do all thy winged arrows fly?
Swiftness and Power by birth are thine;
From thy great Sire they come, thy Sire, the Word Divine.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey,
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flow'ry lights thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above
The Sun's gilt tent for ever move,
And still, as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show."

COWLEY.

The dramatic Lyrists, Shakspeare and Fletcher, have painted some of the characteristics of Morning with rainbow hues :

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
And permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who goth the world so gloriously behold,
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold."

SHAKESPEARE.

"See, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay."

FLETCHER.

"Shepherds, rise and shake off sleep!
See, the blushing morn doth peep
Thro' the windows, while the sun
To the mountain tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag and bottle for the field!
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter north-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lays longest, that she may
Go without a friend all day;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay:
So unfold, and then away!"

FLETCHER.

After these, the modern sonnet sounds somewhat tame:

"'Tis not alone a bright and streaky sky—
Soul cheering warmth—a spicy air serene—
Fair peeping flowers, now dews that on them lie—
Nor sunny breaths topping the forests green—
That make the charm of Morning:—thoughts as high,
As meek and pure, live in that tranquil scene,
Whether it meet the rapt and wakeful eye
In vapoury clouds, or tints of clearest sheen.
If to behold, or hear, all natural things
In general gladness hail the blessed light—
Herds lowing—birds sporting with devious flight,
And tiny swarms spreading their powdery wings—
And every herb with dewy shoots up-springing—
If these be joys—such joys the Morn is ever bringing."

ANON.

EVENING has formed the subject of one of Collins' most finished poems:

"If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear
Like thy own modest springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in needless hum:
Now teach me, shaild composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As musing slow I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy ear.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hat
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, moanest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrieking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardless of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name."

COLLINS.



[Sleep.]

Byron sings the evening of Italian skies :

"The Moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be,
Melted to one vast iris of the west,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!"

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
You sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhaetian hill,
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order—gently flows
The deep dyed Brenta, where their lines instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows,

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which from afar
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gapes away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is grey."

BYRON.

Brilliant as these stanzas are, the older poets have a more natural charm—to our tastes :

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task has ended in the west:
The owl, night's herald, shrieks,—'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part, and bid good night."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Ev'ry little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from under ground;
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
How'ring o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom;
Therefore, from such danger, lock
Ev'ry one his loved flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these
Be not too secure in ease;
Let one eye his watches keep,
While the other eye doth sleep;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great God. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On your eye-lids! So, farewell!
Thus I end my evening's quill."

FLETCHER.

RECORDS OF THE TREASURY.

THE Treasury—the Treasury of the Exchequer of Great Britain!—what ideas of enormous wealth float across the mind as the words are pronounced! The cave of Aladdin sinks into insignificance compared with the repository of an income of fifty millions a year; but the cave of Aladdin was not more unsubstantial than is the idea of pecuniary wealth in the treasury of her majesty's Exchequer. No money comes hither except in the pockets of its functionaries, and the only representatives of money are the Exchequer Bills.

But the Treasury is not without its riches, though of a very different character. Rolls of old parchment, and piles of old boxes, certainly present no very seductive exteriors, but they contain matters more varied, more interesting, and better worth examining than rolls of promissory notes or bags of coin.

The Treasury of the Exchequer was in early times the sovereign's strong box, as it were, in which were deposited the testimonies of all such facts as it was desirable to preserve. The care with which they have been guarded has not been equal to their importance, but much is yet left which the intelligence and industry of modern times has investigated and arranged, so as to make the mass more easily accessible. They consist, among other things, of Papal Bulls, Deeds, Charters, and Grants of Land; Statutes and Ordinances; Receipts for Salaries and Pensions; Wills of the sovereigns of England; indulgences, masses, &c.; negotiations and treaties, and other diplomatic documents; and various memoranda; the whole ranging from the reign of Henry III. downward.

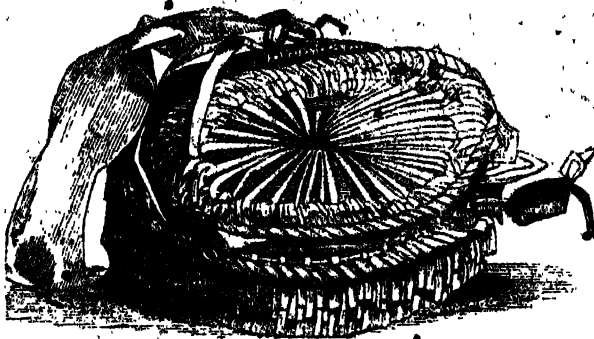
The calendars or inventories still existing in the Treasury of its ancient records, contain the titles and occasional notices of many of a far earlier period. Sir Francis Palgrave has edited three inventories, and they have been printed at the expense of the government. He has also prefixed to them a learned, useful, and interesting introduction, from which we shall copy a few passages, beginning with one descriptive of the manner in which these multifarious documents were arranged and preserved.

"The plans antiently adopted for the arrangement and preservation of the instruments had many peculiarities. Presses, such as are now employed, do not



[Leather Pouch.]

seem to have been in use. Chests, bound with iron; forcers or coffers, secured in the same manner; pouches or bags of canvas or leather; skippets or small boxes turned on the lathe; tills or drawers; and hanapers



[Skippot.]

or hanpers of 'twyggys,' are all enumerated as the



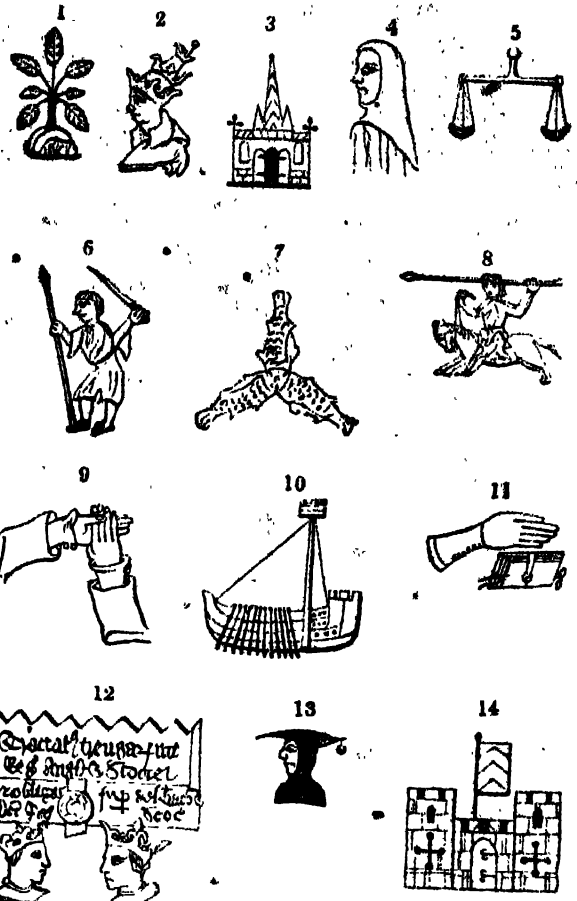
[Hanaper.]

places of stowage or deposit. To these reference was made, sometimes by inscriptions, sometimes by tickets or labels, and sometimes by 'signs,' that is to say, by rude sketches, drawings, or paintings, which had generally some reference to the subject matter of the documents.

"Thus the sign of the instruments relating to Aragon is a lancer on a jennet (8); Wales, a Briton in the costume of his country, one foot shod and the other bare (6); Ireland, an Irishman clad in a very singular hood and cape (13); Scotland, a Lochaber axe; Yarmouth, three united herrings (7); the rolls of the Justices of the Forest, an oak sapling; (1) the obligation entered into by the men of Chester for their due obedience to Edward Earl of Chester, a gallows, indicating the fate which might be threatened in case of rebellion, or which the officers of the Treasury thought they had already well deserved; royal marriages, a hand in hand (6); the indentures relating to the subsidy on woollen cloths, a pair of shears; instruments relating to the lands of the Earl of Gloucester in Wales, a castle surmounted by a banner charged with the Clare arms (14); and the like."

Among the most curious as works of art among the documents are the diplomatic instruments known as THE GOLDEN LEAGUES.

"The most ancient," says Sir F. Palgrave, "is the charter by which Alfonso the Wise surrenders to Edward I., then the eldest son of Henry III., all his right in Gascony, the seal or bull whereof is impressed in very pure gold. The castle on the obverse, and the lion on the reverse—emblems rather than armorial



bearings—are finished with the graving tool. The charter itself has unfortunately sustained much injury from time, but the beauty of the character can yet be discerned, and it is subscribed by the very singular *meda* or orb, which, according to the practice of the Castilian chancery, contains the name and style of the sovereign, supported, as it were, on either side by the vassals, Moorish and Christian, who owed allegiance to his throne.

"The second is the treaty of perpetual peace concluded, 18th August, 1527, between Francis I. and Henry VIII., to which is appended a golden seal of exquisite workmanship, in the style of Benvenuto Cellini. On the obverse is the monarch seated upon his throne: the reverse bears the shield of France, encircled by the collar of the order of St. Michael. Partly chased and partly composed of filagree, it is as fresh as when it came from the hands of the artist. The ground is grained, and the under-cutting and filagree are so deep, and so delicate as to render it impracticable to allow any cast to be taken from it, since such an operation could not be performed without certain injury to the engraving.

"The third is the papal privilege, dated 6th March, 1524,* by which Clement VII. confirms the title of Defender of the Faith to Henry VIII., and to which is appended the golden bull. This is struck as a medal, like the ordinary leaden bulls, but with a die wholly differing from that which is usually employed; for the type of the ordinary bull is according to the pattern of the middle ages, whilst the golden bull exhibits the perfection of Italian art."

There are also a number of inventories of forfeited property, some of which exemplify curiously the ope-

* This is Sir F. Palgrave's arrangement, though in fact this is the second in point of antiquity.

ration of forfeiting the property of criminals to the king. One volume is the inventory of the goods of Gaveston, the unworthy favourite of Richard II. Here it was probably only a restoration. "But the most curious, however, of these inventories is that which was taken of the spoils made by Jack Cade, 'otherwise Mortimer the Traitor,' exhibiting a strange and singular miscellany—gold and silver plate, salt-cellars, and dishes; chalices and sacramental vessels contributed by the churches; an old vestment and a pair of sheets; a primer with clasps of silver; remnants of velvet and remnants of cloth of gold; a musk ball to smelt at; a beryll for the eye; the nozzle of a candlestick; a tankard without a lid; a purse 'wrought in the stool' with counters of silver; and one hundred and five pounds fifteen shillings ready money; the whole displaying in the most graphic manner the complete swoop made by Cade and his adherents, who neglected nothing which came in their way. The heap of plunder is laid before you." And the law appears to have followed his example very closely: nothing is neglected, not even the "nozzle of a candlestick;" and though many things, such as the sacramental vessels and the "primer with clasps of silver," must have been easy of identification, they are not restored to the owners, but forfeited to the crown.

The Treasury of the Exchequer was, however, not merely the depository of records. The regalia for a long period were kept there, as well as some curiosities, priceless, but of very doubtful value. Here, says Sir F. Palgrave, "were deposited articles which might be more or less considered as objects deriving their value from their historical interest and singularity, in addition to any intrinsic worth they might possess. In the ecclesiastical treasures were many objects of this class, and hence it has been well observed that they were the museums of the middle ages. In England we may trace this practice at an early age; for the sword with which King Athelstane cut through the rock at Dunbar is stated thus to have been deposited in the Treasury. Such weapons connected real life with the fictions of chivalry. The sword of Smith Welland, so famed in the Scandinavian sagas, brought forth for the knighthood of Henry Plantagenet, had been preserved of old in the Royal Treasury of England, where it was deposited with the regalia; a companion for the sword of Tristan, presented, or more probably restored, to King John by the emperor, and which I rather suspect is to be identified with the pointless cartana. Here also was the dagger with which King Edward was wounded at Acre, described as being "saunz pris." And on the 18th May, 36 Edw. III., the council delivered to the treasurer and chamberlains a small forcer bound with iron containing certain memoranda relating to Dionisius de Morbeke, together with a gauntlet of iron worn by John, King of France, when he was taken prisoner.

"A cross of gold which had belonged, to St. Louis may perhaps be viewed either as a relic or as a rarity. It was set with one great balaice or ruby, and eight smaller balaices, eight sapphires, and twelve emeralds, whereof one was broken, the whole weighing forty-five ounces and one quarter. A box of the wood of the balm-tree, containing within it three leaves of precious balm, is unpriced. A ring of gold, with a great sapphire, is estimated at forty shillings; but if it be of virtue—magical virtue—it then is 'without price.' Such charmed gems were not very uncommon. It was one of the articles of impeachment against Hubert de Burgh, that whereas the king having had in his Treasury a gem which rendered the bearer invincible in battle, he, the fallen minister, furtively removed the same, and bestowed it upon Lewellyn of Wales. Charles V. of France had two magical gems in his

Treasury, one very precious—"que aide aux femmes à avoir enfans"—[for the relief of women in childbirth], set in gold, with four pearls, six emeralds, and two rubies. The other was a gem which cured the gout, whereupon was engraved an image of a king with Hebrew letters around him; this also was set in gold." Forged and spurious documents were also deposited here after seizure, as well as false money, and there is an old leather bag filled with forged pennies of a very base metal still remaining. The other valuables have disappeared.

A Great Fear in 1839.—Our first care on landing had been to negotiate for horses to convey ourselves and our baggage to Nauplia. We were quietly eating our breakfast, in expectation of their arrival, when a messenger came in breathless haste to announce that a party of irregular soldiers, or Albanese, as they are generally called, was coming down to pillage the place. We immediately re-shipped all our baggage, and, having prepared our arms, awaited the arrival of these formidable brigands. In the meantime the news had spread the utmost terror and confusion through all the inhabitants of Epidaurus. The women and children crowded around us, weeping, crying, wringing their hands, and imploring us to take them on board our calque, which was the only vessel in the harbour. To comply with their demand was, of course, impossible, for our boat was a very small one, and we might be obliged to have recourse to it for our own safety. We told them, however, that if they wished to put any of their valuables on board, we would take them under our protection. Accordingly, the men brought their arms, pistols, muskets, and yataghans, and in such quantities, that we could not help asking why they did not retain them, and use them for their own defence, instead of submitting to be pillaged and abused by a body of ruffians, who probably were not equal to themselves in numerical amount? "We dare not resist," they replied, "we might drive them away to-day, but they would return to-morrow with greater force, and our fate would be worse than ever." We said all we could to rouse them to a vigorous resistance, but our persuasions were unavailing; their spirits seemed completely broken by a long course of suffering and oppression; they had been scourged and trodden into passive abjectness. The Albanese soon appeared. They were, as I had conjectured, a straggling party, without pay, and without leader, and subsisting entirely on pillage. The whole of Greece is overrun with similar bands. A more squalid, ferocious, ruffianly-looking set of men I never beheld. They were filthy in the extreme; their dress was torn and ragged, and their countenances denoted long-endured famine and hardships. They all carried two enormous pistols and a yataghan in their belts, and a long gun over their shoulders. They saw at once that they had no resistance to encounter, so set about their errand vigorously, seizing everything in the way of food or ammunition they could lay their hands on. The people, subdued to the coarseness of silent indignation, stood quietly by, watching the seizure of their stores, without venturing even a remonstrance. I was equally disgusted with the dastardly endurance of the one party, and the brutal oppression of the other. The brigands, after rifling every house, except the one in which we had established ourselves, began to feast upon their spoils. They were soon intoxicated, and their brutality then became unbridled. Their conduct was that of utter barbarians. They insulted all the women who had been foolish enough to remain in the village, and the men did not dare to interfere. I could bear the scene no longer, and strolled away towards one of the remoter houses, when a loud scream arrested my attention, and a young woman, with a babe in her arms, rushed out of the door, pursued by one of the Albanese. My indignation had before wanted but little to make it overflow; so, looking this way and that way, like Moses when he slew the Egyptian, I rushed after the insatiated ruffian, and brought him to the ground by a blow with the butt end of my carbine. He fell with great violence, and lay for some minutes insensible. I took his pistols and yataghan, and threw them into a marsh close by, and then went up to the poor woman, who was terrified to death, and led her to a thicket of thorn trees, where she was not likely to be discovered. Here we remained till nightfall, when we ventured from our hiding-places, and found that the Albanese had retired, and were probably gone to repeat the same scene at some other village.—Sketches in Greece and Turkey



Zaragoza

ZARAGOZA

ZARAGOZA, as it is written by Spaniards, or Saragossa as it is generally called, is the capital of the kingdom of Aragon and was formerly called Salduba or Saldyva. (Plin lib. iii.) It was in a flourishing state under the Romans, and the Emperor Augustus having colonised it with the veterans of the fourth, sixth, and tenth legions, it was called *Cæsaraugusta*, which word was by the Arabs corrupted into *Saracosta*, whence its present name *Zaragoza*, or, as written by ancient authors, *Carayoca*. In the time of the Romans, the place gave name to one of the seven Conventus of Hispania Citerior (*Cæsaraugustanus*). The Goths under their king Euric took it about 470. On the invasion of the Peninsula by the Arabs, it shared the fate of other large cities, and was taken and plundered by Musa Ibn Nusseyr in the year 712. It remained under the dominion of the Moors till 1018, when Alfonso I of Aragon made himself master of Saragossa, after a siege of eight months; and ultimately subdued Ahmed Al-mustanser, surnamed Sryfu-d-daulah (the sword of the state), who, after the loss of the capital, maintained himself in a part of his family dominions until he was killed in battle with the Christians near the town of Albarète, in 1145. Under the Christians Aragon remained a separate kingdom, until, by the accession of Charles V. to the throne of Spain as the representative of the rights of Ferdinand and Isabella, it became a province of the Spanish monarchy. It preserved nevertheless its own laws and most of its ancient privileges and exemptions, as well as a part of its liberal institutions, until Philip II., having taken offence at the interference of the Aragonese in the case of his secretary Antonio Perez, marched his army into Saragossa, put to death the Justitia and several of the principal inhabitants, and suppressed the liberties of Aragon. An Audiencia has however been appointed, whose jurisdiction extends over a population of about 750,000, before which, in 1844, 2170 persons were

tried, or about one in 340. The costume of Aragon is peculiar they wear knee-breeches, and broad-brimmed slouching hats, or the red Phrygian cap. The lower classes are fond of lively colours, chiefly red or blue, and wear broad silken sashes. "The favourite national air and dance," says Mr. Ford, "is *La jota Arragonesa*, which is brisk and jerky, but highly spirit-stirring to the native, on whom when afar from Aragon it acts like the pibroch on the exiled Highlander, or the Ranz des Vaches on the Swiss, creating an irresistible nostalgia, or home sickness."

The town is situated in nearly the centre of the kingdom, in a fertile plain on the left bank of the Ebro, and at the conflux of the Gallego and the Huerta, about 33 leagues south-south-east from Pampluna, 54 west of Barcelona, and 60 east-north-east of Madrid, in 38° 14' N. lat and 1° 42' W. long. It is the see of an archbishop, and the population is stated at 65,000. The Ebro, which is navigable the greater part of the year, separates the city from its suburbs. A fine stone bridge six hundred feet in length, and resting on seven arches, is the only means of communication between the two. There was formerly another bridge built entirely of wood, but it was destroyed in a sudden overflowing of the river. The Gallego, a considerable stream, which rises in a branch of the Pyrenees, traverses the plain in which Saragossa stands, and falls into the Ebro at a short distance below the city. Nearly opposite, the Huerva, after running through a deep cleft, cuts the plain on the right bank, and passing close to the walls, likewise joins the Ebro. There is also in the neighbourhood a canal called *La Arsequia* Imperial de Aragon, which is intended for purposes of irrigation, as well as to form a communication by the Ebro from sea to sea between Santander in the Bay of Biscay and Tortosa on the shores of the Mediterranean, a distance of more than one hundred Spanish leagues. It was begun in 1529, under Charles V., but the work, which has been abandoned and resumed several times, is far from being complete. What little

opinion that the average improvement in the value of common fields which have been enclosed is not less than twenty-five per cent. Indeed, the evidence that was produced before the committee establishes to a degree beyond what otherwise would be credible, the immense inconvenience and loss which arise from the system of intermixed lands, and their being also subject to commonage.

As to the common pasture lands, they also require an improved management. It is stated that commons are generally overstocked, partly in consequence of persons turning out more stock than they have a right to do, and partly by persons putting their stock on the common who have no right. In consequence of commons being overstocked, they are profitable to nobody; and a rule for regulating the quantity of stock would therefore be beneficial to all persons who are entitled to this right of common. Violent disputes also frequently arise in consequence of the rights of parties to commonage not being well defined. It is the opinion of competent judges that very great advantage would result from stinting those parts of commons that are not worth inclosure; and that "it would be in many instances highly desirable to inclose portions of a common for the purpose of cultivation, and to allot such portions of it, whilst it would be impolitic to do more than stint other portions of it." A *stint* may be defined to be "the right of pasturage for one animal, or for a certain number of animals, according to age, size, and capability of eating." The commons in fact are not now stinted by the levant and couchant right, a right which cannot be brought into practical operation: and besides this, there are many commons in grass.

As to the effect produced by the possession of rights of common, the witnesses are nearly unanimous as to its being prejudicial. "It is generally alleged, that in the vicinity of commons there is a great laxity of morality, and that I believe to be perfectly true and to be the fact, and that where people depend much on the produce of commons for their maintenance, their whole time not being occupied, they acquire habits of idleness; whilst their means of subsistence being to a certain extent precarious, they are continually involved in quarrels with each other; the stock of their neighbours trespasses upon their gardens or upon their fields: that gives rise to bitter quarrels and a great deal of contention, which leads to acts of violence sometimes ending in bloodshed. With reference to the health of parties residing on or near to commons, that would depend upon the locality; there are many commons upon which there are large pools of stagnant water close to the dwellings of the inhabitants; now, I apprehend, that there is no doubt that in those cases a residence upon a common, or close adjoining to a common, is not a wholesome residence, but very much the contrary—that it is very unwholesome. There are other commons of light and dry land where there are no stagnant pools, and where the same observation as to health would not apply. The means of subsistence after an inclosure, I take it, are invariably greater than before. Parties living and depending upon a common are driven often to live very poorly; they have a bad season, in which their sheep rot, and their geese do ill, and their animals do not prosper: their means of subsistence then are very low. After the inclosure takes place their means of subsistence are necessarily, I apprehend, much increased. So far as my observation has gone as to the effect on the condition of the people before and after an inclosure, I should say that it was quite clear that there was a great improvement both in their morals and the ease and comfort of living after an inclosure had been effected."

Inclosures of land have now been going on for

many years. It is stated that since 1800 about two thousand inclosure acts have passed; and prior to that time about sixteen hundred or seventeen hundred. It seems doubtful from the evidence whether the sixteen hundred or seventeen hundred comprehend all inclosure acts passed before 1800. These inclosure acts (with the exceptions which will presently be mentioned) are private acts, and the expense of obtaining them and the trouble attendant on the carrying their provisions into effect have often prevented the inclosure of commons.

In 1836 an act (6 & 7 Wm. IV. c. 115) was passed for facilitating the inclosure of open and arable fields in England and Wales. The preamble to the act is as follows:—"Whereas there are in many parishes, townships, and places in England and Wales divers open and common arable, meadow, and pasture lands and fields, and the lands of the several proprietors of the same are frequently very much intermixed and dispersed, and it would tend to the improved cultivation and occupation of all the aforesaid lands, &c., and be otherwise advantageous to the proprietors thereof, and persons interested therein, if they were enabled by a general law to divide and inclose the same," &c. Inclosures have been made under the provisions of this act, but the powers which it gives are limited, for the "act applies solely to lands held in severalty during some proportion of the year, with this exception, that slips and balks intervening between the cultivated lands may be inclosed." The lands which cannot be inclosed under the provisions of this act are "the uncultivated lands, the lands in a state of nature, intervening between these cultivated lands, beyond those that are fairly to be considered as slips and balks." However, it was stated in evidence before the committee of the House of Commons in 1844, that a large extent of common and waste land has been illegally inclosed under the provisions of the act, and the persons who held such lands have no legal title, and can only obtain one by lapse of time. The chief motive to this dealing with commons appears to have been, that they thus got the inclosure done cheaper than by applying to parliament for a private act.

In 1844 a select committee of the House of Commons was appointed "to inquire into the expediency of facilitating the inclosure and improvement of commons and lands held in common, the exchange of lands, and the division of intermixed lands, and into the best means of providing for the same, and to report their opinion to the House." The committee made their report in favour of a general inclosure act, after receiving a large amount of evidence from persons who are well acquainted with the subject. The extracts that have been given in this article are from the printed evidence that was taken before the select committee.

In pursuance of the recommendation of the committee, an act of parliament was passed in 1845 (8 & 9 Vict. c. 118), the object of which is thus stated in the preamble:—"Whereas it is expedient to facilitate the inclosure and improvement of commons and other lands now subject to the rights of property which obstruct cultivation and the productive employment of labour, and to facilitate such exchanges of lands, and such divisions of lands intermixed or divided into inconvenient parcels, as may be beneficial to the respective owners; and it is also expedient to provide remedies for the defective or incomplete execution, and for the non-execution of powers created by general and local acts of inclosure, and to authorise the renewal of such powers in certain cases."

It is not within the scope of this article to attempt to give any account of the provisions contained in the hundred and sixty sections of this act; but a few pro-

visions will be noticed that are important in an economical and political point of view.

The eleventh section contains a comprehensive description of lands which may be inclosed under the act; but the New Forest and the Forest of Dean are entirely excepted. The fourteenth section provides that no lands situated within fifteen miles of the city of London, or within certain distances of other towns, which distances vary according to the population, shall be subject to be inclosed under the provisions of this act without the previous authority of parliament in each particular case. The fifteenth section provides against inclosing town greens or village greens, and contains other regulations as to them. The thirtieth section provides that an allotment for the purposes of exercise and recreation for the inhabitants of a neighbourhood may be required by the commissioners under the act, as one of the terms and conditions of an inclosure of such lands as are mentioned in the thirtieth section.

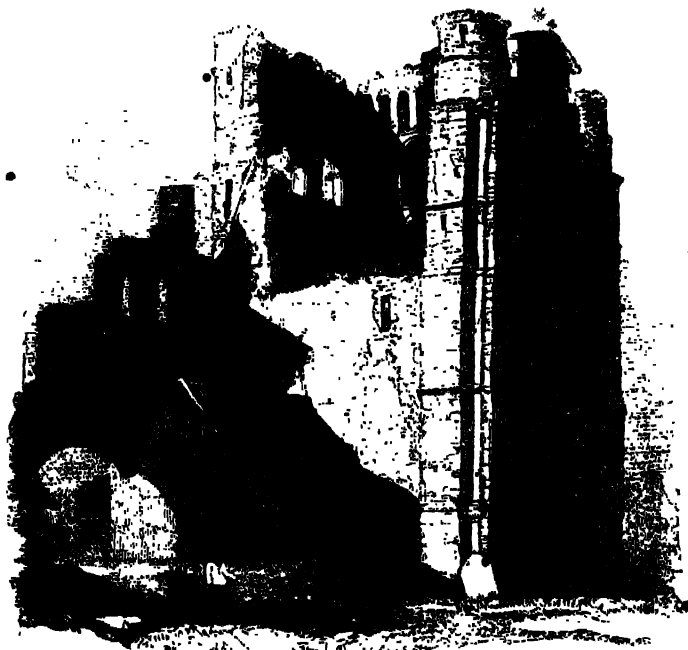
The 108th section makes regulations as to "the allotment which upon any inclosure under this act shall be made for the labouring poor," and (section 109) "the allotment wardens (appointed by section 108) shall from time to time let the allotments under their management in gardens not exceeding a quarter of an acre each, to such poor inhabitants of the parish for one year, or from year to year, at such rents payable at

such times and on such terms and conditions not inconsistent with the provisions of this act, as they shall think fit." Section 112 provides for the application of the rents of allotments; the residue of which, if any, after the payments mentioned in this section have been defrayed, is to be paid to the overseers of the poor in aid of the poor-rates of the parish.

Sections (147 and 148) provide for the exchanges of lands not subject to be included under this act, or subject to be inclosed, as to which no proceedings for an inclosure shall be pending, and for the division of intermixed lands under the same circumstances.

Under section 152 the commissioners are empowered to remedy defects and omissions in awards under any local act of inclosure, or under the 6 & 7 Wm. IV. c. 115; and under section 157 the commissioners may confirm awards or agreements made under the supposed authority of 6 & 7 Wm. IV. c. 115, if the lands which have been illegally inclosed or apportioned or allotted shall be within the definition of lands subject to be inclosed under this act.

The provisions of this act seem to be well adapted to remedy the evils that are stated in the evidence before the select committee; and there can be no doubt that agriculture will be greatly improved, the productiveness of the land increased, and employment given to labour by this judicious and important act of legislation.



[Kelso Abbey]

KELSO ABBEY.

THE abbey of Kelso was another of the religious foundation of the pious David I. He brought some monks of the reformed Benedictine order from Tiron in Picardy, and in the first instance, while only heir-apparent, established them near Selkirk about 1113; but on his accession to the throne he built the abbey of Kelso, within view of the royal castle of Roxburgh, for their reception, and to which they were removed in 1128 or 1130. The motives of the monarch for the establishment of so many religious communities in such close proximity is said to have been not merely from devotional feelings, but in the hope of introducing

the arts and civilization which the foreign monks at that time possessed in a far higher degree than the warlike and tumultuous borderers. His efforts, however, do not appear to have been successful. Though the monks of this abbey, as well as those of Jedburgh and Melrose, attained great wealth and power, they never seem to have acquired much moral influence over the people; and no more respect appears to have been paid, in any of the feuds, to a religious foundation than to any other fastness: the abbey of Kelso consequently bore its share in all the adversities of its time; perhaps even more than its share—for it was twice burnt during the contest of Baliol and Bruce for the Scottish throne, and the monks were compelled, even

during a general truce, to invoke the special protection of the king of England to enable them to buy and convey their provisions in safety. In 1523, when the English under the Earl of Surrey invaded Scotland, a body of troops under Lord Dacre sacked the town, demolished the abbot's house, burnt the dormitory, and carried away the lead from the roof of the monastery itself. Still greater was the devastation in 1545, when attacked by the Earl of Hertford (the Protector Somerset); for Kelso, having made some trifling resistance, felt all the fury of his indignation. A battery was opened against the abbey, by which the east and north sides were thrown down, and the choir reduced to its present state. The town also suffered so severely, that for a time the weekly market could not be held in it, but was transferred to the neighbouring village of Hume. From this time the church appears never to have been again used, except as an occasional refuge from the incursions of the English garrison at Wark; but the conventual buildings were not entirely abandoned by the monks till the Reformation. In 1560, during a popular tumult, the images and relics, and all its remaining internal furniture and decorations, were wholly defaced and destroyed; the estates were transferred from one nobleman to another, till they at length finally vested in Sir Robert Ker of Cessford, the ancestor of the present Duke of Roxburgh, who now holds them. The revenues at the dissolution were estimated at 2501*l.*, besides rents in corn and meal, together with "one todder of hay, and one pound weight of pepper."

In 1580 one of the cells of the cloister of the dilapidated ruin was converted into a parish church for the service of the Reformed religion; and in 1649 a further attempt was made for the same purpose, but in a clumsy and unsightly manner. "Two low and gloomy arches were thrown over the walls, one over the transept and another over the head of the cross, while a wing of rude masonry of a corresponding vault-like character was erected in the ruined choir," and this continued to be used as the parish church till 1771, when the parishioners were frightened from it by the falling, during divine service, of some of the plaster of the roof. Though the alarm was unfounded, the people, recalling to mind an ancient prophecy of Thomas the Rhymmer, that "the kirk should fall when fullest," refused to re-assemble in it. Over this attempt at a church a second tier of arches was thrown, which were used as the prison of the borough. Though deserted, nothing was done to relieve the magnificent old ruin from its modern deformities till 1805, when William, Duke of Roxburgh, commenced removing them, and the task was completed by his successor, James, in 1816. In 1823 the remains were repaired and rendered stable, and due care is now taken for their reparation.

The town and abbey are situated on the north bank of the Tweed, a little below the junction of the Teviot, in a wide and richly wooded valley, forming a beautiful landscape, whether viewed from the neighbouring heights of Hume and Stitchell, or from the vicinity of the river:

"Bosom'd in woods where mighty rivers run,
Kelso's fair vale expands before the sun;
Its rising downs in vernal beauty swell,
And, fringed with hazel, winds each flowery dell:
Green spangled plains to dimpling lawns succeed,
And Tempe rises on the banks of Tweed;
Blue o'er the river Kelso's shadow lies,
And copse-clad isles amid the water rise."†

The "copse-clad isles," however, have suffered greatly

† *New Statistical Account of Scotland.*

† *Hayden's 'Scenes of Infancy.'*

from the inundations to which both the rivers, and particularly the Teviot, are liable. One of them, immediately opposite the town, which is said to have been at no remote period "so verdant and richly wooded as to look like a basket of foliage in the middle of the stream," has been almost denuded, and the island itself cut through notwithstanding the efforts made to defend it.

"The abbey of Kelso," says Sir Walter Scott, in his *'Border Antiquities,'* "was built in the form of a Greek cross; the nave and choir are totally demolished; the north and south aisles remain standing, being each about twenty paces in length. The walls are ornamented with false round arches, intersecting each other; the remains of the eastern end show a part of a fine open gallery. Two sides of the centre tower are standing, now near seventy feet high, but have been much loftier. It is galleried within; the pillars are clustered, the arches circular, with few members, and without any great ornament. The north and south ends have a uniformity, bearing each two round towers, the centres rising sharp to the roof. The north doorway is formed by a circular arch, with various members falling behind each other, supported on pilasters; the windows and works above very plain. The windows are of circular arches and remarkably small. Although this monastery and that of Melrose were founded by the same prince, and within eight years of each other, yet the churches which remain seem from their different styles of architecture, to have been erected at very distant periods. That of Melrose being of the ornamented Gothic style, which did not take place till the reign of Edward II., is most probably the building begun by the liberality of Robert Bruce, after a former one destroyed by the English in 1322. That of Kelso, on the contrary, is, in all its parts, of that plain and undecorated style called Saxon, or early Norman, which was in general use in this island at the time this monastery was founded, and from which manner there was no great deviation till about the year 1135. There is, however, a Gothic gloominess about the whole which carries the appearance of a prison rather than a house of prayer."

"Of the general effect of the whole ruin, whether as an architectural pile or as an object in the landscape, no description can convey an adequate idea. Distinguished alike by its great height, its unity of parts, its massiveness, and its inornate simplicity, it produces on the spectator, especially when viewed from the west, south, or east, a distinctness and oneness of impression rarely communicated by other than entire and compact fabrics; and it possesses, in common with all objects which are at once vast, simple, and symmetrical, the charm of gaining on our admiration the oftener and longer it is contemplated. Its dimensions are as follows:—Total length of ruins from west to east, ninety-nine feet; length of transept within the walls, seventy-one feet; breadth of ditto, twenty-three feet; height of centre tower, ninety-one feet; breadth of ditto, twenty-three feet; height of pointed arches on which the lantern rests, forty-five feet; width of ditto, seventeen feet; thickness of lower walls, five and a half feet."‡

The town of Kelso is eleven miles north-north-east of Jedburgh. The Tweed is here about four hundred and forty feet wide, the Teviot two hundred feet. The parish had, in 1841, a population of five thousand two hundred and twenty-eight: it comprehends what an-

‡ The *'New Statistical Account of Scotland'* says—a Latin cross, with the peculiarity of the head of the cross being turned to the west, and the longest limb being the eastern.

† *New Statistical Account of Scotland.* It will be seen that the height of the tower varies from that given by Scott; but these dimensions seem to be the result of actual measurement.

ciently constituted three parishes, or parts of three parishes, and includes a portion of the ancient burgh of Roxburgh, with the ruins of Roxburgh Castle, for some time the residence of the Scottish kings, and before which James II. of Scotland was killed, A.D. 1460. It consists of several streets converging in an open square, and extends for about half a mile along the river Tweed, to which the principal street is parallel. The old houses, with gables to the street, have very generally given way to more modern buildings of freestone, roofed with slate, giving to the town a very handsome appearance, which is improved by the picturesque scenery of the surrounding country. It possesses two modern churches: the one lately erected on the north side of the town is one of the most chaste and beautiful on the border; it is in the Elizabethan style, with a tower seventy feet high. There are five places of worship for dissenters; and a bridge over the Tweed four hundred and ninety-four feet long, with five elliptical arches of seventy-two feet span; the piers are fourteen feet wide: it was begun in 1800 to supply the place of one a little higher up the river, which had been swept away by a flood in 1797: the design was by the late Mr. Rennie, and formed the original of the present Waterloo Bridge. It was completed in 1803, at a cost of 18,000*l*. The town-house is a neat modern building on the east side of the square.

Floors, the mansion of the ducal family of Roxburgh, is situated at a short distance from the town. It is a stately edifice, by no means unworthy of the character of its architect, Sir John Vanbrugh, and was built in 1718: it has been recently enlarged and adapted to the requirements of the present day, by Mr. Playfair of Edinburgh, with great good taste; his improvements rather enhancing than diminishing the impression of the original design.

THE PATENT ROLLS AND KING JOHN.

THE Patent Rolls preserved in the Tower of London, which extend from the year 1200 to 1483, as well as the later series deposited in the Rolls Chapel in Chancery Lane, form, particularly the early series, invaluable materials for testing the truth of historical traditions, but which have too seldom, except in a few recent instances, been made available for that purpose. Some interesting examples are found among these records relating to the reign of King John.

"Letters patent are so denominated because they are written upon open sheets of parchment, with the seal of the sovereign or party by whom they were issued pendent at the bottom; being thus distinguished from close letters (*Rotuli litterarum clausorum*), which are folded up and sealed on the outside." "The Patent Rolls derive their name from the class of public diplomas, *'litteræ Patentæ,'* which are recorded upon them during the reigns of the Plantagenets; they comprise documents of a most diversified and interesting nature, relating principally to prerogatives of the crown, to the revenue, and to the different branches of judicature; to treaties, truces, and negotiations with foreign princes and states; letters of protection, of credence, and of safe conduct; appointments and powers of ambassadors, &c.; and indeed there is scarcely a subject connected with the history and government of this country which may not receive illustration from the Patent Rolls."—*Introduction to a Description of the Patent Rolls in the Tower of London*, by Thomas Duffus Hardy. They also contain many private matters, such as grants, confirmations, &c.

As the patents are usually signed by the king himself, and contain the date when and the place where they were signed, they form effectual evidence of the motions as well as frequently the actions of the mo-

narch. Some of them exhibit him in a favourable light, as, for instance, the following, by which an equality of all ranks before the law, hardly to be expected in that feudal age, is stringently enforced.—"The king, to all his justices and faithful people, greeting. We strictly prohibit any one charged with homicide from being bailed, or committed to custody, or placed in hostage, unless by our special command, but to be safely kept in gaol until after his trial before our justices. Witness the Lord John, Bishop of Norwich, at Woodstock, on the 8th November, in the ninth year of our reign." [1207.]

There are also some patents, but not very important, relating to his nephew, Prince Arthur. In one, dated at Chinon, on the 24th August, 1202, soon after the capture of Mirabeau, together with the prince and many of his adherents, being a safe conduct to Alan Fitz-Count and others, he says, "We command you, however, that ye do nought whereby evil may befall our nephew Arthur;" but others contain sufficient proofs of the extreme severity exercised towards the adherents of the unfortunate prince.

John also took much interest in the building of London Bridge. Stow, following the annals of Waverney, says it was begun in 1176 by Peter of Colechurch, who died and was buried in the chapel of the bridge in 1205, adding, that it was finished in 1209 "by the worthy merchants of London, Serie, mercer; William Almaine and Benedict Botewrite, principal masters of that work." He mentions that John contributed gifts, and made grants of land, towards its erection, but the following patent shows a more important interference, appointing an architect even before the death of Peter:—

"John, by the grace of God, king, &c., to his beloved and faithful the mayor and citizens of London, greeting. Considering in how short a time the bridges of Saintes and Rochelle, by divine providence and the careful diligence of our faithful clerk Izenbert, master of the schools at Saintes, a man distinguished both for his worth and learning, have been constructed, we have entreated, admonished, and even urged him, by the advice of our venerable father in Christ, Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and others, that, not only for your advantage, but also for the general good, he will come and use the same diligence in building your bridge; for we trust in God that the bridge so necessary, as you know, to you and all those passing over it, will, with God's assistance, by means of the industry of Izenbert, be quickly completed. And therefore we will and grant, saving our right and the indemnity of the city of London, that the profits of the edifices, which the same master of the schools intends to erect upon the same bridge, be for ever applied to the repairing, casing, and sustaining thereof. And since the said bridge so much required cannot be perfected without your and others' assistance, we command and exhort you graciously to receive and be courteous to, as you ought, the renowned Izenbert and his assistants, your interest and your honour demanding it; and that you should unanimously afford him your counsel and assistance in what has been suggested; for, indeed, every kindness and respect exhibited by you towards him must be reflected back upon yourselves. If, however, any one shall do injury to the said Izenbert or his people (which we cannot suppose), cause the same to be instantly redressed. Witness ourself at Molinieux, on the 18th day of April, in the third year of our reign." [1202.]

This seems to settle a question sometimes raised as to whether the houses and shops on the bridge were coeval with the structure or an after addition, and goes far to prove that Izenbert had a great share in the design, as he had adopted the same plan on his bridge



CHAUCER'S
CANTERBURY TALES

THE SQUIRE'S TALL.

As Sarra, in the land of Tartary, there dwelt a king who warred with Russia; his name was Cambuscan, and nowhere in his time was there so excellent a lord. He lacked nought that belongeth to a king. He kept the law to which he was sworn; he was rich, bold, wise, just, and full of pity, and always the same; true of his word, benign and honourable; steady in his desires and inclinations; young, fresh, and strong; and as desirous of reputation in arms, as any bachelor of his household.

A faire person he was, and fortunate,
And kept always so well royal estate,
That there was nowhere such another man.

This noble sovereign had two sons, named Algarisfe and Camballo, and a daughter called Canace. But to tell you of all her beauty is beyond my skill. And it so befel that when this Cambuscan had twenty years borne his diadem, he caused the feast of his nativity to be proclaimed throughout Sarra, on the last day of

the Ides of March. The weather was genial and pleasant, and, what with the season and the young green of the foliage, the birds sung loudly their happiness under the bright sun. They seemed to have obtained protection against the keen and cold sword of winter.

Cambuscan, in royal vestments, sat upon the dais in his palace, and held his feast so richly and solemnly that there was never before aught like it. And after the third course, while the king sat in all his nobility hearkening to the delicious music of the minstrels,

In at the hall's door all suddenly
There came a knight upon a steed of brass,
And in his hand a broad mirror of glass,
Upon his thumb he had of gold a ring,
And by his side a naked sword hanging,
And up he rideth to the high board.
In all the hall he was there spoke a word,
For marvel of this knight; him to behold
Full busily they watchen, young and old.

This strange knight, who was richly and completely armed, his head only excepted, saluteth king, queen, and lords, with such high reverence and courtesy, that not even Gawain himself, could he come again out of the realms of faery, could amend a word of his speech. With a manly voice, he said,

The King of Araby and India,
My liege lord, on this solemn day
Saluteth you, as he best can and may,
And sendeth you, in honour of your feast,
By me, that am all ready at your lest.*
This steed of brass, that easily and well
Can in the space of a day natural
(This is to say, in four and twenty hours)†
When you so list, in drought or elles showens
Bearing your body into every place
To which your hearte willetb for to pace.
Or, if you list to flee as high in the air
As doth an eagle when him list to soar,
This same steed shall bear you evermore
Withouten harm, till ye be there you lest.‡
(Though that ye sleepen on his back or test,§)
And turn again with withing of a pin.

He that made it, waited for many a constellation before the work could be performed.

This mirror eke, that I have in my hand,
Hath such a might, that men may in it see
When these shall fall any adversity
Unto your regne,† or to yourself also,
And openly who is your friend or foe.
And over all this, if any lady bright
Hath set her heart on any manner wight,§
If he be false, she shall his treason see,
His newe love, and all his subtilty
So openly, that there shall nothing hide.

Wherefore, against this lusty summer tide,
This mirror, and this ring, that ye may see,
He hath sent to my lady Canace,
Your excellent daughter that is here.
The virtue of this ring if ye will hear,
Is this,—that if her list it for to wear
Upon her thumb, or in her purse it bear,
There is no fowl|| that flieth under heaven
That she ne shall well understand his steven,¶
And know his meaning openly and plain,
And answer him in his language again.
And every grass that groweth upon root

she shall also know, and whom it will heal, no matter how deep and wide his wounds.

This naked sword that hangeth by my side
Such virtue hath, that what man that it smite
Throughout his armour it will carve and bite,
Were it as thick as is a branched oak.
And what man that is wounded with the stroke
Shall never be whole, till that you list, of grace,

to stroak him with the flat part, where he is hurt.

And when the knight hath told his tale, he rides out of the hall and alights. His steed, which shone as the bright sun, stands as still as a stone in the court. The knight is led anon to his chamber, unarmed, and then set down to meat. The sword and mirror are borne in procession to the high tower; the ring is carried in solemn state to Canace; but the horse of brass may not be removed till the knight hath shown the manner of removing him, therefore he is left. Great was the crowd that swarmed to and fro to gaze upon that horse. It was high, broad, and long, and well proportioned for strength, as though of the Lombardy breed, and yet so full of grace and spirit, and so quick of eye, that it might have been a gentle Polish courser. And certainly, from his ear unto his tail, neither nature nor art could improve him. But ever the chief wonder was, how it could go, and yet be of brass. It seemed to the

people to be a fairy horse. And different people judged differently. There are as many wits as heads. They murmur like a swarm of bees. They said it was like the Pegasus, the winged horse; or else, that it was the Grecian horse, Sinon, that brought Troy to destruction. One said, "Mine heart is evermore in dread; I fear there are armed men within, who seek to take the city." Another whispered low to his companion, "He lieth! It is rather like an appearance made by magic." And, as ignorant people generally judge of things beyond their comprehension, they believe gladly the worst conclusions. And some of them wondered at the mirror. And one said it might be made naturally by compositions of angles, and that there was such a one in Rome. Others wondered at the sword, that would pierce through everything, and spake of Achilles and his strange spear, with which he could both heal and hurt. Then spake they of Canace's ring. All said that they had never heard of such a wonderful thing, except that Moses and Solomon

Haddeth a name of cunning* in such art.

But, then, some urged that it was wonderful to make glass of the ashes of fern, and yet is glass nothing like the ashes of fern, but they have known that it was so before:

Therefore ceaseth their jaugling, and their wonder.
As sore wondereth some on cause of thonde;
On ebb, and flood, on gossamer, and mist,
And on all thing, till that the cause is wis.†

When the Tartar king rises from his board, the loud minstrelsy goes before him, till he comes to his chamber of presence, where the sound of the divers instruments makes it

a heaven for to hear;
And dancen lusty Venus' children dear.

Who could tell all the form of the dances, the subtle looks and dissimulings of the ladies, for dread of the perceptions of jealous men? No man but Lancelot, and he is dead. After the dances they address themselves to supper. And after supper the king goes with a company of lords and ladies about him to see the horse of brass. And the king inquired of the knight, concerning the qualities and power of the courser, and begged him to explain the mode of governing him.

This horse anon gan for to trip and dance
When that the knight laid hand upon his rein.

And the knight said, Sir, there is no more to say, but that when you wish to ride to any place, ye must turr a pin that is fixed in his ear, and which I shall show you when we are alone. Ye must name to him to what place or country to which ye wish to ride. And when ye arrive there, ye must bid him descend, and then turn another pin,

And he will down descend, and do your will,
And in that place he will abide still,
Though all the world had the contrary sworn.

He shall not from thence be drawn nor carried. And when you please to command him to begone from thence, turn this pin, and he will vanish immediately out of every one's sight; and he will come again, be it night or day, whenever you please to call him in such manner as I shall, in secret, explain to you:

Ride when you list, there is no more to do.

* Cunning, skill. † Known.

[To be continued.]

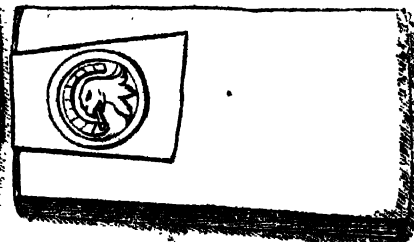
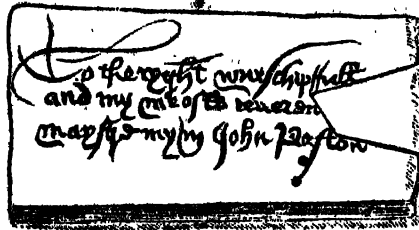
ANCIENT LETTERS.

Among the remaining curiosities of the Treasury, there are several letters and papers yet remaining unopened. One is addressed "A tres excellent poyssant Prince

* With, bidding. † Please. ‡ Realm.
§ Manner of wight. || Bird. ¶ Discourse.

et mon tres redoubtable Sovereigne Liege Seignour le Roy" (probably Henry IV., by the Prior of Colne, whose name is written on the label, and the seal of which is unbroken). They afford curious examples of the care taken to prevent their being opened. On this subject Sir Francis Palgrave says—"the letters being folded or plied, they were either tied round with a band of paper or parchment; or the band was passed through the letter and secured by the waxen seal. The wax was not sufficiently adhesive to confine the contents without this precaution. In the fourteenth century the wax was left uncovered; in the fifteenth it became the practice to cover the seal with paper; this paper protects the seal, but of course it greatly diminishes the sharpness of the impression. When the seal was not covered by paper other devices were adopted to protect the fragile wax; a rush ring surrounding the impression was not unfrequently used: sometimes neat bands of plaited paper were employed for this purpose. Leaves of trees—the beech, the bay, and the oak, were also placed over the seals to keep them from injury. Pendent seals, whether the king's

Great Seal, or the seals of prelates or religious houses, were generally put in bags. These, as well as the strings by which the seals were appended, furnish many exceedingly curious specimens of ancient manufactures, and such as, I believe, cannot be found elsewhere. In the reign of Henry II. linen cloth or knitted worsted are occasionally the materials; but more generally thick silk, with rich and varied patterns in colours and in gold; the gold thread is still very bright. Early in the reign of Edward I. we find one example of a bag of linen cloth painted in oil colours. There is full historical evidence that the art or rather trade of oil painting was known and practised in England at this period, but I do not know that any other specimen is preserved. In this instance the bag is painted on either side with the leopard of England; the *or* is nearly rubbed off, but the *gules* of the field is yet tolerably bright. Tin boxes, such as are now used, are first found in the reign of Henry VIII., and then only for the seals of ecclesiastical documents. I suppose the practice was introduced from Germany.



"The strings by which the seals are suspended are sometimes flat ribands, but more usually braids of silk, of different gay colours; the green and the yellow are yet very bright, the red is usually faded.

"The composition of the wax or mastic changed at different periods. From Henry I. to the early part of Edward I. a species of pale red mastic was generally used; often covered with a coat of resinous varnish. The seal is sometimes crossed with linen threads: and, when they remain, they are saturated with the varnish. I suppose that these threads were intended as further guards for the seal. Green was introduced in the reign of Henry III., and gradually superseded the pale red wax, and yellow wax gradually superseded the green wax, which became appropriated to the king's courts; but this yellow wax differed materially from the wax now employed for the Great Seal. Either from the want of proper consistency in the modern material, or want of due care in applying the seals, it rarely if ever happens that a good impression is obtained, whilst the ancient impressions are beautifully sharp and clear."

We give a specimen above of the ancient method of folding and securing a letter, from a specimen not in the Treasury, but from the correspondence of the Paston family, temp. Henry VI. to Richard III.

Division of Labour in Italian Farming.—The high value of Italian farming produce is owing to the remarkable division of labour. It is rare to find the actual farmer or manager of the ground at the same time the cheesemaker. The "casaro" is justly esteemed an important personage; and even where he forms part of a large establishment, is quite independent of the other farming servants. A great deal of the cheese is made in Lombardy, by wandering "casari" who contract for the milk of a season, often from more than one dairy, and made the cheese in an out-house on their own account. Rice is extensively cultivated in Northern Italy. Instead of the flax of Belgium and Holland, the Italian produces another material for the loom, which is even of higher value. The dry lands that are not adapted to irrigation combine the culture of the mulberry-tree with that of the vine. The production of silk is again facilitated by a division of labour that is peculiar to Italy. The owner of the eggs,

or, as they are termed, the seed, appears at a farmer's residence, and contracts for his mulberry-leaves as the "casaro" does for his milk. He receives a shed, which is emptied for him, and remains six weeks, until his worms have attained their growth and spun. He then disappears with his crop of cocoons to seek the most skilful spinners, on whose work the value of what he has obtained very much depends. On the whole, it is scarcely possible to imagine a more pleasing instance of association, combined with division of labour in agriculture, than Northern Italy presents. The financial side of the picture is also a remarkable one. A comparison between the rents specified as paid in Northern Italy and the rents of England, or even of Scotland, will show how much more the Italian landlord receives than the English landlords, although the price of wheat is not higher than 38s. 6d. per quarter, and wine is only rated at 6d. per gallon.—*Bayfield's Lectures on the Organization of Industry.*

Fish-spearing on Lake Erie.—At the upper end of Lake Erie during the winter season, when the bays are closed with ice, the system of spearing fish is carried on with much success after the following plan.—The fisherman being previously prepared with a small house from four to six or eight feet square, mounted on runners to make its removal easy, and so constructed as to exclude all light except what comes up from the ice below, arms himself with an ordinary fish-spear, an axe, and an assortment of small decoy-fish, and proceeds to some part of the bay where the water is from three to six feet deep, cuts a hole in the ice, adjusts his house directly over it, and with his spear in one hand, and the line attached to the decoy-fish in the other, awaits the coming of his prey. Every object in the water is seen with entire distinctness, though from the exclusion of light in the house above, the fisherman is invisible to the fish beneath. The decoy is simply a small wooden fish, loaded sufficiently with lead to cause it to float naturally, and which, by drawing upon the line attached, is made to imitate the motions of a fish playing in the water. Sometimes the fish comes up slowly, as if suspicious that the decoy was not exactly what it appeared, and passes near by, as if to make a more accurate observation. It is then he is struck with unerring aim. At other times a streak is seen to flash across the opening, a quick jerk is felt upon the line, and away goes the decoy beyond all recovery. If, however, the line is not broken, the fish usually returns more slowly, as if to ascertain the cause of his disappointment; he is then easily captured.—*Simmons's Colonial Magazine.*



[Il Saltarello.]

IL SALTARELLO.

THE Roman citizens, *LI CITTADINI ROMANI* (we could never use the term or hear it applied at Rome without a melancholy smile, and a recollection of the import of *Senatus Populusque*, during the high and palmy state), are very little addicted to dancing, or indeed to any sport or amusement that requires either bodily or mental exertion. Except when excited by some strong passion they are indolent and listless, and almost apathetic. Collectively, they might say, as a fashionable regiment of light-horse* was once reported to have said, "Rome doesn't dance."

But the Trasteverini, those bold and mettlesome fellows that dwell "beyond Tiber," and of whom so frequent mention has been made in these short notes, are exceedingly fond of dancing, and perform to perfection the Saltarello, the peculiar dance of the country, as the Tarantella is the national dance of the Neapolitans, and the Monferrino the national dance of the Piedmontese. The peasants of the Roman states are also passionately fond of the Saltarello, and dance it *con brio* on all their saints' days and other holidays. We do not remember ever to have seen any other dance in the Roman suburb, or in the Campagna; but in the hilly country about Urbino, at Tivoli, and in several other districts lying towards the Adriatic Sea, the old dance once popular in England, and a great favourite with our much-dancing queen Elizabeth, called the Volta, used to be occasionally performed; and in the districts lying nearest to the Neapolitan frontier the Tarantella seemed to be more in vogue than the Saltarello. In all these dances the dancers made their own music, or the best part of it, either by mandolina and voice, or by voice and castanets; the said music, when heard near at hand, being rather loud and wild than soft or melodious, and the voices being generally stretched to a cracking scream. Sometimes the partners sing together; at other times they sing in alternate strophes or verses, and occasionally the woman only plays the castanets, leaving the singing and all the rest of the music, or noise, to the man. But very commonly the bystanders and spectators of the dance join in the music, forming a loud-screaming orchestra and choir, that must be heard to be understood. When all this is mingled and softened by distance, it is pleasant

enough; but the distance ought to be at least as great as that which allows the uninitiated to relish the scream of the Highland bagpipe, or the old national pipe-music of the Turks. It must have required a very great distance indeed, or more fancy than we possess, to be enabled to speak with poetical rapture of this dancing music, or of

"The lute, or mandolin, accompanied
By many a voice yet sweeter than their own."*

Yet, when seated, on a bright summer day, on the hills behind and beyond Rome, which slope down to the great plain, and when the sea breeze is gently blowing across that plain towards the hills, and when a festa is at the height of its jollity, in some village below, and the peasants and Trasteverini are dancing and singing outside the village, the most fastidious ear may be charmed by the softened sighs it receives, and the coldest or sternest heart may be touched by the animated picture which lies spread out beneath him.

"'Tis enough to make
The sad man merry, the benevolent one
Melt into tears,—so general is the joy."†

The Saltarello, like the Tarantella, is a very fatiguing dance, and is performed in pairs. There may be a string or succession of pairs to any given number; but no one pair has anything to do with the others, except to take care to preserve a proper distance, so that their gambades and violent flourishes of the arms do not interfere with one another. When the performers get warm and animated, and this seemed to happen to all that either danced the Saltarello or Tarantella, both men and women becoming as wild as the dancing dervishes of the East, when stimulated by the fumes of opium and by the strains of their wild and almost unearthly music—it would be no joke to come in contact with them, and their heavy castanets, their mandolins or tambourines. The women often look and gesticulate like Pythonesses fresh from the maddening tripod. Indeed the sedater of the peasantry and the more

* S. Rogers, 'Italy, a Poem.' Mr. Rogers pays this pretty compliment to the music of the Tarantella at Naples, which is by many degrees louder, more screaming and discordant, than that of the Saltarello at Rome. Generally the popular music in Italy is such as we have described in a preceding page of this work.

† Id. id.

* "The Tenth doesn't dance."

cautious of the Trasteverini, choose rather to perform the dance far apart, in single pairs; while those who are particularly distinguished by their skill, or proud of it, will seldom stand up and begin until others have finished, loving a *pas de deux*, and to have all eyes upon themselves. There is a story or meaning in the Saltarello as well as in the Tarantella and Monferrine; and, at times, it is told in a very broad, significant, and unsophisticated way. The story is a sort of primitive courtship, varied by the coyness or coquetry of the female dancer, and animated by the passion and impatience of the wooer. The end of it is that the man drops on his knee in sign of reverence and submission to the fair one, while she beats her tambourine or plays her castanets over his head, in token of conquest and triumph, or as a *Venus Victrix*. But the principal object kept in view during the dance seems to be which shall hold out longest in the hard exercise, and wear out the partner. The men, though they always dance in their shirt-sleeves without their coat or jacket, and often without their waistcoat, are not unfrequently beaten in this contest by the women, whose power of endurance and passion for the dance are very often astonishingly great. We never saw dancing so much of a passion, except among the Neapolitans in their Tarantellas, and the Spaniards of the south for their Boleros and Fandangos. It was very common to see a Trasteverina or Contadina quit the dance, looking as if she had been drawn through the waters of the Tiber, and pale, breathless, and utterly exhausted; yet, after a gulp of iced water or a slice of a water-melon, and a very short breathing-time, she would rush to the dance again, with the same or with another partner, as soon as the first note of the monotonous, but to them exciting, air was struck; and then foot it and flourish it until she was again in a state of exhaustion, or until the wearied man brought the dance to a premature close by dropping on his knee. In short, these women danced as if for life and death, or as if they had been bitten by that ballo-mania spider the Tarantula, whose venomous bite, according to some of the Neapolitan peasantry, is to be cured only by excess of dancing, the patient footing it, to the tune of the Zampogna or Italian bagpipe, until he or she be bereft of reason and deprived of the use of every sense and limb—or, in other words, until the patient have danced himself or herself to within an inch or two of death.

Piccoli in his design has scarcely given the most graceful part of the Saltarello. There are steps and movements in it perhaps quite as graceful as those of the Andalusian Bolero. But the Roman women, though frequently majestic, and beautiful in other respects, very rarely possess the small feet and delicate ankles of the Andalusians. Even the Roman ladies—the dames and damsels of the most aristocratic stocks—have very generally rather large hands and feet, perhaps, however, they are only the more classical for this. The sculptures of Greece and ancient Rome do not seem to have made beauty of form lie in the tenuity of the ankle or smallness of the foot. The Venus de Medici has certainly a good solid ankle of her own, and the foot is far indeed from being of the smallest. The same may be said of every ancient Greek statue of Venus that we have seen, except only her little goddess-ship that is eternally, or in all the everlastingness of marble, looking over her right shoulder in the Museo Borbonico at Naples. But your severe critics and classicists will not allow this Neapolitan Venus to be perfect, or the bear ideal of womanly beauty. In the old Roman statues and bassi-relievi the women have universally thick legs, and feet that might serve a ploughman.

The time and the place to see the Saltarello in its perfection used to be, and no doubt still are, the month of October, and the Monte Testaccio, where a festa

has been held annually for time out of mind. To be present at this festival in October, and to make a good appearance in it, in new or newly laced and garnished clothes, and to enjoy a sumptuous feast upon pork and pig's fry, then coming into season (the law forbidding the slaying of pigs during the hot summer months), the Trasteverini and Contadini will half starve themselves during the preceding month of September. The extremest wrong that a husband can offer to his spouse is to refuse or fail to take her to this great annual festival. It occupies their thoughts for at least three months before it occurs, and for three months after it has passed. They date events and occurrences from it, and have traditionary records of the happy years in which the festa has been at *colmo del suo splendore*, or at the height of its splendour or glory. On the evening of the appointed day the peasantry begin to swarm into the Eternal City, some mounted by whole families together on one horse, some riding on dapple donkeys, some in the great carri drawn by the tall and stately cream-coloured oxen, some in buffalo waggons, and all singing and shouting at the tops of their voices, or playing the tambourine or mandolin, or other simple instrument. Young and old,—the nurlings in their mummy-looking swaddling-clothes, and the grandsire leaning on his crutch—all come, or are brought, if by any possibility they can be brought. Devotion is mingled largely with pleasure. Those who come from afar repair on their arrival to St. Peter's, or to some other church or shrine, and say many an Ave and Pater Noster before they go thence. It is a touching sight to see these congregated multitudes of country people, and families of three or four generations, all kneeling and praying together, with streaming eyes and with a fervour that leaves no room to doubt the sincerity and earnestness of their devotion.

WILLIAM WITH THE LONG BEARD.

THE rolls and records of the courts of the king's justiciars, deposited in the Treasury of the Exchequer, are the earliest judicial records existing, and begin in the reign of Richard I. They contain some curious information regarding a person whose character has been variously depicted by the writers of English history,—William Fitz-Osbert, commonly called William Long-beard, or "with the long beard," from his having suffered his beard to grow after the Saxon fashion, either from having descended from a Saxon family, or to propitiate the multitude. Of the older chroniclers, Matthew Paris is the most favourable to his character; but William of Newbury, Ralph de Diceto, Hoveden, and others, stigmatize him as a factious demagogue, though all agree as to his eloquence and talents, and admit the existence of evils against which he contended. They have been followed by the majority of our historians. Eachard says—"After several turbulent practices, he raised such a tumult about a tax, which he pretended was unequally laid, that in St. Paul's churchyard many were slain, and the whole city was in great danger," &c. This is at least incomplete, for his career lasted some years, during which he was the champion of the poorer citizens, on whom there is no doubt the weight of taxation was laid disproportionately, if not illegally.

The account given by Hume is highly unfavourable. He says—"The disorders in London, derived from its bad police, had risen to a great height during this reign; and in the year 1196 there seemed to be formed so regular a conspiracy among the numerous malefactors as threatened the city with destruction. There was one William Fitz-Osbert, commonly called Long-beard, a lawyer, who had rendered himself extremely popular among the lower rank of citizens, and, by de-

fending them on all occasions, had acquired the appellation of the advocate or saviour of the poor. He exerted his authority by injuring or insulting the more substantial citizens, with whom he lived in a state of hostility, and who were every moment exposed to the most outrageous violence from him and his licentious emissaries. Murders were daily committed in the streets; houses were broken open and pillaged in daylight; and it is pretended that no less than fifty-two thousand persons had entered into an association, by which they bound themselves to obey all the orders of this dangerous ruffian. Archbishop Hubert, who was then chief justiciary, summoned him before the council to answer for his conduct; but he came so well attended, that no one durst accuse him or give evidence against him; and the primate, finding the impotence of law, contented himself with exacting from the citizens hostages for their good behaviour. He kept, however, a watchful eye on Fitz-Osbert; and seizing a favourable opportunity, attempted to commit him to custody; but the criminal, murdering one of the public officers, escaped with his concubine to the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, where he defended himself by force of arms. He was at last forced from his retreat, condemned, and executed, amidst the regrets of the populace, who were so devoted to his memory that they stole his gibbet, paid the same veneration to it as to the cross, and were equally zealous in propagating and attesting reports of the miracles wrought by it. But though the sectaries of this superstition were punished by the justiciary, it received so little encouragement from the established clergy, whose property was endangered by such seditious practices, that it suddenly sunk and vanished."

Lingard is scarcely less severe, though he seems to admit a higher cause for the insurrection than merely a desire to plunder, for which an association of fifty-two thousand persons could hardly have been formed. He says—"To exactions so frequent and so vexatious men did not submit without murmuring; and a factious demagogue in the city of London improved the opportunity to direct the public discontent against the higher classes in society."

The fairest account is that given in the 'Pictorial History of England,' particularly of the origin of Longbeard's power:—"Great discontents had long prevailed in London, on account of the unequal assessment of the taxes; the poor, it was alleged, were made to pay out of all proportion with the rich. The people found an advocate and champion in William Fitz-Osbert, commonly called 'Longbeard'—a man of great activity and energy, 'somewhat learned and very eloquent,' who, in his first proceedings, seems to have been perfectly in the right. He went over to the continent to lay his complaints before the king; and as he admitted that the war which called for so much money was perfectly just, and even necessary; and as he contended for nothing more than that the rich should not throw all the burden of the supplies upon the poor, Richard received him without anger, and promised that the matter should be properly examined. It appears, however, that nothing was done. Longbeard then (A.D. 1196) had recourse to secret political associations—an expedient always dangerous, but particularly so with an unenlightened people. Fifty-two thousand persons are said to have sworn implicit obedience to the orders of their 'advocate,' the 'saviour of the poor,' whose somewhat obscure and mystical harangues, delivered every day at St. Paul's Cross, filled the wealthier citizens with alarm."

But Thierry, whose theory of the continued hostility of the two races, the Norman conquerors and the subject Saxons, led him to look upon the matter as more than a mere insurrection of the over-taxed citizens,

elevates William Fitz-Osbert into a hero, and makes him the champion of his race. His account is long, but as it is novel and ingenious, and as the story is interesting, we give it at length:—

"In the year 1196, when King Richard was engaged in waging war against the King of France, and his officers were raising money for the expenses of his campaigns, and the payment of the remainder of his ransom, the city of London was oppressed by an extraordinary capitation. This demand was made by the king's chancellor upon the chief municipal officers of London, who, by a singular association of terms, were then, as now, styled mayor and aldermen. These magistrates assembled in their council-hall or *hus-ting* (so called in the Saxon language) all the principal citizens, not for any purpose of taking the contribution into consideration, but simply to make the proper charge against those liable to pay the same. In this assembly, of whom the majority were native English, there were to be found some men of Norman, Angevin, or French extraction, who, having arrived at the time of the Conquest, had dedicated themselves to commerce or occupied themselves in manufactures. Whether on account of their foreign origin, or by reason of their wealth, the citizens of that class formed in London a dominant party: they in a measure arbitrarily influenced the deliberations of the guild or council, and mostly reduced the English citizens to silence; the habit of being oppressed having rendered the latter timid and circumspect. Nevertheless there existed at this time in the class of native English a man of another temperament of character, a genuine Saxon patriot, who, that he might not bear any resemblance to the sons of foreigners, never shaved his beard. His name was William, and he enjoyed considerable reputation in the city, from his zeal in defending against oppression, by every legal means, all those of his countrymen who were in any way oppressed by injustice. His parents having by their industry and economy realised a competence, he was himself enabled early to retire from business, and devoted his days to the study of jurisprudence. No Norman clerk excelled him in the power of pleading in the French language in courts of justice; and when he spoke in English his eloquence was impressive and popular. He employed his knowledge of the laws, and his talent for public speaking, in defending the poorer citizens against the embarrassments to which legal chicanery often reduced them, and against all the vexations which they often suffered from the rich; the most frequent of which was the unequal division of the assessments of taxes. For sometimes the mayor and aldermen exempted from all contributions those who were most able to pay; and sometimes they decided that each citizen should pay one and the same sum, without regard to the difference of fortunes; so that the greatest burden was always laid upon those who had the least wealth. They had often complained of this, and William had pleaded their cause with more ardour than success. His efforts had gained the love of all the citizens of small and of moderate fortune, who surnamed him the defender or advocate of the poor; while the Normans and those of their party named him ironically *the man with the beard*, and accused him of misleading the multitude by inspiring them with an inordinate desire of liberty and happiness."

"This remarkable personage, who thus became the last representative of the hostile feelings of the two races which the Conquest had left and had established in the land, appeared in the municipal council, A.D. 1196, such as he had always heretofore proved himself. According to their old practice, the chief burgesses of London had given their votes for such a distribution of the common assessment as that the smaller portion

of the contribution should alone be levied on themselves. William Longbeard stood up against them, alone, or nearly so; but, the dispute growing hot, they loaded him with aggravated calumnies, and accused him of rebellion and treason to the king. 'The traitors to the king,' replied the Englishman, 'are they who defraud his exchequer by exempting themselves from paying what they owe him, and I myself will denounce them to him.' He actually passed the sea, went to King Richard's camp, and, kneeling before him and lifting his right hand, asked of him peace and protection for the poor people of London. Richard received the complaint, said that right should be done them, but when the petitioner had departed thought no more of the matter; being too much busied in his political affairs to go into the details of a quarrel among simple burgesses.

By the barons and Norman prelates who filled the high stations in the courts of chancery and exchequer did intervene with their authority; and they, by a national and aristocratic instinct, strenuously took part against the poor and their advocate. Hubert Gaultier, Archbishop of Canterbury and grand justiciary of England, was irritated at a Saxon's having dared to go to the king and complain of men of Norman race; wherefore, to prevent the recurrence of such a scandal, he forbade by an ordinance that any commoner of London should quit the town, on pain of imprisonment as a traitor to the king and the kingdom. Some tradesmen who, notwithstanding the grand justiciary's prohibition, went to the fair of Stamford, were arrested and dragged to prison. These arbitrary acts caused a great ferment in the city; and the poorest of the citizens, from an instinct natural to men in all times, formed an association for their mutual defence. William Longbeard became the soul and leader of this secret society, into which, say several historians of the time, upwards of fifty thousand persons entered. Such arms were collected as the burgesses, who indeed partook in some measure of the condition of serfs, could in the middle ages procure; such as staves shod with iron, hatchets, and iron crow-bars, to attack, in case of a conflict, the fortified houses of the Normans.

"Incited thereto by the natural desire of communicating their mutual sentiments and of encouraging each other, the poorer population of London assembled several times and held their meetings or clubs in the open air in the markets and public places. In these tumultuous assemblies William made speeches and received applauses, by which perhaps he was too much intoxicated; and which made him neglect the moment for acting, and of striking a blow to the advantage of those whom he was desirous of rendering formidable to their oppressors. A fragment of one of his harangues is given by a contemporary chronicler, who assures us that he had it from the mouth of a person who was present. This speech, although its object was quite political, was delivered, like the sermons of the present day, from a text of Scripture; which was, 'You shall draw water with joy from the fountain of the Saviour.' William, applying these words to himself, said, 'I am the saviour of the poor: do you, ye poor, who have felt how heavy is the hand of the rich, now draw from my fountain the water of knowledge and salvation; and draw it with joy, for the time of your visitation is at hand. I will divide the waters from the waters; that is, the men from the men. I will separate the people who are humble and faithful from the people who are proud and perfidious: I will divide the elect from the reprobate, as the light from the darkness.' Under these vague and mystical expressions the imaginations of his auditors doubtless supposed feelings and wishes more precise in their nature: but the popular enthusiasm should have been promptly taken advantage of;

whereas the advocate of the poor allowed his movements to be anticipated by the high Norman functionaries, who, assembling in parliament at London the bishops, earls, and barons of the neighbouring provinces, cited the popular orator to appear before that assembly. William attended the summons, escorted by a great multitude, who followed him shouting his praises, and calling him saviour and king of the poor. This unequivocal sign of his immense popularity intimidated the barons of the parliament. They made use of some finesse and adjourned the accusation to their next sitting, which however was not held; and from that time they endeavoured on their side to work upon the minds of the people by artful emissaries. False promises and false alarms, advisedly made and excited by turns, allayed the excitement of the populace and discouraged the partisans of an insurrection. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the other justices themselves convoked several meetings of the lower tradesmen of London; and, speaking to them now of the necessity of the preservation of order and peace, and next of the king's power to crush the seditious, they succeeded in sowing doubts and hesitation among the associated citizens. Seizing this moment of weakness and incertitude, which has ever been fatal to popular parties, they required as hostages for the public tranquillity the children of a great many families of the middling and lower classes. The citizens had not sufficient resolution to resist this demand; and the cause of power was gained from the instant that the hostages were led out of London and imprisoned in different fortresses." The historian of the Norman conquest then proceeds to relate, with great spirit, the fall of Longbeard; but this part of the narrative does not materially differ from that generally received.

But it appears very sufficiently from the rolls and records of the courts of the king's justiciars, that Fitz-Osbert's patriotic zeal was a new-born one, and arose, as in many other cases, from his having been an unsuccessful litigant. "It appears, then (we quote from Palsgrave's work, published by authority), by the entries upon the roll, that on the morrow of St. Edmund (in the sixth year of Richard I., 21 November, 1194), William Fitz-Osbert preferred his appeal before the justices at Westminster against Richard Fitz-Osbert, his brother. Speaking as a witness—for every appellant supported his complaint by his own positive testimony—he affirmed that a meeting was held in 'the stone-house' of the said Richard, when a discussion arose concerning the aids granted to the king for his ransom. Richard Fitz-Osbert exclaimed, 'In recompense for the money taken from me by the chancellor within the Tower of London, I would lay out forty marks to purchase a chain in which the king and his chancellor might be hanged.' [The roll is somewhat imperfect, but enough remains to ensure the correctness of this paraphrase.] There were others present who heard this speech, Jordan the Tanner and Robert Brand, without doubt the two true men noticed, but not named, by Ralph de Diceto, whose brief account of the transaction agrees, so far as it extends, with the record. And they also vied with Richard Fitz-Osbert in his disloyalty. 'Would that the king might always remain where he now is,' quoth Jordan. In this wish Robert Brand cordially agreed. And, 'Come what will,' they all exclaimed, 'in London we never will have any other king except our mayor, Henry Fitz-Ailwin, of London Stone.'"

The brother, therefore, appears to have been the original patriot; and it is also stated that to him William had been indebted during a great part of his life for his maintenance and education. The appeal came on. "The appellees, in due form, denied the whole accusation, *de verbo in verbum*, and demanded

the franchise of London, or the right possessed by the citizens of defending themselves by compurgation, according to the old Saxon laws of their ancestors. Upon this plea a day was given to them, on Sunday next after the feast of St. Katherine, in three weeks, and in the meanwhile they were enlarged, finding pledges for their appearance, amongst whom, scanty as the early memorials of the city are, we recognise many well-known names of citizens and civic families. The cause of the appellants was therefore defended by the inagnates, to whom William with the Long beard was so much opposed.

"On Sunday next before Christmas [21 Dec. 1194] a further day was given to William Fitz-Osbert and the citizens of London concerning the allowance of their franchise in respect of the appeal, to wit, on the octaves of St. Hilary, at Westminster. No further information can be derived from the mutilated and imperfect record. The accusation was followed up in due form of law before the justices at Westminster, and without any reference to the king." He was, however, defeated, and his defeat on such a charge shows to some extent the impartiality of the courts. After this defeat he became the patriot, and for the remainder of his story the records furnish no help, and we must take the accounts of the historians.

The Kroomen.—Age is more respected by the Africans than by any other people. Even if the son be forty years old, he seldom seeks to emancipate himself from the paternal government. If a young man falls in love, he, in the first place, consults his father. The latter makes propositions to the damsel's father, who, if his daughter agree to the match, announces the terms of purchase. The price varies in different places, and is often influenced by other circumstances, such as the respectability and power of the family, and the beauty and behaviour of the girl. The arrangements here described are often made when the girl is from five to six years of age, in which case she remains with her friends until womanhood, and then goes to the house of her bridegroom. Meantime her family receive the stipulated price, and are responsible for her good behaviour. Should she prove faithless and run away, the purchase-money must be refunded by her friends, who, in their turn, have a claim upon the family of him who seduces or harbours her. If prompt satisfaction be not made (which, however, is generally the case), there will be a 'big payaver,' and a much heavier expense for damages and costs. If, after the commencement of married life, the husband is displeased with his wife's conduct, he complains to her father, who either takes her back, and repays the dowry, or more frequently advises that she be flogged. In the latter alternative she is tied, starved, and severely beaten, a mode of conjugal discipline which generally produces the desired effect. Should the wife be suspected of infidelity, the husband may charge her with it, and demand that she drink the poisonous concoction of sassy-wood, which is used as the test of guilt or innocence, in all cases which are considered too uncertain for human judgment. If her stomach free itself from the fatal draught by vomiting, she is declared innocent, and is taken back by her family without repayment of the dowry. On the other hand, if the poison begin to take effect, she is pronounced guilty, an emetic is administered in the shape of common soap, and her husband may, at his option, either send her home or cut off her nose and ears. *Journal of an African Cruise.*

Habits of Swine.—Swine transported from Europe to America since the discovery of the western continent by the Spaniards in the fourteenth century, and wandering at large in the vast forests of the New World, and feeding on wild fruits, have retained the manner of existence which belonged to the original stock. Their appearance nearly resembles that of the wild boar. Their ears have become erect; their heads are larger, and the forehead vaulted at the upper part; their colour has lost the variety found in the domestic breeds. The wild hogs of the American forests are uniformly black. The hog which inhabits the high mountains of Patagonia bears a striking resemblance to the wild boar of France. His skin is covered with a thick fur, often somewhat crisp, beneath which is found, in some individuals, a species of wool. From excessive cold and defect of

nourishment, the hog of that region is of small and stunted figure. In some warm parts of America the swine are not uniformly black, as above described, but red, like the young pecari. At Melgara and other places there are some which are not entirely black, but have a white band under the belly reaching up to the back: they are termed *cinchados*. The restoration of the original character of the wild boar in a race descended from domesticated swine removes all reason for doubt, if any had really existed, as to the identity of the stock; and we may safely proceed to compare the physical characters of these races as varieties which have arisen in one species. The restoration of one uniform black colour, and a change of thin sparse hair and bristles for a thick fur covering of wool, are facts that must be noticed in the observations of M. Roulin. The difference in the shape of the head between the wild and domestic hog of America is very remarkable. Blumenbach long ago pointed out the great difference between the cranium of our swine and that of the primitive wild boar. He remarked that this difference is quite equal to that which has been observed between the skull of the negro and the European.—*Pritchard on Man.*

Armenian Bread.—The Armenians make use of a bread which, whatever may be its good qualities in other respects, wants the flavour and the strength requisite for the European palate and stomach. The *losh*, as they call it, is a thin cake, an ell long, half an ell wide, and about as thick as the blade of a knife, rolled out of weakly fermented dough, being spread on a leathern cushion, it is pressed against the inside of the heated oven, to which it adheres; in two or three minutes it is baked through, and here it is burnt a little; it is then torn off to make way for another. The oven used for baking this bread is of a peculiar kind: a pit in the chamber or porch of the dwelling, wide at the bottom, narrow above, well coated with fine plaster, and heated with wood; such is the oven, which has at least this advantage, that it takes up no room, being covered over when not in use. This *losh* is the bread universally used among the Armenians, and it serves for many purposes which elsewhere no one would expect from bread; for example, at meals the table is covered with it, and every one partaking has a whole *losh* set before him as a napkin, with which, preparatory to his eating it, he can wipe his mouth. When sour milk is part of the feast, a piece of *losh* is broken off, and folded up so as to make a spoon; it is then dipped into the bowl, and so milk and *losh* are swallowed together. Raw and preserved roots and stalks of edible plants, which are always to be found on the tables of the Armenians, are wrapped up in a piece of *losh*, a bit of fish and meat added thereto, and the whole collection, in all its length and breadth, dispatched at once. This is national and modest, and not by any means so bad as many would suppose.—*Parrot's Journey to Ararat.*

Cigar Manufactories at Manila.—There are two of these establishments, one situated in the Binondo quarter, and the other in the great square of Padra. In the former there are two buildings of two stories high, besides several storehouses, enclosed by a wall, with two large gateways at which sentinels are always posted. The principal workshop is in the second story, which is divided into six apartments, in which eight thousand females are employed. Throughout the whole extent, tables are erected, about sixteen inches high, ten feet long, and three feet wide, at each of which fifteen women are seated, having small piles of tobacco before them. The tables are set crosswise from the walls, leaving a space in the middle of the room free. The labour of a female produces about two hundred cigars a day; and the working hours are from 6 A.M. till 6 P.M., with a recess of two hours, from 11 to 1 o'clock. The whole establishment is kept very neat and clean, and everything appears to be carried on in the most systematic and workmanlike manner. Among such numbers it has been found necessary to institute a search on their leaving the establishment, to prevent embezzlement; and this is regularly made twice a day, without distinction of sex. It is a strange sight to witness the ingress and egress of these hordes of females, and probably the world cannot elsewhere exhibit so large a number of ugly women. Their ages vary from fifteen to forty-five. The men paid them for wages is very trifling. The whole number of persons employed in the manufactories is about fifteen thousand: this includes the officers, clerks, overseers, &c.—*Wilkes's Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition.*



THE YEAR OF THE POETS.

No. XIII.—AUTUMN.

THE great poet of the painters has given the subject of the design which heads this paper :

"Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh full glad
That he had banish'd hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore :
Upon his head a wreath, that was enroll'd
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore ;
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold."

SPINSEY.

One who had a rare talent for imitation, has caught the quaint phraseology of the elder poets, with something like accuracy ;—but the modern antique is palpable :

"When Autumn, bleak, and sun-burnt do appear,
With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf,
Bringing up Winter to fulfil the year,
Bearing upon his back the ripened sheaf ;
When all the hills with woody seed is white,
When levying fires, and lemes, do meet from far the sight :

When the fair apple, ruddy as even sky,
Do bend the tree unto the fruitful ground,
When juicy pears, and berries of black dye,
Do dance in air and call the eye around ;
Then, be the even foul, or even fair,
Methinks my heart's joy is stained with some care."

CHATTERTON.

Rich and golden as the fruits of Autumn are the following stanzas of one of the true poets of times not long past !

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Un'til they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells."

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary-floor,
 Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind ;
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 S pares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music, too,
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river sallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
 Hedge-cricket sing ; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies."

KEATS.

After this beautiful imagery, the blank verse of another poet of the same period sounds somewhat prosaic ;—but it has its charms :

"Nay, William, nay, not so ! the changeful year
 In all its due successions to my sight
 Presents but varied beauties, transient all,
 All in their season good. These fading leaves,
 That with their rich variety of hues
 Make yonder forest in the slanting sun
 So beautiful, in you awake the thought
 Of winter,—cold, drear winter, when these trees
 Each like a fleshless skeleton shall stretch
 Its bare brown boughs ; when not a flower shall spread
 Its colours to the day, and not a bird
 Carol its joyance,—but all nature wear
 One sullen aspect, bleak and desolate,
 To eye, ear, feeling, comfortless alike.
 To me their many-coloured beauties speak
 Of times of merriment and festival,
 The year's best holiday : I call to mind
 The school-boy days, when in the falling leaves
 I saw with eager hope the pleasant sign
 Of coming Christmas ; when at morn I took
 My wooden kalendar, and counting up
 Once more its often-told account, smooth'd off
 Each day with more delight the daily notch.
 To you the beauties of the autumnal year
 Make mournful emblems, and you think of man
 Doom'd to the grave's long winter, spirit-broken,
 Bending beneath the burthen of his years,
 Sense-dull'd and fretful, ' full of aches and pains,'
 Yet clinging still to life. To me they show
 The calm decay of nature, when the mind
 Retains its strength, and in the lauguid eye
 Religion's holy hope kindles a joy
 That makes old age look lovely. All to you
 Is dark and cheerless ; you in this fair world
 See some destroying principle abroad,
 Air, earth, and water, full of living things,
 Each on the other preying ; and the ways
 Of man, a strange perplexing labyrinth,
 Where crimes and miseries, each producing each,
 Render life loathsome, and destroy the hope
 That should in death bring comfort. Oh, my friend,
 That thy faith were as mine ! that thou couldst see
 Death still producing life, and evil still
 Working its own destruction ; couldst behold
 The strifes and troubles of this troubled world
 With the strong eye that sees the promised day
 Dawn through this night of tempest ! All things then
 Would minister to joy ; then should thine heart
 Be heal'd and harmonized, and thou wouldst feel
 God alway, everywhere, and all in all."

SOUTHEY.

Shelley, the great master of harmony, has one of his finest lyrics for Autumn :

"The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
 The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
 And the year
 On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
 Is lying.
 Come, months, come away,
 From November to May,
 In your saddest array ;
 Follow the bier
 Of the dead cold year.
 And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.
 The chill rain is falling, the night-worm is crawling,
 The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
 For the year ;
 The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
 To his dwelling ;
 Come, months, come away ;
 Put on white, black, and grey,
 Let your light sisters play—
 Ye, follow the bier
 Of the dead cold year,
 And make her grave green with tear on tear."

SHELLEY.

Who has not felt that Autumn is a mournful type of human life ? Who ever expressed the feeling more tenderly than Shakspeare ?

"That time of year thou mayest in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long."

SHAKSPEARE.

The Ayrshire ploughman paints the season with his own transparent colours :

"'Twas when the stacks get on their winter shap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-won cap ;
 Potatoc bings are snugged up frae skaith
 O' coming winter's biting, frosty breath ;
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brinstone reek :
 The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide ;
 The feather'd field mates, bound by nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie :
 (What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds !)
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs ;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
 Except perhaps the robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree :
 The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the moon-tide blaze,
 While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays."

BURNS.

Coleridge looks upon the fields with the unerring eye of the poet-naturalist :

"The tedded hay, the first fruits of the soil,
 The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in one field,
 Show summer gone, ere come. The fox-glove tall
 Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust,
 Or when it bends beneath the up-springing lark,
 Or mountain-finch alighting. And the rose

(In vain the darling of successful love)
 Stands like some boasted beauty of past years,
 The thorns remaining, and the flowers all gone.
 Nor can I find, amid my lonely walk
 By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side,
 That blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook,
 Hope's gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not!"

COLERIDGE.

One of our own day not less poetically and truly describes the Autumn flower-garden :

" A spirit haunts the year's last hours
 Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers :
 To himself he talks ;
 For at eventide, listening earnestly,
 At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
 In the walks ;
 Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
 Of the mouldering flowers.
 Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
 Over its grave i' the earth so chilly
 Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
 Heavily hangs the tiger-lily."

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,
 As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
 An hour before death ;
 My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
 At the moist sick smell of the rotting leaves,
 And the breath
 Of the fading edges of box beneath,
 And the year's last rose.
 Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
 Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;
 Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
 Heavily hangs the tiger-lily."

TENNYSON.

Feigned Diseases.—There are few subjects attended with more difficulty than the detection of feigned diseases, especially when they are the result of a system which permits of a constant refinement of the deceit by practice. This has been especially the case in France, where the object has been to escape the conscription. Foderé has observed, "that it was brought to such a perfection as to render it as difficult to detect a feigned disease as to cure a real one." The motives which usually lead to this practice are—1, a release from obligation. This is frequently the case in the army and navy, where the men will pretend to be ill to escape duty or to gain their discharge. In this form it has got the name of *Malingering*. Beggars, too, often feign illness when they are offered work, preferring the easy task of soliciting charity to the labour of an occupation. 2, the hope of gain. This motive comes into operation where the object is to obtain relief from the parish, to impose upon the benevolence of private persons, to procure the allowances of benefit-societies, clubs, &c., to get admitted into an hospital, or to obtain compensation for some pretended injury. 3, to procure release from confinement or an exemption from punishment. This motive is a source of deceit with boys and girls at school, persons committed to prison, &c. To these may be added the love of exciting the sympathy or gaining the attention of others, where no hope or need of gain exists. This motive acts in all classes of society, and leads individuals of otherwise the highest moral character to imitate all forms of disease. It is observed most frequently in young and unmarried females, and is frequently carried to the extent of feigning diseases for which capital operations are required; and instances are not wanting where surgeons (not much, however, to their credit) have removed legs, breasts, and arms at the solicitation of such patients. There is no natural limit to diseases which may be feigned; but some being much more easily imitated than others, and less easily detected, are most frequently assumed. Feigned diseases may be divided into, 1, those which are obvious to the senses; 2, those depending upon the description of the impostor; and, 3, those of a complicated nature, presenting symptoms of both kinds. Amongst diseases obvious to the senses are an increased or diminished size of parts, wounds, malformations, ulcers, discharges, spasmodic and paralytic affections. A favourite mode of increasing the size of parts, and producing tumors, is by injecting air beneath the cellular membrane. Swellings also of the joints, so as to resemble white swellings, are produced by the applica-

tion of various acrid plants, as the ranunculus acris and sceleratus to the part. Polyypi, hydatids, malignant tumors, and hemorrhoids, are imitated by affixing in some manner the intestines and other viscera of animals to the parts of the body in which these diseases occur. Cancer has been imitated by a cow's spleen, and by a sponge moistened with milk fixed under the armpit. The various malformations of the body are feigned by obstinate and long-continued flexion of the part, aided by inaction and the use of tight bandages. Sometimes these contractions are accompanied by a wound, in order to prove that they have been effected by a burn. Wounds and sores are produced in a variety of ways. Wounds, when self-inflicted, will always be in positions where persons can get at the spot where they exist, with their own hands. Accomplices are, however, sometimes engaged even in this. Ulcers are among the most common of feigned diseases. They are produced by red-hot iron, by caustics, as corrosive acids and alkalis, and the juices of various plants, as of the ranunculus acris and sceleratus, the sponge-laurel, the euphorbium, arum maculatum, and juniper. Where persons are suspected of keeping up ulcers in their legs by irritants, the placing their legs in a box and locking them up will allow the ulcers to heal. The various forms of cutaneous disease are produced by the application of irritants to the skin, as pounded garlic, euphorbium, cantharides, gunpowder, nitric acid, bay salt, &c. The discoloration of jaundice is imitated by various dyes, as well as the appearance of bruises. Ophthalmia is a disease often feigned, and is commonly produced by the application of irritants, as snuff, pepper, tobacco, blue vitriol, salt, alum, &c. The progress of the inflammation in these cases is usually more rapid than in the idiopathic form. It is mostly also confined to one eye, for obvious reasons; and when occurring in the army it may be suspected, if epidemic, when it only comes on in privates and non-commissioned officers. Diseased discharges are often simulated. Vomiting is effected by pressing on the pit of the stomach, by swallowing air, by strong and sudden action of the abdominal muscles, by tickling the fauces, and the use of emetics. Diarrhoea and dysentery are produced by taking drastic purgatives. Spitting of blood is a favourite assumed disease. It is simulated by placing a sponge in the mouth filled with bullock's blood, by cutting the mouth and gums, and by sucking blood from other parts of the body. A vomiting of urine and feces has taken place by the stealthy introduction of the contents of the bladder and rectum into the stomach.—The spasmodic diseases to which the system is subject have been imitated with great success, and none more so than epilepsy. It has for its peculiar recommendation, that the person who is subject to it may be well at intervals and assume the attacks when it best suits him. The best criterion of imposture is the want of the total insensibility which characterises the true fits. In the feigned disease the application of stimulants will seldom fail to elicit indications of sensibility. Hartshorn or burning sulphur may be introduced under the nose; alcohol and turpentine may be dropped into the eye, and mustard or common salt placed in the mouth. Pricking the skin with sharp-pointed instruments has also been recommended. This however is frequently resisted. Dr. Guy recommends "flecking" the feet with a wet towel. He says he has by this means aroused a patient from a mesmeric slumber when all other mechanical stimulants and cold affusions had failed. Convulsions are often imitated; but where they are fictions they cannot be sustained for any length of time without great exhaustion. Chorea is also often imitated. Electricity and cold affusions are the best remedies for this disease, and are likely to be effectual in the case of impostures. Hysteria, catalepsy, tetanus, hydrophobia, some forms of tonic spasm, stammering, strabismus, and difficulty of swallowing, are other diseases of the nervous system which are often imitated. Paralytic affections are also frequently simulated. The treatment resorted to for the cure of these diseases, when natural, would be found a trying ordeal for most impostures. Cases however are related in which impostors have resisted the most active treatment; and a case of simulated lethargy is on record, in which an individual resisted with only a single groan the operation of trephining.—Deafness is often assumed, but it may be detected by unexpectedly or sharply calling out the name of the individual, by calling him by name when asleep, or letting a piece of money fall close to him. Dumbness has been successfully feigned, and cases are recorded which resisted every attempt at discovery. It may be frequently detected by giving the person a sudden and unexpected knock, or a prick with a pin.—*Abridged from Penny Cyclopadia.*



[Dorchester Church.]

DORCHESTER CHURCH.

WHEN men travelled by coaches in England, such of them as passed between Oxford and London by the Henley road, would most likely stay to change horses at a little plain town about nine miles from the learned city. Then it was a place of small note, and the business transacted in it depended a good deal upon its situation in a mainline of traffic. That source of profit is lost now, and the little town is quieter than ever; its shops duller, its inhabitants idler. The inns that looked so flourishing once are now decayed or decaying. Its occupation is gone. A stray rambler would stroll listlessly through it, with the kind of regret that is always excited by looking on an evil that cannot be remedied. If, however, when he reached the bridge at the end of the street he turned aside to look at the church, he would feel that in the story of the town, insignificant as it had appeared to him, there must be something interesting. Beautiful as the village churches in the western counties often are, this one is so striking from its size and general appearance, being so disproportioned to the place to which it belongs, that however apathetic our rambler might be he could scarcely fail to enquire about it.

Dorchester was a place of importance in the earliest periods of English history. By the Britons it was called *Cair Dauri*: that is, according to Leland, the City on the Water; its site being near the junction of the Thames with the Isis. It was a station of some consequence with the Romans, who called it *Durocina*. Many Roman remains and some British have been found there; besides coins, there was a Roman altar of stone dug up a few years back. A circular field at a short distance on the south of the town is thought to have been a Roman amphitheatre; and there is a military earthwork, supposed to have been formed by the same people in order to command the passage of the Thames and Isis. It consists of mounds, and a fosse which is now dry, except in winter or after prolonged wet weather. But it is with the Saxons that its interest commences. In their times the now unimportant town of Dorchester was the seat of the largest bishopric in England. We must tell the story of its foundation.

In the monastery of St. Andrew at Rome, was a monk of the order of St. Benedict, a bold and virtuous man, and full of zeal for the propagation of the faith he professed. Some thirty or more years before St. Augustine had gone from the holy city into Britain to

endeavour to effect the conversion of its inhabitants, and great had been the success of his labours. Moved by the reports thereof, and by the number of places said to be still unvisited by those who had followed that great man, Birinus resolved to devote himself to the office of a missionary, and begged the assent of the Pope to his enterprise; offering to go to the inmost parts, where none had hitherto penetrated, on this errand of mercy. Honorius I., then pontiff, encouraged him in his purpose, and he at once set out—not without a miracle, say his biographers. For, finding, after he had embarked, that he had left one of his sacred implements behind, and knowing that it would be useless as the wind was fair to ask the seamen to put back, he boldly stepped forth from the vessel and hastened safely along the sea, which bore him as though it had been solid ground; and having recovered his pallia, he returned and overtook the ship, to the great edification of the sailors. After this it was not likely he would be drowned; and it is hardly necessary to add that he landed in safety (A.D. 634) in the kingdom of the West Saxons. His purpose was to pass beyond their territory; but finding how entirely ignorant they were he spent a year in traversing the province. When he came to Dorchester, he found there Cynegil, the king, whom, after instructing, he baptized; Oswald, King of the Northumbrians, then also at Dorchester, acting the part of godfather to Cynegil, whose daughter he afterwards married. Upon Birinus the king conferred the city of Dorchester as his see; it being the first bishopric, as Birinus was the first bishop created in these parts. The king's appointment was duly ratified by the pontiff, and Birinus erected an episcopal church, probably of wood. Here he resided for fourteen years, actively engaged, not alone in settling and ruling his diocese, but also in converting and baptizing the heathen in the surrounding parts, gaining for himself the reputation of a saint and the title of an apostle. He died in 650, and was buried in his own church; but in 677 Hilda, one of his successors, removed his body to the new church of Winchester; though, according to Robert of Gloucester, “the canons of Dorchester say *Nay*, and say that it was another body than St. Birinus that was so translated.” Be that as it may, Birinus was canonized, and was held in such reputation that the people raised a shrine to him, made their addresses to it for the preservation and cure of their cattle from disease, and many miracles were effected before it. Nor was his fame entirely local. “In the ‘*Sarum*

Processionale.' in the litany appointed to be sung on the sixth Feria (Friday) in the second week, in Lent, in the bede roll of the saints he is ordered to be invoked: 'Sapcte Birine, ora pro nobis.'" (Skelton.)

Dorchester declined with the Saxon dynasty. It appears to have suffered from the ravages of the Danes, who several times overran and plundered these parts. In 662 Winchester was separated from the diocese, and formed into a distinct bishopric; afterwards the sees of Salisbury, Exeter, Bath and Wells, Lichfield, Worcester, and Hereford were taken from it, yet it is even then said to have been the largest in the kingdom; while the town maintained a distinguished rank among the cities of England, Henry of Huntingdon placing it the fourteenth in his list of twenty-eight British cities. Dorchester received the first bishop appointed by William the Conqueror, Remigius, a Norman. At this time the town appears to have been decaying; and in the next reign (1092) the see was removed to Lincoln. Henry of Huntingdon informs us that the town was at this period ill-peopled and small, but the majesty of the churches great. Camden says there were once three parish churches in Dorchester, and Leland has informed us of their positions. "There was a parish church a little by south from the abbey church, and another parish church more south above it. Then there was the third parish church by south-west." The town was originally walled; and according to Camden, a castle once stood on the south side of the church, but there were "not the least traces" of it in his time. In 1140, Alexander, the third bishop of Lincoln, founded a priory of black canons here; twelve churches in this county being appropriated to its support. Its situation was almost contiguous to the present church, and some portions of its walls yet remain; a part of them may be seen in the grammar-school near the church; and a larger portion somewhat northward of it forms a large quadrangle; these walls are very massive, and serve as the foundation for an extensive range of wooden barns which enclose a farm yard apparently of the same size as was the original quadrangle.

The church was a part of the ancient priory. The date of its erection cannot be precisely fixed; part of it is Norman, the chief portion of it probably belongs to the latter part of the twelfth century, and it was most likely raised on the site of the original church of Birinus. It is of large size and lofty, but of unusual length in proportion to its breadth. Its dimensions are:—interior length, one hundred and eighty-six feet (exclusive of the tower); width, sixty-nine feet; height, forty feet. It consists of a nave and chancel with north and south aisles. Externally, its appearance is striking and picturesque; but it is more picturesque in parts than as a whole. The south-west angle, with its ornamented buttress, the porch and cross, with the yew by which it stands; and the south-east angle, with the noble chancel windows, for example, afford very beautiful and pleasing combinations. The interior is far more interesting than the exterior. Only a part of it is now employed for divine service, the rest, parted off by the filling up of the large arches, being used as lumber-rooms. The chancel is of unusually large proportions, and by far the most imposing portion of the edifice; its lofty and handsome pillars and arches, its curious but magnificent windows imparting to it an air of uncommon grandeur. Three of these windows deserve particular notice—the great east window; that on the south; and the north, or Jesse window, so called from the stone frame-work of it being a genealogical tree springing from the loins of Jesse, and the whole representing the genealogy of the Saviour. "The east window is a remarkably fine specimen of late decorated, and is singular in its design. It is not, as is usual, divided by

mullions into lights as far as the springing of the arch, but is filled with tracery almost its whole length, that in the head being intersecting, and that below flowing, alternately with the upright mullion. It has up its centre on the exterior a buttress, and in the interior a solid piece of masonry, which gives it in its present state the appearance of being two separate windows; but originally these were united by a large circle in the head, no doubt filled with tracery, and forming together one magnificent window. A great part of this window is filled with stained glass, which has evidently been brought from some other window, most probably from the one which was removed when this part was added." (Addington, *Hist. of Dorchester Church*.)

The window on the south is somewhat similar in appearance, but has more the character of the perpendicular style. It is divided by a transom, on which, at the junction of the mullions, are small sculptured figures representing a procession, with a bishop, &c. Beneath the window are four carved and decorated sedilia, under the canopies of which are small openings containing stained glass of a very ancient date, having probably belonged to the original Norman east window. The figures on this glass, as well as those sculptured on the frame-work of the window above, are supposed to have reference to the history of Birinus. "Opposite to this, on the north side, is the celebrated Jesse window. It is a window of four lights with intersecting tracery in the head. The centre mullion represents the trunk of a tree, its branches crossing over the intermediate mullions as far as the jambs. In the centre, at the base of the window, is sculptured the recumbent figure of Jesse, and from his body rises the tree. The branches are ornamented with foliage their whole length, and with a figure sculptured at each intersection of a mullion; that of David occupying the lower angle on the east side. Some of them are male, some female, several are crowned, and some have wings, and all seem originally to have had their names painted on the labels, which they in general hold in their hands. On the upper part of the centre mullion, representing the tree, has been apparently a figure of the Saviour, and at the base of it appears to have been a figure of the Virgin, crowned; but both these have been wilfully mutilated. The tree terminates in a large finial formed of leaves. The label is ornamented with foliage, and the head of this, as well as of the other two windows, has two rows of ball-flowers." (Addington.) This Jesse window has been often engraved; a very good coloured representation of it is given as a frontispiece to the 'Sunday Book.' Having within the last few days carefully examined the church, we fully agree with its historian, that, "if restored to its original design, there are few buildings which could excel this chancel."

The rest of the church we must hurry over. The nave and aisles are fine and interesting. The aisles are of different periods, but both beautiful; the south aisle is the most recent and the finest, it is separated from the chancel by a rather handsome wooden screen. At the east end of this aisle is a large altar platform still perfect; on the wall above it are some remains of a painting, the head of the Virgin, or a female saint, very fairly executed, being quite distinct. Throughout the church, on the walls, the carvings of the sedilia, the monuments, &c., traces of painting are discernible. The north aisle contains a portion of the original timber roof, which is elsewhere removed or covered by a plastered ceiling.

In the interior are many interesting monuments; very few of them, however, are in anything like a perfect state. In the chancel are two recumbent statues; one of a cross-legged knight, supposed to be one

Holcum. It is carved in alabaster, and clothed in ring-mail. The other, in freestone, is the effigy of John de Stonore, a judge of considerable repute during the reigns of the Second and Third Edwards. There are also in various parts of the church slabs on which have been brasses of bishops and others, but the brasses have nearly all been removed; one remains perfect, that of Abbot Bewforeste in his robes, and with his insignia; on the end of the adjoining stall-desk his name and crozier are also carved. In the south aisle is placed the statue of a bishop, which was dug up a few years since from under the floor. There are also two stone coffins, one of which was found before Camden's time, the other much more recently.

There is also preserved here an ancient Saxon or Norman font, considered by Gough and Stukeley to be the oldest in England; but that may fairly be questioned. The bowl of it is of cast lead, and of large size, its internal diameter being one foot ten and a half inches; outside, two feet two inches; depth inside, one foot. It was intended for baptizing the child by immersion, as is still done in it at the pleasure of the parents. Around the outside of it are eleven figures seated under semicircular arches, and each holding a book. By some they are supposed to represent the apostles (Judas being omitted); by others, to relate to the adventures of St Birinus. The pedestal is of stone, and much more modern, though probably it is as old as the fifteenth century.

The church, as we have said, belonged to the priory. On the dissolution of the religious establishments, Richard Beaufort, whom Leland calls "a great rich man dwelling in the town of Dorchester," purchased it for the sum of 140*l*. At his death he bequeathed it, with all belonging to it that he had bought, to the parish, and also 20*s*. for the reparation of it. During the civil war it greatly suffered, and much damage was done to the sculpture about it by the Commonwealth soldiers. Far greater, however, has been the injury it has since undergone. Windows have been stopped up; arches filled with plaster; carving shewn down to make way for wooden wainscoting; roofs covered up or removed; and the whole inside daubed over times innumerable with coarse coats of whitewash—to say nothing of the infliction of tall pews, and sundry coats of paint on the wooden carved work. A better feeling is abroad now, and an effort is being made thoroughly to repair and restore this noble old pile. The Oxford Architectural Society has zealously set about the undertaking. They have had the church carefully surveyed, and estimate that the whole may be accomplished for four thousand pounds—a sum that, we must confess, appears scarcely adequate for such a restoration as they contemplate. Meanwhile, they have raised funds sufficient to execute the abance, which will be commenced immediately on the termination of the Oxford long vacation; and they earnestly appeal to all interested in the preservation of our ecclesiastical architecture to aid them in completing their task.

ROMAN AND NEAPOLITAN HORSES.

The horses of the Campagna are sent into Rome in their wild state, like the Highland and Welch ponies that are driven to our fairs and markets. A French writer says there are coachmen in Rome well skilled in breaking in these wild horses. We confess, for our own part, we could never see any great skill in their rough training. Before putting the bit into the poledro's mouth, they fasten on him a heavy cumbersome head-stall, with a semicircular piece of iron which passes over his face a little above the nostrils. This clumsy piece of iron has jagged teeth which bite into the flesh. A rope, strong enough to lift an anchor, or

a long thick thong made of buffalo's hide, plaited, is attached, sometimes to the back of the head-stall, just under the colt's jaw, and by tugging or jerking at it, the poor creature is terribly punished. At other times, as when the colt has to make his gyrations, the rope is attached to a ring in front of the head-stall, this ring being often fastened to the jagged piece of iron. These Roman breakers—and their brethren of the kingdom of Naples are not a whit better—treat the colts they have in training as the old Muscovites are said to have treated their brides on their first taking them home. The very first thing they do is to give them a terrible beating. This, they say, takes the devil out of the poledro, and makes them know and be afraid of their breakers. When the young creature's spirit is very high, they often reduce it by starving him almost to death. After a due course of discipline of this gentle kind, they fix their long rope to the head-stall, and take out the colt to some open level spot of hard ground. The trainer-in-chief holds the end of the rope, being aided in that office by two or three assistants; and while he stands in the centre, two or three or more bare-legged fellows make the colt run round in a circle by belabouring him over the flanks and loins with an instrument which bears a much closer resemblance to a flail than to a whip. The flexible part, attached to a long wooden handle which may be called a *pole*, is generally made of the heavy buffalo-hide, twisted and knotted! It is often two or three inches in diameter, and always a cruel and detestable tool. They not only beat the poor animal while he runs round the ring, but they bellow and scream at him, making noise enough to terrify him into madness. This effect is indeed sometimes produced; and the poor colt, instead of describing the prescribed circle, goes off at a tangent, laying prostrate those that are holding the rope, or dragging them after him. When the runaway is recovered they give him another beating, and then stop his provender for a day or so. It was not uncommon to see the poledro bleeding copiously from the forehead and nose, where the jagged iron had bitten into him, and from the flanks and loins, where the flails had taken out pieces of the skin. We have seen these breaking-rings look more like a place where horses were killed than one where horses were to be trained, the blood lying thick upon the ground, as in a knacker's yard. When they have run the ring for a good many days, a heavy bardello, or wooden saddle, about twice the size and four times the weight of that we see used in England, is put on the colt's back, and reins, fastened to rings on the jagged iron, are thrown over the projecting arms of the bardello to make the colt hold his head up. Thus accoutred, he is again made to gyrate, and some attention is paid to his paces. If he breaks into a gallop, he is brought back into a trot by getting a blow of the flail across his fore-legs. If in cantering he puts what is considered the wrong leg foremost, he gets another swinging blow over the leg in fault. After due course of discipline of this kind, and when the poor creature trembles at the sight or at the voice of the breaker, a bit of the Turkish or Mameluke fashion, but a great deal heavier and longer in the drop, is put into his mouth, being almost strong enough to break the jaw of an elephant; and with his head tightly reined up, he is made to walk about and to stand for a certain number of hours in the stable. But it is in most cases before this stage that recourse is had to a tremendous operation in order to give that curve of the neck which is so universally admired in Spain and Italy, and indeed most other countries. To give length to the course, a number of strong ropes are spliced or tied together: one end is fastened to the head-stall, behind the colt's jaw, and the other is made

fast to a firm-set wooden column, or to an iron ring secured to the ground: the colt is brought near to the column or ring, the rope being so disposed as to run out freely; and then bang go the flails! and out scream the voices of the men! and away goes the terrified colt, running at the top of his speed until he runs out all the rope, and confes down on his side as though he had been shot through the heart. They call this breaking a colt's neck, and the wonder is that they do not break it mortally. But this, they say, gives that semicircular form which the neck of every gentleman's horse ought to have; and it was in vain to tell them that the same curve might be produced by other and gentle means. When the colt has carried the bit in his mouth for a few days, a heavy demipique saddle is put upon his back, and the breaker or one of his aids, accoutred much in the fashion of a South American of the Pampas, adventures in the saddle and puts him to his paces, taking especial care to make him lift up his legs very high, without being very careful whether he puts them down again on nearly the selfsame spot. It was a joke among the English in Spain that the horse of a true or fashionable caballero would caper five minutes over a cabbage-leaf without crossing it. The same joke might have been applied at Rome and Naples thirty years ago; but now, at Naples at least, your men of distinguished fashion imitate the English in horsemanship, as in dress and other particulars, and generally ride English-bred and English-trained horses, sneering much at the steeds of their fathers and grandfathers. If the poledri are intended for the carriage, after being ridden for a short time upon that tremendous bit they are put to some heavy carro or cart, and worked in it for some time, each young colt being mostly coupled with a grave old horse. They are then put to a lighter and proper carriage, and their breaking is considered as complete. If they only arch their necks, show a good deal of mane, are broad-chested and very round in the hind quarters, have a long and very thick tail, and lift their legs up to a very unnecessary and fatiguing height, they are very much admired by the Romans.

The inevitable consequence of this harsh training is that the horses are ever afterwards bad-tempered and vicious—mischievous wretches that will resort to every horse-trick to throw you off, and that will kick or bite at you when you are down. In the course of a very long and varied experience we hardly ever knew a Roman or Neapolitan horse that had gone through this breaking, but was sulky or vicious. At times we found them excessively dull and stupid, as if their spirit had been broken as well as their necks; but even these sluggards would upon a favourable opportunity play some foul trick or other. To all the arguments we could adduce from the different system of breaking used in England and other countries, and from the consequent difference of temper in our horses, their constant and unvarying answer was, "You cut all your horses; our horses are all entire, and so are devils in spirit, and require from us that which they get." But the Arabs and Turks never cut their horses, and yet their horses are as gentle and good-tempered as the best of our English ones. It is as rare to meet with a vicious horse in Turkey, as with a thoroughly good-tempered one in the south of Italy. Except a certain Arab mare at Constantinople which had once belonged to the eccentric Lady Hester Stanhope, and which may possibly have been affected by some of her ladyship's eccentricities, or may not have been so gently trained as it ought to have been, we do not remember ever to have ridden a Turkish horse, Barb, or Arab, that could be called decidedly wicked. These creatures, though spirited and free to go, are generally as quiet and as good-natured as lambs. This gentleness of

temper is owing to gentle nurture and training. The Arab brings up his high-bred colt like one of his family; he is taken into the tent when the weather is wet or cold, he is the play-mate of the children, an amulet is hung round his little neck to preserve him from the influence of the evil eye, he is cleaned and combed quite as often as the children of the family, and quite as gently; and when in fault he is corrected with as much mildness as if he were his master's son. The Turks, and even the Moors, though apt to be so passionate and cruel towards men, are universally calm and gentle to their horses; beginning their training when very young, but not putting them to anything like work until they are four years old. Thus their horses hardly ever require anything even like what is called breaking in England. The affection existing between these Eastern horses and their masters is the subject of many a tale as true as it is touching.

That the same gentle treatment, if begun equally early, would have the same effect upon the fiery horses of Rome, Naples, Calabria, the Capitanata, and Apulia, there can be no rational doubt. Without having any pretension to jockey skill or the science of the stable, we in our time trained and rode two colts, one a Calabrian, the other an Apulian, and as they had never been through the hands of the breakers, or subjected to any of their barbarous treatment, they turned out as docile and as gentle as could be wished. The Calabrian, who came with a bad character from his dam (but all the Calabrians bore rather a bad reputation for ill-temper and vice, though prized for other qualities), became in a very short time the most trusty and pleasant steed and companion. Moreover, on the great farms and among the country people, where men took up the colts in the rough, and bitted and saddled them without any of the tortuous preliminaries—neither flailing them, nor neck-breaking them—the horses were very generally good-tempered. Those of the *fattori* in the Roman Campagna and in the great pastoral farms on the plain of Apulia, and the contiguous districts were eminently so; and yet at the same time full of spirit and capable of bearing immense fatigue. It was in riding across the great Apulian plain on our way to the beautiful recesses, forests, and lake, contained within the hollow shell of Monte Gargano—the Garganus of the ancients, where the north wind roars among magnificent oaks, as in the days of Horace*—with a dear friend who had served in Poland and in Russia, who had seen much of war, and ought to have written about it, that we were particularly struck with the qualities of these rustic horses, and the good martial qualities of their riders. A large band of them came galloping over the plain, crossing our road or track (for road there was none) at right angles; some of their goads or spears were carried erect like a lance in rest; others were couched as if the drove of buffaloes they were going in quest of were already in sight; the rough horses kept up a fine churning pace, and the men, who were hardly ever out of the saddle, sat upon them like fearless and excellent riders. "See!" said our friend, "these are the Cossacks of the south, only better mounted than those I saw in the campaign of 1812. Here is a light irregular cavalry, ready made and equipped. These fellows are born so and brought up in the profession of the lance. There are some thousands of them in Apulia alone. If the independence of this unhappy country is ever to be fought for, these are the men to fight for it, and to

* Aquilonibus

Querceta Gargani laborant.

Lib. ii., Od. 9.

Garganum mugire ptes nemus.

Lib. ii., Ep. 1

be employed in harassing an enemy on an advance or retreat. They have hardly anything to learn; the habits of their daily life are the habits of the Polish peasants, that form the only really good lancers in any regular European army; the lance is as natural to their hand as it is awkward to others; and see how they ride and how well their long-tailed horses are in hand—you might gallop them round a table." This quality in the horses, which partly depended on the bits to which they had been trained, was frequently matter of surprise to us. It is very needful that they should be well in hand, and able to turn quickly on their haunches, for the long horned cattle are frequently wild and dangerous, and the sulky and cunning-looking buffalo—that looks much more cunning and even more savage than he really is—will often resent a prick with the goad by wheeling suddenly round, and charging at the horse with his lowered horns. Nay, without any further provocation than that of being disturbed in the bogs or swampy places in which they delight to wallow, they will rush upon the herdsman and his steed.

It is a fact known to all the survivors of the Russian campaign of Bonaparte, and mentioned in most of the histories of that disastrous war, that the horses which the French had drawn from the south of Italy, from the sultry plains of Rome and Apulia, and from the burning climate of Calabria, bore the excessive cold of the Russian winter better than the horses of France and Germany. It was the same with the men: in proportion to their numbers a great many more Italians returned alive than Frenchmen, or Germans, or even Poles. Physicians and philosophers explain this by a doctrine of absorbed and latent heat. Englishmen and Scotsmen who had resided many years in Bengal have told us, that on their return home they suffered much less from the severity of winter than their friends who had never left this island, and who had been exposed to all the rigour and changeableness of our climate; but, we believe, they have always added that their stock of imported heat soon expended itself, and that at the second return of an English winter they suffered more from it than their home-staying friends. But, after all, we take it, the vigour and spirit of these Italian horses had a good deal to do in helping them through the snow-covered plains of Russia, and across the ice-bound Beresina.

We should have a good deal more to say about these interesting creatures, but stop for fear of being tedious.

Irrigation of Lombardy.—Lombardy, situated at the foot of the Alps, and overlooked by the glaciers of that mountain-chain, has perhaps the greatest fall of rain of any country in Europe. It was probably the inconvenience occasioned from the swelling of the streams that made the Milanese early turn their attention to the construction of canals. The 'Naviglio Grande' was commenced in 1178, sixteen years after Frederick Barbarossa had destroyed the city, but only two years after the Milanese citizens had again defeated that intruder, and forced him to conclude an ignominious peace. The Naviglio Grande was destined to water the fields only, and was constructed for that purpose at a high level. The success of the experiment occasioned its repetition; and before the close of the fifteenth century, the little state of Milan possessed five canals of considerable size, chiefly intended to assist the agriculture of the country. The Saracens were, as I have said, the teachers of the art of irrigation, in modern times, in Spain, Sicily, and Southern Italy. In Lombardy, the monks were the first who practised the art. As early as the year 1136, a document still existing confers on the monastery of Chiaravalle and Vicoboldone the privilege of carrying water for the purpose of irrigation through any lands they pleased. To induce general consent to this expropriation, which, at a very early period, was found necessary, and with the aid of which all the grand improvements in that beautiful dis-

trict situated between the Po and the Adda have been effected, a feeling of security was indispensable, and the division of labour was thus insured. No landowner can now refuse another permission to carry a water-course through his land to another which is barren from drought. An understanding is therefore easily brought about, by which those proprietors who lie nearest to the canal or Alpine springs, that are now almost preferred, take the water in the first instance and sell it, when it runs off their fields, to the next neighbour, who in his turn disposes of what he has to spare to a third. A systematic arrangement of this kind of course requires a methodical laying down of the land. The fields are consequently laid down in Lombardy in a scientific manner that no other country has to show. A class of agricultural engineers is found in Lombardy almost exclusively. The water, which doubles the production of the land, of course sells for as much as the land itself. Sometimes land and the water that irrigates it form investments for two capitalists, the landowner paying the water-owner a rent for the use of the water.—*Banfield's Lectures on the Organization of Industry.*

Chinese Filtering.—The waters of the Wanglo and Yang-tse-kiang are highly surcharged with mud, the former containing one-seventieth part, and the latter one-ninetysixth of earth. This renders them both unpleasant and unwholesome to drink; and to it may possibly be attributed a portion of the sickness we sustained. The Chinese have adopted a very simple remedy for this evil, one far simpler and equally efficacious with our filter, but which, unfortunately, was not discovered until we were leaving the river, but which it will behave any one who may chance to visit muddy streams to remember. Into about a quart of water they throw a small pinch of alum, leaving it to stand a few minutes: it becomes as clear as crystal, a considerable sediment being found at the bottom. Not even the poorest fisherman but is always provided with a small portion for this necessary purpose.—*Captain Cunningham's Recollections of Service in China.*

Capture of Wild Cattle.—For the pursuit of wild cattle horses are admirably trained, so that when the lasso is thrown they know precisely what to do. Sometimes, in the case of a furious animal, the rider checks the horse and dismounts, while the bull is running out the length of his raw-hide rope. The horse wheels round and braces himself to sustain the shock which the momentum of the captured animal must inevitably give. The bull, not expecting to be brought up so suddenly, is thrown sprawling to the ground. Rising upon his feet, he rushes upon the horse to gore him; but the horse keeps at a distance, until the bull, finding that nothing is to be accomplished in this way, again attempts to flee, but the rope again brings him to the ground. Thus the poor animal is worried, until he is brought wholly into the power of his captors.—*Kilder's Brazil.*

An Aute of the Blind.—John Stanley, the musician, lost his sight when only two years of age. He had so correct an ear, that he never forgot the voice of a person he had once heard speak. An instance is given in which he recollected the voice of a person he had not heard for twenty years, who then accosted him in an assumed voice. If twenty people were seated at table together, he would address them all in regular order, without their situations being previously known to him. Riding on horseback was one of his favourite exercises, though it would seem a very dangerous one for the blind, and towards the close of his life, when he lived in Epping Forest, and wished to give his friends an airing, he would take them the pleasantest road, and point out the most agreeable prospects. He played at whist with great readiness and judgment. Each card was marked at the corner with the point of a needle, but these marks were so delicately fine as scarcely to be discerned by any person not previously apprised of them. His hand was generally the first arranged, and it was not uncommon for him to complain of the party that they were tedious in sorting the cards. He could tell the precise time by a watch. He knew the number of persons in a room when he entered it; would direct his voice to each person in particular—even to strangers after they had once spoken; and would miss any one who was absent, and could tell who that one was.—*Knight's Weekly Volume.—The Lost Senses—Blindness.*



THE BRITISH VALHALLA

No. IX.—THE CRUSADING KINGS.



PHILIP AUGUSTUS was gone for France, and the Crusaders seemed disposed rather to remain where they were than to go on to Jerusalem. Having restored the battered walls of Acre, Richard Cœur-de-Lion prepared to march; but the majority of the Christians by no means shared in his impatience, "for the wine of Cyprus was of the very best quality, provisions were very abundant, and the city abounded with beautiful women who had come from the neighbouring islands;"* and the gravest knights had made a Capua of Acre. When a herald-

at-arms proclaimed with a loud voice that the army was going to begin its march towards Jaffa, many of the pilgrims held down their heads or slunk away into the houses of the pleasant town. The impatient King of England went out of Acre and encamped in the neighbourhood; and when he had been there some days, and when the clergy by their preaching had recalled to the minds of the Crusaders the sad captivity of Jerusalem, the flames of enthusiasm were again lighted. The pilgrims all went forth to the camp, and Richard having given the signal to depart, one hundred thousand men crossed the river Belus, advancing between the sea and Mount Carmel.* Richard had left behind him his sister and wife at Acre, and had strictly prohibited women from following the army. It was on the 22nd of August, 1191

* G. Vinesant.

* Michaud, 'Histoire des Croisades.'

that the march began. The distance between Acre and Jerusalem is scarcely more than eighty of our miles; but the country is difficult, and was guarded by a numerous, a brave, and active enemy. Of Richard's forces scarcely more than thirty thousand were to be considered as soldiers, and these were of all nations. They marched in five divisions: the Knights Templars led the van; the Knights of St. John brought up the rear. There was a great standard car, like the Lombard Carroccio, and like that which had been used at Northallerton in the great battle of the Standard. It ran upon four wheels that were sheathed with iron, and it carried the standard of the Holy War suspended on a high mast. During the fury of battles, such of the wounded as could be recovered in the mêlée were brought round this car; and in case of any reverse or retreat, the car was the general rallying-point for the Christian army. While Richard and his mixed host marched slowly along between the mountains and the sea, a fleet which carried their baggage, provisions, and munitions of war, glided along the coast within sight of the troops. Every night, when the army halted, the heralds of the several camps cried aloud three times, "Save the Holy Sepulchre!" and every soldier bent his knee, and raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and said "Amen!" Every morning, at the point of day, the standard car, at the command of Richard, was put in motion, and then the Crusaders formed in order of march, the priests and monk chanting a psalm the while, or singing a hymn—

Lignum Crucis,
Signum Ducis.

Saladin, who had been reinforced from all parts, infested their march every day, and encamped near them every night, with an army greatly superior in numbers. The Crusaders scarcely advanced three leagues a day: their road was cut by ravines and mountain torrents; there were many steep and intricate defiles, with wood and underwood; and at every difficult point there stood the cunning Paynim to dispute the passage, or to make them suffer from an ambuscade attack. These Saracens were not heavily armed, like the Christians; they carried only a bow and quiver, or a sword, a dagger, and a javelin. Some of them were only armed with a club, bristling at one extremity with sharp steel points, that went through a coat of mail like a needle through a garment of cotton or woollen stuff. Many of them, well mounted on Arab horses, kept constantly hovering round Richard's line of march, flying when pursued, and returning to the charge when the pursuit ceased, or whenever they saw a favourable opportunity. Their movements were compared, now to the flight of the swallow, and now to that of an importunate swarm of summer flies. Their archers frequently did great execution, even without showing themselves, for they were hid behind trees, or among the tall growing weeds, or they bent their bows with a sure aim behind rocks. Whenever a Crusader fell—and many more fell by disease than by the arms of the infidel—his comrades dug him a shallow grave, and buried him on the spot where he had breathed his last, and then chanted the service for the dead as they resumed their march.

On the 7th of September Richard brought Saladin to a general action near Azotus, the Ashdod of the Bible, on the sea-shore, and about nine miles from Ascalon. The sultan had there collected two hundred thousand men to oppose Richard's farther advance; and, before the battle began, swarms of Bedouin Arabs collected on the declivities of mountains upon the flank of the Crusaders. Richard closed up his five divisions and ordered them all to remain on the defensive. "The battalions of the Christians," says old Vinessauf, "stood

in so solid a mass that an apple thrown anywhere among them could not have reached the ground without touching a man or a horse." The Saracens charged this iron mass. They might as well have charged the flank of Mount Carmel or Mount Sion! They were thrown off with great slaughter, and then the mass moved slowly onwards, not deviating in the slightest degree from the line of advance which Richard had originally chosen. The Saracens attacked again and in greater force, and being again repulsed and thrown into some confusion, Richard raised his battle-axe and gave the word, and the great solid body broke up into its several parts, and three of the five columns charged among the Paynim. King Richard showed himself everywhere where the Crusaders had need of succour; and wherever he appeared his presence was announced by the flight of the Turks. After a display of valour which was never surpassed, and of more cool conduct and generalship than might have been expected from him, he gained a complete victory. Mourning the loss of many thousand men, and of thirty-two Emirs or chiefs of the first rank, Saladin, the victor of many a field, retreated in great disorder, having had, at one time, only seventeen Mamelukes near his person. Richard, who was slightly wounded on the left side, advanced without further opposition to Jaffa, the Joppa of Scripture, of which he took possession. Here he was only thirty miles from the Holy City. As the country in advance of that position was as yet clear of enemies, or was occupied only by disheartened fugitives, the Lion-heart would have followed up his advantages; but many of the Crusaders, less hardy than himself, were worn out by the climate and by fatigue, and the French barons urged the necessity of restoring the fortifications of Jaffa before they advanced. No sooner had Richard consented to this measure than the Crusaders, instead of prosecuting the work with vigour, abandoned themselves to luxurious ease. The English king was joined by his young wife and sister, and the other ladies he had left at Acre, who came to Jaffa by sea. Being impatient of repose, he had recourse to hunting and other sports of the field, disregarding the evident fact that hordes of Saracens and Arabs were scouring the country in detached parties. One day he was actually surrounded in a wood, and would have lost either his life or his liberty, had not one of his companions, William de Pratelles, a knight of Provence, cried out in the Arabic tongue, "I am the king! Spare my life!" and by drawing attention upon himself, given Richard the opportunity of escaping. The faithful William de Pratelles was carried off a prisoner to Saladin, but Richard soon redeemed him, by giving in exchange ten Emirs whom he had taken. On another occasion, a company of Templars, in quest of forage, fell into an ambuscade. The Lion-heart sent the brave Earl of Leicester to their aid, promising he would follow as soon as he could get on his armour. Before that rather tedious operation could be completed, they told him the Templars and the Earl were being crushed by the number of the enemy. Without finishing his steel toilette, and without waiting for any one, Cœur-de-Lion leaped on his war-horse, and galloped to the spot, declaring he were unworthy of the name of king, if he abandoned those whom he had promised to succour. He spurred into the thickest of the fight, and so laid about him with that tremendous battle-axe which he had caused to be forged by the best smiths in England before he departed for the East, that the Earl of Leicester and all the Knights-Templars who had not fallen previously to his arrival were rescued. On such onslaughts, say the chroniclers, his cry was still—"St. George! St. George!"

Malek-Adel, a younger brother of Sultan Saladin,

who is said to have been captivated by Richard's romantic bravery and generosity, had several interviews with him under a flag of truce, and endeavoured to lead the English king into some friendly negotiation. Upon this slight incident is built the plot of Madame Cottin's romance of 'Mathilde, a tale of the Crusades.'

While the Crusaders were repairing the fortifications of Jaffa, Saladin was destroying those of Ascalon and other cities, for fear that they should be taken and converted into inexpugnable places.

At last Richard got his mixed and not very obedient host to set forth from Jaffa; but it was now the month of November, and incessant rains, nearly equal to those in tropical climates, wetted them to the skin, rusted their arms and armour, spoiled their provisions, and rendered the roads almost impassable. Crossing the plain of Sharon, where "the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley" no longer bloomed, they pitched their tents at Ramula or Ramla, the Arinatheia of Scripture, a little beyond which commence the almost impracticable mountain defiles of Judæa, which extend to Jerusalem. But the rain fell in torrents, and, when the rain ceased, there rose a mighty wind that tore up the tents and rent them. They then advanced a little and sought quarters at Bethany, where they were within twelve miles of the Holy City; but their condition became daily worse; famine, disease, and desertion thinned their ranks, and Richard was compelled, sore against his will, to turn his back on Jerusalem. He retreated rapidly to Ascalon, followed closely by the loose light cavalry of the Kourds, Turks, and Arabs, who did much mischief by cutting off stragglers, and caused great distress by keeping the whole Christian force constantly on the alert by night as well as by day.

Ascalon, so celebrated in the ancient history of the Jews, was still a city of great importance, being the connecting link between the Mohammedans in Jerusalem and the Mohammedans in Egypt. Richard determined to restore in all haste the fortifications which Saladin had dismantled. To set a good example, he worked, as he had previously done at Acre, upon the walls and battlements, like a common mason, and he expected every prince and noble in the army to do the same. All the men of rank, with the exception of the proud Duke of Austria, thought it no dishonour to do as the King of England did. There was an old quarrel between these two princes. During the siege of Acre, the Duke of Austria took, or only assisted in taking, one of the towers, and as soon as it was captured he planted his own banner upon it; Richard tore down that banner and cast it into the ditch. Such an affront could never be forgotten. And now, when urged by Richard for example's sake to work on the fortifications of Ascalon, the duke replied that he would not, seeing that he was the son neither of a mason nor of a carpenter. Upon this the fiery King of England used very threatening and insulting language; nay, it is even said that he struck or kicked the duke, and turned him and his vassals out of the town of Ascalon. The greatest personages, however, including bishops and abbots, as well as lay lords, continued to work as masons and carpenters; and the repairs were soon completed. Richard, acting with great military judgment, then turned his attention to the other towns which had either been dismantled by Saladin, or had not been previously fortified; and in the course of the winter and the following spring, he made the whole coast from Ascalon to Acre a chain of well fortified posts; and below Acre he rebuilt the ancient walls of Gaza. But before these works were completed, his forces were considerably diminished: his command of the sinews of war and his lavish ge-

nerosity had hitherto kept the French, and other soldiers not his subjects, together; but now his treasures were nearly exhausted. Hence arose a wonderful cooling of zeal, and rapid decline of popularity—a disposition to criticize his military skill, and a pretty general defection on the part of all except his own English and Norman subjects. Acre, too, had become a very hotbed of corruption and political intrigue. The Genoese and Pisans fought openly in the streets of that town; and the other nations or peoples were split into furious factions. The causes of disagreement were many; but the principal one was whether Guy of Lusignan or Conrad of Monferrat should be King of Jerusalem—which city and territory still remained to be taken from the Saracens. Richard and his friends supported the claim of Guy of Lusignan. The French were of course for Conrad of Monferrat; and six hundred French knights and soldiers deserted from the garrison at Ascalon to join Conrad, who had thrown himself within his strong town of Tyre.

Saladin, a rival worthy of Cœur-de-Lion, gained fresh heart from the dissensions and mad feuds of the Christians, once more condensed his forces, and bided his time for striking a decisive blow. Richard had written to the abbot of Clairvaux, the successor of St. Bernard, to entreat him to rouse the princes and people of Christendom to arms; but no reinforcements arrived; and in their stead the Lion-heart received intelligence that his brother John was undermining his throne in England, and that his late companion and brother crusader, the French king, was preparing to attack his dominions on the Continent. Hereupon he opened a negotiation for peace, declaring to Saladin, that he wanted nothing more than the possession of Jerusalem and the wood of the true Cross. To this the sultan is reported to have replied, that the blessed city of Jerusalem was as dear to the Mussulmans as to Christians, and that his conscience and the law of the prophet would not permit him to connive at idolatry or the worshipping of a piece of wood. The negotiations, however, were continued, and while they lasted not only were hostilities suspended, but the people of the two armies, as if forgetting the horrors they had committed upon one another, lived in friendly and close intercourse, mingling in the tournament and in other amusements. Indeed, throughout the war, Saladin and Richard emulated each other as much in courtesy as in military exploits. Presents were frequently exchanged: when the King of England was sick, Saladin sent him the incomparable plums of Damascus, with peaches, pears, and other fruits; and during the heats of summer he regularly forwarded to the Crusaders' camp the inestimable luxury of congealed snow, gathered from the lofty mountains in the interior. According to Vinesauf, Richard conferred on Saladin's son the honour of knighthood.

In order to reconcile the furious factions, so that they might unite again in the common cause, Richard abandoned the cause of Guy of Lusignan, recompensing him most liberally by ceding to him the rich and beautiful island of Cyprus, which he had conquered before reaching Palestine; and consented that Conrad of Monferrat should be crowned king of Jerusalem. While preparing for his coronation Conrad was murdered in the streets of Tyre by two of the Assassins, the fanatic subjects of the Old Man of the Mountain. With his dying breath he recommended his widow to the protection of the English monarch, who, after being a high-minded foe, had been a generous friend to him. Yet the French and Austrian factions immediately charged Richard with being the instigator of this murder; and the report being wafted across the seas was diligently spread in Europe by those who were intent upon ruining the magnanimous King of

England while he was absent in the Holy Land. Although his presence was so much required in England, he called upon all the Crusaders to remember the purpose for which they had taken the Cross, and he issued a proclamation affirming his fixed resolution of remaining in Palestine yet another year. By his example, his exertions, and his liberal promises, he restored something like unanimity, and at the end of May, 1192, the Crusaders once more set out on their march towards Jerusalem, under his command. The march now began on a Sabbath-day, the fighting men being to all appearance full of courage, and the poor pilgrims who followed them full of hope, for they raised their voices and said, "O Lord! Thanks be unto thee, for the time of the deliverance of the Holy City is now at hand!" The warriors had ornamented their helmets with bright cockades and flowers; the flags of the army had been renewed, and shined splendidly in the sun. When not employed in singing psalms and canticles of victory, all tongues spoke the praise of the Lion-hearted king who remained at his post when others had deserted it, and who was now assuredly leading them to a final victory. Early in June they encamped in the valley of Hebron. But here Richard received fresh messengers from England, bringing dismal accounts of plots within and armed confederacies without his dominions. We follow the most consistent, though not the most generally received account, in saying that, on this intelligence, and at the prospect of the increasing power of the Saracens (who had not only strongly fortified and garrisoned the Holy City, but had occupied all the mountain-passes leading to it, and had thrown a tremendous force between the city and his advanced posts), and of the increasing weakness and destitution of the Christian forces, to whose wants he could no longer administer, as his money was all spent, Richard now came to a stand, and turned his heart and thoughts to the West, where his crown was almost within the grasp of his brother John, and whither he was conjured to return by his still able and active mother Eleanor, and by all such of his ministers as were faithful unto him. A council was assembled at his suggestion: it was composed of five knights of the Temple, five knights of St. John, five barons of France, and five barons or Christian lords who held lands in Palestine; and it deliberated during several successive days. In the end, this council declared that, under present circumstances, it would be better to march to the south and besiege Cairo, whence Saladin drew his main supplies, than to advance and besiege Jerusalem. This decision was perhaps a wise one, but it was adopted far too late. Richard, however, pretended that he would follow it, upon which the Duke of Burgundy, who commanded the French king's forces, and who had rarely agreed with the English king in anything, wrote a satirical song reflecting in severe terms on Richard's vacillation. The Lion-heart avenged himself with the same instrument with which the offence had been given; for, being a troubadour and accustomed to the composition of verse, he took up the pen and wrote a sharp satire on the vices and foibles of the Duke of Burgundy. It should seem that Richard's production was far smarter than the duke's. But while the council of the four times five had been deliberating, Richard had struck a lucky blow which may have made the Crusaders partial critics. Being advised by some Syrians that a rich caravan from Egypt was on its way to Jerusalem, Richard took his battle-axe in his hand, collected his choicest warriors, and set out by night to intercept these grand supplies. Riding on alertly, and crossing woods and mountains by the light of the moon, he pursued his course under proper guides; and as the day began to dawn he came upon the caravan as it was halting in a valley. It was escorted and guarded

by two thousand Saracens and Arabs, all fighting men and well armed, and advantageously posted on the slopes of a mountain. But when could the Paynim ever stand against him of the Lion-heart? At the first charge they broke and fled "like timid hares pursued by greyhounds." The rich caravan was carried off with all its camels and horses and attendant slaves; and Richard returned triumphantly to the Christian camp, being followed by 4700 camels, a great number of horses, and many asses and mules, loaded in part with the most costly merchandise of the East. Richard, with his wonted liberality, distributed the booty among all the Crusaders. A great and joyous feast was given; and meat being so very scarce, many of the captured camels were killed, roasted, and eaten. Vinesauf assures us that the flesh of camels is very good and very white when fresh. The valets of the army got all the asses, upon which they rode when the retreat from the valley of Hebron was begun.

It could not be expected, however, that Richard should renounce his great enterprise without feelings of deep mortification. When a friend led him to the summit of a mountain which commanded a full view of Jerusalem, with all its domes, towers, and pinnacles, and the gilded cupola which had been raised over the sepulchre of the Redeemer, he placed his broad shield before his eyes, and with tears declared that he was not worthy to look upon the Holy City which he had failed to redeem. In this incident there is a sublime picture.

If the expedition to Egypt and the siege of Cairo had ever been seriously contemplated, it was presently seen that the scheme was impracticable; for as soon as a countermarch from the Hebron was commenced, all discipline abandoned the camp, and, after some savage quarrels and conflicts of arms among themselves, the mass of the French and Germans deserted the Standard of the Cross altogether. Richard then leisurely fell back upon Acre. The Saracens now descended from the mountains of Judæa, pouring through every pass and gorge like the headlong torrents in the winter season; and Saladin soon took the town of Jaffa or Joppa, all but the well-defended citadel, in which Cœur-de-Lion had left a manful garrison. At the first breath of this intelligence Richard ordered such troops as he had been able to keep together to march back by land, while he, with only seven small vessels, should hasten by sea to the relief of the Crusaders in the citadel. On arriving in the roadstead of Jaffa he found the beach covered with the host of the enemy; but, turning a deaf ear to the advice and fears of his companions, and shouting, "Cursed for ever be he that followeth me not," he leaped into the water which reached above his girdle. At first only three knights jumped into the sea after him; but the other knights in the ships were too high-minded to abandon their king; they soon waded to the shore after him, and this small body dispersed the Saracens, and retook the town. "No! No!" says the enthusiastic old Vinesauf, "the ancient times never witnessed such a prodigy! Saladin fled like a timid hare!" Richard, being joined by the troops which had marched by land, encamped on the plain outside of the town of Jaffa, on the very spot where Saladin had fixed his tents. But this united force, together with the garrison of the citadel, scarcely amounted to two thousand fighting men. On the third morning after the delivery of Jaffa, the Saracens came stealthily back in the hope of surprising Richard in his camp, and of retaking the town at the same time. It was hardly daylight; the Christian sentinels were asleep or incautious, and the Paynim came on with great silence and secrecy, their movements being for the most part concealed by some inequalities in the surface of the ground; but an honest Genoese who had gone forth

from the camp at the first peep of daylight caught sight of a vast moving body, rolling along the plain; and he fled to the camp, shouting, "To arms! to arms! The infidels come!" Richard leaped from his couch and huddled on his coat of mail, and clapped his casque on his head; and, without caring for any other armour or covering, he went forth to meet the Saracens, who were now coming up to the camp in swarms. Only ten war-horses could be found at hand: Richard mounted one, and nine of his barons and knights mounted the others. The King of England had nothing on him but his shirt and coat of mail, and casque, and his bold followers all mounted with naked legs and uncovered breech. "Yea," saith the chronicler, "some of them had nothing on them but their shirts." Thus accoutred, Richard formed his little army in admirable order, and although some of the Saracens had got within the camp, they were all presently repulsed with great slaughter. After this signal advantage, the Lion-heart boldly quitted the camp and drew up in order of battle on the open plain. It should seem that he formed his two thousand fighting men in one compact solid square, having his munitions and camp-followers in the midst, and that before the Paynim returned to the charge, he and his noble friends had time to dress themselves, and complete the putting on of their armour. But soon the Christian infantry was charged by seven thousand cavalry—they only stand the firmer and the closer together, presenting their long lances on every side, lance being projected above lance, for the Crusaders behind passed their spears over the shoulders of those who stood before them—the Paynim can penetrate nowhere, and after repeated attempts, and a heavy loss, they wheel round and gallop back to their main body, vowing by their prophet and their beards that they might as well assail a wall of iron or bronze. Then the Lion-heart changes his defensive square into a column of attack, and advances into the very midst of the numerous but confounded host. While he is dealing death on every side, word is brought him that a band of the enemy is breaking into Jaffa, and putting to the sword the poor pilgrims who are attempting to defend the place. "Then now for those cravens!" cries Richard, and he gallops across the plain with only two knights, and is followed only by a few crossbow-men. But his echoing name, and the sight of him, is enough! The Saracens fly at his approach, and Jaffa and the pilgrims within it are again safe. Then another touch of the sharp heavy spur, and a few bounds of the war-horse, and the Lion-heart is back on the plain where the Mussulman cavalry are enveloping his steady fantassins. The bravest of Saladin's chiefs feel the blood of their hearts turning into water. One Emir, conspicuous among all the rest by his gigantic stature, lofty green turban, and brilliant armour, adventures to rein up his horse and defy the English king;—but see! the Emir is thrown to the ground with a cloven head and a lopped limb! One blow of Richard's battle-axe has cleft his skull and lopped off his right arm at the shoulder-joint. There, on one wing of the small Christian column, the brave Earl of Leicester, with a few of his valorous companions, hath got separated from the main body and is surrounded, and must perish if there be not succour. But where Richard is, succour is never long wanting; and his voice is enough to relieve Leicester, for the Paynim retreat, and will not be made to stay to feel the weight of that battle-axe. And now where is King Richard? The Crusaders seek him in vain. He is there—far in advance of the van—he has thrown himself, almost alone, into the very centre and heart of Saladin's battalion—and, behold! his wounded war-horse, with an empty saddle and broken rein, comes bursting out from amidst that mêlée, and after a short

frantic course falls dead on the plain! Alas! the Lion-heart is killed! . . . Not he! Richard kills many, and gets many a wound himself; but when Leicester and his other most valiant friends fight their way forward into the mêlée, they find him erect and bold and vigorous as ever; standing in the midst of an open circle, carved out and kept by that battle-axe, into the head of which the best smiths in England had wrought twenty pounds of matchless steel. He was soon mounted on another horse. The Saracens retreated—but he was soon again in the midst of them, doing as he had done before. When he rode back to hurl his solid column against Saladin's centre, his steed was covered with blood and dust, and his own armour was stuck so full of arrows that it looked like a pincushion. The Saracens did not wait to be charged by the advancing column; such infantry as they had had fled long ago, and now the horse took to flight. When Saladin reproached his Emirs for having fled before a single man, one of those chiefs made answer, "No man can support the blows he deals; his impetuosity is terrible; his encounter is mortal; his actions transcend those of mortal man!" It is said, that during the heat of the battle, overpowered by a generous admiration, the Sultan's brother, seeing Richard dismounted, sent him two magnificent horses, and that on one of these Richard followed his successes till nightfall. Every champion that met him that day was killed or wounded and unhorsed. It was by deeds like these that the Cœur-de-Lion left a traditional fame behind him which grew and brightened with the progress of time, and that his name became a word of fear in the mouths of the Mussulman natives. "This tremendous name," says Gibbon, "was employed by the Syrian mothers to silence their infants; and if a horse suddenly started from the way, his rider was wont to exclaim, 'Dost thou think King Richard is in that bush?'"

As the battle of Jaffa was the most brilliant, so also was it the last fought by the Lion-heart in the Holy Land. The Duke of Burgundy had withdrawn to Tyre, and had refused to take any further part in the war. The Germans, commanded by the Duke of Austria, had quitted Palestine for Europe; and most of the Crusaders of other nations were wearied with the contest or engaged in their old jealousies and feuds. Richard's health, and the health of his great adversary Saladin, were both seriously affected; and a mutual admiration and respect appears to have forwarded a treaty which was concluded shortly after the battle of Jaffa. A truce was agreed upon for three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours. Ascalon was to be dismantled, after Richard had been reimbursed for the money it had cost him; but Jaffa and Tyre, with all the castles, and all the country on the coast lying between those two cities, were to be left to the peaceful enjoyment of the Christians. The pilgrims of the West were to have full liberty of repairing to Jerusalem at all seasons, without being subjected by the Saracens to those tolls, taxes, interruptions, and persecutions which had originally provoked the Crusades.* It is to be remarked, that nothing is said in this treaty about the restitution of the wood of the true Cross! Saladin had already given Richard his answer on that head, and it was a subject on which the Mohammedan prince was not likely to change his mind. The principal commanders of the two armies swore to observe scrupulously the conditions of the treaty: the Christians swearing on the Evangelists, the Mussulmans on the Koran. But Richard and Saladin did not swear; they merely gave their word of honour, and touched the hands of the

* Vinesauf. Charles Mill, 'Hist. of the Crusades.'

ambassadors that were severally sent to them. All the Christian princes and Mussulman lords of Syria were invited to sign the treaty, and so engaged to live on friendly terms with one another. All parties immediately prepared to avail themselves of the treaty; and since they could not enter Jerusalem as conquerors, to visit it as licensed pilgrims. The French, who had refused to take part in the battle of Jaffa and who were on the point of embarking at Acre, now declared their intention of staying yet awhile, that they too might visit the Holy Sepulchre; but Richard, indignant at their recent conduct, told them they had no claim to the benefits of a treaty which they had done nothing to procure. The rest of the army visited the hallowed spots: and Saladin nobly protected them from all injury or insult. The second body of pilgrims who arrived in Jerusalem experienced much kindness, as we know from Vinesauf, who was one of the party. The Bishop of Salisbury, who led the third body, was received with marked respect, being invited to the palace, and admitted to a long and familiar conversation with the Sultan. Saladin was greedy of fame, even from the Christians. "What say your people of your king and of me?" he inquired of the bishop. "My king," replied the prelate, "is acknowledged as one surpassing all men in valorous deeds and generous gifts: but your fame also stands high; and were you but converted from your unbelief, there would not be in the world two other such princes as Saladin and Richard."

Richard himself did not visit Jerusalem. This is attributed to a violent fever brought on by his tremendous exertions in the field of Jaffa; but it is at least probable that his proud reluctance to enter merely on sufferance that holy city which he had so vehemently hoped to conquer, had some share in this omission. He who would not look upon Jerusalem from a distance would hardly go to it as a pilgrim, there to witness the prepotency of the infidel and the prolonged triumph of the Crescent over the Cross. In the month of October, 1192, on the feast-day of St. Dionysius, Richard set sail from Acre, with his queen, his sister Joan, and the surviving bishops, earls, and knights of England, Normandy, Anjou, and Aquitaine. The next morning, as they were fading in the distance, he took a last view of the mountains of Lebanon and the hills above the Syrian shore. With outstretched arms he exclaimed, "Most holy land, I commend thee to God's keeping. May he give me life and health to return and rescue thee from the infidel!"

A storm arose and scattered the fleet. Some of the vessels were wrecked on the hostile shores of Egypt and Barbary, where crews and passengers were made slaves; others reached friendly ports, and in time returned to England. The galley in which Richard's wife and the other ladies were embarked reached Sicily in safety. It is not very clear why Richard sailed in another vessel, or why he ran into the Adriatic Sea instead of running down the Mediterranean to the friendly coast of Spain. After escaping capture by the Greeks, who were among his numerous enemies, he landed with a slight attendance at Zara on the coast of Dalmatia. He hired one of the light galleys of the country; and he had put on the humble weeds of a pilgrim, hoping that his dress, with his beard and hair which he had suffered to grow long, would enable him to cross the continent of Europe without being discovered. His suite consisted of Baldwyn de Bethune, a priest, Anselm the chaplain, and a few Templars. Rowing across the Adriatic, he landed between Venice and Aquileia. From this coast he and his companions, crossing the Friuli mountains, proceeded inland to Goritz, a principal town of Carinthia. Maynard, the governor of this town, was a near relation to Conrad of

Monferrat. Richard sent a page to Maynard to ask for a pass for Baldwyn of Bethune and Hugh the merchant, pilgrims returning from Jerusalem. To forward the request the young man presented a very valuable ring. The governor, much struck with the beauty and value of the ruby, exclaimed, "This is the present of a prince, not of a merchant! Thy master's name is not Hugh, but King Richard; tell him, from me, that he may come and go in peace." The king was alarmed at this discovery, and having purchased some horses, he fled by night. Baldwyn de Bethune and seven others who remained behind were arrested by Maynard. The fugitives rode on without molestation till they reached Freisach, in the territory of Salzburg, where Richard was recognised by a Norman knight, in the service of Count Frederick of Beteson, another near relation of the late Conrad. A large reward had been offered for the apprehension of the disguised king; but the Norman knight, instead of trying to seize him, warned him of his danger, and presented him with a swift horse. Richard escaped with one knight and a boy who could speak the language of the country. The rest of his party were taken and thrown into prison. After travelling three days and three nights without entering a house, he was compelled by hunger and sickness to enter Erperg, a village close to Vienna. His ignorance of the country must have been the cause of his lighting on a spot which, of all others, he ought most carefully to have avoided. Though sensible of his danger, he was too faint to renew his flight. He sent the boy to the market-place of Vienna, to purchase provisions and a few comforts. The little page was dressed in costly clothes, and had what in that poor country was considered a great deal of money in his purse. These things excited attention, but the young messenger eluded inquiry by saying that his master was a very rich merchant, who would soon make his appearance at Vienna. The boy was again sent into the town to make purchases. It appears that he had returned thither for the same purpose several times, when one day some burghers saw stuck in his girdle a pair of such rich gloves as were not worn save by kings and princes. The poor lad was presently seized and scourged, and then, on being threatened with torture and the cutting out of his tongue, he confessed the truth and revealed the retreat of the king. A band of Austrian soldiers surrounded the house where the sick Richard lay buried in a deep sleep. Taken by surprise and surrounded as he was, and sick and faint as he was, the Lion-heart clutched his sword, and refused to surrender to any but their chief. That chief soon appeared in the person of his deadliest enemy—Leopold, Duke of Austria.

"You are fortunate," said the duke with a triumphant smile, as he received the sword which had so often made him quail in Palestine, "and you ought to consider us rather as friends and deliverers than as enemies; for, by the Lord, if you had fallen into the hands of the Marquis Conrad's friends, who are hunting for you everywhere, you had been but a dead man though you had had a thousand lives." The duke then committed the king to the castle of Tiernsteign, which belonged to one of his barons named Hadmar of Curing. The reigning emperor Henry, who is described by an old historian as "a beggar of a prince, ferocious and avaricious," hated Cœur-de-Lion almost as much as Leopold of Austria did; and, well knowing that there was ransom to be gotten, he claimed the royal prisoner, saying, "A duke must not presume to imprison a king—that belongs to an emperor." The Austrian duke would not resign his prisoner without a reservation of his own claims, and a promise of a large sum of money from the emperor. The disgraceful sale and transfer took place during the holy feast of Easter,

1193, after which, it appears that, even in Germany, Richard was entirely lost sight of for some time, men knowing not where he was confined.

We are sorry to be forced to reject a touching and beautiful legend; but leaving Blondel, Richard's faithful troubadour minstrel, in the congenial hands of the poets (not forbidding painters to treat it), we fear that in historical soberness the first discovery of Richard's imprisonment must be attributed not to Blondel and his harp and voice, but to a letter written by the emperor Henry, to Philip of France. In this letter, which it suited the purposes of Philip to make public, or which he could not conceal, Henry said that the enemy of the Empire and the disturber of France was loaded with chains, and safely lodged in one of his castles of the Tyrol, where trusty guards watched over him day and night, with drawn swords. The discovery shocked and disgusted all Europe. The pope at once excommunicated Leopold, the Austrian duke, and threatened the emperor with the same sentence, unless he immediately liberated Richard. In the meantime the Lion-heart, though irritated by the indignities he suffered, and at times depressed by the idea that his subjects had forgotten and abandoned him, bore his lot right manfully. His sanguine and jovial spirit saved him from any long fits of despair or despondency. He wiled away the weary hours by singing or composing troubadour verses, and when tired of such occupation, he caroused with his keepers, who seem to have been about equally delighted with his music, his facetiousness, and his wonderful powers of drinking. Borne down by the weight of European opinion, and the authority of the Church, the emperor was at length obliged to relax his hold. Yet Richard did not obtain his liberty until the month of February, 1194, and until an enormous ransom had been paid by his English subjects for him, so that England, "from sea to sea, was reduced to the utmost distress."

Our next royal Crusader was Prince Edward the Long-Shanked. On the conclusion of the last war between his father, Henry III., and the English barons, Prince Edward, the heir to the throne, together with his cousin Henry, took the cross. Ottoboni, the pope's legate, who had been very instrumental in bringing about the blessed peace, had earnestly recommended this Crusade; and Louis IX. of France, who was soon to be called St. Louis, had already departed a second time for the East. As soon as Prince Edward and his cousin had taken the cross, one hundred and fifty English lords and knights followed their example. Edward departed with his beautiful and magnanimous wife Eleanor of Castile, his cousin, and the choicest chivalry of England, in the month of July, 1270. This was called the Seventh Great Crusade.

When Prince Edward reached the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, he found that the French king, instead of sailing direct for Syria and Palestine, had turned aside to attack the Mussulman king or Bey of Tunis. Louis landed on that burning and swampy African shore in the midst of summer, and took the camp and the town of Carthage, which was but a shrunken and degraded ruin compared with the stupendous city which Scipio and his Romans had destroyed. But the excessive heat of the climate, the want of provisions and even of wholesome water, and the pestilential vapours from bogs and swamps, soon caused dreadful maladies among the French host. The saintly king himself was attacked by a fatal dysentery, and he laid himself down to die among the ruins and fragments of ancient Carthage. The superstition of this pure and excellent man was the quality of the age in which he lived, and was not in itself a fault to be despised; but the better part of his devotion, his sympathy for others, his resignation and magna-

nimity, were sublime, and will have a claim to reverence in all ages. So long as he could act he encountered every toil and task, and submitted to every privation, in order to alleviate the sufferings of his poorest followers, who were dying round him by hundreds a day. When he could no longer move, and when he was himself suffering agonies, he unceasingly occupied his mind in devising means for mitigating the pains of others: with his dying breath he endeavoured to reanimate the courage of his family and officers, who were all weeping about his bed. "My friends," said he, "do not grieve for me. It is natural that I, as your chief, should march off first. You must all follow me in time; keep yourselves ready for the great journey."*

When Prince Edward arrived at Carthage he found that Louis was dead, and that more than half of his army had perished. The survivors had, however, made advantageous terms with the Bey of Tunis, and showed little inclination to quit that country and encounter fresh dangers in Palestine. The English recrossed the Mediterranean to Sicily. But Edward would not renounce his project. He passed the winter at Trapani, vowing that though all his soldiers should desert him, he would go to Acre attended only by Fowen his groom. Early in the following spring he set sail from Sicily, and he soon landed at Acre, which was now almost the only residue of the Crusaders' conquests in the East. His force did not exceed a thousand or at the most twelve hundred men; but this force included one hundred and fifty brave barons and knights; the Knights Templars and the Knights of St. John gave it the hand of welcome, vowing to conquer or die with it: the fame of Richard Cœur-de-Lion was still bright on those shores; and, while the Mohammedans trembled, the scattered Christians gathered round the standard of the successor of the Lion-heart, to whom Edward was scarcely inferior in physical strength and courage, while he was his superior in policy and coolness. Bondocar, the Sultan of Babylon, who was ravaging the country, and preparing to take that city by assault, immediately retreated from the vicinity of Acre, and crossing the desert, went into Egypt. Edward advanced towards Jerusalem, assaulted Nazareth, and took it by storm. Eighty years had elapsed since Richard's massacre at Acre, and nearly two hundred since the first capture of Jerusalem by the Christians of the West; but the Crusaders had made little progress in humanity in all these years, and the slaughter committed on the Moslems, under the eye of Prince Edward, at Nazareth, was only less atrocious than the butchery at Jerusalem, because the scene was more confined, and the place had fewer Turkish inhabitants. The rage of the Christians was the greater because Bondocar had recently destroyed a church consecrated to the Virgin Mary, and said to stand over the very spot where she had given birth to the Redeemer. But this provocation was not pleaded as an excuse, no excuse or palliation being considered necessary. It was still held praiseworthy and glorious to offer to the Paynim no other alternative than immediate baptism or instant death. Shortly after the reduction of Nazareth, the prince and many of the English with him were attacked with sickness. The common soldiers died very fast, their malady, according to an old Venetian chronicler, being caused by their having eaten excessively of the fruits and honey of the Holy Land. They all returned to Acre, where they lingered some fifteen months, doing nothing that tended to the recovering of the holy city. The first enthusiasm among the Latin Christians at his arrival had subsided upon discovering that Edward had very little money, and received no reinforcements. He had never been able to collect more

* Le Sire de Joinville.

than seven thousand fighting men, and this mixed force could not be kept together for any length of time unless he charged himself with their entire support and pay. This Edward would willingly have done, but the long baronial wars had impoverished the crown, and his father Henry, though very devout, was very poor. The English chivalry distinguished itself by many feats of arms, and revived the glory of the national name; but, after all, the only other solid advantages obtained, were the capture of two castles, and the surprise and partial plunder of a rich caravan. The Mohammedans were not strong enough or bold enough to attack Acre. This place, indeed, was materially strengthened; and it was chiefly through Edward's exertions and liberality that it was enabled to defy the Paynim for twenty years longer, when the Mamelukes of Egypt took Acre, and drove the Crusaders and their descendants from every part of Palestine. But the Saracens filled the neighbouring country with their irregular forces, and Edward, on his side, remained always too weak to attempt any extensive operations in the field. His presence at Acre, however, both annoyed and distressed the enemy, and an attempt was made to get rid of him by assassination. The Emir of Jaffa suddenly pretended that the light of truth had broken in upon him, and that he was thinking seriously of embracing the Christian faith. He opened a correspondence with the English prince, and gradually gained his confidence; he sent many letters and presents to Acre, till his messengers were allowed to pass and repass without challenge, examination, or suspicion. On the Friday of Whitsun week, about the hour of vespers, as Edward was reclining on a couch, with nothing on him but a loose robe, the Emir's messenger made his usual salaam at the door of his apartment: he was admitted; and as he knelt and presented a letter with one hand, he drew a concealed dagger with the other, and aimed a blow at the prince's heart. Edward, though wounded, caught the murderer in his iron grasp, threw him to the ground, and despatched him with his own weapon. The prince's wound was not deep, but the dagger had been smeared with poison: when he had learnt this fact he made his will, and gave himself up as lost. The English soldiers would have taken a horrid vengeance upon the poor Turks in their power, but he restrained their fury, and made them reflect on what might befall the helpless Christian pilgrims then at Jerusalem. Fortunately there was at Acre an English surgeon with skill and nerve enough to pare away the sides of the wound; and the grand master of the Templars sent some precious drugs to stop the progress of the venom. The piety, the affectionate attentions of his loving wife Eleanor, may have contributed very effectually to his cure, but there is no good ground for believing that she sucked the poison from her husband's wound. It would, however, have been very possible for her to do so, without the least danger to herself, for the poisons which are fatal or highly dangerous when introduced into the flesh and veins, are innocuous when introduced into the stomach; while those which are fatal to the stomach are innocuous if introduced into the blood. But, no doubt, these facts were unknown, or known only to a very few, at the time of the Crusades. The story of Eleanor's sucking the wound is not mentioned by any contemporary writer, or indeed by any writer living near the time: it seems to be of Spanish origin, and to have been first invented a century or two after Eleanor's death.

In whatsoever manner he was cured, Prince Edward was soon able to mount his war-horse and to re-appear among his companions in arms. But the deficiency of his means obliged him to turn a willing ear to the propositions of the Sultan for another long truce. His father, the old King Henry, had already implored him

to return to England that he might give him his blessing before he died, and see him in a condition to secure the throne of his ancestors. Other letters now arrived saying that if he did not make haste to return he would never see his father alive." The Sultan at the same time was so embarrassed by revolts and wars in the interior of his country, as to have little time to spare for the prosecution of hostilities on the Syrian coast; and being, therefore, sincere in his proposals, a truce for ten years was concluded, and Edward, almost immediately, sailed for Sicily. At Trapani he received an earnest invitation from his old companion and steadfast friend Theobald, Archdeacon of Liege, who had been with him in Palestine, but who had been recalled to be Pope Gregory X., to visit him and spend some time with him at Rome. Crossing the Strait of Messina, Edward and his retinue began to travel by land to the Eternal City. At a mountain village in Calabria he met messengers who brought him the news that the King, his father, was dead. By the month of February, 1273, Edward was at Rome; but his friend the Pope being absent, he spent only two days in visiting the churches of that city, and then turned aside at Civita Vecchia, where Gregory X. received him with honour and affection. When he left the pontiff he journeyed slowly through Italy, being received in triumph at every town. The Milanese presented him with some fine horses and purple mantles. His exploits in Palestine, limited as they had been, had gained him the reputation of being the foremost champion of the cross; the dangerous wound he had received (if he had died of it he would have been enrolled among saints and martyrs) created an additional sympathy in his favour; and, as if people knew he would be the last King to embark in the Crusades, he was hailed with extraordinary enthusiasm. It was the bright broad flash of the flame about to sink in the socket. In a few years more the passion for the Crusades, which had animated all Europe for more than two centuries, was utterly extinct. While it lasted it gave birth to some of the most picturesque incidents and romantic exploits that are anywhere upon record. This is not the place to examine the various and important effects brought about in Europe either directly or indirectly by the Crusades: we need merely say that it was honourable and advantageous to the national character for England to have so great a share of the glory that was acquired in these holy wars; and that these exploits are on no account to be excluded from our Valhalla.





[The Hock Cart.]

THE YEAR OF THE POETS.—No. XIV.

HARVEST.

The glad harvest-time has not been neglected by the Poets. Thomson takes us into "the ripened field" with his solemn cadences:—

"Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripened field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk.
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandman! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The literal handful. Think, oh think!
How good the God of harvest is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give."

THOMSON.

The prosaic character of the field-work is somewhat changed when we hear the song of Wordsworth's solitary reaper:—

"Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!

Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers, in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands:
Such thrilling voice was never heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whatever the theme the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened—motionless and still;
And when I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more."

WORDSWORTH.

But all the practical poetry of Harvest-Home belongs to a past time. Will it ever come again as Herrick has described it?

"Come, sons of summer, by whose toil
We are the lords of wine and oil;
By whose tough labours and rough hands
We rip up first, then reap our lands.
Crown'd with the ears of corn, now come,
And to the pipe sing harvest home.
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Drest up with all the country art.

See, here a maukin, there a sheet,
 As spotless pure as it is sweet;
 The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
 Clad all in linen white as lilies.
 The harvest-swains and wenches bound
 For joy, to see the hock-cart crown'd.
 About the cart hear how the rout
 Of rural younglings raise the shout,
 Pressing before, some coming after,
 Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
 Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
 Some prank them up with oaken leaves;
 Some cross the fill-horse, some with great
 Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat;
 While other rustics, less attent
 To prayers than to merriment,
 Run after with their breeches rent.
 Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
 Glitt'ring with fire, where, for your mirth,
 Ye shall see first the large and chief
 Foundation of your feast, fat beef;
 With upper stories, mutton, veal,
 And bacon, which makes full the meal,
 With sev'ral dishes standing by,
 As, here a custard, there a pie,
 And here all-tempting frumentie.
 And for to make the merry cheer,
 If smirking wine be wanting here,
 There's that which drowns all care, stout beer;
 Which freely drink to your lord's health,
 Then to the plough, the commonwealth,
 Next to your flails, your fanes, your fatts;
 Then to the maids with wheaten hats;
 To the rough sickle, and the crook'd scythe,
 Drink, frolic, boys, till all be blythe.
 Feed and grow fat, and as ye eat,
 Be mindful that the lab'ring neat,
 As you, may have their full of meat;
 And know, besides, ye must revoke
 The patient ox unto the yoke,
 And all go back unto the plough
 And harrow, though they're hang'd up now.
 And, you must know, your lord's word's true,
 Feed him ye must, whose food fills you.
 And that this pleasure is like rain,
 Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
 But for to make it spring again."

HERRICK.

We want the spirit of brotherhood—not the spirit of game-preserving and poaching—to bring back the English country-life which gladdened the hearts of the old poets:

"Sweet country life, to such unknown,
 Whose lives are others', not their own;
 But serving courts and cities, be
 Less happy, less enjoying thee.
 Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
 To seek and bring rough pepper home;
 Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
 To bring from thence the scorched clove;
 Nor, with the loss of thy lov'd rest,
 Bring'st home the ingot from the west:
 No, thy ambition's master-piece
 Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
 Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
 All scores, and so to end the year:
 But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
 Not envying others' larger grounds;
 For well thou know'st 'tis not the extent
 Of land makes life, but sweet content.
 When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
 Calls forth the lily-wristed morn:
 Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
 Which, though well soil'd, yet thou dost know,
 That the best compost for the lands
 Is the wise master's feet and hands:
 There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
 With a hind whistling there to them;
 And cheer'st them up, by singing how
 The kingdom's portion is the plough:

This done, then to th' enarvel'd meads
 Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
 Thou seest a present God-like power
 Imprinted in each herb and flower;
 And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd kine,
 Sweet as the blossoms of the vine:
 Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat
 Unto the dew-laps up in meat;
 And as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
 The heifer, cow, and ox draw near,
 To make a pleasing pastime there;
 These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
 Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
 And find'st their bellies there as full
 Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool;
 And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
 A shepherd piping on a hill.
 For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
 Thou hast thy eves and holidays;
 On which the young men and maids meet
 To exercise their dancing feet.
 Tripping the homely country round,
 With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
 Thy wakes, thy quintils, here thou hast.
 Thy May-poles too with garlands grac'd,
 Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale,
 Thy shearing-feast, which never fail,
 Thy harvest home, thy wassail bowl,
 That's toss'd up after Fox i' th' hole,
 Thy mummeries, thy twelve-tide kings
 And queens, thy Christmas revellings,
 Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
 Afid no man pays too dear for it:
 To these thou hast thy times to go
 And trace the hare i' th' treacherous snow;
 Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
 The lark into the trammel net;
 Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade,
 To take the precious pheasant made:
 Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pitfalls then
 To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
 O happy life! if that their good
 Their husbandmen but understood;
 Who all the day themselves do please,
 And younglings, with such sports as these;
 And, lying down, have nought t' afright
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night."

HERRICK.

The last poet who has described Harvest-Home was Bloomfield, the "Farmer's Boy." Even this solitary festival belongs, we fear, to the things that were before the flood. Our farmers give harvest-drink; they withhold their sympathy and friendship:—

"Here once a year Distinction lowers her crest;
 The master, servant, and the merry guest,
 Are equal, all; and round the happy ring
 The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,
 And warm'd with gratitude he quits his place,
 With sunburnt hands, and ale-enliven'd face,
 Refills the jug his honoured host to tend,
 To serve at once the master and the friend;
 Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,
 His nuts, his conversation, and his ale."

BLOOMFIELD.

ENLARGEMENT OF OBJECTS.

(From the 'Penny Cyclopædia Supplement'.)

THE mind forms a judgment of the apparent magnitudes of visible objects chiefly from the angles subtended at the eye by their principal linear dimensions; but many circumstances render that judgment erroneous, and create illusions respecting apparent magnitude of which it is important to be aware.

When objects are near a spectator, the forms and colours of their parts usually afford distinct perceptions of them; and since, in proportion as the objects are more remote, the quantity of light reflected from them

to the eye diminishes, the perceptions both of outline and colour diminish in intensity. Hence, indistinctness of form and colour being in the mind associated with remoteness, when from any cause an object appears indistinct, and at the same time to subtend at the eye an angle equal to that under which it is usually seen at a given distance, the imagined remoteness gives rise to a perception of increased magnitude. It is thus that a well-known object, as a man, seen by night or through a fog, appears to be much greater than it would be if seen at an equal distance by daylight or in an atmosphere free from vapour. For a like reason, the image of a familiar object, as a man in dull-coloured clothing, when seen at a distance against a bright sky, seems greater than in other circumstances it would be at an equal distance; for the sensibility of the eye being diminished by the surrounding brightness, the object is obscurely seen.

The parts of space about a spectator extending indefinitely in every direction from the surface of the earth, and the human eye being incapable of appreciating differences between the distances of objects when those distances become great, it follows that, like as a long straight wall seen at a small distance from its front appears to be a circular arc, the figure of the sky must be, apparently, a portion of the concave surface of a sphere. Now, a series of objects beyond one another give indications of distance, and thus a spectator may obtain on looking along nearly level ground towards the horizon; while the absence of intermediate objects between him and the part of the heavens above his head, whether the sky be unclouded or completely overcast, will lead him to imagine that the summit of the celestial vault is comparatively near him. Thus the apparent figure of the vault is a segment less than a hemisphere; the ratio of the vertical height to the semidiameter of the base being about as 1 to 3 or 4. It follows, that a plane imagined to touch the surface of the visible heavens near the horizon would make with the latter an acute angle; and, if we form our estimate of the magnitudes of the sun and moon, or of the distances between stars, by their projections upon the face of the sky, it is evident that the projected disks or spaces will appear greater near the horizon than near the zenith, particularly in directions tending towards the zenith. This is conceived to be, in part, the cause of the apparent enlargement of the sun and moon, and of the distances between stars when viewed near the horizon, and the illusion is strengthened by the false judgment which is made of magnitude on account of the perception of a great distance horizontally. Some part of the effect, moreover, may be due to the diminution of the brightness of the celestial bodies on account of the light lost by the rays passing through the denser part of the atmosphere and the vapours in the horizon; small stars should, however, be laid on this circumstance, since, on looking at the sun or moon in the horizon through a tube which allows nothing but the celestial body to be seen, the illusion vanishes, though the diminution of tint remains. The apparent magnitudes in the horizon, when measured by a micrometer, are rather less than they are when observed near the zenith.

The visible magnitudes of luminous objects, as the sun, the moon, or the planets, are probably at all times greater than the geometrical magnitudes, on account of the imperfection of the eye: if a spectator who is very short-sighted look at the full moon, he will observe that the visible image is made up of a great number of moons surrounding, and partly overlaying one which appears to be in the centre, so that the diameter of the compounded image is more than double the simple diameter of the moon. A single image of the moon is apparently restored when such spectator

places before the eye a concave lens of a certain curvature; but an enlargement of the disk still exists to a certain degree, probably, even for those eyes which are considered as in the most natural state.

An apparent diminution of the magnitudes of objects with which we are familiar takes place when they are seen in situations which lead us to consider them as nearer to us than they really are, and this may be exemplified by what is known to occur when men, horses, &c. in a street are seen from the top of a high building, or when a man standing on a high building is seen from the ground. The error of judgment may be rectified by frequently viewing such objects in the like circumstances, for it will at length be found that they appear in such situations as large as when viewed at equal distances on level ground.

Savings Banks.—The capital invested in 1842, in the Savings Banks in the United Kingdom, amounted to twenty-three millions six hundred and ninety-three thousand pounds. This capital was the property of eight hundred and seventy-four thousand seven hundred and fifteen depositors. Of this number only about one in fifteen held deposits above one hundred pounds. There are thus above a million (1,061,361) of people (including the fundholders under one hundred pounds, with the depositors in the Savings Banks) who cannot be pronounced *rich* in the common sense of the word, but who have what is commonly called "a stake in the country." But there are even additions still to be made to the large number who have *monied* capital invested in public securities. The capital of Friendly Societies deposited in Savings Banks amounts to one million one hundred and twenty-one thousand pounds; there are besides nearly four hundred Friendly Societies whose investments amount to nearly one million five hundred thousand pounds, and who have a direct account with the National Debt Commissioners; and thus, probably, half a million people, members of Friendly Societies, in addition to the million of small fundholders and other Savings Banks depositors, have "a stake in the country." A stake in the country! Who has not a stake in the country? The humblest man who has shelter, and clothes, and food for a single day, has a stake in the country; because the *stakes*, the "plants," of other men ensure that he shall have food and clothes and shelter the next day;—that if misfortune happen, he shall be maintained; and that, besides this indirect interest in the stakes of others, he may obtain by industry a positive stake himself—become a capitalist, and learn then, that labour and capital are *not* natural enemies, but the real partners in the production of riches and happiness.—*Capital and Labour, new edition, in Knight's Weekly Volume.*

Native Marriages in Australia.—Wives are considered the absolute property of the husband, and can be given away, or exchanged, or lent, according to his caprice. A husband is denominated in the Adelaide dialect, *Yongarra*, *Martanya* (the owner or proprietor of a wife). Female children are betrothed usually from early infancy, and such arrangements are usually adhered to; still in many cases circumstances occur frequently to cause an alteration; but if not, the girls generally go to live with their husbands about the age of twelve, and sometimes even earlier. Relatives nearer than cousins are not allowed to marry. Female orphans belong to the nearest male relative, as also does a widow, instead of to the nearest male relative of the husband, as was found to be the case in Western Australia by Captain Grey. Two or three months generally elapse before the widow goes to another husband; but if the wife dies, the man takes another as soon as he can get one. If a woman having young children, join another tribe, the children go with her; but I am not aware whether they would remain permanently attached to that tribe or not. Brothers often barter their sisters for wives for themselves, but it can only be done with the parents' consent, or after their death. If a wife be stolen, war is always continued until she is given up, or another female in her place. There is no ceremony connected with the undertaking of marriage. In those cases where I have witnessed the giving away of a wife, the woman was simply ordered by the nearest male relative in whose disposal she was, to take up her "rocko," the bag in which a female carries the effects of her husband, and go to the man's camp to whom she had been given.—*E. J. Eyre's Expeditions into Central Australia.*



[Abingdon.]

ABINGDON.

QUIET, clean, and dull is Abingdon now, like many another old town whose small manufacturing trade has departed, leaving it dependent on agriculture for what business is done in it. On market-days it wakes a little from its somnolent condition, and lately it was roused almost into a bustle by the unwonted and nearly unremembered circumstance of a contested election. That was soon over, however, and it at once relapsed into its usual drowsiness. So much so, indeed, that the subsequent visit of its member for the purpose of giving a dinner to the electors did not disturb it. We happened to be there then, and witnessed the apathy of the uninvited. Four gaping rustics represented the mob assembled outside the place of meeting on that occasion. We counted them, and vouch for the accuracy of the numeration.

Abingdon is not a place a stranger would long to settle down in for life, yet something of interest might be found in it for a day or two. Its situation is not striking, nor is the neighbourhood of it remarkable for its beauty, yet both are pleasant—standing near the junction of the Ock with the Thames, where the Thames is not the most picturesque, it yet possesses some agreeable features, and some diversity of scenery. Once it was a place of considerable importance. A manuscript in the Cottonian library, quoted in Dugdale's *Monasticon*, describes it as being anciently a large and wealthy city, where was the royal residence of the Mercian kings; and whither people resorted to assist at the great councils of the nation. Long previous to the introduction of Christianity it was, if we may trust the same authority, a British station.

As its subsequent fame was long owing to the connection of the monastery with it, we notice its foundation. In the reign of Kentwin, King of the West Saxons, who died in 686, Cissa, one of his viceroys, or his nephew Heane, or both jointly, founded a monastery in honour of the Virgin Mary, for twelve monks of the Benedictine order, Heane being made their first abbot. The site of the monastery was, it is said, a hill called Abendune, near Bayworth, in the adjoining parish of Sunningwell. After the death of Kentwin, Kentwin's son and successor, not only confirmed to Heane and his monks the grant of their monastery, but gave to them the town of Seovechesham, with

all its appendages—a right royal gift. And he was further pleased to command that the town should henceforth be called Abendon, after the place whereon the abbey then stood. This is the statement of a monkish writer of the thirteenth century, but it is probably, in part at least, fabulous. The name most likely arose, as Camden suggests, from its connection with the abbey: Abendon signifying the abbey-town. During the reign of Ethelwulf, the brother and predecessor of the great Alfred, and in the early part of Alfred's own reign, the Danes overran and ravaged the larger part of Berkshire. The monastery of Abingdon was destroyed by them, but it was Alfred himself who completed the ruin of the poor monks, by taking from them their town and all their estates, as a punishment for not having resisted the enemy with sufficient zeal. His grandson Edred, however, restored their possessions to them, and laid the first stone of a new monastery, the erection of which was carried on by St. Ethelwold, the abbot (for Abingdon can boast of at least one saint), and completed by Ordgar, his successor. The munificence of subsequent benefactors raised it to the foremost rank of the monastic institutions of the kingdom, both in honour and wealth. It was made one of the mitred abbeys, and at the suppression of the monasteries its annual income was about two thousand pounds. Leland, whose survey was, it will be recollected, made soon after the dissolution, describes the monastery as a magnificent pile of buildings; and Camden speaks of the ruins as exhibiting, in his time, evident marks of its former grandeur. Besides what we have mentioned there does not appear to have been much of importance in its history. In 1326 it was plundered by the townsmen in a tumult. Holinshed states that Engelwinus, bishop of Durham, was imprisoned in the abbey, and, finally, starved to death there, in 1073. According to Godwin, Geoffrey of Monmouth, the chronicler, was some time abbot of Abingdon, where he was buried. St. Edward, king and martyr, is also said to have been interred at Abingdon. William the Conqueror spent his Easter at Abingdon in 1084, and at his departure left his younger son to be educated at the convent. That the monks did their duty by him appears evident from the fame he acquired by his learning, so unusual in a prince then, that he was called Beauclerc on account of it. When Heane became abbot of the original monastery, his sister established a

nunnery here, but it was afterwards removed to Witham, in this county. Very little remains of the abbey now. The abbey church is quite gone; some of the rooms belonging to the monastery are in existence,—one of them has an ancient fire-place, with slender pillars on each side, of the time of Henry III. Besides these, the gateway represented in our engraving is the only portion left. It is a graceful structure, though in very indifferent preservation. It is now used as a police station.

From the breaking out of the great civil war Abingdon played a somewhat important part in the contest. Both parties attached importance to the possession of it, and in the large collection of pamphlets in the British Museum belonging to this period are several relating to Abingdon. Charles at the outset established the head-quarters of his horse at Abingdon, and in the early part of 1644 carried his queen there. In that year it was taken by the army of the Parliament: the Royalists made several attempts to retake it

—its proximity to Oxford making it most desirable to dispossess the Commonwealth soldiers of it, if possible—but their efforts were unsuccessful, although Rupert himself commanded one attack upon it. Waller's army plundered the town and greatly injured its buildings, and entirely destroyed its fine old cross.

Now the most noticeable edifices it contains are its two churches—though there are some others worth looking at. The oldest church is the smaller of the two; it stands near the abbey gate, and is dedicated to St. Nicholas. Its erection has been attributed to Abbot Nicholas de Colchan, about the year 1300; but it is probable he only rebuilt and altered it, as parts of it are evidently of an older date. The lower part is Norman, and there are traces of Norman arches where others of a somewhat later period have been inserted in their places. It is a plain church, and presents no very remarkable feature either externally or internally, though it would repay the attention of the architectural antiquary. In one of the windows are the arms of



[St. Nicholas Church, Abingdon.]

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York; there are also a few monuments, but none of interest. St. Helen's church, near the river, is a much larger structure, and has been a very handsome one. It consists of a spacious chancel and nave, with two aisles on each side, and has a lofty and elegant spire. It is of the early part of the fourteenth to the end of the fifteenth centuries, and has some large and noble windows, but some have been altered and others blocked up. Few churches perhaps have undergone more disfiguration, especially in the interior, than this. Galleries have been erected and additions made, without any regard to the original design. The whole of the body of the church has been filled with very tall and very ugly pews. Windows have been in various places stopped up—the splendid east window, for instance, to accommodate a "classic" altarpiece. The old Gothic pillars have been decorated with a gay colouring, to make them resemble house-painters' marble, and almost every imaginable kind of finery has been substituted for the solemn grandeur of the original. It would be useless therefore to attempt to describe the interior; we shall only mention that, besides the arches and main parts of the edifice, much tracery that can be made out in spite of the whitewash, and some fragments of the roof uncovered by plaster, are left worthy of notice. In the Lady's aisle, or chancel of our Lady, as it is called, is a portion of a very beautiful carved wooden roof, having in its panels figures of prophets, saints, &c. painted, with their names under them, and having richly carved canopies over their heads.

Tradition says it is a fragment of the old abbey roof, but that is not probable, as it appears to have been constructed for its present situation. In a gallery in this aisle is a portrait of Mr. Wm. Lee, accompanied by a genealogical tree, and an inscription which states that he died in 1637, "having been fifty-three years one of the principal burgesses, and five times mayor of Abingdon, and had in his lifetime issue from his loins two hundred lacking but three." It must be admitted that this is a goodly progeny for a man to see, but it is quite insignificant in comparison of that of Lady Temple, who, according to Dr. Plot, "before she died saw seven hundred descended from her!" In the north aisle there is a showy monument by Hickey, erected pursuant to the will of a Mrs. Hawkins, who at her death, in 1780, left 400*l.* for the purpose. It contains a full length statue of herself, together with busts of her father, mother, and sister, and also of the Rev. Walter Hart (author of 'The Life of Gustavus Adolphus,' and vice-principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxon), who died in 1768, on the eve of their intended marriage. She bequeathed money for preaching four annual sermons, on stated days, one of them being the anniversary of his death. She also left a handsome sum to local charities. Another monument has a pair of scales hung over it—being those with which the bread the person to whom it was erected left to be distributed to the poor at certain seasons, is weighed out to them.

Abingdon indeed appears to have ever had an unusually charitable population, and some of the most

prominent, if not the handsomest, of its buildings are appropriated to the use of the decayed inhabitants. At a very early period a brotherhood was established here, who, having erected a cross in the church of St. Helen, called themselves the Brethren of the Holy Cross. As early as 1389 they maintained a priest, and had two proctors chosen annually to manage their affairs, and it was mainly by their efforts that the two bridges of Burford and Culhamford were constructed, to the great advantage of the town. They were incorporated by royal charter in 1442, and empowered to possess lands to the annual value of 40*l.* for the purpose of keeping the roads between Dorchester and Abingdon in repair; and for the maintenance of thirteen poor men and women, and a chaplain to officiate in the church of St. Helen's. Seven commissioners were appointed to the oversight of the fraternity, of whom Thomas Chaucer, the son of the poet, was one. It was about this time that they erected the beautiful cross which formerly stood in the market-place, and which Sir Edward Walker, in his 'Historical Discourses,' calls "the greatest ornament of the place, being a goodly piece for beauty and antiquity." Richard Symons, an officer in the army of Charles I., describes it as octagonal, and adorned with three rows of statues of kings, saints, and bishops. He was at Abingdon in May, 1644, soon after which the soldiers of Waller, on taking possession of the town, sawed down the cross. The more famous cross at Coventry is said to have been imitated from this. The only relic left of it is the representation of it painted on the east end of Christ's Hospital. To return to our "brethren." In 1457 they appointed two priests, at a salary of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* each: one of them was called the "rood priest," his duty being to pray for benefactors to the rood; and the other the "bridge priest," it being his duty to pray for the benefactors to the bridges and roads. At this time it was the custom of the fraternity "to give a very bountiful feast," providing plenty of victuals, twelve priests to sing a dirge, twelve minstrels to make the company merry, together with solemn processions, pageants, plays, May games, &c. But the feast was not quite *given*, for "those who sat at dinner paid one rate, and those that for want of room did stand, another." The guild was dissolved along with the other religious establishments in the reign of Henry VIII.; but Edward VI., at the request of Sir John Mason, a native of the town, and a great benefactor to it, granted a new charter in 1553 to some of the principal inhabitants incorporating them by the name of the governors of Christ's Hospital. There have been many changes in it since then, but it will suffice to mention its present state. In the old hospital there are fourteen poor persons maintained; and in a new building erected out of the hospital funds in 1718 eighteen persons are maintained, but their privileges are somewhat inferior to those on the old foundation. The old building is a curious brick and timber structure, with cloisters; on the front of it are several rude paintings of figures and allegorical devices, with inscriptions enforcing the duty of alms-giving. Both these buildings are in St. Helen's church-yard, where also are two others devoted to the same purpose. In one of them, also rebuilt out of the funds of Christ's Hospital, six poor men and their wives are supported; and in the other, founded in 1707, by Mr. Twisty, who gave 1700*l.* to build and endow an almshouse, three poor persons of both sexes are supported. In another part of the town is an ancient hospital, mentioned by Leland, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, in which four men and their wives are maintained. The other buildings in Abingdon are the market-place and town-hall, and a rather handsome bridge over the Thames.

Abingdon has produced a few persons of eminence.

Abbot, the speaker of the House of Commons, and Moore, the author of 'The Gamester,' are among the most celebrated of its natives in late years. It is to be regretted that no local history of it has been written. It would afford sufficient matter for a very interesting one, and would be a pleasant and praiseworthy employment for an inhabitant of it who is fortunate enough to possess the necessary leisure and information.

FURRIERY AND FUR-DRESSING.

The various kinds of furs brought from abroad, as well as some found in our own country, may be classed according to their use as *felted furs* and *dressed furs*.

Felted Furs.—These include all such as are employed in hat-making; and are principally the skins of the hare, the rabbit, the beaver, and the neutria. If the skin is taken off the animal in winter, when the fur is full, soft, and fine, it is called "seasoned," and obtains the highest price; but if taken off at any other period of the year, it is comparatively short, coarse, hairy, and less valuable, and obtains the name of "unseasoned skin."

In the preparation of *hares' fur* for the hatter, the skin, after being opened and spread out flat, is rubbed with a kind of saw called a *rahe*, for the purpose of clearing away the dirt and dried blood without detaching any of the fur itself. This done, the skin is damped on the *pelt* or inner side, and several are pressed one on another to remove creases and irregularities. Next ensues the separation of the furry covering from the felt beneath. This covering is of two kinds: an external coat of long hairs which possess no felting properties, and an internal coat of fine or true fur. These are removed separately. A pair of shears, something like those used in shearing sheep, are worked all over the surface of the skin so as to cut off the coarse hair without damaging the fine fur beneath; and to effect this properly is a difficult operation. The skin before this shearing was of a brownish colour, but when the external hair is removed the fur beneath appears as a beautiful black jet. To remove this fur is the next stage. The skin, extended smooth and even, is placed upon a square cutting-board made of willow, wetted occasionally to avoid blunting the edge of the knife employed in the cutting. This knife is about six inches long by three broad, and has a rough edge; it is shaped something like a cheese-cutter, so as to be used alike backwards and forwards. With such a knife the fur is cut gradually in every part of the pelt; the knife follows the direction which the fur naturally takes on the animal's skin, that is, from the head towards the tail. The whole of the fur from one skin is either collected together as a light fleecy mass, or is separated into parcels according to the different qualities of the different parts.

The preparation of *rabbits' fur* for the hatter is somewhat different from the above in its earlier stages, on account of the greater greasiness of the pelt, or inner surface of the skin. By the use of a knife in a peculiar way, the thin cuticle on which the grease or fat is deposited is stripped off, bringing the impurities away with it. The surface beneath is then rubbed with whiting. The rabbit-skin, like that of the hare, has two kinds of hair or fur; but the coarser, instead of being removed by shearing, requires to be *pulled*; this is done by a short knife about three inches long, held against a leathern shield worn over the thumb: the hairs are grasped, a few at a time, between the knife and the thumb, and pulled out. A double care is here requisite; to avoid cutting the hair instead of pulling it, and to avoid pulling or cutting the fine fur beneath.

When this is done, the fine fur is cut off in the same manner as hare's fur.

For the *neutría skhis* (the commercial name of the skin obtained from the Coyppou) the processes are nearly the same. The skin has derived its name (variously written *neutría*, *nutria*, *neutra*, *nuetra*) from the Spanish name for an otter, to whose skin it bears some resemblance. It is full of fat and grease, and requires a thorough washing with soap and boiling water before being "pulled." The outer or coarse hairs are treated like those of the rabbit, and not like those of the hare; being stronger, too, they require a sharper knife and a stronger pull for their extraction. Not only the pelt-side, but also the fur-side, is full of grease, and need a thorough purification before the removal of the hairs and fur. When the external hair has been pulled, the inner fur is cut in the same way as the others.

The skin of the beaver is, in many respects, the most serviceable of them all for the hatter's purpose. It is, however, so full of grease, that the pelt requires to be scoured with fullers'-earth and whiting before it attains a sufficient state of cleanness. The coarse hairs are pulled out by the knife and thumb, and being of no use to the hatter, they are sold as a stuffing for cushions. Then comes the cutting or cropping, which is, at the present day and in the largest establishments, effected by a very beautiful machine. There is a long, broad, and sharp blade, equalling in length the full width of the beaver-skin, and so adjusted as to fall rapidly with a chopping action against or near the edge of another blade beneath. The skin is placed between the two, and is attached to a piece of mechanism by which it is drawn gradually from end to end between them: as it passes, the sharp blade crops the fur from off the pelt, which it does so effectually that not a particle of fur is left behind, and yet the pelt is not cut through in any part. The fur falls down in a light flocculent layer on an endless apron beneath, from whence it is removed when the pelt is denuded. This fur is of three or four different qualities, that from the cheek being the finest and most valuable; and to separate them one from another, a method at once simple and elegant is adopted. The fur is placed in a large chest or trough, where it comes within the action of a fan revolving two thousand times in a minute: the current excited by this fan is so violent, that it whirls the fur along a hollow trunk or channel fifty feet in length. During the passage of the fur, the relative specific gravities of the filaments effect a separation without any further interference: those which are largest and coarsest fall first, and are deposited on the bottom of the first compartment of the trough; those which are next heavier are deposited farther on; and lastly, the finest and best parts of the fur are blown to the extreme end of the trough, whence they can be taken without admixture with any of the others.

The cutting of the fur from the pelt by machinery has been attempted for various furs, but it has succeeded only in respect to beaver: this is said to be owing to the circumstance that the beaver-felt is very regular in thickness and uniform in surface; whereas most of the other pelts are irregular or unequable. If the blade of the machine by passing off an irregular part of the pelt should cut off a small bit of the latter, it would be the means of spoiling the mass of fur unless removed. Attempts have been made to detach the fur from the pelt by chemical instead of mechanical means. In tanning and leather-dressing the hair and wool of the animal are often loosened by being exposed for some hours to the action of some acid or other chemical agent; and it has been supposed that the same result would be obtained in respect to fur for hatters' purposes; but it is found that though separable

by such means, the fur is considerably injured in its felting properties, an objection fatal to the adoption of the plan.

Other kinds of fur besides the four, above named are employed in hat-making, but are not so generally serviceable. *Mole-fur* is fine and regular, but is almost too short to be available. *Musquash*, or *mush-rat fur*, is employed to some considerable extent. *Seal-fur* presents a dull appearance when worked up as a covering to a hat, being deficient in the delicate glossiness which distinguishes beaver. *Otter-fur* is finer than that of the seal, and is so far more serviceable, but it does not take a good black dye. According to the price at which a hat is intended to be sold, so is the selection of the fur employed. A good beaver hat contains in the foundation or body a mixture of fine wool with rabbit's fur, and in the covering beaver-fur alone: this is the standard, from which a departure takes place according to the price.

Some kinds of fur which are rather deficient in the felting property are made to undergo a process termed "carroting," so called from the colour imparted thereby to the fur. This consists in wetting the skin (before the fur has been yet cropped from the pelt) with dilute sulphuric acid, and quickly drying it either near a strong fire or by means of a heated iron passed over it. The fur of the same species of animal often differs very much in felting quality, according to the district where it is found. Thus the fur of the rabbit is said to possess a stronger felting quality when obtained from an animal reared near the sea-coast than from an inland animal: those of the eastern coast of England, from Lincolnshire to the Tweed, are considered the finest. The fur of the English hare, as a second example, is found to be both finer in quality and stronger in felting power than that of any other variety of the hare.

Dressed Furs.—By this term we designate those furs which are retained on the original pelt, and in that state worn as garments or trimmings of garments, in the form of cloaks, tippets, cuffs, collars, &c. Such an employment of furs was very much a matter of necessity among the rude tribes where the custom was first followed. At first the skins were worn almost in the state in which they were taken from the animals; but as luxuries advanced, the art of dressing the skins became established, and fur took rank as an adornment as well as a covering. We find that, by about the beginning of the fourteenth century in England, the custom of wearing costly furs had reached such a height, that Edward III., in one of his sumptuary laws (A.D. 1337), enacted that all persons who could not spend a hundred pounds a year should be absolutely prohibited the use of furs.

The dressing of furs for this purpose, or "furriery," is much more simple than the preparation of felting-fur for the hatter, since it does not involve the separation of the filaments from the pelt beneath.

The fur-hunters of America, when they have captured a beaver or other fur-bearing animal, strip off the skin, and hang it up to dry, either in the open air or in a dry and cool room where there is no fire. Great importance is attached both to the drying and to the careful packing of the skins; for if the slightest degree of putrefaction ensues, the fur loses its firm hold of the pelt, and is not fit for furriers' purposes. When the skins are brought to England and placed in the hands of the furrier, he examines them minutely, to see that the drying has been properly effected, and the pelt in a firm state. He then proceeds to the two processes which constitute the main part of his business, viz. extracting the greasiness from the pelt, and also a kind of oil which is in the fur itself. The skin is put into a liquid containing bran, alum, and salt; and after suffi-

cient steeping it is worked about and scoured, so as to remove the grease. The fur is cleansed from its oiliness by an application of soda and fine soap. The cleansed skin is finally washed thoroughly in cold water, and hung up to dry. The alum and other ingredients employed in scouring the pelt effect a kind of tanning or tawing process, by which the pelt is converted into a sort of thin leather, and thereby rendered more durable.

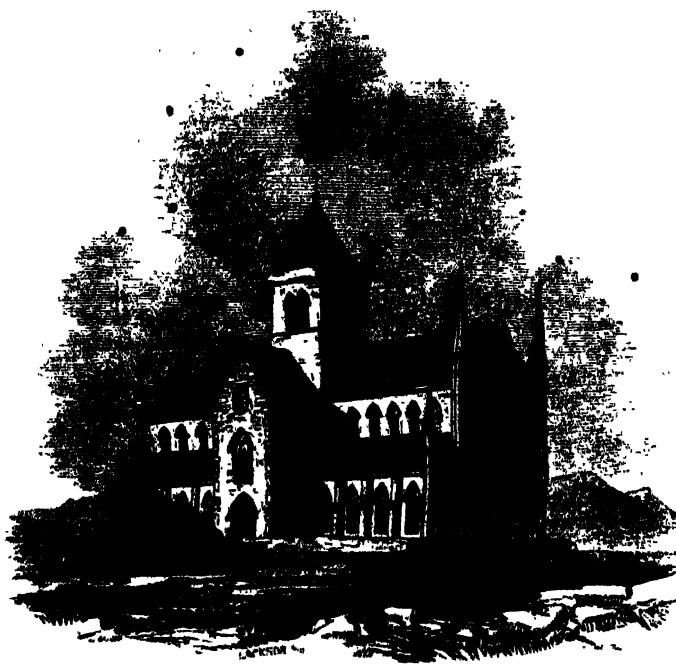
When thus far prepared, the skins are ready to be worked up into the form of garments or materials for garments. In order to give the surface of the fur a uniform length and colour of fibre, it is often necessary to cut up a great many skins, and sew certain pieces of each edge to edge; for it is rarely if ever the case that every part of the same skin is of one uniform colour. The cutting up of a skin thus becomes an important affair; for unless considerable tact be exhibited, many of the smaller pieces would run to waste. The furs which are used for these purposes are in general different from those selected for felting; they comprise usually the grey, the silver, and the black fox, the sable, the bear, the lynx, the ermine, the mink, the chinchilla, the marten, the wolf, the fitchet, and a few others of less common character.

The preservation of furs, when kept in hand for manufacturing purposes, is a point of considerable importance, from the several sources of injury to which they are exposed. If kept too damp, they rot; if too dry, they diminish in weight. "The great enemy to all furs," says a practical writer on this subject in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' "is the common moth. This destroys the felting principle. Whenever the slightest appearance in the fur indicates the secure lodgment of this little creature, it ought immediately to be used; or, if this cannot be done, it should be taken out of the paper bags, and broken all over with a small switch rod, or, what will answer the purpose still better, a hatter's bow." The same rules apply to the keeping of skins in good condition as to fur. The situation ought to be cool, dry, and well aired. They will seldom keep longer than twelve or eighteen months, without running great risk of suffering injury from the moth or black beetle. Too many ought not to be heaped together, and particularly if they be rabbit-skins, because the fat or grease about these skins will get heated, run amongst the fur, and become of such an acrid nature as to corrode the very pelt itself. Many persons are inclined to keep hare and rabbit skins a long time, from a notion that the fur upon them will increase in length from the moisture left in the pelt. This is an entirely erroneous opinion. Any one who will make the experiment will find that the amount of fur obtained off any given quantity of skins is much greater in weight when manufactured immediately after they are taken off the animal, than after having been kept for six or twelve months.

Hail-storms in South America.—We were told a fact, which I would not have credited, if I had not had partly ocular proof of it; namely, that during the previous night, hail as large as small apples, and extremely hard, had fallen with such violence as to kill the greater number of the wild animals. One of the men had already found thirteen deer (*Cervus campestris*) lying dead, and I saw their fresh hides; another of the party, a few minutes after my arrival, brought in seven more. Now I well know that one man without dogs could hardly have killed seven deer in a week. The men believed they had seen about fifteen dead ostriches (part of one of which we had for dinner), and they said that several were running about evidently blind in one eye. Numbers of smaller birds, as ducks, hawks, and partridges, were killed. I saw one of the latter with a black mark on its back, as if it had been struck with a paving-stone. A fence of thistle stalks round the house was nearly broken down, and my informant,

putting his head out to see what was the matter, received a severe cut, and now wore a bandage. The storm was said to have been of limited extent; we certainly saw from our last night's bivouac a dense cloud and lightning in this direction. It is marvellous how such strong animals as deer could thus have been killed; but I have no doubt, from the evidence I have given, that the story is not in the least exaggerated.—*Darwin's Journal of a Voyage Round the World.*

Manufacture of Quills.—For writing-pens the quills of the goose are most generally employed, though, for purposes where great size and strength are required, those of the turkey and swan are highly prized. When geese are plucked several times in a year for other feathers, the quills are only taken at the first plucking, about the end of March. As taken from the bird, the horny substance of the barrel of the quill is covered, both internally and externally, with a vascular membrane, which adheres very closely to it, and the substance of the quill itself is opaque, soft, and tough. The quills must therefore be subjected to certain operations by which the membranes may be detached and dried up, and the barrel rendered transparent, hard, and somewhat brittle; previous to which they are sorted into *primes*, *seconds*, and *pièces*, the first of which consists of the largest and longest barrelled quills, and the others of such as possess these characteristics in a less degree. They are further sorted into right and left wing feathers, in order that all tied up in one bundle may have the same curvature; and before tying up for sale the barb, or feather proper, is usually stripped off from the inner edge of the stem, in order that they may lie compactly together. In a goose's wing it is only the five exterior quills which are fit for making pens, and of these the first is the hardest and roundest, but the shortest, and the second and third are considered the best. "Dutch quills," observes Dr. Ure, "have been highly esteemed, as the Dutch were the first who hit upon the art of preparing them well, by clearing them, both inside and outside, from a fatty humour with which they are naturally impregnated, and which prevents the ink from flowing freely along the pens made with them." "The Dutch," he adds, "for a long time employed hot cinders or ashes to attain this end; and their secret was preserved very carefully, but it at length transpired, and the process was then improved." In the improved method the barrel end of the quill is plunged for a few seconds in a sand-bath, heated to about 140° Fahr., and then rubbed strongly with a piece of flannel. After this it appears white and transparent. "Both carbonate of potash and sulphuric acid," observes our authority, "have been tried to effect the same end, but without success." The above process is, however, sometimes followed by a brief immersion in dilute muriatic acid, which gives the appearance of age to the quills. They must afterwards be made perfectly dry. The above is described by Dr. Ure as the French process; he notices two other modes adopted by London quill-dealers, the first of which is styled the Dutch method. In it the workman, who is styled a *Dutcher*, sits before a small stove-fire, into which he thrusts the barrel of the quill for about a second. Immediately upon withdrawing it from the fire, he draws it under the edge of a large blunt-edged knife, called a *hook* (shaped somewhat like a patten-maker's knife, and, like it, having a fulcrum at one end, formed by a hook and staple, and a handle at the other end, by which pressure may be communicated), by which it is forcibly compressed against a block or plate of iron, heated to about 350° Fahr. By this process the barrel, which is rendered soft and elastic by the heat, is pressed flat, and stripped of its outer membrane, without danger of splitting. It springs back to its natural form, and the dressing is completed by scrubbing with a piece of rough dog-skin. The principal workman employed in this operation can pass two thousand quills through his hands in a day of ten hours. In the other method, alluded to, which is considered inferior as regards the quality of the quills for pen-making, although it makes them somewhat more pleasing to the eye, the quills are first stained yellow by steeping them for a night in a decoction of turmeric, then dried in warm sand, and subsequently scraped by the *Dutcher* in the manner above described. Steaming for four hours has also been suggested as a good mode of dressing or preparing quills. By whatever process the external membrane is removed, that inside the quill remains, separated from it, and shrivelled up in the centre of the barrel, until it is cut open to convert it into a pen.—*Penny Cyclopædia.*



[St. Magnus, Kirkwall.]

KIRKWALL.

THE little town of Kirkwall is the capital of Mainland, or Pomona, as it is indifferently called, the principal island of the Orkney group. The parish of which it is the head is denominated St. Ola, from Olaus, or Olave, the first Christian king of Norway, of which country the whole group was for a considerable time a dependence. The town is situated in $59^{\circ} 59'$ N. lat. and $3^{\circ} 23'$ W. long., and consists principally of one street, nearly a mile in length, in most places narrow and dirty; but a new street, running nearly parallel with it, called King Street, has been erected within the last thirty years, of a somewhat better description and in a more modern style. Around the Cathedral the street is more spacious. The older houses are built with sandstone flag, which splits easily into flat square pieces, and require neither dressing nor mortar; what mortar is used is composed chiefly of clay, lime being only introduced into that employed for the outer walls. They are generally of a Danish character, with their end-gables towards the street. The town was created a royal burgh by charter from James III. of Scotland, and is governed by a provost, four bailies, dean of guild, treasurer, and councillors. It is also the seat of the sheriff court, justice of peace court, presbytery, and synod, and returns a member to parliament in conjunction with Wick, Dornoch, Dingwall, Tain, and Cromarty. It has a town-house, supported on pillars, forming a piazza in front. The first story of the building is the prison; the second contains an assembly-hall, with a large room adjacent, used as the justice court; the upper story was occupied as a freemasons' lodge. There is also a grammar-school of very ancient foundation, being mentioned in the fifteenth century as an existing establishment. The original endowment has been almost entirely lost, but has been replaced by some modern ones. About twenty years since John Balfour, formerly member for the county, settled the interest of $\pounds 500$, on the school, for which the master is to educate eight children, nominated by the donor or his representatives, and from eighty to a hundred children now attend the school, most of whom pay a moderate fee. The pa-

tronage was formerly in the kirk-session, which appointed the schoolmaster and upheld the school-house, which stood a little west of the town-hall. It is now in the town-council, who have erected a new and convenient house in lieu of the other, which had fallen into ruins. The population of the parish increased from 2621 in 1801 to 3721 in 1831, but in 1841 had decreased to 3574, principally, it is supposed, in consequence of the falling-off of the manufacture of kelp, which had been previously pursued with great advantage; but the fishery has greatly extended since that manufacture was abandoned. The principal manufacture now is the plaiting of straw for hats and bonnets, the material of which is either Tuscan straw imported from Leghorn or rye-straw raised in Orkney; and this gives employment to a great part of the female population. The harbour is safe and commodious, and has been much improved within the last thirty years, previous to which it had "no quay, not even a little pier at which a boat may land. Passengers must leap into the sea, or be carried ashore on men's shoulders."* It has now both a quay and a pier, the latter being one hundred and thirty feet in length, and a steamer pier weekly between this port and Leith.

But though now an inconsiderable town, it was formerly of far greater importance as the residence of the powerful Earls of Orkney, who occupy a distinguished place in the turbulent history of the early reigns of the Kings of Scotland, and retains some imposing memorials of its former dignity in the buildings which, though dilapidated, still exist. The most important, as well as the most perfect, is the Cathedral, of which we have given a view. It was founded by Earl Ronald in 1138, and dedicated to St. Magnus. It is in about the centre of the main street, built in the mixed Gothic and Saxon style, and consists of a nave and side aisles, with choir and transepts. The total length outside the walls is two hundred and twenty-six feet, the breadth fifty-six feet; the transepts are thirty

* 'Tour through some of the Islands of Orkney and Shetland,' &c., by Patrick Neill, secretary to the Natural History Society of Edinburgh, 1803. The papers first appeared in the 'Scots Magazine.'

feet long by thirty-three in breadth. The roof of the choir and part of the nave is finely arched, the height of the roof being seventy-one feet. It is supported by fourteen pillars on each side, each measuring fifteen feet in circumference, except those supporting the spire, which are twenty-four feet; but the proportions of the building have been injured by the addition to its length, three pillars having been added to the east end by Bishop Stewart, and three at the west end by Bishop Reid, the last being inferior in elegance, and never completely finished. The side-aisles behind the pillars are finished with groined arches. The original steeple was destroyed by lightning, but the present one rises to a height of one hundred and thirty-three feet, from a small balcony around which there is a magnificent prospect of the adjacent seas and island. The whole is lighted by one hundred and three windows, of which the east is the finest, twelve feet broad, and, including the rose at the top, thirty-six feet high. At the west end is a smaller and inferior window, on the same model; and in the south transept is another rose window, comparatively modern. At the east end of the Cathedral is a white marble grave-stone, to the memory of Haco, King of Norway, who died in the palace of the bishop when on a visit, in 1263. Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of 'The Pirate,' has laid many of the transactions in Kirkwall, and thus describes the appearance of the old Cathedral:—"The lofty and vaulted roof rises upon ranges of Saxon pillars of massive size, four of which, still larger than the rest, once supported the lofty spire, which, long since destroyed by accident, has been rebuilt upon a disproportioned and truncated plan. The light is admitted at the eastern end through a lofty, well-proportioned, and richly-ornamented Gothic window; and the pavement is covered with inscriptions, in different languages, distinguishing the graves of noble Orcadians, who have at different times been deposited in the sacred precincts." The choir is now used as the parish church, and contains sittings for upwards of eight hundred people, but is said to be inconvenient, and might easily be made to hold more; a visitor however speaks of the impressiveness of the psalmody as chanted beneath its echoing roof. A new chapel has also been recently built a short distance from the Cathedral, and it is in contemplation to divide the parish. The Cathedral, considering its antiquity, is in wonderfully good preservation; and a Mr. Meason, a native of the county, about thirty years since, left the interest of 900*l.* for its continual support.

The bishop's palace, which is close by the Cathedral, is of great antiquity, but is now entirely in ruins, with the exception of the tower at the north end, which was built by Bishop Reid, and his effigy still appears in the niche fronting the street, but much defaced. On the west side of the street is an old gateway leading to the bishop's palace, having over it the arms of Bishops Stewart, Maxwell, and Reid. It was in this palace that King Haco died; and James V. slept here when he visited Orkney in 1540. The manse adjoins the palace, and is old.

The earl's palace fronts the bishop's, and was built by Patrick, Earl of Orkney, in 1660. This is also decayed, but not in so ruinous a state as the bishop's. The walls are of grey stone, but the corners, which are raised in the form of turrets or bastions, are of free-stone. The whole forms three sides of an oblong, and is two stories high. The ground-floor is divided into numerous vaults or cells, dimly lighted by small narrow openings, and though originally meant for storehouses, more resemble, and were probably occasionally used as, prisons. A well still exists near the stairs leading to the spacious and magnificent hall, which is sixty feet long by twenty broad, lighted by four spacious

windows in the Gothic style, with balconies in front. It has two fireplaces, one at the side and one at the end, of which the arch is so contrived, by the stones locking into each other, that the lower edge is perfectly horizontal. It is adorned with the initials of the builder, P. E. O., Patrick, Earl of Orkney. Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Pirate,' gives the following sketch of its appearance:—"The Earl's Palace forms three sides of an oblong square, and has, even in its ruins, an air of elegant yet massive structure, uniting, as was usual in the residence of feudal princes, the character of a palace and a castle. A great banquetting-hall, communicating with several large rounds or projecting turret rooms, and having at either end [a trifling mistake] an immense chimney, testifies the ancient northern hospitality of the Earls of Orkney, and communicates, almost in the modern fashion, with a gallery or withdrawing room, and having, like the hall, its projecting turrets. The lordly hall itself is lighted by a fine Gothic window of shafted stone at one end, and is entered by a spacious and elegant staircase, consisting of three flights of stone steps. The exterior ornaments and proportions of the ancient building are also very handsome." He adds, that being totally unprotected, it is fast crumbling to decay, and has suffered much even recently.

On the west side of the main street, fronting the Cathedral, or a little to the eastward of it, are the shattered remains of the King's Castle, which appears to have been once a place of some strength. A little to the north of the shore may be seen also the remains of Oliver Cromwell's fort.

Mr. Barry, the historian of the Orkney Islands, says, in 1805, "At Quanterness, about two or three miles north-west of the town, a large subterraneous building was some time ago discovered. It is vulgarly called a Pecht's house; but it differs materially in structure from the other ruinous buildings in Orkney which have got the name of Pechts' houses. It has more the appearance of having been intended for a cemetery. The entrance is long and narrow, and leads into a lobby (if it may so be called), which is about fifteen feet long by five broad. On each side of this lobby are two small chambers; and there is also a small chamber at each end of it. In one of these last a complete human skeleton was lately found. We saw some of the bones: they are of small size, apparently belonging to a boy or a woman. The building appears to have been constructed before the properties of the arch were understood in Orkney, for the roof is formed merely by a gradual approximation of the stones from the opposite walls."

• CHEAP AND RAPID COMMUNICATION.

(From the new edition of 'Capital and Labour,' in 'Knight's Weekly Volume'.)

Two hundred years ago—even one hundred years ago—in some places fifty years ago—the roads of England were wholly unfit for general traffic and the conveyance of heavy goods. Pack-horses mostly carried on the communication in the manufacturing districts. The roads were as unfit for moving commodities of bulk, such as coal, wool, and corn, as the sandy roads of Poland are at the present day. Bad roads in Poland double the original price of wheat by the cost of conveyance a very few miles. Bad corn-laws in England prevent the natural course of commercial exchange, which would very soon mend the Polish roads from the corn-field to the sea-port. The great principle of exchange between one part of this island and another part, which has ceased to be an affair of restrictions and jealousies, has covered this island with good roads, with canals, and finally with railways. The railway and the steam-carriage have carried the principle of

diminishing the price of conveyance, and therefore of commodities, by machinery, to an extent which makes all other illustrations almost unnecessary. A road with a waggon moving on it is a mechanical combination; a canal, with its locks and towing-paths, and boats gliding along almost without effort, is a high, mechanical combination; a railway, with its locomotive engine, and carriage after carriage dragged along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, is the highest of such mechanical combinations. The force applied upon a level turnpike-road which is required to move 1800 lbs., if applied to drag a canal boat will move 55,500 lbs., both at the rate of 2½ miles per hour. But we want economy in time as well as economy in the application of motive power. It has been attempted to apply speed to canal travelling. Up to 4 miles an hour the canal can convey an equal weight more economically than a railroad; but after a certain velocity is exceeded, that is 13½ miles an hour, the horse on the turnpike road can drag as much as the canal team. Then comes in the great advantage of the railroad. The same force that is required to draw 1900 lbs. upon a canal, at a rate above 13½ miles an hour, will draw 14,400 lbs. upon a railway, at the rate of 13½ miles an hour. Who can doubt that the cost of consumption is diminished by machinery, when the producers and consumers are thus brought together, not only at the least cost of transit, but at the least expenditure of time?

If we add to the road, the canal, and the railway, the steam-boat traffic of our own coasts, we cannot hesitate to believe that the whole territory of Great Britain and Ireland is more compact, more closely united, more accessible, than was a single county two centuries ago. It may be said, without exaggeration, that it would now be impossible for a traveller in England to set himself down in any situation where the post from London would not reach him in eighteen hours. When the first edition of 'The Results of Machinery' was published in 1831, we said that the post from London would reach any part of England in three days; and that "fifty years before, such a quickness of communication would have been considered beyond the compass of human means." In fourteen years we have so diminished the practical amount of distance between one part of Great Britain and another, that the post from London to Aberdeen is only thirty-six hours. In a few years it will be even less. Railways are producing these wonderful changes; and in connexion with railways and improved roads and steam-ships, the mental labourers have been at work with improved organization to make the condition of all other labourers more advantageous.

Roads, canals, steam-ships, railways, are each and all machines for diminishing the cost of transport, whether of commodities or of human beings. They create labour, they lower and equalize prices. About twenty years ago a new road was made, at the expense of government, through a barren country, which presented an impassable barrier to communication between Limerick, Cork, and Kerry. We will take one example of the instantaneous benefit of this road-making, as described by a witness before Parliament:—"A hatter, at Castle-island, had a small field through which the new road passed: this part next the town was not opened until 1826. In making arrangements with him for his damages, he said that he ought to make me (the engineer) a present of all the land he had, for that the second year I was at the roads he sold more hats to the people of the mountains alone, than he did for seven years before to the high and low lands together."

The hatter of Castle-island got comfort and prosperity by the roads, because the man who had to sell and the man who had to buy were brought closer to

each other by means of the roads. When there were no roads, the hatter kept his goods upon the shelf, and the labourer in the mountains went without a hat. When the labourer and the hatter were brought together by the roads, the hatter soon sold off his stock, and the manufacturer of hats went to work to produce him a new stock; while the labourer, who found the advantage of having a hat, also went to work to earn more money, that he might pay for another when he should require it. It became a fashion to wear hats, and of course a fashion to work hard, and to save time, to be able to pay for them. Thus the road created industry on both sides, on the side of the producer of hats and that of the consumer.

What the new Irish road did for the hatter of Castle-island, the railroads of England and Scotland have done, and are doing, for our millions of producers and consumers. But it may be held by some that railways, as far as passenger communication goes, are inventions for the benefit of the rich and the pleasure-seeking. Parliament thought otherwise when it enacted, in 1844, that upon every railway there should be a train once a day provided for third-class passengers, in carriages with seats, and protected from the weather, which should take up and set down passengers at every station, and the fare not to exceed one penny per mile. If all railway proprietors had understood their own interests, none would have waited for a legislative enactment to carry third-class passengers at a penny a mile. But before this act of parliament was passed, the penny-a-mile passengers formed an important class of travellers. From the 1st of July, 1842, to the 30th of June, 1843, sixty-six railways then in operation in the United Kingdom received from passengers and for the conveyance of goods the enormous sum of four million five hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds. Of this sum three million one hundred and ten thousand pounds was received from passengers, amounting to more than twenty-three million persons. Of these, six million five hundred thousand were third-class passengers, who paid four hundred and eleven thousand pounds, being upon an average fifteen pence for each. It is evident that the third-class passengers were short distances, some less than fifteen miles, some more. Can any one doubt that the *free interchange of labour* is promoted in an unexampled degree by such railway communication?

When William Hutton, in the middle of the last century, started from Nottingham (where he earned a scanty living as a bookbinder) and walked to London and back for the purpose of buying tools, he was nine days from home, six of which were spent in going and returning. He travelled on foot, dreading robbers, and still more dreading the cost of food and lodging at public-houses. His whole expenses during this toilsome expedition were only ten shillings and eight pence; but he contented himself with the barest necessities, keeping the money for his tools sewed up in his shirt-collar. If William Hutton had lived in these days, he would, upon sheer principles of economy, have gone to London and back by the Nottingham train in two days, at a cost of twenty shillings for his transit. The twenty shillings would have been sacrificed for his conveyance, but he would have had a week's labour free to go to work with his new tools; he need not have sewed his money in his shirt-collar for fear of thieves; and his shoes would not have been worn out and his feet blistered in his toilsome march of two hundred and fifty miles.

And there are some men who say that this wonderful communication, the greatest triumph of modern skill, is not a blessing;—for the machinery has put somebody out of employ. Baron Humboldt, a traveller in South America, tells us, that upon a road being made

over a part of the great chain of mountains called the Andes, the government was petitioned against the road, by a body of men who for centuries had gained a living by carrying travellers in baskets strapped upon their backs over the fearful rocks, which only these guides could cross. Which was the better course—to make the road, and create the thousand employments belonging to freedom of intercourse, for these very carriers of travellers, and for all other men; or to leave the mountains without a road, that the poor guides might gain a premium for risking their lives in an unnecessary peril?



THE YEAR OF THE POETS.—No. XV.

THE HARVEST MOON.

At this season, when the moon rises very near the time of sunset for several successive nights, we may with propriety select some of the passages of our poets which celebrate the beauties of our glorious satellite.

And first, we will select the famous description of the "refulgent lamp of night" which Pope has adapted from Homer:—

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light."

This is a magnificent passage; but the noble simplicity of Homer is better rendered in Chapman's version:

"As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,
And stars shine clear; to whose sweet beams, high prospects,
and the brows
Of all steep hills and pinnacles thrust up themselves for shows;
And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their sight,
When the unmeasur'd firmament bursts to disclose her light,
And all the signs in heaven are seen that glad the shepherd's heart."

The spirit of ancient song was never more beautifully seized upon than in Jonson's exquisite hymn to Cynthia:

"Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright."

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heav'n to clear, when day did close:
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess, excellently bright."

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess, excellently bright."

JONSON.

Stoney's Sonnet is full of conceits, as the Sonnet poetry of his day was generally; but the opening lines are most harmonious:

"With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be, that e'en in heav'nly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks; thy languish'd grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
Then, ev'n of fellowship, O moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those lovers scorn, whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?"

SIDNEY.

Keats, who of all our recent poets was the most imbued with a conception of the poetical beauties of the Greek mythology, has a passage full of antique grace:

"By the feud
'Twixt Nothing and Creation, I here swear,
Eterne Apollo! that thy Sister fair
Is of all these the gentler-mightiest.
When thy gold breath is misting in the west,
She unobserved steals unto her throne,
And there she sits most meek and most alone;
As if she had not pomp subservient;
As if thine eye, high Poet! was not bent
Towards her with the Muses in thine heart;
As if the minist'ring stars kept not apart,
Waiting for silver-footed messages.
O Moon! the oldest shadows 'mongst oldest trees,
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:
O Moon! old boughs lip forth a holier din
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,
Couch'd in thy brightness, dream of fields divine.
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes;
And yet thy benediction passeth not
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
Where pleasure may be sent: the nested wren
Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,
And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf,
Takes glimpses of thee; thou art a relief
To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
Within its pearly house;—The mighty deeps,
The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea!
O Moon! far spooming Ocean bows to thee,
And Tellus feels her forehead's cumbrous load."

KEATS.

Coleridge sees in the shifting aspects of the Moon emblems of human griefs and joys:

"Mild Splendour of the various-vested Night!
Mother of wildly-working visions! hail!
I watch thy gliding, while with watery light
Thy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil,
And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud
Behind the gathered blackness lost on high;
And when thou dar'stest from the wind-rent cloud
Thy placid lightning o'er the awakened sky.
Ah, such is Hope! as changeful and as fair!
Now dimly peering on the wistful sight,
Now hid behind the dragon-wing'd Despair:
But soon emerging in her radiant might
She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care
Sails, like a meteor kindling in its flight."

COLERIDGE.

With the glories of the Moon are associated the
"company of stars." Leyden's ode to the Evening
Star is full of tenderness:

"How sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair star! to love and lovers dear;
While trembling on the falling dew,
Like beauty shining through the tear;
Or hanging o'er that mirror-stream
To mark each image trembling there,
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam
To see thy lovely face so fair.
Though blazing o'er the arch of night,
The moon thy timid beams outshine,
As far as thine each starry night—
Her rays can never vie with thine.
Thine are the soft enchanting hours,
When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flow'rs
That soon the sun will rise again.
Thine is the breeze that murmuring, bland
As music, wafts the lover's sigh,
And bids the yielding heart expand
In love's delicious ecstasy.
Fair star! though I be doom'd to prove
That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain;
Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love—
But sweeter to be lov'd again."

LEYDEN.

But there is something higher in the contemplation
of the starry heavens than thoughts "to love and lovers
dear." Shakspeare has seized upon the grandest idea
with which we can survey the firmament—an idea
which two other great poets have in some degree
echoed:

"Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

SHAKSPEARE.

"In deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughter of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear."

MILTON.

"Soul of Alvar!
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell;—
So may the gates of Paradise, unharr'd



Cease thy swift toils! Since haply
thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than
the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy
motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard;
Fillest unheard! For-oh, ye numberless
And rapid travellers! what ear unattun'd,
What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings?"

COLERIDGE.

FISHERIES.

(From the 'Political Dictionary'.)

In 1833 a select committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the distress which was at that time said to affect the several fisheries in the British Channel. One cause of this distress, it was alleged, was the interference of the fishermen of France; but by a convention with France, concluded in 1839, limits are now established for the fishermen of the two countries. Another cause of the unprosperous state of the fishermen was stated in the report of the committee to be "the great and increasing scarcity of all fish which breed in the Channel, compared with what was the ordinary supply fifteen to twenty years ago."

We do not at present hear of the distress amongst the fishermen on our coasts. The facilities of communication with populous inland districts have greatly extended the market for fish, and in parts of the country in which fish had scarcely been at all an article of food. In London, where the facilities for obtaining a supply of fish are nearly perfect, there is one dealer in fish to four butchers, and fish is hawked about the streets to a great extent; but in Warwickshire the proportion of dealers in fish to butchers is as one to twenty-seven, and in Staffordshire one to forty-four. In the borough of Wolverhampton there was only one fish-dealer in 1831, but there were forty-six butchers.

It is evident that when the large masses of population in the midland and northern manufacturing districts acquire a habit of consuming fish as an agreeable variety to their ordinary supply of food, a great impetus will be given to the fisheries on all our coasts. The rapid means of transport afforded by railways enable the inhabitants of Birmingham and London to consume cod and other fish caught in the Atlantic by the fishermen of Galway and Donegal. This improvement in the means of communicating with the best markets is a great boon. The fishermen who supply the London market, instead of returning to Gravesend or other ports of the Thames and Medway, for instance, put their cargoes already packed in hampers on board the steam-boats which pass along the whole eastern coast as far north as Aberdeen; or they sometimes make for Hull or some other port in the neighbourhood of the fishing-ground, and there land their cargoes, which are conveyed to London in the course of a few hours, or to other great inland markets in a still shorter time. Fast-sailing cutters are sometimes employed to take

provisions to the boats on the fishing-ground, which bring back the fish taken by each. In consequence of these arrangements the fishermen are sometimes kept at sea for several months together.

It is amusing at this time to read the various projects or "ways to consume more fish" which were entertained at the commencement of the last century. The difficulty on account of the cost of conveyance, and the limited distance to which fresh fish could be sent from the coast, induced some persons to propose that fish sent to inland towns should be "marinated," or pickled according to a peculiar method. In the sixteenth century, and before those improvements in agriculture were made by which fresh meat may be obtained all the year round, there were great fish-fairs in different parts of the country, at which persons bought a stock of salted fish sufficient to last during the winter and the subsequent season of Lent. The herring-fair at Yarmouth was regulated by a statute in the fourteenth century. In 1533 the fairs of Stour-bridge, St. Ives, and Ely were "the most notable fairs within this realm for provision of fish" (24 Hen. VIII. c. 4). In 1537 the town of Lynn in Norfolk obtained letters-patent for establishing a fish-fair; but in 1541 the right of holding the fair was abolished by statute (33 Hen. VIII. c. 34), because the inhabitants attempted to engross the business of other fairs. The supply of the fairs and markets with cheap fish was considered an important matter in those days. In 1541 an act was passed which prohibited the English fishermen from buying fish of foreigners at sea, because if they did not do so "the same Picards and Flemings would bring the same fish over themselves and sell it to the king's subjects much better cheap, and for less money" (33 Hen. VIII. c. 2).

GERMAN PROVERBS.

PROVERBS, which have been called "the wisdom of ages," may with equal propriety be called their characteristic. As far as they represent the "wisdom," they are to a great degree held in common by nearly all the world; and it is curious to observe the striking similarity which prevails in the great bulk of proverbs which are common to our own country, to all Europe, to Asia, and even to the remoter parts of the world, of which the collections have been given to us. In Number 87 we have given selections from the Arabic proverbs, which is interesting as a specimen of the "wisdom," and it is remarkable how many are in substance similar to those which have an English expression. Some, however, are characteristic of people subject to an arbitrary power, to which we have no corresponding ones, though they may be found among nations possessing less free institutions than ourselves. The Arabic—

"When you are an anvil, have patience; when you are a hammer, strike straight," is found identically in the German—

"Art thou the anvil? be patient: art thou the hammer? strike fast."

For the Arabic proverbs—

"The mother of the murdered sleeps; but the mother of the murderer does not sleep:"

"He builds a minaret, and destroys a city—"

we know of no equivalents; though as regards the second, considering the early practice in Europe of founding churches or religious foundations in gratitude or commemoration of success in war, if there is none such the omission is remarkable. In the proverbs of Germany, however, to which our present attention will be chiefly directed, they have several proverbs indicative of the deep feeling of the miseries

of war, miseries which that country has too often experienced.

"An unjust peace is better than a just war."

"When there is war the devil enlarges his dwelling."

"In war right is silent."

"War destroys what peace bestows."

Though they have some of a bolder character:

"Better open war, than a disguised (simulated) peace;"

and one that in an indisputable truth conveys a strong notion of war being all but the greatest evil:

"Better war than a broken neck."

The Germans have many proverbs pointing strongly to a state of insecurity, in which law and justice are subordinate to higher powers:

"Where might has right, there has right no might."

"A handful of might is better than a sackful of right."

"The more laws the more sins."

"The more laws the less justice."

"Necessity, persons, and times, the law
Can open wide or narrow draw."

"Favour is better than right."

"A drachm of favour will effect more than a pound of justice."

There are many others, in addition to such as are more in common with some of ours, as to the effect of gold, and the chicanery attributed to legal matters, such as—

"The best lawyer, the worst neighbour."

The traces of feudal dependance are very clearly shown in the following:

"By a great lord's fire one can warm, but also burn oneself."

"Where lords scuffle, peasants lose their hair."

"The peasant rues the lord's sins."

"Great lords have long hands."

"When subjects bark, princes prick up their ears."

"What burdens the subject does the lord no harm."

"When we speak to great lords we must use silken words."

"Great lords are bad debtors."

"Many shepherds, evil guarded."

"If the pitcher falls upon the stone, it is broken; but if the stone falls upon the pitcher, it is still the pitcher that is broken."

The next shows, we fear, even a more bitter feeling, though it has rarely or never gone further than words:

"Severe lords do not govern long;"

and this a lighter humour:

"When the lords (or gentlemen) leave the council-room, they are most prudent," and "a new diet (assembly) taxes to a certainty."

They also say—

"Peasants are not to be ruined though you cut off hands and feet;" and—

"If you would ruin the peasants, you must set one against the other;"

but it is also acknowledged that

"No razor cuts so close as the peasant who becomes a nobleman;" and, "Spiteful dogs mind the cudgel."

Officials or placeholders are also not spared.

"The places are God's; the holders, the devil's."

"No place is so insignificant that the holder may not deserve hanging."

"Place without pay makes thieves."

"Who gets a place remains not as he was; lungs and liver turn upside down."

In the Protestant parts of Germany, particularly in Saxony, the proverbs against the Roman Catholic faith are numerous. We give only one or two of the

most remarkable, as evincing the tone of feeling prevalent :

"A monk is nowhere better than in the cloister."

"Monks, mice, rats, and girls seldom separate without mischief."

"Church-land has eagle's claws."

And of their own priests they say,

"Luther's shoes will not fit every village preacher."

In the different territorial divisions of Germany, they have proverbs of reproach against their neighbouring fellow-countrymen. In Saxony the Poles are in particularly bad odour :

"A Polish bridge, a Bohemian monk, a Swabian nun (this is a hit at Luther's wife), Italian devotion, and a German fast are worth—a bean."

"Poland is the peasant's hell, the Jew's paradise, the citizen's purgatory, the nobleman's heaven, and the foreigner's gold-mine."

"A Pole would rather steal a horse on Sunday than eat milk or butter on Friday."

We add a few that are not to be classed, though they still show a nationality :

"Rather bow twice too often than once too seldom."

"Hat in the hand goes through all the land."

"Quick to the hat, slow to the purse."

These remind us of the Scottish proverb given by Chalmers, that seemed to smack of Sir Archy Mac Sycophant: "Put your hand twice to your cap for once to your pouch."

And another Scotch proverb is identical with a German one: "Who cheats me once, the shame fa' him; who cheats me twice, the shame fa' me." The German version is, "Who cheats me once, does me wrong; who cheats me twice, serves me right."

We proceed with a selection of general German proverbs, of which the first is curious for its gross selfishness, though we have an English one somewhat approaching it—"I will have my share if it makes me sick."

"Better burst, than leave a drop for the landlord."

"Too much humility is pride."

"We hang little thieves, and take off our hats to great ones."

"If all criminals wore grey, that cloth would be dear."

"Self-praise stinks, friend's praise halts, but a stranger's praise sounds well."

"If thou wilt not learn to write with the pen, then write with the dung-fork."

"He who finds what is not lost, may chance to die before he is sick."

"Better a patch than a hole."

"A guest is like a fish, he remains no long time fresh."

"The first day a guest, the second a burden, the third a nuisance." (This is little favourable to ideas of German hospitality.)

"The miser becomes poor by amassing; the benevolent rich by giving."

"God's mill goes slowly, but it grinds fine."

"Grey hairs are churchyard flowers."

"He that would become a hook must bend himself betimes."

"He that a clean house loves, will let in neither students nor doves."

"He who was coined as a farthing will never be a shilling."

"Cheating is to the shopkeeper both field and plough."

"Art thou on shore? Go not on the sea."

"Better poor on land than rich at sea." (These mark an inland or unmaritime people.)

"We catch hares with dogs, fools with words, and women with gold."

"The mantle is his whom it covers, the world is his who enjoys it."

"No one binds his horse to faith or opinions."

"Under nut-trees and noblemen nothing good grows."

"With one's own whip and another's horse is good going."

"A rich man is a rogue—or a rogue's heir."

"One sword keeps another in its sheath."

"The doves that keep under the roof are safe from the hawk."

"The slanderer has the devil on his tongue, and he who listens has the devil in his ear."

"What a man lends betters him nothing." And with this selfish though shrewd maxim we conclude our selection of German proverbs.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE AND LETTER-WRITING.

(From the 'Guide to Service—The Clerk'.)

In reference still to the cultivation of habitual self-control, the resources of domestic and social life are by no means to be undervalued. "It is not good for man to be alone," was declared by God himself: marriage, the social state which was then about to be ordained, is not usually prudent, or even permissible, to the minor, and often not expedient till a man is approaching thirty; but most youths have the means of breaking the solitude of their private hours, even if they are so unfortunate as to lose the asylum of the parental roof. We invariably find that where man lives too much by himself, he degenerates into a mere animal: he is by nature gregarious; he needs the collision no less than the counsel of companions; without the one his mind becomes bewildered, and often desponding—without the other, his manners become rude, selfish, and coarse. It is sad and disheartening after the exhaustion of the day, to return to the chilling silence of chambers, without meeting a look of sympathy with fatigue, or hearing the tone of welcome to the fire-side. The spirits flag; the natural cheerfulness of adolescence is subdued; and a philosophy, not attainable in youth, could alone sustain its buoyancy, and preserve temper unimpaired. Society, therefore, is a desirable as well as legitimate resource; but there it should be the society of the intelligent—not of the idle; and the three or four hours devoted to it should neither be absorbed in frivolous gossip, nor spent in trifling and perhaps dangerous amusement. It is not always competent to a young man to choose his companions, but their number must be very limited indeed, if he cannot find some two or three among them to whom books, science, or the fine arts do not afford greater interest than theatres and cards. Music is now cultivated even among the lower orders: practical philosophy has many devotees in classes where science was unknown twenty years ago. Reading, though still more expensive than it ought to be, is accessible to every circle, even in a provincial town. A youth must be very unhappily situated, who cannot find the cheering companionship of one or other of these or similar pursuits. Letter-writing is a resource of social character, and instructive and improving, as well as fascinating, when kept within the bounds of moderation: there is something peculiarly attractive in the charms of a well-regulated correspondence; the interchange of opinion, of feeling, of counsel, with a distant friend, on the manifold topics of domestic interest; the frank discussion of difficulties with one who will advise with tenderness; the avowal of hopes and wishes where every thought meets with a sympathising response, and every desire is shared with congenial taste,

implies an intercourse the purest and the most rational in which it is permitted to human infirmity to indulge. When this intercourse assumes a higher tone, and embraces the literary, the political, the scientific, or the religious questions of the day, in reference not to their public relations, but to their private bearing on the welfare or the duty of the individual, it may be questioned whether, in any occupation of man, intellectual improvement and pleasurable gratification are blended together in more harmonious adjustment. Yet epistolary correspondence has its dangers as well as its fascinations; and more especially if carried on with friends of the other sex. Inasmuch as, from its nature, it implies privacy, the usages of society do not, unless in peculiar cases, allow of such an intercourse except between relatives or parties betrothed to each other; indeed, the very fact of an intimate correspondence by letter between unmarried people, is held to imply an engagement between them, and often leads to it where it does not already exist. It is, therefore, so rarely permitted, that it is scarcely necessary to remonstrate against the abuse of it; but there is a risk incident to all epistolary correspondence, whatever may be the sex of the writers, unless managed with discretion; in advising upon habitual self-control, the subject is too important to be passed over.

Most people, the young especially, and still more those who are frank and generous in their dispositions, are wont to express themselves unreservedly and strongly on paper. The heart is let loose; the pen sets down whatever comes uppermost, with an abandonment that the presence of third parties, or the decorum of social etiquette, would necessarily restrain. It is expected, and reasonably so, that in writing for mutual gratification or improvement, confidence should be unlimited; the assent to correspond is of itself a sacred pledge of secrecy, no less than an invitation to unbounded openness. Friendly correspondence without sincerity is an incongruity in terms—it would resemble a train without the locomotive power, when it ought rather to be the mirror which reflects the bosom without a veil; and with the young and the honest it usually is so; for to betray the confidence of a letter is justly esteemed the lowest of moral degradation; a seal is more impassable than a bolted door; and such being the acknowledged principle, every man who engages in a correspondence merely of friendship, is wont to write carelessly and enthusiastically on the impulse of the moment, knowing that by the conventional rules of society he is safe from all reproach but his correspondent's.

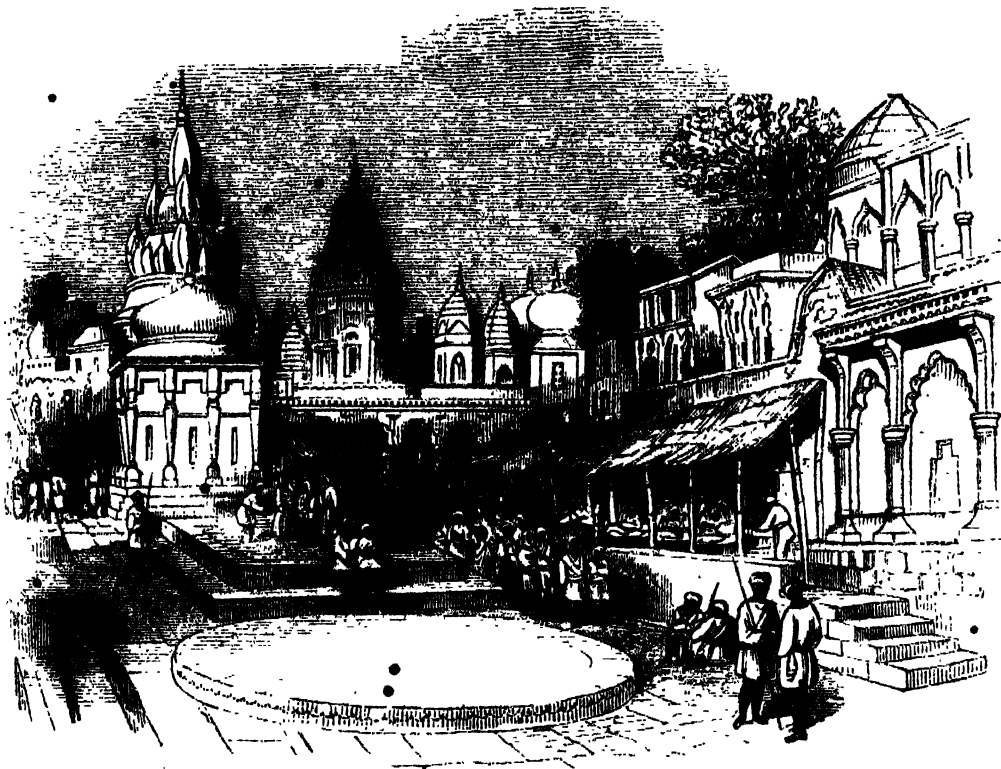
Some there are, undoubtedly, who mean little or nothing, by the warm ebullition of written feeling. They are mere epistolary hypocrites; their language gives the lie to their letters, and when challenged with coldness or inconsistency, they in turn express astonishment how they could have been so grossly misunderstood! The test, in most cases, is an application for money, patronage, or aid, induced perhaps by the warmest professions of attachment. The tone is instantly subdued—coldness takes the place of affection, and mutual disgust is the sure result. Where the correspondent is a female, the Ithuriel touch is different, but equally decisive in eliciting truth. Women are more versed in letter-writing than men; far more so where it assumes a tone of sentiment or domestic interest. They write with the tenderness of love, and will often submerge themselves in the terms of devoted fondness, sacred to the passion; but let a premature reciprocity of feeling be exhibited at the next interview, in the assurance that expressions so emphatic cannot be unhearing, the unfortunate friend of their Platonic moments is sternly rebuked for daring presumption, and unconsciously frowned into icy propriety!

Matters are not often pushed to this absurd extremity, and even if they were it would not be of much consequence; for if the first detection of insincerity in a friend, or affectation in a woman, is always a painful moment, yet the lesson is one often remembered through life, and well worth purchasing with a transient pang; it is less on this account than for the irritation which it often occasions, that letter-writing is one of the social pleasures to be indulged in with caution: when we do not stand upon a choice of words, or measure nicely the force of language, we forget that the expressions we use may be read in a very different sense from that which is intended: or even where the interpretation is just, the letter may arrive at an unlucky moment, and be received and perhaps answered in a less friendly tone than is agreeable. It may be written in gaiety, and be opened under the racking throb of a tooth-ache; or it may disclose the melancholy detail of wounded feelings and disappointed prospects to a friend immersed in preparations for a pleasurable journey, or returning exhausted from the labours of the office. If it catches him in such a mood, the perusal of it is disagreeable; the answering it is an unreasonable task; reply is deferred as a duty, instead of hailed as a recreation; and if deferred too long, till the first feeling of sympathising pity has evaporated, he is apt to answer with a coolness of advice that kindles resentment and excuses pique; then follow explanations and vindications, crimination and recrimination, rejoinder and retort; permanent ill-humour is generated by the process, and during the six weeks that are occupied in reading and writing as many quires of paper about nothing, the mind is kept in constant fret, and incapacitated by irritation for ordinary duty.

Habitual but frivolous correspondence, having no reference to the business of life, is rarely carried on without a quarrel, unless between the most intimate relatives who know each other too well to misunderstand hastily, or take offence without cause; or unless the difference of sex softens the differences of opinion, and invests the interchange of thought with a sisterly or conjugal tenderness of spirit.

There are exceptions, certainly, and frequent exceptions, but they are almost confined to letters of the namby-pamby character, such as every boarding-school miss writes to "her dear friend Augusta," while still in her teens; narrating "where I have been and where I am going, and who I saw and what he said to me, and I said to him, and all about it," with an occasional episode of "a charming party and a lovely drive," and here and there an aspiring hint about Sir Thomas this, and Lady that, and a critique on a song, or "an article" on Hertz or Litolf! and similarly exquisite effusions now and then pass very harmlessly for years together between chums of the nobler sex; substituting only the merits of a gun, or the points of a horse, or the ribaldry of the saloons, for the more innocent topics of female disquisition. It is at once felt that trash like this is only useful to soil paper for the convenience of the housemaid, and cannot for a moment be ranked under the head of epistolary correspondence, either for its amusement, its utility, or its danger.

Subject to these remarks, letter-writing is a social resource admirably calculated to secure a cheerful uniformity of spirits; and, when chiefly restricted to matters of literary or domestic interest, of taste, or of feeling, it is as improving to an intelligent mind as it is fascinating to all. It may therefore be fairly ranked among the occasional recreations of the young clerk, when released from the daily trammels of the counting-house.



[Benares.]

THE CITY OF BENARES.

THE city of Benares has been called by Dr. Robertson "the Athens of India, the residence of the most learned Brahmins and the seat of both science and literature." It has however now but slight claims to so proud a pre-eminence, for though possessing much of the literature and science of the Hindoos, it owes its chief distinction to what is deemed its holiness. Situated on the sacred river, the Ganges, the residence of a numerous priesthood, it is the point to which numerous flocks of pilgrims are annually directed, and this religious character is strongly impressed on the town. "The sacred bulls devoted to Siva," says Bishop Heber, "of every age, tame and familiar as mastiffs, walk lazily up and down these narrow streets, or are seen lying across them, and hardly to be kicked up (any blows, indeed, given them must be of the gentlest kind, or woe be to the profane wretch who braves the prejudices of this fanatic population) in order to make way for the tonjon. Monkeys, sacred to Hunumaun, the divine ape, who conquered Ceylon for Rama, are in some parts of the town equally numerous, clinging to all the roofs and little projections of the temples, putting their impertinent heads and hands into every fruiterer's or confectioner's shop, and snatching the food from the children at their meals. Fakirs' houses, as they are called, occur at every turn, adorned with idols, and sending out an unceasing tinkling and strumming of vinas, biyals, and other discordant instruments, while religious mendicants of every Hindoo sect, offering every conceivable deformity which chalk, cow-dung, disease, matted locks, distorted limbs, and disgusting and hideous attitudes of penance can show, literally line the principal streets on both sides. The number of blind persons is very great (I was going to say of lepers also, but I am not sure whether the appearance on the skin may not have been filth and chalk); and here I saw repeated instances of

that penance of which I had heard much in Europe, of men with their legs or arms voluntarily distorted by keeping them in one position, and their hands clenched till the nails grew out at the backs. Their pitiful exclamations as we passed, 'Agha Sahib,' 'Topee Sahib' (the usual names in Hindostan for an European); 'Khana ke waste kooch cheez do' (Give me something to eat), soon drew from me what few pice I had; but it was a drop of water in the ocean, and the importunities of the rest, as we advanced into the city, were almost drowned in the hubbub which surrounded us. Such are the sights and sounds which greet a stranger on entering this 'the most holy city' of Hindostan, 'the lotus of the world; not founded on common earth, but on the point of Siva's trident—a place so blessed that whoever dies here, of whatever sect, even though he should be an eater of beef, so he will but be charitable to the poor Brahmins, is sure of salvation.' It is, in fact, this very holiness which makes it the common resort of beggars, since, besides the number of pilgrims, which is enormous from every part of India, as well as from Thibet and the Birman empire, a great multitude of rich individuals in the decline of life, and almost all the great men who are, from time to time, disgraced or banished from home by the revolutions which are continually occurring in the Hindoo states, come hither to wash away their sins, or to fill up their vacant hours with the gaudy ceremonies of their religion, and really give away great sums in profuse and indiscriminate charity." One individual is mentioned who, on more than one occasion, gave away upwards of 50,000 rupees, or about 5000*l*.

The town is the capital of the district of the same name which lies to the north-west of the Presidency of Bengal, and is one of the eight districts into which the province of Allahabad is divided, between 25° and 26° N. lat., and 82° and 84° E. long. This district, or zamindary, formerly constituted an appanage of the dominions of Oude, by whose vizier, Asoph-ud-Dow-

lab, it was ceded in 1775 to the East India Company, as a compensation for the aid which had been granted to him in the preceding year, and by which he was enabled to reduce to subjection the tributary chief of the Rohillas. In the following year, 1776, this zamindari was granted to the Rajah Cheyt Singh of Benares, subject to the payment of an annual tribute to the Company. The violation of this agreement on the part of Mr. Hastings, then governor-general of India, formed one of the charges brought against him on the memorable occasion of his impeachment, by the House of Commons.

The town is built on the convex side of the north bank of the Ganges, which here makes a fine sweep; and is situated in 25° 30' N. lat. and 83° 1' E. long. The streets of the city are, for the most part, only a few feet broad, and the houses, which are built of stone and lofty, are so close together that the sun's rays can hardly penetrate to the pavement. The streets are described as being covered with every kind of filth, which renders the place highly disagreeable as a residence to Europeans. When seen from the river the appearance of the city is beautiful. The eye is pleased with the great variety of the buildings, some of which are highly ornamented, and have terraces on their summits; the view is greatly improved by the numerous flights of stone steps which lead from the banks of the river to Hindoo temples and other public buildings. The number of brick and stone dwellings is said to exceed 12,000, besides which there are above 16,000 houses built of mud.

Many of the houses are of large dimensions. It is customary for each story to be rented by a separate family, and some of the buildings are thus said to contain each two hundred inhabitants. The more wealthy Hindoos live in detached houses with open courts and surrounded by walls.

Of the dwelling-houses Bishop Heber has graphically described one, the residence of the two young sons of a rich native who had recently died. "It was a striking building, and had the advantage, very unusual in Benares, of having a vacant area of some size before the door, which gave us an opportunity of seeing its architecture. It is very irregular, built round a small court, two sides of which are taken up by the dwelling-house, the others by offices. The house is four lofty stories high, with a tower over the gate of one story more. The front has small windows of various forms, some of them projecting on brackets and beautifully carved, and a great part of the wall itself is covered with a carved pattern of sprigs, leaves, and flowers, like an old-fashioned paper. The whole is of stone, but painted a deep red. The general effect is by no means unlike some of the palaces at Venice as represented in Canaletti's views. We entered a gateway similar to that of a college, with a groined arch of beautifully rich carving, like that on the roof of Christ Church gateway, though much smaller. On each side is a deep richly carved recess, like a shrine, in which are idols with lamps before them, the household gods of the family. The court is covered with plantains and rose-trees, with a raised and ornamented well in its centre; on the left hand a narrow and steep flight of stone steps, the meanest part of the fabric, without balustrades, and looking like the approach to an English granary, led to the first story."

Almost in the centre of the city is a large mosque, built by Aurungzebe on the site of a magnificent Hindoo temple, which he destroyed for the purpose of erecting the present building: the mosque has two minarets, the height of which is 232 feet from the level of the Ganges.

The dwellings of the European residents are at Secrole, about three miles from the city. This place

was the scene of a tragical event in January, 1799, when the deposed nabob of Oude, irritated by the British government requiring him to transfer his residence from Benares to Calcutta, proceeded with a body of armed attendants to the house of the Company's resident, Mr. Cherry, whom they assassinated, together with four other European gentlemen. The nabob, Vizier Ally, made his escape with about four hundred followers to Asimghur, but was taken in the December following, and imprisoned in Calcutta.

The native population of Benares is at all times very great. In 1803 the resident inhabitants were estimated to amount to five hundred and eighty-two thousand, and the number is now supposed to be even greater. Nine-tenths of the population are Hindoos, and the remainder Mohammedans.

Bishop Heber, one of the most recent describers of the town, says: "No Europeans live in the town, nor are the streets wide enough for a wheel carriage. Mr. Frazer's gig was stopped short almost in its entrance, and the rest of the way was passed in tonjous, through alleys so crowded, so narrow, and so winding, that even a tonjon sometimes passed with difficulty. The houses are mostly lofty; none, I think, less than two stories, most of three, and several of five or six: a sight which I now, for the first time, saw in India. The streets, like those of Chester, are considerably lower than the ground-floors of the houses, which have mostly arched rows in front, with little shops behind them. Above these, the houses are richly embellished with verandahs, galleries, projecting oriel windows, and very broad and overhanging eaves, supported by carved brackets. The number of temples is very great, mostly small, and stuck like shrines in the angles of the streets, and under the shadow of the lofty houses. Their forms, however, are not ungraceful; and they are many of them entirely covered over with beautiful and elaborate carvings of flowers, animals, and palm-branches, equalling in minuteness and richness the best specimens that I have seen of Gothic or Grecian architecture. The material of the buildings is a very good stone from Chunar; but the Hindoos here seem fond of painting them a deep red colour; and, indeed, of covering the more conspicuous parts of their houses with paintings in gaudy colours of flower-pots, men, women, bulls, elephants, gods and goddesses, in all their many-formed, many-headed, many-handed, and many-weaponed varieties."

Miss Roberts, in her 'Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan,' gives a lively description of the present state of Benares, from which it will be seen that, though it is the great seat of the Hindoo superstition, it is not devoid of other and better features:—

"Benares, at day-break, presents less of animated life than any other city of the same magnitude and extent: a few sweepers only appear in the streets; all the houses are shut up, and give no sign of the multitudes who swarm within. The shops are closely barricaded, the usual mode of fastening them being by a strong chain attached by a large padlock to a staple beneath the threshold. At this early hour the streets are very clean, and the air of the city is much cooler and fresher than might be expected from its denseness and population. Its zoological inhabitants are up and abroad with the first gleam of the sun; the brahminical bulls perambulate the streets, monkeys spring from cornice to cornice, and flights of pigeons and paroquets dart from the parapets in every direction. As soon as it is broad day, the priests repair to the temples, and devotees are seen conveying the sacred water from the Ganges to the several shrines. At the doors of the pagodas persons are stationed with baskets of flowers for sale. Long rosaries of scarlet, white, or yellow blossoms seem to be in the greatest request, and are

purchased by the pious as offerings to their gods: the pavements of the temples are strewn with these floral treasures, the only pleasing ceremonial connected with Hindoo worship. The too abundant supply of water, the dirty throng of religious beggars, and the incessant vociferations of 'Ram! Ram!' compel all save determined antiquaries to make a speedy exit from the noise and crowd of these places. Visitors who take an interest in the homely occupations of the native traders may be amused by the opening of the shops, and the commencement of the stir, bustle, and traffic, which at ten o'clock will have reached its climax. The rich merchandise with which the city abounds, according to the custom of Hindostan, is carefully concealed from the view of passengers; but in the tailors' shops some of the costly products of the neighbouring countries are exhibited. Those skilful artists, who can repair a rent with invisible stitches, sit in groups, employed in mending superb shawls, which, after having passed through their practised hands, will sell to inexperienced purchasers for new ones fresh from the looms of Thibet. The shops of the copper-smiths make the most show; they are gaily set out with brass and copper vessels of various kinds, some intended for domestic use, and others for that of the temples. In every street a shroff or banker may be seen, seated behind a pile of cowries, with bags of silver and copper at his elbow. These men make considerable sums in the course of the day by changing specie; they deduct a per centage from every rupee, and are notorious usurers, lending out their money at enormous interest. Here too are confectioners, surrounded by the common sweetmeats which are so much in request, and not unfrequently employed in the manufacture of their sugar-cakes. In an iron kettle placed over a charcoal fire, the syrup is boiling; the contents are occasionally stirred with an iron ladle, and when the mixture is 'thick and slab,' and has imbibed a due proportion of the dust which rises in clouds from the well-trodden street, ladlefuls are poured upon an iron plate which covers a charcoal stove, whence, when sufficiently baked, they are removed to their places on the counter or platform, on which the whole process is conducted. Those dainty cook-shops, so temptingly described in the 'Arabian Nights,' decked with clean white cloths, and furnished with delicate cream tarts, with or without pepper, are not to be seen in India; yet the tables of the Hindoos, though more simple than those of the luxurious Mussulmans, are not destitute of richly seasoned viands and the finer sort of confections. The dyers, punkah-makers, and several others, also carry on their respective occupations in their open shops; the houses of the former are distinguished by long pieces of gaily-coloured cloths hung across projecting poles. In these, the bright red of the Indian rose, and the superb yellow, the bridal colour of the Hindoos, are the most conspicuous; they likewise produce brilliant greens and rich blues, which, when formed into turbans and cummerbunds, very agreeably diversify the white dresses of an Indian crowd."

Of the present state of native learning and science Bishop Heber gives a very unfavourable account. In a large building, called the Vidyalaya, "full of teachers and scholars," reading, writing, arithmetic, Persian, Hindoo law, and sacred literature, Sanscrit, astronomy according to the Ptolemaic system, and astrology, were taught, but the nature of the instruction afforded may be gathered from the fact that the astronomical lecturer identified Mount Meru with the north pole, and supposed the south pole to be supported by the tortoise on which the earth rests, according to the Hindoo legend. With regard to their famous observatory, he

"It is a stone building, containing some small

courts, cloistered round for the accommodation of the astronomers and their students, and a large square tower, on which are seen a huge gnomon, perhaps 20 feet high, with the arc of a dial in proportion, a circle 15 feet in diameter, and a meridional line, all in stone. These are very far from being exact, but are interesting proofs of the zeal with which science has at one time been followed in these countries. There is a similar observatory at Delhi.* From the observatory we descended by a long flight of steps to the water's edge, where a boat is waiting for us. I had thus an opportunity of seeing the whole city on its most favourable side. It is really a very large place, and rises from the river in an amphitheatrical form, thickly studded with domes and minarets, with many very fine ghâts descending to the water's edge, all crowded with bathers and worshippers. Shrines and temples of various sizes, even within the usual limits of the river's rise, almost line its banks. Some of these are very beautiful, though all are small, and I was particularly struck with one very elegant little structure, which was founded, as well as the ghât on which it stands, by the virtuous Ali Bhace."

A great part of the instruction formerly given at Benares was gratuitous, from the prevailing idea that all the religious merit of the act would be lost if any payment were taken from the pupils. It does not appear, however, that the teachers had any scruples about receiving donations from pilgrims or from Hindoo princes. At the time of the establishment of the British empire in India, the schools of Benares were in a declining condition. The Hindoo Sanscrit College of this city was established by the English resident, Mr. Duncan, in 1791. This institution has since been principally supported by the Company's government: some of the scholars contribute towards the expenses. An English class was added to this college in 1827, when the number of students was two hundred and fifty-nine; in 1830 the number was increased to two hundred and eighty-seven. Other schools have been established in Benares during the present century, and have been partly endowed by native inhabitants. In one of these schools nearly two hundred children are instructed in the English, Persian, and Hindostanee languages, as well as in writing, arithmetic, general history, geography, and astronomy.

The government of the city, as well as of the district of which it is the capital, has been virtually exercised by the British since 1775. The Rajah of Benares holds merely a nominal authority, and is a stipendiary of the Company. His residence is at Ramnaghur, about a mile from the city on the opposite side of the river.

Benares is eighty-three miles' travelling distance from Allahabad, four hundred and sixty miles from Calcutta, one hundred and thirty from Oude, one hundred and eighty-nine from Lucknow, nine hundred and fifty from Bombay, and one thousand one hundred and three from Madras.

* The observatory at Delhi will be found described and represented in No. 525.

Curious mode of obtaining Prey.—This fish (the *chatodon rostratus*) inhabits the Indian rivers, and lives on the smaller aquatic flies. When it observes one alighted on a twig, or flying near (for it can shoot them on the wing), it darts a drop of water with so steady an aim, as to bring the fly down into the water, when it falls an easy prey. These fishes are kept in large vases for amusement, and if a fly be presented on the end of a twig, they will shoot at it with surprising accuracy. In its natural state it will hit a fly at the distance of from three to six feet. The *zeus insidiator* has also the power of forming its mouth into a tube and squirting at flies so as to encumber their wings and bring them to the surface of the water.—*Sir Charles Bell on the Mechanism of the Hand.*



[Stanton-Harcourt Church.]

STANTON-HARCOURT.

THE village of Stanton-Harcourt, about four miles from Witney, and seven from Oxford, is a place of considerable and various interest; its situation is pleasant, its associations not unattractive, and it contains several objects deserving regard; those most calling for notice being the remains of the ancient mansion, known as Pope's Tower, and the singular kitchen; and the very handsome old church. At a short distance from the village are three large upright stones, commonly called 'the Devil's Coits;' they are of the ordinary red-veined sandstone of the district, and are supposed to be monumental. Thomas Warton, in his History of Kidlington, conjectures that "they were erected to commemorate a battle fought near Bampton, in 614, between the Saxons and the Britons; when the Saxons under Cynegil slew more than two thousand Britons." "The adjacent barrow," he adds, "has been destroyed." Stanton-Harcourt was among the vast estates which fell to the lot of the Bishop of Bayeux, the half-brother of the Conqueror; and it was evidently, from the mention of it in the Domesday Survey, a somewhat valuable acquisition. From an account of Stanton-Harcourt written by the late George Simon, Earl of Harcourt, we learn that "The manor of Stanton-Harcourt has continued six hundred years in the Harcourt family. Queen Adeliza, daughter of Godfrey first duke of Brabant, and second wife to King Henry I., granted the manor of Stanton to her kinswoman, Millicent, wife of Richard de Camvill, whose daughter Isabel married Robert de Harcourt; and from the time of that marriage it assumed the name of Stanton-Harcourt. This grant was afterwards confirmed to her and her heirs by King Stephen and King Henry II." The service by which it was held of the crown is worth quoting as an example of the somewhat curious mixture of minute observances in these feudal tenures: "The lord of Stanton-Harcourt shall find four browsers in Woodstock park in winter-time, when the snow shall happen to fall, and tarry, lie, and abide, by the space of two days; and so to find the said browsers there browsing; so long as the snow doth lie, every browser to have to his lodging every night one billet of wood, the length of his axe-helve, and that to carry to his lodgings upon the edge of his axe. And the king's bailiff, of the demesnes, or of the hundred of Wootton coming to give warning for the said browsers, shall

blow his horn at the gate of the manor of Stanton-Harcourt aforesaid, and then the said bailiff to have a cast of bread, a gallon of ale, and a piece of beef, of the said lord of Stanton-Harcourt aforesaid: and the said lord, or other for the time being, to have of custom yearly out of the said park, one buck in summer and one doe in winter. And also the said lord of Stanton-Harcourt must fell, make, rear, and carry, all the grass growing in one meadow within the park of Woodstock, called Stanton and Southley mead; and the fellers and the makers thereof have used to have of custom, of the king's majesty's charge, six-pence in money, and two gallons of ale." The manor now belongs to the present archbishop of York. Of the mansion, which was very large, and some parts of it very ancient, little is now left. After the death of Sir Philip Harcourt in 1688 it ceased to be the residence of the family and was suffered to go to decay. By the end of the next century it had become ruinous, and was, with the exception of the portions we are about to notice, demolished by order of its owner in 1770. The porter's lodge, near the road, still remains in its original form; the arms on either side of the gate, in both fronts, show that it was erected by Sir Simon Harcourt, who died in 1547. Some upper rooms in the small remaining part of the house adjoining the kitchen, and now in the occupation of a farmer, are nearly in their original state, and bear evident marks of great antiquity. They contain nothing remarkable, however, besides an old stoke fire-place and an ancient chimney. Pope passed the greater part of two summers in this deserted mansion, for the sake of pursuing his poetical studies in tranquillity. The tower, shown in the engraving, bears the name of Pope's Tower from the circumstance that in the uppermost room in it he wrote the fifth volume of his translation of Homer; as he recorded on a pane of stained glass in the window. The pane of glass has been removed, and is now "preserved as a valuable relique at Nuneham-Courtney," but the room is still called Pope's Study. The tower is in good repair, though the apartments are used only as store-rooms. The lower room is the old family chapel; part of it has a flat wooden ceiling composed of squares, with red and yellow mouldings, and a blue ground, with gilt stars in the centre of each compartment. The tower is fifty-four feet high; the upper rooms are each thirteen feet square.

But the most curious portion of the old mansion

now existing is the kitchen shown in the left hand corner of the engraving, and of which an account with a representation on a larger scale was given in No. 258.

The main portion of the mansion was erected in the reign of Henry VII. Pope in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham described it as it was before its demolition, but according to the Earl of Harcourt, "although his description be ludicrous and witty, it is in almost every particular incorrect; the situation of the several buildings being exactly the reverse of that in which they stood, as is demonstrated by a still existing plan."

The church, which stands contiguous to the site of the old mansion, is an unusually fine one, and merits careful regard. It is cruciform, having a massive tower of handsome proportions springing from the intersection of the arms of the cross. The several parts are of very different dates, but their union does not appear incongruous—the modern deformities having been recently swept away. The nave is Norman, of the twelfth century, not greatly enriched, the two plain doorways on the north and south sides of it being the leading features. Through the principal door the men enter the church on Sundays, the female part of the congregation more meekly entering by another lesser door, at a little distance from it, according to "a custom established there time immemorial." The wooden roof to the nave is believed to have been added in the fourteenth century. The chancel, the transepts, and the tower arches are of the thirteenth century; the upper part of the tower was, probably, added in the fifteenth century. The chancel is a very pure specimen of the early English style of architecture, and of large dimensions for so small a church; these dimensions being forty-four feet long by eighteen wide, the nave being only forty-eight by twenty-three feet; making with the space between the arches on which the tower is supported, the entire internal length of the church, one hundred and nine feet. The transepts are each twenty-four feet by twenty. At the east end of the chancel is a fine triple lancet window, united on the outside by a string-course, and within made to appear as a single window of three lights. On the north side there are six smaller lancet windows, divided into triplets; on the south side there is but one triplet, the other having been destroyed to make way for the Harcourt chapel. Under the window on the south side of the altar is an elegant early English piscina, with a stone shelf, and a shaft from the ground to support the basin. The small buttresses at the angles of the exterior of the chancel are the original ones, the taller have been since added, the walls having cracked, and the arches of the two side windows having given way. The Harcourt aisle or chapel was erected about the same time as the mansion, and is a not ungraceful example of the decorated style of ecclesiastical architecture of the time of Henry VII. On the exterior it is surmounted by an open quatrefoil parapet and square-topped pinnacles. It was designed, and is still used, as the burial-place of the Harcourt family; of some of the many monuments it contains we shall presently speak.

The north transept has an open timber roof, of the fourteenth or fifteenth century. Originally there were two altars on the east side of this transept; they are gone, but the altar platforms, and a piscina near them, remain to mark their position. The south transept corresponded in all respects to the north; but was greatly altered to suit its union with the Harcourt chapel.

Inside the church are many objects interesting to the archaeologist. The rood-screen which separates the chancel is of oak, and perfect. In its carvings it agrees both in style and execution with the chancel

arch; and is believed to be the earliest wooden rood-screen known in England. Some of the monuments in this church have attracted much attention, especially a small altar-tomb, about four feet long by two feet wide, and having a tall and very richly ornamented canopy over it, on the cornice of which are shields of many noble families retaining, with the canopy, much of the original colouring; the tomb itself, also, has several shields supported by figures in the costume of the reign of Edward I. It stands on the north side of the altar, from which, and from the emblems of the Crucifixion being sculptured on it, it has been conjectured to have been employed for the Easter sepulchre. No other instance of an actual tomb used for that purpose is known in this country, but it is said some have been noticed on the Continent. The Harcourt chapel, also, contains a monument in its way almost unique. It is engraved in Gough's 'Sepulchral Monuments' (vol. ii. pt. 3, p. 229), where it is thus described: "This monument of Sir Robert Harcourt, of that place, Knight of the Garter, ancestor of the Earl of Harcourt; and Margaret his wife, daughter of Sir John Byron of Clayton, Lancashire, Knight, ancestor of Lord Byron. He was sheriff of Lancashire and Warwickshire, 1445; elected Knight of the Garter 1463; commissioned with Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, and others, to treat of a peace between Edward IV. and Louis XI. of France, 1467; and was slain on the part of the House of York, by the Staffords of the Lancastrian party, November 14, 1472. His figure represents him in his hair, gorget of mail, plated armour strapped at the elbows and wrists; large hilted sword at left side, dagger at right, his belt charged with oak leaves, hands bare, a kind of ruffe turned back at his wrists, shoes of scaled armour, order of the garter on left leg, and over all the mantle of the garter, with a rich cape and cordon; his head reclines on a helmet with his crest, a swan; at his feet a lion. His lady habited in the yeil head-dress falling back, has a mantle, and surcoat, and cordon, and a kind of short apron, long sleeves fastened in a singular manner at the waist (wrist), and the order of the garter round her left arm; her feet are partly wrapped up in her mantle." On the effigy of Sir Robert is a remarkable collar of alternate roses and suns, which Gough appears to have overlooked, and which is very ill-represented in his engraving; it is more accurately engraved by Skelton. Valuable as the figure of the knight is as illustrating the costume of his time, it is that of the lady which is especially noteworthy, being one of the two existing examples of female sepulchral effigies, represented with the insignia of the order of the garter. The other is that of Alice, Duchess of Suffolk, in the church of Ewelme, also in Oxfordshire. On Lady Alice the garter has no motto, and is worn above the wrist; that at Stanton Harcourt is placed above the elbow, and has the motto engraven on it. A third example is said to have been that of Constance, the lady of Sir John Grey, figured on the monument of her brother Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, in St. Catherine's by the Tower, London. But the figure was too much mutilated to enable it to be recognised, long before the church, as well as the monument, was removed to make way for St. Catherine's Docks. Some other monuments, both in the chapel and in the body of the church, might be mentioned if we had space. One has some lines, of little merit, by Congreve, and another has an epitaph by Pope. There are, also, a couple of small brasses near the altar.

A marble slab fixed on the outside of the south chancel bears an inscription, written by Pope, to the memory of the couple whose death by lightning, while engaged with many others at harvest-work, is described in the well-known letter written by Gay, a few days

after the event.* In the church-yard is the base of an ancient cross. The church, which is in its exterior very picturesque, with the ancient tower, and kitchen beyond, form together a striking group from the church-yard. The inside of the church had received many churchwardens' improvements, but the whole has been for some time undergoing a careful restoration, which is now nearly completed; and has a very beautiful appearance. The restorations have been conducted under the auspices of the Oxford Architectural Society, to whose publications we have been indebted in this notice.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

THE SQUIRE'S TALE—concluded.

THE nurse of digestion, sleep, bade the revellers take heed—

That muchel drink, and labour will have rest;
and they withdrew to their beds. For the most part
they slept till it was broad day; but Canace

slept her firste sleep, and then awoke,
For such a joy she in her heart took,
Both of her quaint ring, and her mirrour,
That twenty times she changed her colour.

Before the sun rose, she calleth her governess, who
lay by her side; who inquired—

Madame, whither will ye go
Thus early? for the folk be all in rest.

I will, quoth she, arise and walk about, for I desire to
sleep no longer. The governess calls up a company
of women, and

Up-riseth freshe Canace herself,
As ruddy and bright as the young sun.

And she walks forth lightly arrayed, as befitted the
sweet season.

The vapour which glided upwards from the earth—

Maketh the sun to seem ruddy and broad,
But nathless it was so fair a sight,
That it made all their heartes for to-light.†
What for the season, and the morwening,
And for the fowles† that she heard sing.
For right anon she wiste what they meant
Right by their song, and knew all their intent.

And amidst a tree, that was dried up, and

as white as chalk,
As Canace was playing in her walk,
There sat a falcon over her head full high,
That with a piteous voice so 'gan to cry,
That all the wood resounded of her cry,
And beaten had herself so piteously
With both her winges, till the redde blood
Ran endeloug the tree, there as she stood.

And ever she continued to shriek and cry, and to tear
herself with her beak, that there is no tiger or cruel
beast that would not have wept, if he could weep,

For sorrow of her, she shriek'd always so louds

No man who could well understand a falcon, ever
heard of another so fair as this, for plumage, shape,
and breeding. It seemed to be a peregrine falcon of
foreign lands,

and ever as she stood,
She swooned now, and now, for lack of blood,
Till well nigh is she fallen from the tree.

* The inscription on the monument together with Gay's letter
is given in the Penny Magazine for 1836, No. 260.
† To be light—airy—jocund. ‡ Birds.

The king's daughter, the fair Canace, who bore on her
finger the strange ring, through which she understood
whatever any bird might utter in his language, and
could answer him in his language again, understood
what the falcon saith, and almost died for pity.

And to the tree she goth full hastily,
And on this falcon looketh piteously,
And held her lap abroad, for well she wist
The falcon muste fallen from the twist*
When that she swooned next, for fault of blood.

A long time she paused, and then spoke thus unto
the hawk—"What is the cause that ye be in this dread-
ful pain?"

Quoth Canace, unto this hawk above,
"Is this from sorrow of death, or loss of love? . . .
For as I trow these be the causes two
That causen most a gentle hearte woe.

What may help you? I never before now heard bird
or beast fare so piteously with himself. Ye slay me
with your sorrow,

I have of you so great compassion.
For Godde's love come from the tree a-down;
And as I am a kinge's daughter true,
If that I verily the causes knew
Of your disease, if it lay in my might,
I would amend it, ere that it were night;

So

wisely help me the great God of kinl.
And herbes shall I right enough y find
To healen with your hurtes hastily."

Then shrieked the falcon still worse than ever, and
fell to the ground, and lieth as dead as a stone, until
Canace took her in her lap, and reviveth her. And at
last in her hawk's language she said†

There I was bred—alas, that ilke day!—
And foster'd in a rock of marble grey

* Or perch.

† Mr. Cowden Clarke, in his prose 'Tales from Chaucer,'
1833, observes—"If the whole of this portion of the story were
transposed into prose, it would, I fear, prove uninteresting to the
young reader. The original is clothed in *nervous and beautiful*
verse, and will at some future time, amply reward the youthful,
imaginative mind, that has overcome the not arduous toil of com-
prehending freely the quaint and unfortunately obsolete dialect
of this very great and beautiful poet." Two years later, while
giving the poetical 'Riches of Chaucer,' in their own poetical
shape, to the public, and thus practically proving to many a grate-
ful reader, that their "dialect" was anything but "obsolete," Mr.
Clarke writes upon this same portion of the 'Squire's Tale,'
"The deserted fair one being somewhat prolix, and withal not
interesting in her complaint, we will, with the reader's consent,
pass on to the conclusion of the Tale." Now we must be
excused, if we not only prefer the earlier to the later estimate of
the passage in question, but add that, in our opinion, "the *nervous*
and beautiful verse" is but the medium through which is
conveyed the *most exquisitely pathetic description ever given to*
the world of a devoted and unrequited love. We know nothing
of a similar kind that can be even compared with it. There are
single lines in this complaint (so marvellously misunderstood
and neglected) that express more than many books that have taken
the same subject for their theme. § Here is one such line—

"My will became his wille's instrument."

One would have thought it would have been impossible to have
read the first half-dozen lines without seeing that it is no bird,
but one of the most trusting of human beings that has been
deceived; and that the transmigration into the falcon is but a
part of the fairy machinery of the Tale, and *probably, only a*
temporary transformation. But, alas! the wand of the enchanter
was prematurely arrested; how, or why, we know not; the Tale
was unfinished;—we might add in our opinion, that it was only
little more than begun. In soliciting particular attention to the
ensuing passages, we venture to italicise here and there a line,
on which we think the poetical reader will like to pause with us
awhile to weigh the world of thought and beauty it contains.

So tenderly that nothing ailed me ;
 I ne wist not what was adversity
 Till I could flee full high under the sky.
 Then elwell'd a tercelet* me faste by,
 That seemèd well of alle gentleness;
 All were he full of treason and falseness.
 It was so wrapped under humble cheer,
 And under hue of truth in such mannere—
 Under pleasance, and under busy pain,
 That no wight could have ween'd he coude feign :
 So deep in grain he dyed his colours ;
 Right as a serpent hideth him under flowers
 Till he may see his time for to bite.

And in this manner, he so pursued

- his intent,
- That, save the fiend, none wiste what he meaut,
- Till he so long had weeped and complainèd,
- And many a year his service to me feignèd ;
- Till that mine heart, too piteous and too nice,
- All innocent of his crown'd malice,
- For feare of his death, as thoughte me,
- Upon his oathes and his surety,
- Granted him love

on this condition, that evermore mine honour and reputation were truly preserved ; and so

I gave him all my heart, and all my thought.

And when he saw the matter so far gone, and that I had

given him my true heart as free
 As he swore that he gave his heart to me,
 Anon this tigre, full of doubleness,
 Fell on his knees with so great humbless,
 With so high reverence, as by his cheer,
 So like a gentle lover, of mannere,
 So ravish'd as it seemèd for the joy,

that

His manner was a heaven for to see
 To any woman, were she never so wise.

And I so loved him for the truth that I deemed was in his heart, that if aught gave him pain, methought I felt in my heart death itself entwine about me. And, shortly, so far

this thing is went,
 That my will was his wilc's instrument.

This lasteth for more than a year or two, that I supposed only good of him. But finally, fortune would that he should go away from the place where I was. Whether

me was woe, it is no question ;
 I cannot make of it description.
 For one thing dare I tellen boldly,
 I know what is the pain of death thereby,
 Such harm I felt

that he might not stay.

So on a day he took of me his leave,
 So sorrowful eke, that ween'd verily
 That he had felt as muchel harm as I
 When that I heard him speak and saw his lere,
 But natheless I thought he was so true,
 And eke that he repairen should again
 Within a little while sooth to sayn,—
 And reason would,—eke that he muste go
 For his honour, as it happ'neth so,—
 That I made virtue of necessity,
 And took it well since that it muste be ;
 As I best might I hid from him my sorrow,
 And took him by the hand, Saint John to borrow ;†

* The tercelet is the male hawk. † A well. ‡ Also.

§ That is to say, to borrow the name of the saint as a pledge of the speaker's truth.

And said him thus : " Lo, I am your's all,
 Both such as I have been to you, and shall."
 What he answer'd it needeth not rehearse.
 Who can say bet' than he, who can do worse ?
 When he hath all well said, than hath he done.

So at the last he must go forth on his way. And when he came to the place where it pleased him to abide,

- I trow that he had thilke text in mind,
 That alle thing, repairing to his kind,
- Gladdeth himself ; thus say men, as I guess,
 Men loven of proper kind new-fangleness,
 As birdes do, that men in cages feed,
 For though thou night and day take of them heed,
 And strew their cage fair and soft as silk,
 And give them sugar, honey, bread, and milk ;
 Yet right anon as that his door is up,
 He with his feet will spurnen down his cup ;
 And to the wood he will, and wormes eat,
 So newefangle be they of their meat ;
 And loven novelties of proper kind :
 No gentleness of blood ne may them bind.
 So far'd this tercelet, alas the day !
 Though he were gentle born, and fresh, and gay ;
 And goodly for to see, and humble, and free,
 He saw upon a time a kite flee ;
 And suddenly he lov'd this kite so,
 That all his love for me is clean ago ;
 And hath his truthe falsed in this wise,•
 Thus hath the kite my love in her service,
 And I am lorn withouten remedy.

Canace bears the falcon home in her lap, and does all she can to gladden her and to heal her hurts.

I will now for a time leave Canace in charge of her hawk, and speak no more of her ring, until I shall have to say

- How that this falcon gat her love again
 Repentant, as the story telleth us,
 By mediation of Camballus,
 The king's son. †

I will now describe adventures and battles more marvellous than were ever before heard of:—

First I will tellen you of Cambuscan.
 That in his time many a city wan ;*
 And after will I speak of Algarsife,
 How that he won Theodora to his wife ;
 For whom full oft in great peril he was,
 Ne had he been helpen by the horse of brass ;
 And after I will speak of Camballo,
 That fought in listis with the bretheren two
 For Canace, ere that he might her win,
 And there I left I will again begin.

* * * *

[But that beginning never came. " Here endeth the Squire's tale, as much as Chaucer ever made."†]

* Won.

† Note written in some of the manuscripts of the Canterbury Tales.

South American Horsemanship.—One evening, a donidor (a subduer of horses) came for the purpose of breaking in some colts. I will describe the preparatory steps, for I believe they have not been mentioned by other travellers. A troop of wild young horses is driven into the corral or large enclosure of stakes, and the door is shut. We will suppose that one man alone has to catch and mount a horse which as yet had never felt bridle or saddle. I conceive, except by a Gaucho, such a feat would be utterly impracticable. The Gaucho picks out a full-grown colt ; and as the beast rushes round the circus, he throws his lazo so as to catch both the front legs. Instantly the horse rolls over with a heavy shock, and whilst struggling on the ground, the Gaucho, holding the lazo tight, makes a circle, so as to catch one of the hind legs, just beneath the fetlock, and draws it close to the two front legs ; he then hitches the lazo, so that the three are bound together. Then sitting on the horse's neck, he fixes a strong bridle, without a bit, to the lower jaw : this he does

by passing a narrow thong through the eye-holes at the end of the reins, and several times round both jaw and tongue. The two front legs are now tied closely together with a strong leathern thong, fastened by a slip-knot. The lasso, which bound the three together, being then loosened, the horse rises with difficulty. The Gaucho now holding fast the bridle fixed to the lower jaw, leads the horse outside the corral. If a second man is present (otherwise the trouble is much greater) he holds the animal's head, whilst the first puts on the horsecloths and saddle, and girths the whole together. During this operation, the horse, from dread and astonishment at thus being bound round the waist, throws himself over and over again on the ground and, till beaten, is unwilling to rise. At last, when the saddling is finished, the poor animal can hardly breathe from fear, and is white with foam and sweat. The man now prepares to mount by pressing heavily on the stirrup, so that the horse may not lose its balance; and at the moment that he throws his leg over the animal's back, he pulls the slip-knot binding the front legs, and the beast is free. Some donadors pull the knot while the animal is lying on the ground, and, standing over the saddle, allow him to rise, beneath them. The horse wild with dread gives a few most violent bounds, and then starts off at full gallop; when quite exhausted, the man, by patience, brings him back to the corral, where reeking hot and scarcely alive, the poor beast is let free. Those animals which will not gallop away, but obstinately throw themselves on the ground, are by far the most troublesome. This process is tremendously severe, but in two or three trials the horse is tamed. It is not, however, for some weeks that the animal is ridden with the iron bit and solid ring, for it must learn to associate the will of its rider with the feel of the rein, before the most powerful bridle can be of any service. . . . The Gauchos are well known to be perfect riders. The idea of being thrown, let the horse do what it likes, never enters their head. Their criterion of a good rider is, a man who can manage an untamed colt, or who, if his horse falls, alights on his own feet, or can perform other such exploits. I have heard of a man betting that he would throw his horse down twenty times, and that nineteen times he would not fall himself. I recollect seeing a Gaucho riding a very stubborn horse, which three times successively reared so high as to fall backwards with great violence. The man judged with uncommon coolness the proper moment for slipping off, not an instant before or after the right time; and as soon as the horse got up, the man jumped on his back; and at last they started at a gallop. The Gaucho never appears to exert any muscular force. I was one day watching a good rider, as we were galloping at a rapid pace, and thought to myself, "surely if the horse starts, you appear so careless on your seat, you must fall." At this moment, a male ostrich sprang from its nest right beneath the horse's nose: the young colt bounded on one side like a stag; but as for the man, all that could be said was, that he started and took fright with his horse. In Chile and Peru more pains are taken with the mouth of the horse than in La Plata, and this is evidently a consequence of the more intricate nature of the country. In Chile a horse is not considered perfectly broken, till he can be brought up standing, in the midst of his full speed, on any particular spot,—for instance, on a cloak thrown on the ground; or again, he will charge a wall, and rearing scrape the surface with his hoofs. I have seen an animal bounding with spirit, yet merely reined by a fore finger and thumb, taken at full gallop across a court-yard, and made to wheel round the post of a veranda with great speed, but at so equal a distance, that the rider, with outstretched arm, all the while kept one finger rubbing the post. Then making a demi-volte in the air, with the other arm outstretched in a like manner, he wheeled round, with astonishing force, in an opposite direction. Such a horse is well broken; and although this at first may appear useless, it is far otherwise. It is only carrying that which is daily necessary into perfection. When a bullock is checked and caught by the lasso, it will sometimes gallop round and round in a circle, and the horse being alarmed at the great strain, if not well broken, will not readily turn like the pivot of a wheel. In consequence many men have been killed, for if the lasso once takes a twist round a man's body, it will instantly, from the power of the two opposed animals, almost cut him in twain. On the same principle the snags are managed; the course is only two or three hundred yards long, the wish being to have horses that can make a rapid dash. The snag-horses are trained not only to stand with their hoofs touching a line, but to draw all four feet together, so as at the first spring to bring into play the full action of the hind-quarters. In Chile I was told an anecdote, which I believe was true; and it offers a good illustration of the use of a well-

broken animal. A respectable man, riding one day, met two others, one of whom was mounted on a horse, which he knew to have been stolen from himself. He challenged them; they answered him by drawing their sabres and giving chase. The man, on his good and fleet beast, kept just ahead; as he passed a thick bush he wheeled round it, and brought up his horse to a dead check. The pursuers were obliged to shoot on one side and ahead. Then instantly dashing on, fight behind them, he buried his knife in the back of one, wounded the other, recovered his horse from the dying robber, and rode home. For these feats of horsemanship two things are necessary: a most severe bit, like the Mamaluke, the power of which, though seldom used, the horse knows full well; and large blunt spurs, that can be applied either as a mere touch, or as an instrument of extreme pain. I conceive that with English spurs, the slightest touch of which pricks the skin, it would be impossible to break in a horse after the South American fashion.—*Darwin's Journal of the Voyage of the Beagle, in Murray's Home and Colonial Library.*

Right and Left.—For the conveniences of life, and to make us prompt and dexterous, it is pretty evident that there ought to be no hesitation which hand is to be used, or which foot is to be put forward; nor is there in fact any such indecision. Is this taught, or have we this readiness given to us by nature? It must be observed at the same time, that there is a distinction in the whole right side of the body, and that the left side is not only the weaker in regard to muscular strength, but also in its vital or constitutional properties. The development of the organs of action and motion is greatest upon the right side, as may at any time be ascertained by measurement, or the testimony of the tailor or shoemaker; certainly, this superiority may be said to result from the more frequent exertion of the right hand, but the peculiarity extends to the constitution also, and disease attacks the left extremities more frequently than the right. In opera dancers, we may see that the most difficult feats are performed by the right foot. But their preparatory exercises better evince the natural weakness of the left limb, since these performers are made to give double practice to this limb in order to avoid awkwardness in the public exhibition, for if these exercises be neglected an ungraceful preference will be given to the right side. In walking behind a person it is very seldom that we see an equalized motion of the body, and if we look at the left foot we shall find that the tread is not so firm upon it, that the toe is not so much turned out as in the right, and that a greater push is made with it. From the peculiar form of woman, and the elasticity of her step, resulting more from the motion of the ankle than of the haunches, the defect of the left foot, when it exists, is more apparent in her gait. No boy hops upon his left foot unless he be left-handed. The horseman puts the left foot in the stirrup, and springs from the right. We think we may conclude, that every thing being adapted in the conveniences of life to the right hand—as for example, the direction of the worm of the screw, or of the cutting end of the auger—is not arbitrary, but is related to a natural endowment of the body. He who is left-handed is most sensible to the advantages of this adaptation, from the opening of the parlour-door to the opening of a penknife. On the whole, the preference of the right hand is not the effect of habit, but is a natural provision, and is bestowed for a very obvious purpose: and the property does not depend on the peculiar distribution of the arteries of the arm, but the preference is given to the right foot as well as to the right hand.—*Sir Charles Bell on the Hand, in the Bridgewater Treatises.*

Curious mode of Recovering Debts.—They have an odd usage among them to recover their debts, which is this: they will sometimes go to the house of their debtor, with the leaves of *neelingala*, a certain plant which is rank poison, and threaten him that they will eat that poison and destroy themselves unless he will pay him what he owes. The debtor is much afraid of this, and, rather than the other should poison himself, will sometimes sell a child to pay the debt; not that the one is tender of the life of the other, but out of care for himself: for if the person dies of the poison, the other, for whose sake the other poisoned himself, must pay a ransom for his own life. By this means also they will sometimes threaten to revenge themselves of those with whom they have any contest, and do it too. And, upon the same intent, they will also jump down some steep place, or hang, or make away with themselves, that so they might bring their adversary to great damage.—*Knighton's History of Ceylon.*



[Nuneham-Courtney.]

NUNEHAM-COURTNEY.

WITH Oxford holiday-seekers of all classes, Nuneham-Courtney is one of the most favourite resorts. It lies at an easy distance from the city, being about five miles by the road, and not more than seven by the river; and as the row to it is one of the pleasantest on the Thames, few make an aquatic excursion from Oxford without Nuneham serving as the goal: and it deserves the favour in which it is held. Few parts of the river are pleasanter, and fewer of the parks along its banks are so beautiful in themselves, or afford so rich a variety of views. * Some have not scrupled to assert that it is the most beautiful place by the Thames, but this is an exaggeration which its loveliness does not need.

A few words will tell all that is necessary of its history. At the Domesday Survey it belonged to Richard de Curci.* It afterwards passed to the family of the Riparys, or Redvars: Mary, youngest daughter of William de Redvars, Earl of Devon (surnamed Harcourt), married, in 1214, Robert de Courtenay, baron of Okehampton, by which marriage the manor was probably transferred to the Courtenays, and thence assumed the name of Nuneham-Courtney. From thence it passed through several hands, till, in 1710, it was purchased for 17,000*l.* by Simon, first Earl of Harcourt, and Lord Chancellor of England. It is now the property of the present Archbishop of York, who assumed the name of Harcourt upon succeeding to the Harcourt estates on failure of the male line.

The house is not remarkable for its beauty or picturesqueness, but it has a somewhat imposing effect from its size, and the simplicity of its form. It was erected by the first earl from a design by Leadbeater, but underwent much alteration and enlargement under the superintendence of Brown during the time of the second earl. It consists of a rather handsome stone front, united by curved corridors to the projecting wings; the back-front is different in character, having a bold bow-window in the centre, supported by Ionic columns. The rooms are numerous, spacious, and of good proportions. They are elegantly decorated and furnished, and contain an extensive collection of sculpture, paintings, and other works of art and objects of

* So says the Earl of Harcourt in his 'Account of Nuneham'; but from the terms of Domesday-Book it rather appears that the property of De Curci was Nuneham Munio, and Wallingford.

virtu. The paintings are mostly by the old masters, and some of them are very good; the modern pictures are principally by English artists, and amateurs of rank. Among them are several portraits of persons illustrious for their victories by the sword or the pen: of the latter, the portrait of Pope's, is perhaps the most interesting. One of the rooms is called the Tapestry Room, from its containing a curious set of three maps of the counties of Warwick, Worcester, and Oxford, nearly eighty feet square, worked by the needle. Gough, who has described them in his 'Topographical Antiquities,' says they are the earliest specimens of English tapestry-weaving, which art was first introduced into England by William Sheldon, in the reign of Henry VIII. The Sheldon arms, and the date, 1568, are worked on each. They were presented to Lord Harcourt by Horace Walpole, who purchased them at a sale of the effects of a descendant of William Sheldon, at Weston in Warwickshire. There is another piece of tapestry in one of the rooms not less interesting, it being the work of Mary Queen of Scots: the subject is an allegory, with figures of justice, wisdom, &c., with their emblems. It was long preserved at Windsor, and was given to Lord Harcourt in 1805 by George III. From the windows of the mansion a variety of extensive and beautiful prospects is obtained.

The park has long been famous, and is indeed the grand attraction of Nuneham. It was brought into its present state by the celebrated Capability Brown; and as it now appears, gives a favourable notion of his talent; but nature has no doubt since his day reassumed her pre-eminence here, and added somewhat of wildness to the 'grace' he was so renowned for bestowing. The grounds are extensive, consisting of twelve hundred acres, well stocked with large trees, and the surface greatly varied. Tall and steep banks, hung thickly with rich foliage, contrast with deep dells; on the slopes are well disposed groups of lofty and spreading elms, and the uplands are crowded with close-set plantations. From the higher parts of the park the prospects are wide and rich on every side. Oxford, with its spires and domes, the sombre tower of Iffley in front and the woods of Blenheim beyond, is on the north; to the east are the hills of Buckinghamshire, stretching away from their union with the Chiltern hills of Oxfordshire till they are lost in the distance. Southward and westward is the long range of the

Berkshire downs, including the noted White-horse, and Raddington Hill with the circular clump which crowns its summit, two or three villages are seen in this direction, and a tall spire marks the site of Abingdon; while the beautiful stream, sparkling in the sunshine and dotted with swift-moving boats, adds a new life and beauty to all the rest. As he strays about the park, now across the broad clear glades, and now among its glens, and by the wooded banks which dip into the river, the visitor will scarcely deem that Horace Walpole overpraised it when, in his somewhat pedantic way, he pronounced it to contain "scenes worthy of the bold pencil of Rubens, and subjects for the tranquil sunshine of Claude de Lorraine."

The pleasure-grounds and flower-garden near the house were once considered almost unrivalled. They are not only stored with plants and flowers, but at every turn are statues, busts, or tablets, with poetic inscriptions from Lucretius, Metastasio, Chaucer, Milton, or Marvel, or composed for the places they occupy by Whitehead or Mason. When the garden was in its prime it must almost have deserved the inscription placed at the entrance of it:—

"Here universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces, and the Hours in dance,
Leads on the eternal Spring."

The garden was designed by Mason, who may be supposed, from having written a didactic and descriptive poem on 'The English Garden,' to have had a congenial employment. Lord Harcourt was a man of refined taste, and delighted in the pleasures of his home and the society of men of talent. Mason and Whitehead were his favourite authors, and owed much to his patronage. They were both perhaps overpraised in their life-time, and are unfairly depreciated now, especially the former, who was a man of no mean ability.

At no great distance from the house stands the church, a somewhat singular looking edifice, erected in 1764, at the expense of the second earl, "who himself gave the original design, which received a very slight alteration from (Athenian) Stuart." The most prominent feature in the exterior is a portico "of six Ionic columns that support a pediment, above which a dome rises in the centre." "Its interior form," says Lord Harcourt in the notice already quoted, "is simple and pleasing: its only ornaments are two tablets with the Harcourt arms in French tapestry, another piece of tapestry of large dimensions, representing the chiefs of the twelve tribes of Israel at the passover, and a picture in the altar-piece (which was also after his design) by the Rev. Mr. Mason: the subject, which is the Good Samaritan, is well conceived, and has considerable merit. In the church there is a barrel organ, upon which is set Mr. Mason's music for the responses to the Commandments, and his Sunday hymns. The adjoining flower-garden was formed by him, and he suggested the alterations on the north terrace; so that in a very small space we have specimens of his genius in music, painting, and poetry, and of his taste in improving the beauties of nature." His genius was not probably very great in either of these things, but for music it appears to have been least adapted—the barrel organ would be well fitted for his compositions, they being "upon principle" mechanical and rigid, as the averred church music should ever be. An attractive object in the park is a curious structure which formerly stood at the meeting of the four principal streets in Oxford, and served to supply the colleges and halls with water brought to it from North Hinksey. Its history is told in the following inscription engraven on it:—This building called Carfax, erected for a conduit at Oxford, by Otho Nicholson, in the year of our Lord 1633, and taken down in the year 1757 to un-

large the High Street, was presented by the University to George Simon, Earl Harcourt, who caused it to be placed here." The derivation of the name Carfax is not known, but "it is supposed to be a corruption of *quatre faces* or *carrefour*, given to it from the situation in which it was placed where the four streets meet."

The village originally stood near the house, but was removed by Lord Harcourt to its present situation outside the park on the Oxford road. From the houses being built in pairs, and the opposite sides of the road exactly corresponding to each other, it has a singular and rather formal appearance. This stiffness of look is somewhat lessened, however, by the gardens and trees in front of the houses, and the whole seems unusually neat and comfortable. When the rest of the cottages in the old village were taken down, one was left standing, and a tree still known as Bab's tree marks its site. The circumstances connected with it are curious and creditable to both the earl and the old dame. Barbara Wyatt had dwelt in the cottage the best part of her life; in her youth she had planted the tree beside it, and now that she had outlived husband and family her tree seemed all that was left to remind her of her early days, and she could not bear to leave it. The earl had provided for her a more comfortable house in his new village, but she earnestly entreated that she might still remain in her old habitation. Her request was complied with, and her cottage not pulled down till after her death; and then the tree was spared, and some commemorative verses were written by Whitehead and placed beneath it. We have said that this is a place much resorted to by the inhabitants of Oxford, and we should add, that the grounds are now, as they always have been, liberally and freely thrown open to all. A picturesque cottage was built by the earl expressly for the accommodation of visitors; it stands beside a branch of the Thames, across which a rustic bridge was at the same time thrown.

RAPID AND SLOW AUTHORSHIP.

We recently gave some illustrations of the misapplication of ingenuity upon trifling and worthless pursuits: we intend the present as in some sort supplementary to that paper, proposing to add a few notes of a somewhat similar order, but referring rather to the follies of ingenious men with respect to the time they have employed upon their productions than to the productions themselves.

It is often said that the human mind is apt to run to extremes, and it is none the less true for being a truism. Men of letters have not in any respect avoided this common evil. In the article referred to we gave many instances of this, and many more might be added of every kind, and not least in the matter of time. There have been writers so rapid, that it is marvellous how they could pen all they have printed, and we have some such among us now. There have been others so slow, that they could only at long intervals be seen to have moved at all: these are rarer now-a-days, but it is probable there are some such still. We shall not need to go back to ancient times for examples of either kind; both species existed then as well as now; but it will be most convenient to choose our instances from a later period. Perhaps more remarkable instances of the slowness of progress resulting from excessive fastidiousness cannot easily be found than in the writers of the early part of the sixteenth century, who composed in the Latin language. Of these Sannazarius, an Italian poet, was the most eminent. He was a man of genius as well as of an elegant taste; but so difficult to satisfy, even with his own productions, that he spent twenty years in adding the last polish to his poem 'De Partu Virginis.' Other writers who lived at the same

time were no less laborious in their revisions. One of them, Bembo, is said to have adopted a curious plan in order to attain his end. He kept forty portfolios, through the whole series of which each sheet had to pass, receiving at each remove a careful scrutiny; and it was only when it had made the tour of the whole that it was pronounced fit to be seen by other eyes. Exaggerated as this no doubt is, it yet proves the scrupulous patience with which he was accustomed to proceed. He was one of the school of Ciceronians whom Erasmus satirized so keenly in his *"Ciceronantes,"* and also in his *Epistles*. They adhered with a ludicrous precision to the vocabulary of Cicero, refusing to admit a single word into their writings which they could not find in those of their great master. Of course, as their subjects were many of them such as he had never thought of, they were hardly driven sometimes, and Bayle has given some curious instances of the absurd shifts to which they were forced to resort when handling points entirely belonging to Christianity. Erasmus makes his *"Ciceronian"* compile three verbal indices of Cicero, only write in the deep stillness of the night, and spend months on the composition of a few sentences which were to be, after a due time had passed, carefully revised; the sense, meanwhile, passing quite unregarded in this anxious hunt after the phraseology, the result being, as he says elsewhere, that they wrote nonsense with immense labour.

Some French writers in the next century almost rivalled these purists. Malherbe was one of these. So slowly did the verse flow from his pen, and so painful was the labour, that he used to declare he ought to repose ten years after producing a short poem. Frequently he used to spoil half a ream of paper in writing a single stanza. It is Balzac who says this, and he adduces Malherbe's example in excuse of himself, acknowledging that he suffers not less when he takes the pen in his hand than a galley-slave when put to the oar. Balzac's most celebrated works are his *Epistles*, and he vows one small letter costs him more labour than a great work does some writers. And no wonder if, as is said, he would spend a week upon a page, be a day in adjusting the position of a conjunction or a preposition, and thought himself but too happy if he could polish a sentence to his satisfaction in a similar period. Voiture, the correspondent of Balzac, and perhaps in his day even more celebrated as a letter writer, used to spend a fortnight over a letter; and his slowness and anxiety, as his biographer is careful to tell us, was in order that his style might wear an air of easy negligence. In looking over the fantastic affectations of these *Epistles* now, one is reminded of the Dutch painter, who, on being complimented on the skill with which he had painted a lace collar in his picture, exclaimed, "Ah! but wait till the day after to-morrow; it will be finished then, I hope."

But we must proceed to our other class; we might have found some from our countrymen among the slow writers, but the number has been smaller than of the others, and we have already been quite long enough in relating their vagaries. While the Ciceronians were elaborating their tedious works, there were other Latinists, like Minoretus, who wrote with almost as remarkable facility, but we will not stay longer over them. The most surprising feats in rapid composition have ever been accomplished—at least before the invention of daily newspapers—by dramatic authors; and among these Lope de Vega undoubtedly claims the first place. His fertility, as well as rapidity is perfectly marvellous. He required, we are told by Bouterwek, as quoted by Hallam, "no more than four and twenty hours to write a versified drama of three acts in redondillas, interspersed with sonnets, tercets, and octaves,

and from beginning to end abounding in intrigues, prodigies, or interesting situations. This astonishing facility enabled him to supply the Spanish theatre with upwards of two thousand original dramas. . . . In general the theatrical manager carried away what he wrote before he had even time to revise it; and immediately a fresh applicant would arrive to prevail on him to commence a new piece. He sometimes wrote a play in the short space of three or four hours. . . . It has been computed that, allowing for the deduction of a small portion of prose, Lope de Vega must have written upwards of 21,300,000 verses!" We have nothing to equal this among our own dramatists; but it is curious that when there was the most brilliant array of intellect engaged in writing for the theatre, there was also the greatest eagerness for novelty. The recently published *Diary of Henlowe*, the noted theatrical manager of Shakspeare's time, shows the rapidity with which new plays must then have been produced. A new piece it appears was expected every eighteen days, and three or four authors were frequently engaged on different acts of the same play for the greater speed. From the sums paid for them—from 6l. to 10l. a play—we may hope, for the sake of the writers, that they had somewhat of De Vega's facility. Voltaire's *"Zaïre,"* which was written in twenty days, must, we should think, have been a work of time compared to some of them. Perhaps, however, neither Lope de Vega nor our Elizabethan authors ever got into such a predicament as that which Michael Kelly in his *"Reminiscences"* states Sheridan to have been in with his play of *"Pizarro,"* and the statement is no doubt correct, as Kelly had to compose the music of it. "Strange as it may appear," he says, "*'Pizarro'* was advertised, and every box in the theatre taken before the fourth act was begun, or the composer had a single word of the music." Nay, "at the time the house was overflowing on the first night's performance, all that was written of the play was actually rehearsing, and, incredible as it may appear, until the end of the fourth act, neither Mrs. Siddons, nor Charles Kemble, nor Barrymore had all their speeches for the fifth. Mr. Sheridan was upstairs in the prompter's room, where he was writing the last part of the play, while the earlier parts were acting; and every ten minutes he brought down as much of the dialogue as he had done, piecemeal, into the green-room." Sheridan, however, was not generally a rapid writer, but grievously indolent; and so far was he from depending upon the readiness with which he could compose, that even his good sayings are known to have been carefully prepared long before they were used. His best writings were slowly composed. Moore, in his *Life* (p. 179), notices it as "remarkable that works which at this period of his life (the age of twenty-six, when he wrote his *'School for Scandal'*) we might suppose to have been the rapid offspring of a careless but vigorous fancy,—anticipating the results of experience by a sort of second-sight inspiration,—should, on the contrary, have been the slow result of many and doubtful experiments, gradually unfolding beauties unforeseen even by him who produced them, and arriving at length step by step at perfection. . . . Such was the tardy process by which the *'School for Scandal'* was produced." And it deserves notice that while this, which he produced with so much ease, was his best work, *"Pizarro"* was in every respect his worst—a tawdry display, in fact, of ungraceful finery and false ornament.

Perhaps our prose writers have equalled our poets in rapidity of composition. Dryden often speaks of the haste in which he wrote; his well-known parallel between painting and poetry, he tells us, "was begun, and ended in twelve mornings." Cotton says he had but little more than ten days to rub up his memory

in, and write the second part of the 'Complete Angler.' Gibbon Wakefield, by his own account, was only six days in writing his own memoirs, in two good-sized volumes; and Beckford told Mr. Cyrus Redding that he wrote "Vathek" at one sitting; it took him, he said, three days and two nights of hard labour. Extraordinary as some of these efforts are, we have no doubt some living journalists and writers in periodicals have equalled most of them. We must not pursue these illustrations farther; one other, however, occurs to us which we will notice. A few years back, a work was published, which the author (we have forgotten his name) said he thought had in it something new—it was printed without being written: he, being a printer, had composed the work at once in type without the assistance of "copy." Ingenious as it was, it was not new. Franklin, if we remember rightly, or a person in whose employment he was as a printer, did something of the same sort on a small scale; and Gibbon, in his Memoirs, mentions a now forgotten "voluminous and original writer of French novels," Retif de la Bretonne, who being a corrector to a printing-house, used in this way "to transport an entire volume from his mind to the press, and his work was given to the public without ever having been written with a pen."

Those who are familiar with painters know how much many of them pride themselves on the speed with which they can complete a picture; and how many a large canvas that has stood untouched in the study one week has, on the walls of an exhibition-room, attracted all eyes in the next. Titian, Rubens, Murillo, and other really great artists, were famous for their rapidity of execution in olden times, and their successors are little behind them in that respect. Annibal Caracci did not admire that speed in his pupils which only consisted in the brevity of the time they spent on their labours. One day, it is said, Bardalocchio showed him a picture he had painted in competition with Domenichino, boasting that he had completed his in as many days as the other had taken months. "Hold your peace," replied Caracci, "Domenichino has been quickest, for he has done his well." M. Bouvier, in his 'Manuel de Peinture,' says there is now in Paris an artist, M. Boilly, who paints in two hours or two hours and a half small portraits in oil; and what is most extraordinary, he not only finishes them entirely, but varnishes and frames them in that single sitting. We have heard of an English portrait-painter who far surpassed M. Boilly, for he could do his own portrait in oil in a quarter of an hour; but we never saw it done.

There is not much to choose between the affectation of extreme facility or extreme labour. If the thing be well done, it matters little whether it was done quickly or not. It is idle to assert, as some do, that great works are produced with rapidity, or that they are the result of prolonged toil. So much depends upon diversity of mental character in the different authors, that to judge of a work by the time spent upon it is of all modes of judging the most unwise and delusive. The time, as Molière says, has nothing to do with it. Some of the slowest writers have left us the most tedious of books; some of the quickest, the most unreadable. We may gather this lesson from these examples: that whatever our pursuit, the time it takes us to do a thing is of small consequence so we can do it well. It is with literature as with every other mental pursuit, the only facility worth acquiring is the result of much care at the outset. When some one said to Reynolds, on paying him a large sum for a portrait, "that is for the work of half-a-day," the great artist replied, "Not so; it is for the labour of thirty years." And so Johnson used to tell, that the

power he had obtained of writing without needing to look over his MS. before it went to the printer, was the result of half a life-time of watchful effort. Whatever be our pursuit, we may be assured that by following it at first slowly and carefully, we shall come at last to perform it with facility; but if we seek at first only after facility, we shall leave off without attaining skillfulness. Nor should any be discouraged at the slowness with which he is obliged to proceed at first. "Do not fear being slow, only fear standing still," is an excellent Chinese maxim given us by Mr. Davis, that will serve to stand beside Horace's more famous one, *Festina lente* (Make haste slowly). And there is little doubt that inordinate haste is in every pursuit an enemy to success, while steady perseverance will almost certainly lead to it. As our great bard says:—

"Many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered oak."

RETURNING FROM THE VINTAGE.

We have already given some accounts of the Vendemia, or Italian vintage.*

But it is a large and joyous subject, full of striking incidents and pictures, and very rich in classical associations. In the present design Bartolommeo Pinelli gives a group of grape-gatherers and wine-pressers returning to Rome from their completed labours in the Vigne, or vineyards. At the proper season after the ripening of the luscious grapes on the hill-sides, or a week or two before—for, generally speaking, the grape to be turned into wine must not be too ripe—such groups are frequently encountered, coming in from the different colline or hills in the neighbourhood of Rome that are most favourable to the growth of the vine. At times they come from considerable distances; but whether their journey be a long or a short one, they always contrive to come to the Tiber and into the renowned old city dancing and singing. When the distance from the vineyard is short, they will generally dance the whole way, only taking little rests between to refresh themselves with some bunches of the grapes they had been gathering or with a little of the last year's wine and a slice or two of bread made of the Grannone, or Indian corn. If you stop and ask them whence they came, the chance is that your ear will be charmed by some classical name, or, with only a trifling alteration, by the very name of some place of which you have read in the ancient Roman poets and historians. And all round about Rome there is scarcely a river, brook, lake, mountain, or hill but retains its ancient name, nor is there a rock without a name. The "nulla sine nomine saxum" may still be repeated, and hardly is there a rock among them all but is famed in poetry, history, or tradition. Say to these vintage people, "*Donde venite*"—Whence come you? and the reply will probably be, "*Veniamo da Velletri*"—We come from Velletri (the Velitæ of antiquity, that most important of all the cities of the Volsci, against whom Coriolanus waged his glorious warfare), or "We come from the hills of Albano," or "We have been gathering grapes on the hills of Palestrina" (the ancient Præneste), or "We come from the hills by Lake Nemi," or "We have been filling the wine-vats at Baccano," or "We come from Tivoli" (the Tibur of Horace). Or perhaps they are dancing from the hills of Veii, that once populous Etruscan city, which stood as long a siege by the Romans as Old Troy did by the Greeks, and within the almost obliterated circuit of which the shepherd now leads his flock as in the days of Propertius—

* See particularly Vol. III. of New Series, p. 29.



[The Return from the Vintage.—From Pinelli.]

"Nunc intra muros pastoris buccina lenti
Cantat, et in vestris ossibus arva metunta"*

And you meet these joyous vintagers dancing on those ancient Roman roads the Via Appia, the Via Flaminia, or the Via Valeria, which not only bear unchanged their old names, but which are still in many places paved with the large rough stone blocks which the conquerors of the world laid upon them, while here and there you find the ancient milestones erect and with their inscriptions uneffaced. Or if these people have been working nearer home, they are perhaps dancing from the Aventine Mount, or from the Viminal, or from the hills which slope down to the grotto and fount of *Algeria*, where the Roman lawgiver met by night his friendly nymph and monitress,

"— ubi nocturnæ Numa constituebat amica:†"

Some of the women and children of these vintagers are always loaded with the beautiful purple grape; and very often, when the nature of the road allows it, there is in the van of the procession or Bacchanalian dance a lofty carro, filled within with the simple household utensils of those who have been working at a distance from their homes, but covered overhead with bunches of grapes hanging from tall hoops, or tastefully festooned between tall vine-poles. The large, sedate, cream-coloured oxen which draw the car have wreaths round their necks or chaplets thrown on their horns, and it is considered an appropriate *grazia* or grace that they should bear on their neck or chest some broad stains of the ruby wine. Some of the men carry large torches made of the wood of the pine, which was equally sacred to *Bacchys* and to *Neptune*, and which, from its resinous nature, burns freely and makes a good blaze. These pine torches are almost facsimiles of those used in the ancient sacrifices and festivals, and of which we find such frequent representations in ancient sculpture. The men carry them with a truly classical grace. They are for the most part borne erect; but at times—as at the conclusion of a dance, or upon coming in sight of their houses or their parish church—they are waved in the air overhead with triumphant shouts; and

* *Lib. iv. Eleg. x.*—"Now within the walls the horn of the herdsman sounds slowly, and they reap the fields among your bones."

† *Juvenal, Lib. i. Sat. iii.*

"— all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting and clapping all their hands on height,
That all the air it fills, and flies to heaven bright."*

The *Fescennine* licence of language, and the rough jokes, often too practical to be pleasant, which we have mentioned in speaking of our dear friend *Pollicinella*,† are left behind in the vineyards and wine-presses, where all the dancing consists of jumping with naked feet on the gathered grapes (the only process by which the juice is expressed for the making of the wine), and the peasants now only exhibit their best dancing to the accompaniment of their cheerfulest and best music; and if the stranger is now and then assailed with a jest as he passes the merry group, it is but a smooth and harmless jest. The *Vendemmia* dance in itself is far from being deficient in natural grace and elegance. The picture is generally beautifully and warmly coloured, for reds, scarlets, crimsons, and all the brightest hues are found in the dresses of the peasantry. Doubtlessly the classicality of the costume is impaired somewhat by the men's hats, knee-breeches and enormous shoe-buckles. For the last-named articles—the remembrance of which is wearing out in England after thirty or forty years of desuetude—the country-people as well of the Roman States as of the Neapolitan Kingdom, have an extraordinary liking, and the bigger and clumsier they are the more they seem to their taste. If the bright metal of the buckle covers the whole instep and reaches nearly to the extremity of the great toe, it is the more admired. The women reckon their fortune by the number of woollen mattresses, rings, ear-rings and gold chains they may possess; the property of a man is often estimated by his shoe-buckles and walking-stick. A poor fellow who wished to impress us with a high notion of one of his neighbours' substance and well doing in the world, told us that the said neighbour's buckles weighed half-a-pound, and were of solid silver, and that he never went out of a holiday without carrying a gold-headed cane. Indeed the expression "*Porta fibbie d'argento e bastoncino d'oro*," or "He wears silver buckles and carries a gold walking-stick," is a common idiom in the Neapolitan Kingdom, signifying that the man of whom so much is predicated is in the enjoyment of worldly prosperity. We are

* *Spenser, 'Fairly Queen.'*

† See present volume, article on the *Burattini*.

speaking in the present tense; but, alack! great changes, we are told, are taking place and have taken place since we sauntered away a happy time in the sunny South. This transition state encourages us to multiply these little recollections and memoranda. Such things are not recorded in histories, and are seldom mentioned even in books of travels. In a few more years they will have ceased to exist; and in the manners and habits of men there is nothing that is, or that has been, but is worthy of some preservation.

A good-natured old priest, who dabbled in antiquarianisms and in poetry, being a member of the Roman Archaeological Society, and holding a crook among the Arcadian Shepherds as well, endeavoured to explain to us that the procession of the returning vintagers, with their dancing and music and burning torches, was nothing but a lineal descendant or representative of the triumphal march of the God Bacchus while he was subduing India and all the regions of the remote East. "Look at our ancient bassi rilievi," said he, "and there you will see counterparts or prototypes of this scene—Bacchus, who was the inventor of triumphs, seated in a triumphal car, and attended by women dancing, men brandishing torches,—the panthers and tigers are out of our picture because (thanks to the Saints for that blessing) we have none in these parts; and the men and women are well covered with clothes, as decency requires; but you will see that all the rest is very like, and perfectly classical."

But our good old friend was seldom at a loss in tracing these resemblances, or in finding ancient and classical reasons for modern usages. "Why," said we to him one day, as we were passing a fine flock of domestic geese that were waddling along one of the banks of the Tiber, "why do your people in the south of Italy never eat this bird, which is esteemed very good food in France, England, Germany, and most other countries?" He put his forefinger between his eyebrows, and thought for a while; but he soon replied, "*Vi dirò il perchè*—I will tell you why. Ever since that memorable and funest night when the geese saved the Capitol from the Gauls, they have been held as sacred birds." We objected to this derivation of the custom, that the peasants treated the geese with very little respect, and at times with great barbarity, roughly stripping them, while alive, of their quills to sell for pens, and of their feathers to put into cushions and pillows; and that none of them knew the story about the Gauls, the geese, and the Capitol. "This may be," said he, "but the story must have been at one time known to all Rome at least, and so the usage has descended to them through a long inheritance, and is not a bit the less binding through their ignorance of its origin." To the other objection we raised out of the silence of ancient writers, our antiquary replied by asking us who knew whether the sanctification of the geese had not been given in some of the missing books of Livy, or in some other of the innumerable writings of ancient authors which have been lost for ever? There was no disputing the point with him; and we confess to the never having investigated it. All that we know about it is, that, although the bird was by no means scarce, no Roman or Neapolitan peasant would, in our time, eat of a tame goose. Great black snakes we have seen fried and eaten both in Calabria and in Sicily; and the flesh of the wolf was not rarely put on the table by the poor peasants of Lucania, Apulium, and Sabina—but geese-flesh did we never see upon table or platter. The feast of St. Michael is rated as becomes so great a Saint; but it is Michael without Goose.

WILD SPECIES OF THE HORSE.

(Abridged from 'The History of the Horse,' by W. G. L. Martin, in Knight's Weekly Volume.)

THERE is a very general and strong feeling among naturalists, that no genuine wild horses are in existence; that those so called are feral, or the emancipated descendants of a tame race, which on the recovery of their liberty have resumed the wild habits of the species, and perhaps in some measure regained their primitive external characters. That highly endowed zoologist Mr. Bell, in his '*British Quadrupeds*,' says—"The early history of the horse is involved in much obscurity. It is, indeed, only in the Sacred Writings that we have any probable trace of its original subjugation, or even a hint to what nation the world is indebted for so valuable a boon. Its natural history is no less doubtful; for there is every reason to believe that it has long since ceased to exist in a state of nature, and that, like some other domestic animals, not a single indication remains by which we can judge of the form, the colour, or the habits by which it was characterised before it became the servant of man, or how far it may have differed from the present domesticated races." Again, "The wild horses which are now to be found in several parts of the world afford us no clue to the clearer elucidation of their original character. They appear in all cases to have been derived from a domesticated stock. On the plains of Tartary there still exist numerous troops of these animals, which evince, however, no mark of being originally indigenous in that country."

That herds of emancipated horses exist in the wilder tracts of the old world, and in North and South America, the origin of which may be traced, is not for a moment disputed; but we cannot legitimately argue from this admission, that no genuine wild horses scour the plains of Tartary and Mongolia. At the same time we must admit with caution the vague and hasty assertions of early historians and travellers, who would scarcely draw any difference between wild and feral horses, or between these and the dziggetai, partly because such nice points in natural history were not attended to, and partly because a doubt of the wild animals they saw being aboriginally so might not cross their mind. Yet, seeing that wild horses, no matter whence sprung, do exist in the vast deserts of Asia and Eastern Europe, and, retiring to impenetrable fastnesses, mountain chains, and deep solitudes, bid defiance to man, elude his pursuit, and maintain their independence, are we to suppose that on the subjugation of a few at some remote period, by various tribes, the whole wild race passed away? or that man was so fortunate as to take, educate, and preserve the last relics of the wild race on the eve of extinction? Are we to believe this, and yet acknowledge that in the present day (when wandering hordes once thinly scattered have become mighty nations, and the deadly gun has supplanted the hunter's bow and spear) wild horses escaped from bondage are capable of maintaining an independence which in the primeval ages of man's strife and toil upon this globe their free-born progenitors utterly lost? We question such a theory. It may be asked, where is the wild camel, the wild sheep, the wild ox, the wild goat?

Now, though we admit the difficulty of tracing our domestic animals, or rather quadrupeds, to their precise source, yet there is not one that has not truly wild congeners of the closest affinity, unless, indeed, the camel, and the horse of the restricted genus *Equus*, are to be regarded as exceptions. This fact being incontestible, we ought, before the horse be considered as an exception to the rule, to be quite sure that none of the wild breeds are so in the true sense of the word, instead of taking it for granted, and that on mere opinion. Is it

because the wild horses so nearly resemble the domestic breeds, that a reluctance to admit their claims is entertained? Surely we do not expect to find wild horses anything but horses; and though long domestication, climate, and the care of the breeder may have impressed their signs on the reclaimed race, still, in the main essentials, in those features which recommended this animal at first to man as a most valuable and efficient servant, and in those characters which distinguish between the horse and the ass or *dziggetai*, the true wild horse must be identical with the domestic. The former may be rougher, heavier in the head, lower at the withers, wilder in aspect, with higher instinctive faculties, and of more reclusive and suspicious temper than the latter; but here the amount of real distinction must end, and in this opinion we are the more confirmed because from the time of Job—from the days of the chariot-driving Pharaoh to the present—the horse, as figures and sculptures prove, has continued essentially the same.

[A number of authorities, ancient and modern, are then quoted to prove the belief in the existence of genuine wild horses, several of which assert them to be shy and unfit to be ridden, but as "very good venison;" and Pennant draws a distinction between them and semi-wild horses, a breed of which, he says, has been produced on each side of the Don, from Russian horses turned loose during the siege of Azoph for want of forage. The most important, however, as founded on minute inquiries among the inhabitants of the regions where the wild horse is said to exist,* is that of Colonel Hamilton Smith, from whom the following account is taken:—]

"Whatever may be the lucubrations of naturalists in their cabinets, it does not appear that the Tahtar or even the Cossack nations have any doubt upon the subject, for they assert that they can distinguish a feral breed from the wild by many tokens; and naming the former *takja* and *muzin*, denominate the real wild horse *tarpan* and *tarpani*. We have had some opportunity of making personal inquiries on wild horses among a considerable number of Cossacks of different parts of Russia, and among Bashkirs, Kirguise, and Kalmucs, and with a sufficient recollection of the statement of Pallas and Buffon's information, obtained from M. Sanchez, to direct the questions to most of the points at issue. From the answers of Russian officers of this irregular cavalry, who spoke French or German, we drew the general conclusion of their general belief in a true wild and untameable species of horse, and in herds that were of mixed origin. Those most acquainted with a nomadic life, and in particular an orderly Cossack attached to a Tahtar chief as Russian interpreter, furnished us with the substance of the following notice. The *tarpani* form herds of several hundreds, subdivided into smaller troops, each headed by a stallion; they are not found unmixt excepting towards the borders of China; they prefer wide, open, elevated steppes, and always proceed in lines or files, usually with the head to windward, moving slowly forward while grazing, the stallions leading, and occasionally going round their own troop. Young stallions are often at some distance, and single, because they are expelled by the older until they can form a troop of mares of their own: their heads are seldom observed to be down for any length of time; they utter now and then a kind of snort, with a low neigh somewhat like a horse expecting its oats, but yet distinguishable by the voice from any domestic species, excepting the woolly Kalmuc breed. They have a remarkably piercing sight, the point of a Cossack spear at a great distance on the horizon seen behind a bush being sufficient to make a whole troop halt: but this is not a token of alarm; it soon resumes its march, till some

young stallion on the skirts begins to blow with his nostrils, moves his ears in all directions with rapidity, and trots or scampers forward to reconnoitre, the head being very high, and the tail out. If his curiosity is satisfied, he stops and begins to graze; but if he takes alarm, he flings up his croup, turns round, and with a peculiarly shrill neighing warns the herd, which immediately turns round and gallops off at an amazing rate, with the stallions in the rear, stopping and looking back repeatedly; while the mares and foals disappear as if by enchantment, because, with unerring tact, they select the first swell of ground, or ravine, to conceal them, until they reappear at a great distance, generally in a direction to preserve the lee-side of the apprehended danger. Although bears and wolves occasionally prowl after a herd, they will not venture to attack it, for the sultan-stallion will instantly meet the enemy, and, rising on his haunches, strike him down with his fore-feet; and should he be worsted, which is seldom the case, another stallion becomes the champion; and in the case of a troop of wolves, the herd forms a close mass, with the foals within, and the stallions charge in a body, which no troop of wolves will venture to encounter. Carnivora, therefore, must be contented with aged or injured stragglers.

"The sultan-stallion is not, however, suffered to retain the chief authority for more than one season without opposition from others rising, in the confidence of youthful strength, to try by battle whether the leadership should not be confided to them, and the defeated party driven from the herd in exile. These animals are found in the greatest purity on the Kara Koom, south of the lake Aral, and the Syrdaria, near Kusneh, on the banks of the river Tom, in the territory of the Kalkas, the Mongolian deserts, and the solitudes of the Gobi. Within the Russian frontier there are, however, some adulterated herds in the vicinity of the fixed settlements, distinguishable by the variety of their colours, and a selection of residence less remote from human habitations. Real *tarpani* are not larger than ordinary mules; their colour is invariably tan, Isabella, or mouse, being all shades of the same livery, and only varying in depth by the growth or decrease of a whitish surcoat, longer than the hair, increasing from Midsummer and shedding in May. During the cold season it is long, heavy, and soft, lying so close as to feel like a bear's fur, and then is entirely grizzled. In summer much falls away, leaving only a certain quantity on the back and loins. The head is small, the forehead greatly arched, and the ears far back, either long or short: the eyes small and malignant; the chin and muzzle beset with bristles; the neck rather thin, and crested with a thick rugged mane, which, like the tail, is black, as are also the pasterns, which are long: the hoofs are narrow, high, and rather pointed; the tail, descending only to the hocks, is furnished with coarse and rather curly or wavy hairs, close up to the crupper; the croup is as high as the withers. The voice of the *tarpan* is loud, and shriller than that of a domestic horse; and their action, standing, and general appearance resemble somewhat those of vicious mules. Such is the general evidence obtained from the orderly before mentioned; a man who was a perfect model of an independent trooper of the desert, and who had spent ten or twelve years on the frontier of China."

Several distinctions, with regard to habits, appear to exist between the wild *tarpani* and the feral *muzin*. The former are regularly migratory, proceeding on the approach of summer to the northern latitudes, and returning on the approach of autumn; in the winter they resort to high grounds where the winds have swept away the snow, or where it is so much disturbed that they can dig through it with their feet to the buried

herbage. They dislike water, and refuse to cross rivers; yet with singular address they tread their way through extensive swamps, apparently guided in their choice of the fordable passes by the sense of smell, a tried leader pioneering the way, and followed by the herd. Their indocility is extreme. Doubtless by judicious methods they may be reclaimed; but when captured they often break their necks during their violent struggles; and if not, turn sulky, and pine till they die. In fighting they rise up, strike with the fore-limbs, try to crush their foe, and bite furiously. Towards domestic horses they are said to evince great animosity, attacking and endeavouring to destroy them. We should suppose that this account refers only to the males; otherwise how comes it that there are herds of the mixed races?

The muzin or feral horses vary in colour, and have the head larger and the neck shorter than the tarpans; they stray in feeding, and scatter themselves more irregularly; nor is their migration definite, their wandering being rather directed by the abundance of pasturage than by a fixed routine to which instinct impels them. They court the society of the domestic breed, but have often a few expelled stallions of the tarpan race amongst them; and the more that the tarpan blood prevails in the troop, the more do they display the manners of the wild race, and the more do they avoid the precincts of man. The young, when captured, though at first obstinate, are in due time subdued to bondage.

Colonel H. Smith alludes to the woolly Kalmuc breed kept in a domestic state among the wandering Tartars. In the Museum at Paris is the specimen of a horse entitled "Cheval Bashkir;" it is covered with fur somewhat like that of a white llama. The head is heavy, the limbs moderate, the ears short and pointed, and the lower jaw bearded like that of a goat. Herodotus, speaking of the Sigynæ, a nation inhabiting the wild deserts north of the Danube, describes them as having horses covered over with hair like bristles, five fingers long, low of stature, unable to carry a rider, having short noses turning upwards, and yet capable of drawing chariots with swiftmess, for which purpose they are employed. Of these he only heard by report, and though the details are exaggerated, still it seems very probable that this peculiar and perhaps original breed of semi-wild horses is intended. This woolly horse occurs in a wild state in the Kara Koom and the Pamere, an elevated plateau destitute of trees, but covered with pasturage, and giving rise to the rivers Oxus and Jaxartes; and it is from this source that the Bashkirs and Kirguise have derived the domestic woolly breed. These animals are low at the shoulder; the colour is grisley white, somewhat darker in the summer; the coat consists of an underlayer of soft woolly hairs and an outer covering of hard shining hairs.

Oppian has assigned a species of wild horse to the deserts of Ethiopia, and Leo Africanus asserts the existence of such an animal in the wilds of Northern Africa. Under the name of koomrah (*Equus Hippagraræ*) Colonel H. Smith describes a wild equine animal, which, till his notice of it appeared, had escaped the observation of naturalists. For ourselves, we have never seen a specimen, and it appears to be an animal of great rarity.

The koomrah, unlike the wild horse of Asia, is not gregarious; it inhabits the mountain forests, coming down to the wells and drinking-springs in small families or singly, and is there liable to be attacked by men, as well as by hyenas and other beasts of prey: its wariness, its keen sense of smell, its fleetness, and its instantaneous and rapid retreat up the mountains to its forest cover, render it, in spite of all attacks, very difficult to be surprised and taken or killed; it is said, moreover, to defend itself very courageously, biting very fiercely

when brought to bay. Colonel H. Smith says, "Of the real koomrah, we have seen a living specimen in England, and the skin of another. The first came from Barbary; the second died on board of a slave-ship on the passage from the coast of Guinea to the West Indies in 1798, the skin, legs, and head having been carefully preserved by the master, who kindly permitted a sketch and notes to be made of it at Dominica."

"The koomrah of the mountains is about ten or ten and a half hands high; the head is broad across the forehead, and deep measured to the jaw; it is small, short, and pointed at the muzzle; making the profile almost triangular; instead of a forelock between the ears, down to the eyes the hair is long and woolly; the eyes are small, of a light hazel colour, and the ears large and wide; the neck thin, forming an angle with the head, and clothed with a scanty but long black mane; the shoulder rather vertical and meagre, with withers low, but the croup high and broad; the barrel large; thighs cat-hammed, and the limbs clean but asinine, with the hoofs elongated; short pasterns, small callosities on the hind legs, and the tail clothed with a short fur for several inches before the long black hair begins. The animal is entirely of a reddish bay colour, without streak or mark on the spine, or any white about the limbs. We made our sketch at Portsmouth, and believe it refers to the same animal which lived for many years, if we are rightly informed, in a paddock of the late Lord Grenville's. There was in the British Museum a stuffed specimen exactly corresponding in size and colour, but with a head (possibly in consequence of the taxidermist wanting the real skull) much longer and less in depth. The other specimen, which came from the north mountains of Accra in Guinea, was again entirely similar. We were told that in voice it differed from both horse and ass; and in temper, that which died on shipboard, though very wild and shy at first, was by no means vicious, and fed on sea-biscuit with willingness."

We are informed that the hinny, or mule, between the male horse and female ass, is occasionally shown among the Arabs and Shellahs as the koomrah. Of these mules some are grey, others black; they must not be confounded with the real wild koomrah, which Colonel H. Smith asserts to be a genuine species, and one known to the ancients, perhaps the boryes of Herodotus, the bourra of Koldagi. (See Herodotus, 'Melpomene,' iv., for an account of the animals of Libya.)

Here then we have a true wild horse of Northern Africa; and if, as we think they are, our arguments are to be trusted, a true wild horse in the vast table-lands of central Asia, from the Don and Volga, through the Kirguise wilderness, Great and Little Bucharía, Turkestan, Sangaria, Kalmoukia, and the great desert of Gobi, Mongolia, and the region of the Kalkas and Soyoti. Over such parts of this enormous extent of territory as Europeans have visited, or of which they have obtained accounts, horses living in a state of nature, and herding in troops, each headed by "one mighty steed," are known to roam. Without any reason, except that it was received as the opinion of Pallas (though he never decidedly advanced it), naturalists, with few exceptions, have all concurred in regarding these horses as the descendants of an emancipated race; but when, and under what circumstances emancipated, we are left to discover as we may. The Gordian knot is cut, because it is easier so to do than disentangle its intricacies. Surely we may as reasonably argue that the wild duck is nothing more than an emancipated descendant of a tame race, and adduce as a proof that in our sheets of water in various places we have breeds between the tame and wild races. The assertion is gratuitous, the argument pointless.



THE
BRITISH VALHALLA.

No. X.—MAGNA CHARTA.



THE dark character of King John, as universally drawn, has scarcely one redeeming quality. Other tyrannical or unfortunate princes had their friends and admirers among contemporaries, and eulogists and chroniclers who praised them after they were dead. But John enjoyed none of these advantages: we can scarcely find a chronicler that has a good word to say of him or for him. He had been a bad son, a bad brother, a cruel uncle, a false friend, and an implacable and treacherous foe. He was believed to have caused the death of his accomplished father by his filial ingratitude and profound perfidy; he had foully plotted against

his brother for the throne of England when the Lion-heart was engaged in the Holy War or kept in close prison by the Austrian duke and German emperor; though most magnanimously pardoned, he had renewed his treasons against that brother; and, since that brother's death, he had murdered his innocent young nephew, Prince Arthur, the better to secure himself on the English throne and in possession of Normandy, Brittany, Anjou, Poitou, and Aquitaine. A thick veil of mystery hung, and still hangs, over the last hours of the gentle Arthur; but no doubt was ever entertained of his having been most barbarously put to death; and of the many tales which were circulated, that which was the most horrible of all was the most accredited, as being most in accordance with the character and disposition of the unnatural uncle. But instead of securing him in the possession of the continental dominions which had been acquired

by his fortunate family, by marriage and by conquest, the murder of Prince Arthur was a chief cause of his being driven out of them. The Plantagenets, rather than the Capetians, had been lords of France: their superiority had been established by the wisdom and fortune of Henry II., and had been maintained by the valour of Richard; but under a prince so unwise and pusillanimous as John, blackened with crime and borne down under the weight of so universal an odium, it had no longer a chance of maintaining itself against the house of Capet. His own subjects rose against him, denouncing him as a murderer and monster, and calling for vengeance on his head for the innocent blood of his nephew. His barons and knights joined the French king, delivering towns and castles into his hands; the Bretons revolted to a man; Poitou was in a blaze, and in Aquitaine his banner was struck down and deserted. Within a few months after his nephew's murder he was obliged to fly from Normandy into England; and before the next year ended, he had lost nearly the whole of the vast heritage on the Continent. His English or Anglo-Norman nobles would make no strenuous effort for him, considering him as a doomed man, and as one so perverse and obstinate in evil courses that no good counsel would ever be followed by him, and that no earthly effort could save him from shame and ruin. Even when the English furnished him with money and a good army, he did nothing but incur fresh disgrace. He took two or three castles in Brittany, stormed and burned the town of Angers, and then, after committing detestable cruelties, he reposed on his bloody laurels: and when King Philip marched against him, he begged to be allowed to negotiate for a peace, and while the negotiations were pending he abandoned his army and fled again into England. The pope interfered, and obtained for the dastard a truce of two years. John's very next step was to enter into a furious quarrel with the church; and by his rashness and falsehood, and evil deeds, he gave an odious colouring to his cause even where he was wholly or partially in the right. After six years of contention, Pope Innocent hurled his deadliest thunderbolt at the head of John; excommunicating him, pronouncing his deposition, absolving his vassals from their oaths of allegiance, and calling upon all Christian princes and barons to take part in the act of dethroning an impious tyrant. This terrible quarrel, which John had begun as a bully, he ended as a coward. He crouched at the feet of Pandulph, the pope's legate, implored forgiveness, and put his hand and seal to the terms which the pope had been pleased to send him, causing four of his greatest barons, William, Earl of Salisbury, Reginald, Earl of Boulogne, and the Earls of Warenne and Ferrers, to swear, "on the soul of the king," that he would keep this compact inviolate. But this was only a small part of the debasement of the crown. Two days after this—on the 15th of May, 1213—John repaired to the church of the Templars at Dover, and there, in the sight of his bishops, barons, and knights, took, on his knees, before Pandulph, a oath of fealty to the pope—the same oath which vassals took to their lords. At the same time he put into the envoy's hands a charter, testifying that he, the King of England and Lord of Ireland, in atonement for his offences against God and the church, not compelled by the interdict or by any fear or force, but of his own free will and with the general consent of his barons, surrendered to our Lord the Pope Innocent, and Innocent's successors for ever, the kingdom of England and the lordship of Ireland, which were henceforth to be held as fiefs of the Holy See, John and his successors paying for them an annual tribute of seven hundred marks of silver for England and three hundred marks for Ireland. This, as

far as John could do it, was making England a dependence and fief of the Roman See. The measure excited the scorn of even the most devout. But the faithless tyrant immediately proceeded to break some of the most solemn of his oaths and the best of his agreements, wherein the happiness of his English subjects were concerned. He had engaged to recall a number of English exiles, as well laymen as churchmen, whom he had driven out of the country in an arbitrary and lawless manner; but when the storm was allayed in England, he refused to recall one of these men. The navy of England had recently gained for him a splendid and complete victory over the navy of France at Damme; and now, being determined to carry the war again into France, he summoned his vassals to meet him at Portsmouth. The barons went armed and appointed, with their knights and men-at-arms, and as if quite ready to sail; but, when ordered to embark, they resolutely refused so to do, unless the king recalled the exiles as he had promised. After some paltry tricks and tergiversations John granted a reluctant consent to the demands of the barons; and the exiles being recalled, returned into England. Among these returned exiles were Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Ely, Hereford, Lincoln, and Bath, and other churchmen and monks—nearly all of them men of Saxon descent, and attached to the old free Saxon institutions. The king met and embraced the returned archbishop in the porch of the Cathedral church at Winchester, making many professions of friendship: but Langton trusted him not, nor did any man now trust him. At this very moment the most deadly hatred of the archbishop was rankling in his heart, and it is believed that if he could have done it with safety he would have murdered him even within the church-porch. The mean-spirited king, however, fell on his knees before the prelate and barons, and with tears in his eyes beseeched them to have compassion on him and the kingdom, and to aid him in recovering the dominions which the King of France had taken from him. Still weeping, he swore upon the Evangelists to defend and maintain the church, to govern righteously, to restore the good laws of his predecessors, and especially the Saxon laws of King Edward the Confessor, to judge all his subjects according to the just awards of the courts of law, to abrogate all unjust and tyrannical laws, and to make restitution of all that he had unjustly taken from the church or from any of his subjects. His penitence seemed so exemplary, and his grief so sincere, that many of the spectators, who did not know what a perfect actor he was, were themselves moved to tears. Archbishop Langton gave him absolution and benedictions.

Having, as he considered, satisfied his barons, John embarked and set sail with a few ships, but his barons were in no hurry to follow him, being far more eager to secure their own liberties than to recover the king's continental dominions. Their grievances were many, and their disgusts still more: a spirit of national Saxon liberty had been slowly and gradually growing up; they were ashamed of a submission to a contemptible despot, and were resolved to put some lasting restrictions upon the kingly power in this realm. They said, and with truth, that the time of their feudal service was now expired, and that they were not bound to follow the king to France this year. And instead of taking ship they united and withdrew to a great council in the town of St. Alban's, where Fitzpeter, one of the king's justiciaries, was presiding. Here they published certain resolutions, in the form of royal proclamations, ordering the observance of good old laws, reprobatng the severity of some of the new or Norman laws, and denounced the punishment of death against all such

sheriffs, foresters, or other officers of the king as should oppress the people or exceed their proper and legal authority. The extortion practised by these officers upon the people had been excessive. The king himself had been a great robber. In the year 1207 he had taken a seventh of the movable property as well of churchmen as of laymen. But the wrongs he had done to the nobility in debauching their wives and daughters filled up the cup of provocation to overflowing.

John got as far as the island of Jersey, when, finding that none followed him, he turned back with fearful imprecations and vows of vengeance. His usual oath was, "by God's teeth!" He soon landed, and marched with a great band of foreign mercenaries to the north; for the council at St. Alban's had broken up, and it was in the country near the Trent and beyond it that the patriotic nobles were most formidable. Burning and destroying, showing mercy to none, and encouraging his mercenaries in the perpetration of every horror, he advanced as far as Northampton. Here Archbishop Langton overtook him. "These barbarities," said the prelate, "are in violation of your recent oaths; your vassals must stand to the judgment of their peers, and not be wantonly harassed by arms." "By God's teeth!" roared the furious tyrant, "I will do that which I list! Mind you your church, and leave me to govern the state." He continued his destructive march to Nottingham. Langton, who was not a man to be intimidated by any violence of language or gesture, and who knew that John was always at heart a coward, followed him to the Trent, and at Nottingham again presented himself to him, threatening to excommunicate all the foreigners, ministers, and officers that followed him in his lawless course. The tyrant then gave way, and summoned the barons to meet him or his justiciaries, assuring the primate that right should be done according to law. We believe that so much would not have been conceded if John's mercenaries had not been dismayed by the formidable array of the Sherwood foresters, and by reports that were brought them, that all the people of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire were up in arms for the defence of their towns and villages, and were expecting aid from the countries behind the Humber and Ouse.

Archbishop Langton hastened back to London, and there, at another great meeting of the barons, he read the liberal charter, which Henry I. had granted on his accession, and which professed to revive the free spirit of Saxon legislature; and after inducing these Anglo-Norman barons to embrace its provisions, Langton made them swear to be true to each other, and to conquer or die in support of their liberties. Stephen Langton was thoroughly an Englishman, and the friend of the great body of the people: there were many things in the simple Saxon legislation not suited to the taste or pride of the nobles; but he won their assent to them all. This was done on the 25th of August, 1213. On the 29th of September a new legate from the pope, Cardinal Nicholas, arrived in England. John renewed his oath of fealty to Innocent, knelt in homage before the legate, paid 15,000 marks in money, and promised more: and from this moment the court of Rome changed sides, and, abandoning the cause of liberty and the barons whom it had hitherto supported, it stood for the king. This made the struggle the more difficult, but it could not detach Stephen Langton from the confederacy, nor did it much discourage the nobles. With or without the concurrence and assistance of the pope, the lay aristocracy of England and by far the greater part of the English church were resolutely determined to obtain some better charter of liberties than had hitherto been granted.

The national pride and the love of military glory

brought about a short reconciliation between John and his great vassals. The ambition and the successful schemes of the French King had excited reasonable alarms on the continent of Europe: in 1214 a league was formed against Philip, and John, having promised to be guided by wise counsellors and experienced commanders, was enabled to join it with some vigour. Otho the new emperor of Germany, Ferrand earl of Flanders, Renaud earl of Boulogne, invaded France from various points. John sent some English forces under the command of his half-brother the Earl of Salisbury, commonly called the Longsword, and who was one of the sons of the Fair Rosamond Clifford. Salisbury marched to Valenciennes, where some of the confederates established their head-quarters. John himself following, sailed to the coast of Poitou, where several of his former Breton vassals joined him, and enabled him to advance to Angers. But the English King was kept in check, or lost his opportunity through cowardice and indolence, and while he was doing nothing for them, his allies were thoroughly defeated at the great and memorable battle of Bouvines, in which the emperor was completely ruined, and the Earl of Flanders, the Earl of Boulogne, and the Earl of Salisbury were taken prisoners, together with an immense number of inferior lords and knights. The battle was fought on the 27th of July. On the 19th of October John abjectly begged a truce from the French King, and obtained one for five years, but upon condition of abandoning all the towns and castles he had taken during this war. There were other conditions which would have dishonoured any prince less base and sunk in opinion than was John. He forthwith returned to England in a humour more ferocious than ever. As if he would take vengeance on his English subjects for the reverses and shame he had suffered, he again let loose his foreign mercenaries on the land, and began to violate all his most solemn promises. The hearts of the people had indeed long been alienated by his cruelty, treachery, lust, and covetousness; but they possibly might have borne with him a little longer if he had not so painfully disappointed all their hopes of victory and glory. He was never so hated and at the same time so entirely despised as when he renewed this arbitrary and horrid course of government. The wise and gentle Fitzpeter, his justiciary, the only one of his ministers that had ever been able to moderate his fury, had now been dead some months. John, who had feared him, had rejoiced at his death. "By God's teeth," said he, "I am now for the first time King and Lord of England."

But there were now men at work that were both resolute and skilful, and that would never cease until they had put this kingly power under some proper restriction. For a time it was necessary to proceed with caution; for the foreign mercenaries were numerous, and though John was not brave, he was formidable through his craft and cunning. Shortly after his return to England, the barons met in private to talk of the league they had formed with Langton, of the oaths they had taken to one another, and of the imperative necessity of re-establishing the charter of Henry I., or other guarantees of liberty. "The time," they said, "is favourable; the feast of the blessed St. Edmund approaches; amidst the multitude that resort to the shrine of the saint and martyr we may assemble without suspicion."

St. Edmundsbury, or as we now call it Bury St. Edmund's, where the grand drama of Runnymede was in a manner rehearsed, was a populous and thriving town at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and splendid was the abbey, with its church and dependencies which piety had built, and, through a long series of years, beautified and enriched, in order to com-

memorate that true Saxon and old national Saint. During the several days that the festival lasted, the shrine of St. Edmund, with its plates of gold, and every part of the church and abbey, were thrown open to the devotees, who flocked thither from Essex, Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, Huntingdonshire, Suffolk, and Norfolk, and all the eastern coast of England. A shattered gateway and a fragment or two are all that remain to denote the architectural splendour of the immense edifice; but we have the evidence of old drawings as well as that of books to show its magnitude and great richness. The abbot and monks had often distinguished themselves by their opposition to the kingly despotism, and by their love for the old laws and usages of the country. There could not be found a more fitting place for the rehearsing of Magna Charta than the great church of the abbey of St. Edmund. On the 20th of November, the saint's day, the barons met among the crowds of pilgrims and devotees, and giving the hand to one another, they walked into the church, where, without noise or parade, they finally determined to demand their rights, in a body, in the royal court, at the festival of Christmas. Having come to this resolution, they advanced one by one, according to seniority, to the high altar (behind which were the body and relics of the saint, and his shrine covered all over with plates of silver and plates of burnished gold); and laying their hands on the high altar, the confederates severally swore that if the king should refuse the rights they claimed, they would withdraw their fealty, and make war upon him, nor cease this war until, by a charter under his own seal, he should grant and confirm their just petitions. They then parted to meet again at the Feast of the Nativity. When that solemn but festive season arrived John found himself at Worcester, and almost alone, for none of his great vassals came as usual to congratulate him, and the countenances of his own attendants seemed gloomy and unquiet. He suddenly departed, and riding to London, there shut himself up in the strong house of the Knights Templars. The barons followed close on the coward's steps, and on the Feast of the Epiphany (at every move they chose some day consecrated by religion) they presented themselves in such force that he was obliged to admit them to an audience. At first he attempted to browbeat the nobles. One bishop and two barons were recreants, and consented to recede from their claims, and never trouble him again; but all the rest were firm to their purpose. John turned pale, and trembled. He then changed his tone, and cajoled instead of threatening. "Your petition," he said, "contains matter weighty and arduous. You must grant me time till Easter, that with due deliberation I may be able to do justice to myself, and satisfy the dignity of my crown." Many of the barons, knowing the use he would make of it, would not have granted this delay, but the majority consented, upon condition that Cardinal Langton, the Bishop of Ely, and William, Earl of Pembroke, should be the king's sureties that he would give them the satisfaction they demanded on the appointed day. The confederated nobles then retired to their homes. They were no sooner gone than John adopted measures which he fondly hoped would frustrate all their plans, and bring them bound hand and foot within the verge of his revenge. He began by courting the Church; and he formally renounced the important prerogative that had been hitherto so zealously contended for by himself, and his great ancestors, touching the election of bishops and abbots. This amounted to a surrender unto the Church of nearly all that Thomas à Becket had striven to obtain: it was a broad recognition of the superiority of the spiritual to the temporal power, of the tiara to the kingly crown. It was chiefly to

avoid such a concession that John's able father Henry II. had suffered so much in fame and in peace of mind. It is very probable that John meant it all merely as a temporary sacrifice, and that he who was faithful to none, would not have kept his agreement with the Church. But having thus, as he thought, bound the clergy to his service, he turned his attention to the body of the people, whose progress had been slow, but pretty steady, and whose importance in the state or as a component part of the nation was now really great. After putting on the mask of popularity, he ordered his sheriffs to assemble all the free men of their several counties, and tender to them a new oath of allegiance. The sheriffs and others were also instructed to cajole the people into the belief that the king had a more delicate regard for their liberties and franchises, their prosperity and well-being, than the great feudal lords and the aristocracy at large, who could not but be jealous of the growing wealth and consideration of the trading and industrious classes. If John had borne a better character these arguments might have carried some weight with them, and the jealousy of classes might have retarded the march of constitutional liberty. The king's next great step was to dispatch an agent to Rome to appeal to the pope against what he termed the treasonable violence of his vassals. The barons, too, sent an envoy to the Eternal City, to explain the justice and moderation of their views; but it was soon made more than ever evident that Pope Innocent was now determined to support the dutiful and submissive king through right and wrong. He expressed indignation at the turbulence of the English aristocracy, and

"Then priests, with bulls and briefs, and shaven crowns,
And gripping fists, and unrelenting frowns,
Legates and delegates with powers *d'er* hell,"

were sent from Rome to aid and abet the tyrant. Innocent himself wrote a startling letter to the primate Cardinal Langton, calling upon him to exert himself for the interests of the Church whose servant he was, and to bear proper loyalty and obedience to his natural sovereign and lord. He also sent letters to several of the English barons: and among them to Sir Eustace de Vessey, to whom and to whose beautiful wife the king had recently offered the grossest of insults. In these epistles the pope called upon the English nobles to forego their discord with the king, and to be faithful unto his illustrious and dear son in Christ, John, King of the English, &c.* The circulars were dated in the month of November, 1214. They appear to have produced little or no effect. The lay barons continued firm to their purpose; and that extraordinary priest Langton could be deaf to the voice of his spiritual chief where he thought that the interests of his country were vitally concerned. John conceived that he might count on the thunders of the Vatican on his side if the baronage should proceed to any extremity; but in order to make himself still more secure, he took the Cross on the 2nd of February, solemnly swearing that he would lead an army to the Holy Land, as his brother Richard had done with so much glory. By taking the Cross many privileges and immunities were secured; the debtor was exempted from the pursuit of his creditor; the persons, goods, and estates of the Crusaders were placed under the immediate protection of the church till their return from Palestine; and although this holy protection had often been found unavailing, and although the church itself had more than once joined in plundering the estates of a prince absent in the Holy Land, John, who had no intention of going thither, seems to have considered this protection as the best of all defences

* Rymer

against his own subjects. He did not, however, neglect to make preparations for war in England, but the result of his exertions was inferior to that which quietly followed the efforts of the barons. In his endeavours to corrupt and win over the champions of liberty by promising them honours and estates, he was singularly unsuccessful.

On the appointed day in Easter week, the barons met at Stamford openly and with great military pomp, being attended by two thousand knights, and a proportionate number of retainers, men-at-arms, bowmen, and the like. The king was at Oxford. On the 27th of April the barons marched to Brackley, within a few miles of Oxford, and there they were met by a deputation from the sovereign, composed of Cardinal Langton, the Earl of Pembroke, and the Earl of Warenne. These deputies desired to know their demands. The confederates delivered a schedule containing the chief articles of their petition. "These are our claims," they said, "and if they are not presently granted our arms shall do us justice, for we will capture the king's castles, lands, and possessions." It is thought that Langton himself was the author of the schedule. When the deputies returned, and Langton expounded the contents of the parchment he held in his hand, John exclaimed in a fury, "And why do they not demand my crown also? By God's teeth, I will not grant them liberties which will make me a slave." When he cooled, he made some evasive offers, which the barons understood and rejected. They immediately appointed Robert Fitzwalter to be their general. Pandulph, who was with the king, now contended that the Cardinal primate ought to excommunicate the confederates; but Langton said he knew the pope's real intentions had not been signified, and that unless the king dismissed the foreign mercenaries whom he had brought into the kingdom for its ruin, he would presently excommunicate them. It appears, however, that a bull in favour of his vassal John which the pope had been pleased to grant, was issued at this time, but with so little effect, that the people either treated it with contempt, or insisted that Innocent could not have granted it if he had been duly informed of the circumstances of the case, and of the tyrannical, profligate, and faithless character of the king. And without caring for the bull, or for the partiality of the court of Rome to John, the barons proclaimed themselves "The army of God and of Holy Church." They then marched against the king's castle of Northampton; but they had no battering-engines, the walls were lofty and strong, the foreign garrison stood out boldly for their paymaster, and the first warlike attempt of the confederates proved an absolute failure. After fifteen days they gave up the siege, and marched to Bedford with anxious minds. On whichever side the free burghers of England threw their weight that party must prevail, and as yet no declaration had been made in favour of the confederates. But now anxiety vanished; the people of Bedford threw open their gates; and soon after, messengers arrived from the capital with secret advice that the principal citizens of London were devoted to their cause, and would receive them with joy; only they were told that if they wished to possess the capital, they must appear before the gates of it without loss of time. Losing not so much as an hour, the barons and their host marched from Bedford to Ware, and, not stopping to rest for the night, they pursued their course to London, which they reached on the following morning. It was the 24th of May, and a Sunday; the gates were open, the people hearing mass in their churches,—when the Army of God entered the city in excellent order and profound silence. The gate they

entered by was Aldgate. According to Stow, they took such as they knew favoured the king, and spoiled their goods, and afterwards broke into the houses of the Jews and searched their coffers; and applied all diligence to repair the gates and walls of the city with the stones and demolished houses of the Jews. It is worthy of remark that Stow and Speed, in common with most of the writers who lived in the days of Queen Elizabeth's despotism or in those of James I.'s high pretensions to divine right, speak very disrespectfully of the champions of liberty, very coldly of the Great Charter, and very feelingly of the inconveniences and distresses of the king. Matthew of Paris and other monkish writers who were contemporary with the facts write much more like freemen.

On the day after their arrival in London the barons despatched summonses to all such earls, barons, and knights as had hitherto remained neutral, to join them against the perjured John unless they wished to be considered and treated as enemies of their country: and other proclamations went forth to assert that the confederates were in arms for no other purpose than to secure the liberties of the people, and establish the quiet of the kingdom. The summonses were obeyed. In all parts of the kingdom the lords and knights quitted their castles to join the national standard at London. "It is needless," say the old chroniclers, "to enumerate the barons who composed the Army of God and of Holy Church: they were the whole nobility of England." "This," says Sir James Mackintosh, "is a phrase nearly equivalent to what in modern language would be called the nobility and gentry. Their followers comprehended all the yeomanry and free peasantry, while the accession of the capital was a pledge of the adherence of the citizens and burgesses." The business in hand was for the common good of the nation, and therefore all classes except that of the actual serfs took part in it. The Tower of London remained in the hands of the king's people, but they were too few in number to give any cause of alarm to the citizens. The apprentices with their clubs undertook to watch the Tower gates and to prevent any sorties therefrom.

The heart of John again turned to water: he saw himself almost entirely deserted, only seven knights remaining near his person. Recovering, however, from his first stupefaction, he resorted to his old arts; he assumed a placid and cheerful countenance; said what his lieges had done was well done; and from Odiham, in Hampshire, where he was staying when he first learned the full strength of the league, he despatched the Earl of Pembroke to London, to assure the barons that, for the good of peace, and the exaltation of his reign, he was ready freely to grant all the rights and liberties they demanded; and only wished them to name a day and place of meeting." The barons replied, "Let the day be the 15th day of June, for that day is the Monday of the blessed Trinity; the place Runnymede." The Earl of Pembroke returned to the king, who agreed both to the time and to the place. But at the same instant he addressed from Odiham a letter to the pope, complaining of the contumacy of his barons (*baronum contumacium*), which he said was hindering him from taking his departure for the Holy Land, and at the same time causing great woes and troubles in England. In this letter John again declared that he held his kingdom but as a part of the patrimony of St. Peter and as a dependency of the Holy See. But the pope was too distant, and his bulls were already too much disregarded in England to prevent the meeting at Runnymede. Until the day

game, John, who had removed from Odiham, kept himself shut up in Windsor Castle; and he is said to have been so suspicious of mischief, that he durst not peep out of it. Yet it appears that he was secretly and silently collecting forces within those strong walls, and that he at one time entertained some hope of being able to face the baronage of England with a force equal to their own. And seeing that this could not be, he adopted some cunning manœuvres in the expectation of inducing the barons to change the place of meeting from the free open meadows watered by the Thames, to the interior of the grim old Norman castle, where he could have played them false without any immediate danger to himself. But the barons knew him too well to trust themselves thus within his clutches, and to these overtures they merely repeated, "Let the place be Runnymede." John was therefore compelled to trust his person to the good faith of the barons; and being too faithless himself to repose confidence in the faith of any man or men, he was visibly affected by the terror that they would play him some foul trick at the place of meeting, and so take vengeance for the private and personal as well as public wrongs he had done them. The baronage assembled at Staines on one side of the Thames, the king remained in Windsor Castle.

On the morning of the appointed day, John moving from Windsor and the barons from the town of Staines, the parties met on the fair green meadow close by the Thames which the barons had named. It was in all probability a spot where great meetings and conferences had taken place in the olden times, for Runnymede is said to signify the Mead or Meadow of Council. With the king came eight bishops, Pandulph the legate, Almeric the master of the English Templars, the Earl of Pembroke, and thirteen other nobles; but the majority of this party, though they attended him as friends and advisers, were known to be in their hearts friends to the cause of the barons—which was the cause of England and of all free men in it. On the other side stood Earl Fitzwalter and the whole nobility of England. Both parties encamped at some distance from each other; and conferences were opened which were not concluded until the morning of Friday the 19th of June. Then they met at a central spot. The picture had both beauty and sublimity. Under a clear sky and favourable summer sun were the meads and the flowing river—the last no unfitting emblem of the present mood of the men who were met to lay the great foundation stone of our Temple of Freedom.

Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without overflowing full.

The barons and knights wore their chain armour, with their visors down, and with their pages carrying their shields; the bishops and abbots wore their pontifical dresses, and were attended by their acolytes and crossbearers; the king wore his royal robes and his golden crown: the costume of the piece was varied, splendid, and exceedingly picturesque. In this respect there is scarcely a better period in our history than the reign of King John.* The locality was in many respects different from what it now is: the parks and villas, for the most part the abodes of untitled traders, had then no existence, and the country was no doubt

* For the costume of the period, we may refer the young artist to Mr. Planché's 'History of British Costume,' a cheap, compendious, and very useful manual; to the account of dresses, &c. in the history of manners and customs in the Pictorial History of England, vol. i., and to the article 'Costume' in the introductory notice to King John in Mr. Knight's edition of Shakspeare, which are also written by Mr. Planché.

in a great measure wild and unenclosed; but besides Windsor and Staines there were several townships in the vicinage, and no doubt a good many farms and homesteads already stood on the rich alluvial soil. The heights of Windsor and Cooper's Hill broke the monotony of the champaign, and in the distance the eye could rest upon the chalk hills of Buckinghamshire, while nearer at hand were other stupendous forests besides the royal one of Windsor. As London had poured forth its troops of sympathizing citizens, and as the commonalty, almost to a man, not only sympathized in the great cause, but were also ready to fight for it, there could have been no lack of spectators. We may conceive that the river was well sprinkled with barges and boats, and that every overhanging hill or jutting promontory or coign of vantage was covered with beholders—with men, women and children—with mothers holding their infants in their arms, and anticipating a happier existence to their progeny and to their children's children from the effects of this day's great work. The scene would not have been called forth if the great body of the nation had been incapable of these aspirations.

With scarcely an attempt to modify any of its clauses, and with a facility which might justly have raised suspicion, the king signed the scroll presented to him by the barons. This was Magna Charta—"THE GREAT CHARTER"—a most noble commencement and foundation for the constitutional liberties of England. John crossed himself before he signed it, in token of his devotion and sincerity, and while he was signing it he wore a complaisant and cheerful aspect. But as his profound duplicity and immorality were so universally known, the barons exacted some securities. They required that he should disband and send out of the kingdom all his foreign officers, with their families and followers; that for the two ensuing months the barons should keep possession of the city, and Archbishop Langton of the Tower, of London; and that they should be allowed to choose twenty-five members from their own body to be guardians or conservators of the liberties of the kingdom, with power, in case of any breach of the Charter (such breach not being redressed immediately), to make war on the king; to distrain and distress him by seizing his castles, lands, possessions, and in any other manner they could, till the grievance should be redressed; always, however, saving harmless the person of the said Lord the King, the person of the queen, and the persons of their royal children. This last article, which invested a council of twenty-five barons with the real sovereignty of the realm, has been viewed by some as an unwarrantable invasion of the kingly prerogative: but a strong barrier was indispensable against the tyrannical and faithless character of the monarch, and without extreme securities the Charter drawn from his reluctant hand would have been utterly valueless. It is true that no limits were set to the authority of the barons, either in extent or in duration; but, under the circumstances, it was necessary that their power should be dictatorial, and the only bound as to time which could have been introduced, was the death of John—a clause which could not be decently inserted in such a deed. But it is idle to talk of constitutional equity, and the nice division of constitutional powers: the constitution was not yet made, but was only a-making; Magna Charta was but the foundation stone of it; and this was a Revolution, though for the present a bloodless one.

When the Great Charter had been signed, and then deposited in a sort of ark as a thing that was holy, and when measures had been taken for dispatching copies to the counties and dioceses of the kingdom, the barons and their friends returned joyously towards London,

some going by land and some by water, but all rejoicing. It was a day of quiet triumph and of happiness.

Far different were the feelings of the king. As soon as the great assembly had dispersed, and John found himself in Windsor Castle, safe from the observing eyes of his subjects, he called a few foreign adventurers around him, and gave vent to rage and curses against the Charter. According to the chroniclers of the time his behaviour was that of a frantic madman; for, besides swearing and roaring till those flint walls echoed the sounds, he gnashed his teeth, rolled his eyes, and gnawed sticks and rushes which he picked up from the floor of the apartment. If the painter wishes for a contrast, let him paint King John in Windsor Castle, and Robert Fitzwalter returning to London, after the signature of Magna Charta.

The foreign mercenaries, and all the creatures, who would be ruined and expelled by the Charter, roused and comforted John by appealing to his passion of revenge, by representing to him that he might yet break through the meshes of his arbitrary power, take a summary vengeance on Fitzwalter, Langton, and all the English barony and clergy, and find in their confiscated fields the means of making himself for ever rich, great, and absolute. This was to be brought about by means of foreign assistance. But though John had the pride of Lucifer, he had none of the noble national pride which would have shrunk from a dependency on such means; he forthwith dispatched two of his creatures to the Continent to solicit for assistance, in order that he might be enabled to undo all that he had been obliged to do, all of that to which he had so recently put his signature royal and pledged his solemnest oath. One of these adventurers went to Flanders, Poitou, Aquitaine, and Gascony to hire other mercenaries, and to bring them over to England to fight against the barons and commonalty; the other went across the Alps and to Rome to implore the aid of Pope Innocent. John next dispatched messengers to such governors of his castles as were foreigners, or men sold and devoted to him, commanding them to lay in provisions in a posture of defence, cautioning them "to do all this without noise and with prudence, lest the barons should be alarmed." But he caused the alarm himself, by instantly evading some of the clauses of the Charter.

On their departure from Runnymede the barons, in the joy of their hearts, appointed a great tournament to be held at Stamford on the 2nd of July. As this came to the knowledge of the king, he formed a plot for surprising London during their absence at Stamford, it evidently being within the capital city that the main strength of the party lay; but being warned in time of John's intention, the nobles put off the celebration of the tournament to a more distant day, and named a place for it nearer to London, most probably in the fields close to the city walls, named Moorfields, which was already the exercising ground of the martial citizens of London, and the spot where the apprentices pursued their sports and pastimes, nearly all of which, at this time, partook of a martial character.

The king now withdrew to Winchester, when, alarmed at the whole course of his conduct, a deputation of barons and clergy waited on him on the 27th of June. He laughed at their suspicions, swore with his usual volubility that they were unfounded; and that he was ready to do all things to which, as a king and knight and Christian, he stood pledged. He issued a few writs required of him, and then withdrew still further, and to a much less accessible place—to the Isle of Wight, where he remained about three weeks (not months, as stated by Matthew Paris). He is represented at the Isle of Wight in a manner closely resem-

bling that of the infamous Tiberius in the rocky but lovely island of Caprea, in the Neapolitan Gulf. He shunned all intercourse with nobles, knights, and churchmen, and would associate with none but the fishermen of the place and the mariners of the neighbouring ports. To these rude men he looked for important assistance, and he endeavoured to captivate their good-will by conversing and drinking with them, and by adopting their dress and manners. After losing sight of him at the Isle of Wight, we find him re-appearing on the banks of the Isis. It is proved by public instruments which are still extant that he was at Oxford on the 21st of July. While there he appointed a conference, which he did not attend. Instead of keeping that appointment, he posted away to Dover, where he stayed during the whole of the month of September, eagerly awaiting the arrival of his mercenary recruits from the Continent. When the barons learned that troops of Brabanters and others were stealing into the land, in small parties at a time, they dispatched William d'Albini, at the head of a chosen band, to take possession of the royal castle of Rochester. D'Albini had scarcely entered that castle, which he found almost destitute of stores and engines of defence, when John found himself sufficiently strong to venture from Dover. The un-English despot, followed by Brabanters, Poitevins, Gascons, Flemings, and others—the outcasts and freebooters of Europe—marched through the fair land of Kent, insulting the inhabitants and burning their houses, and coming down to the Medway, laid siege to Rochester Castle at the beginning of October. The barons, knowing D'Albini's insufficient means of defence, marched from London to his relief; but, although they were cheerily followed by a good many of the citizens, they were obliged to retreat before the superior force of the king, who was every day joined by more and more adventurers from the other side of the Channel. Fortunately for England, one Hugh de Boves and a vast horde of these marauders perished in a tempest between Calais and Dover. After a gallant resistance of eight weeks, the barons' garrison in Rochester Castle was reduced to a surrender. John, with his wonted ferocity, ordered the brave D'Albini to be hanged, with every officer and soldier in the place; but Savarie de Manleon, the leader of one of the foreign bands, opposed the barbarous mandate, fearing that the English might retaliate on his own followers or upon himself, in case of their falling into their hands. D'Albini and the knights with him were saved; but it appears that "the meaner sort" were all butchered in cold blood.

Close upon this serious blow, the loss of Rochester Castle, came other calamities upon the champions of liberty. In spite of a counter appeal made by the English nation, the tyrant's application to the pope was so successful, that Innocent excommunicated the barons, and declared them to be worse than Saracens, for troubling and molesting a vassal of the Holy See, a religious king who had taken the Cross, and who had no longer any ambition save that of rescuing the tomb of Christ. Heartened by this loud thunder of the Vatican, John marched from Rochester to St. Alban's. He passed near to London, and would gladly have given the contumacious city to the flames; but he and his foreign hordes durst not approach it, so formidable was the attitude into which the citizens had put themselves. Upon weaker towns, and upon the villages and open country, he indulged his ferocity without check or restraint. His own was an evil name, and evil were the names or nicknames of his outlandish foreigners. Among these were "Falco without Howels," "Manleon the Bloody," "Walter Buel the Murderer," "Sottin the Merciless," and "Godeschal the

Iron-hearted." But nearly one and all, they were an iron-hearted, rapacious crew, that sold their swords to the highest bidder, and that fought for nothing but plunder.

In a moment of unwarrantable despondency the English baronage applied to France for aid and for troops wherewith to face these foreign mercenaries. It was unwisely done; for when Prince Louis, the eldest son and heir to King Philip, came over to England with an army, he did very little for the good cause, and introduced pretensions and claims, and roused jealousies and other angry passions, which might have proved for a time very fatal to the independence of the nation. As a general rule it is better for a nation to submit to a tyrant than to call in any foreign assistance. By a fortunate combination of circumstances, England escaped the perils to which she exposed herself by taking this false step.

We need not, in these papers, follow up the ruinous but short progress of King John. The last act of this drama is present to all minds. The very elements fought against him, for the wrath of God smote him in his pride like another Pharaoh. While crossing the Wash the sea rolled over his host, and swept away horses, carriages, treasures, and men. Three or four days after this most unexpected calamity, which together with some gluttonous indulgences brought on a fever with a burning stomach and throbbing brain, "the tyrant fever" destroyed the tyrant; and John by his death gave a better confirmation and security than he ever could have given while living to our Magna Charta.

To judge of the spirit which animated the patriots who procured this benefit, we must bear in mind the state of society at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and compare its clauses and provisions with the charters obtained by the armed aristocracies of other countries of their sovereigns. The nearest in point of time is the Bulla Aurea, or Golden Bull or Charter, of the brave Magyars or Hungarians; but good as that charter is, it will be found far inferior to ours. Six hundred and thirty years, and numerous and necessary changes, have not abated the reverence of true and enlightened Englishmen to Magna Charta. We conclude with an eloquent passage from Mr. Hallam's *History of the Middle Ages*. "One is surprised at the forbearance displayed by the barons, till they took arms at length in that confederacy which ended in

establishing the Great Charter of Liberties. As this was the first effort towards a legal government, so is it beyond comparison the most important event in our history, except that Revolution without which its benefits would rapidly have been annihilated.* The constitution of England has indeed no single date from which its duration is to be reckoned. The institutions of positive law, the far more important changes which time has wrought in the order of society during six hundred years subsequent to the Great Charter, have undoubtedly lessened its direct application to our present circumstances. But it is still the key-stone of English liberty. All that has since been obtained is little more than a confirmation or commentary; and if every subsequent law were to be swept away, there would still remain the bold features that distinguish a free from a despotic monarchy. It has been lately the fashion to depreciate the value of Magna Charta, as if it had sprang from the private ambition of a few selfish barons, and redressed only some feudal abuses. It is indeed of little importance by what motives those who obtained it were guided. The real characters of men most distinguished in the transactions of that time are not easily determined at present. Yet if we bring these ungrateful suspicions to the test, they prove destitute of all reasonable foundation. An equal distribution of civil rights to all classes of freemen forms the peculiar beauty of the Charter. In this just solicitude for the people, and in the moderation which infringed upon no essential prerogative of the monarchy, we may perceive a liberality and patriotism very unlike the selfishness which is sometimes rashly imputed to those ancient barons. And as far as we are guided by historical testimony, two great men, the pillars of our church and state, may be considered as entitled beyond the rest to the glory of this monument; Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and William, Earl of Pembroke. To their temperate zeal for a legal government, England was indebted during that critical period for the two greatest blessings that patriotic statesmen could confer: the establishment of civil liberty upon an immoveable basis and the preservation of national independence under the ancient line of sovereigns, which rasher men were about to exchange for the dominion of France."

* The Revolution of 1688.



[Signing of Magna Charta.]



Source of the Thames at Seven Springs.]

THE SOURCE OF THE THAMES.

SPENSER'S account of the origin of "the noble Thames" was only a poetic version of the opinion generally adopted in his day by sober geographers and antiquarians:—

"Him before there went, as best became,
His ancient parents, namely the ancient Thame;
But much more aged was his wife than he,
The Ouse, whom men do Isis rightly name."

That the upper part of the river was properly called the Isis, and that the name Thames arose from its junction with the Thame at Dorchester, a few miles below Oxford, seemed to be admitted without question, not only in Spenser's time, but long afterwards, and is still commonly asserted. It is however a mistake. Isis is only a scholarly name given to it, probably from the termination of its Latin form, *Tamisis*. In none of the ancient documents in which it is mentioned does the name Isis occur. The credit of having been the first to notice this is usually given to Camden, but that excellent old antiquary appears not to have suspected the truth of the common notion. The Latin poem called the 'Marriage of Thame and Isis,' in which the union of the streams is celebrated with all the fulness a marriage producing such issue deserved, is even attributed to him by his biographer. It was Bishop Gibson, in his 'Additions to Camden,' who pointed out the error, and cited the various authorities in proof that it was an error, and the mistake of attributing it to Camden no doubt arose from the manner in which the additions are mixed up with the original text. The following are his words (Gibson's Camden's 'Britannia,' i. 104, ed. 1772):—

"Upon this first mention of the river Thames, it will not be improper to observe, that, though the current opinion is that it had that name from the conjunction of the Thame and the Isis, it plainly appears that the river was always called Thames, or Tems, before it came near the Thame. For instance, in an ancient charter granted to Abbot Aldhelm, there is particular mention made of certain lands upon the east part of the river, 'cajus vocabulum Temis, juxta vadum qui appellatur Sammerford' (the name of which is Thames, near the ford called Soumerford), and this ford is in Wiltshire. The same thing appears from several other charters granted to the abbot of Malmesbury, as well as that of

Evesham; and from old deeds relating to Cricklade. And, perhaps, it may with safety be affirmed, that in any charter of authentic history it does not ever occur under the name of Isis, which, indeed, is not so much as heard of, but among scholars; the common people all along from the head of it to Oxford calling it by no other name but that of Thames. So also the Saxon Temese (from whence our Tems immediately comes) is a plain evidence that that people never dreamt of any such conjunction. But further, all our historians who mention the incursions of Æthelwold into Wiltshire, A.D. 905; or of Canute, A.D. 1016; tell us that they passed over the Thames at Cricklade."

This may suffice as to the name of the river: but we are not yet in a condition to speak of its source, for that has been also a moot point, and is hardly now a decided one. Most rivers are at their head separated into a number of small streamlets, of which some one has generally the pre-eminence conceded to it, from its superior size, or its being the remotest from the mouth of the river. As this is the principal stream, its spring is called the source. Two streams contend for the honour of the parentage of the Thames. Both rise from the southern slopes of the Cotswold Hills, but some sixteen miles apart. The source of one is known as Thames-head, of the other as Seven Springs.

The one which flows from Thames-head would seem at first sight to have the fairest claim. Its source has ever been called Thames-head by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood; and the stream itself has always been called the Thames, long before it meets the other branch, which, on the other hand, has always been known by another name. But then it must yield to its rival both as regards the distance of its source from the main trunk and its size—and whatever may have been the received opinion, the Churn is now considered by geographers as the true head of the Thames. We will look briefly at each, and trace them from their springs till they meet and form one river.

Thames-head is about three miles south-west of Cirencester, and within sight of the Tetbury-road station of the Great Western and Gloucester Railway. What should be the spring lies in a hollow close to a bridge over the Thames and Severn Canal, known as Thames-head bridge. The field in which it rises is named Trewsbury Mead, and the hill at whose foot it is placed has on its summit a circular earthwork, pro-

hably Roman, called by the country people Trewsbury Castle. Leland notices this spring, and calls it the "very head of Isis;" and adds that it "is in a great somer drought, and ofloweth very little or no water, yet is the stream fervid with many of springs resorting to one bottom." This peculiarity of many springs as he calls it resorting to one bottom, is yet noticeable, but it does not need a great summer to make the head dry, for now little or no water issues from it at any time. In Cooke's 'Views on the Thames,' which are generally correct as well as picturesque, there is an engraving of this 'Source of the Thames' which represents the water as bubbling up so as to make a moderate-sized fountain, and overshadowed by a rich group of trees; and this appears to have served as the original of most subsequent views of it. Nothing can be less like the spot. The field is a bare and barren one. The spring is only distinguishable by a circle of naked pebbles, with one large upright stone near it, which marks where once stood a sort of grotto that covered the spring. The spring itself has long ceased to flow. At the farther end of the field is a powerful steam-engine that is almost ceaselessly at work punp- ing up water from a well sixty feet deep into the canal already mentioned. This has effectually drained all the springs that here originally contributed to form the Thames. When the engine has left off working for a few days—which is only when there is what the manager of it calls "a glut of water"—the water flows out from the head spring; from another spring, two or three hundred yards lower, the water issues after the engine has been still for a few hours. Ordinarily, however, this stream is now first traceable at Kemble, where a plentiful supply from one or two other springs enables it to spread out into a pretty brook. It then passes Somerford, where, it will be remembered, there is evidence in Abbot Aldhelm's charter, quoted by Gibson, that the stream was anciently called the Thames. At Ashton Keynes it meets the Swill brook, which rises in the high ground about four miles from Tetbury. Leland, as we have seen, calls Thames-head the very head of Isis, but in other parts of his Itinerary he mentions other heads. "Thus," he says (vol. ii. p. 25), "the head of Isis in Coteswalde riseth about a mile on this side Tetbyric." By this he must mean the Swill brook, which, however, as we have said, rises four miles on this side Tetbury. By its union with the Swill our stream has become considerably enlarged, and flows on without further augmentation till it unites with the Churn at Cricklade. In its course hitherto there has been little to notice. Nowhere could it be called picturesque, and there has been no place possessing any claim to our attention. We will now turn to the other and, as we think, principal stream.

And here we might linger awhile; a prettier stream of its kind could not readily be met with. We are stopped at the outset, however, by the question, Which is its source? Near its head it is separated into two branches: the one which is rather the longer, and which some affirm to be the true head, rises at Ullen Farm, about a mile west of Seven Springs, the source of the other. Both rise on the south-eastern slope of the Cotswold Hills, near the foot of Lockhampton Hill, about three miles south of Cheltenham; they unite about a mile from their respective sources. That which issues from Seven Springs appears to us to be the main branch; and this is the view always taken of it in the locality, where it is looked upon as one of the principal "bois," and few go to any of the neighbouring villages, or to Cheltenham, without being carried to see it. From its situation and the greater quantity of water that constantly flows from it, Seven Springs seems fairly entitled to the name of the "very head" of Thames; and it is lovely, quiet, and everflow-

ing, as we could wish the head of Thames to be. The springs, which lie in a secluded dell, are overhung with a luxuriant canopy of foliage. The water gushes, clear and pure as crystal, out of the rock from several different openings (it is commonly said from several different springs; but it is probable they are all connected with each other), and, after whirling round a few times, starts off swiftly down the narrow stony channel it has scooped out for itself.

As it flows from the rock, the water is deliciously cool and grateful to a rambler, who may avail himself of the service of a sturdy old dame who has attended the springs for a quarter of a century, scrambling down the dell to every corner with a glass clean as the water itself with which she fills it, that the visitor may "taste the Thames water at its source." She is a staid old-fashioned country peasant, without much of *character* in herself or her story, which it will be best to let her tell in her own way, as it is not long, and she is quite at home in it. Like a Westminster veiger, her tale is always the same, and however interrupted, she will go through with it. "Here be the springs from which comes the great river Thames, which is called Isis till it gets past Oxford. Here there be seven of them. One, two, &c. And they never run less in the driest summer, nor ever are frozen in winter; but in winter there are a good many more springs that water comes out of, and then there is a great deal more water." There is not much more in her story about the stream; she will tell you where it joins the one we have already followed; but she is a stern stickler for the supremacy of her springs. She lives in a cottage just above, and evidently considers herself almost a part of the place, and is indeed so much a portion of it, that it would be most unjust to describe it and not mention her. By waiting on visitors and boiling water for pic-nic parties she obtains a decent livelihood, and she seems to be grateful to the "source" for it, winding up all her relations of "it with "How thankful ought us to be for such a plenty of good water."

Unlike the other stream, this is exceedingly picturesque at its starting-place, and continues so a great part of its course. Its name *Cern*, or *Churn*, as it is now commonly spelt, is said to be the British *Chwyrn*, which signifies rapid; but *Studder* derives it from *Corin*, the top, and supposes it to have been so named because it was the top or head of the Thames. The former seems the most probable, but either will suit, and both appear to be preserved in the places on its banks, and which have owed their names to it, viz., Ch.acester, the Roman *Corinium*, and North and South Cerny. From Seven Springs the stream runs through a narrow valley past two or three farm-houses, and by the little village of Cowley, when it bends to the east and crosses the Cirencester road near Colesborne, where it is joined by the Lyde, and works a mill. It then makes its way along a glen-like valley under Cliffling Wood; here its course is extremely beautiful, the hill sides are steep and close together, that on the left being thickly covered with luxuriant foliage which forms a noble hanging wood, while the stream itself runs swiftly over a stony bed, reminding us in its seclusion and in its character of the beautiful northern becks. Nor does it lose much of its beauty, though it loses much of its wildness, in its progress through the rich grounds of Rendcombe, the property of Sir John Guise. All along this part of its course the uplands, that rise abruptly from it, are clothed with an abundance of noble trees, and the stream is well stored with trout, which are carefully preserved.

The way thus far will repay the attention of a young geologist. The Churn rises from the upper lias formation, and runs for several miles along a very narrow strip of it, almost entirely confined to the course of the river.

At North Cerney it passes into the inferior oolite, the prevailing formation of the neighbourhood. North Cerney church will attract the artist by the picturesqueness of its appearance and the tone of its time-worn and weather-worn colours; and the architectural student by its age and character. It is cruciform, and of the transition period from the Norman to the Early English styles. The doorway has an enriched circular arch, and the tower has windows with slightly pointed arches supported on slender Norman pillars. In the body of the church are large windows of a somewhat later date. The whole has a venerable appearance, and there is a cross in the churchyard tolerably perfect. From North Cerney the Churn passes under Perrot's Down, by Hamerton to Cirencester. Had we not already lingered so long on our way, we might stay here awhile. Cirencester is a town full of interest in its story, and not without interest in itself. But we must with our stream proceed onwards; leaving Cirencester, it runs for some distance alongside the Cricklade road, and then by Addington, South Cerney, a pretty village with a fine old church, and so onwards to Cricklade, where it joins the other stream, and they flow on together as the Isis, or more correctly as the Thames. The total length of the stream from Thames-head to its junction here is about ten miles; the length of the Churn from Seven Springs is about twenty miles.

Ancient Heremetical Establishments.—Ardoilera, or High Island, is situated about six miles from the coast of Omev, Connemara, and contains about eighty acres. From its height, and the overhanging character of its cliffs, it is only accessible in the calmest weather, and even then, the landing, which can only be made by springing on a shelving portion of the cliff from the boat, is not wholly free from danger: but the adventurer will be well rewarded for such risk; for in addition to the singular antiquities which the island contains, it affords views of the Connemara and Mayo scenery of unsurpassable beauty. The church here is among the rudest of the ancient edifices which the fervour of the Christian religion raised on its introduction into Ireland. Its internal measurement, in length and breadth, is but twelve feet by ten, and in height ten feet. The doorway is two feet wide, and four feet six inches high, and its horizontal lintel is inscribed with a cross, like that on the lintel of the doorway of St. Fechin's great church at Fore, and those of other doorways of the same period. The east window, which is the only one in the building, is semicircular-headed, and is but one foot high and six inches wide. The altar still remains, and is covered with offerings, such as nails, buttons, and shells, but chiefly fishing-hooks, the most characteristic tributes of the calling of the votaries. On the east side of the chapel is an ancient stone sepulchre like a Pagan Kistvaen, composed of large mica slates, with a cover of limestone. The stones at the ends are rudely sculptured with ornamental crosses and a human figure, and the covering-slab was also carved, and probably was inscribed with the name of the saint for whom the tomb was designed, but its surface is now much effaced; and as this sepulchre appears to have been made at the same time as the chapel, it seems probable that it is the tomb of the original founder of this religious establishment. The chapel is surrounded by a wall, allowing a passage of four feet between them; and from this, a covered passage of about fifteen feet long by three feet wide leads to a cell, which was probably the abbot's habitation. This cell, which is nearly circular and dome-roofed, is internally seven feet by six, and eight high. It is built like those in Aran, without cement, and with much rude art. On the east side there is a larger cell, externally round, but internally a square of nine feet, and seven feet six inches in height. Could this have been a refectory? The doorways in these cells are two feet four inches in width, and but three feet six inches in height. On the other side of the chapel are a number of smaller cells, which were only large enough to contain each a single person. They are but six feet long, three feet wide, and four feet high; and most of them are now covered with rubbish. These formed a laura, like the habitations of the Egyptian ascetics. There is also a covered gallery, or passage, twenty-four feet long, four feet wide, and four feet six inches high, and its entrance doorway is but two feet three inches square. The use of this it is difficult to con-

jecture. Could it have been a storehouse for provisions? The monastery is surrounded by an uncemented stone wall, nearly circular, enclosing an area of one hundred and eight feet in diameter. The entrance into this enclosure is at the south-east side, and from it leads a stone passage twenty-one feet in length and three in width. At each side of this entrance, and outside the great circular wall, were circular buildings, probably intended for the use of pilgrims; but though what remains of them is of stone, they do not appear to have been roofed with that material. Within the enclosure are several rude stone crosses, probably sepulchral, and flags sculptured with rude crosses, but without letters. There is also a granite globe, measuring about twenty inches in diameter. In the surrounding ground there are several rude stone altars, or penitential stations, on which are small stone crosses; and on the south side of the enclosure there is a small lake apparently artificial, from which an artificial outlet is formed, which turned a small mill; and along the west side of this lake there is an artificial stone path or causeway two hundred and twenty yards in length, which leads to another stone cell or house, of an oval form, at the south side of the valley in which the monastery is situated. This house is eighteen feet long and nine wide, and there is a small walled enclosure joined to it, which was probably a garden. There is also adjoining to it a stone altar surmounted by a cross, and a small lake, which, like that already noticed, seems to have been formed by art. —*Petrie's Essay on the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland.*

Carriion-feeding Hawks of South America.—The *Polyborus Chinango* is truly omnivorous, and will eat even bread; and I was assured that it materially injures the potato crops in Chiloe, by stocking up the roots when first planted. Of all the carrion-feeders it is generally the last which leaves the skeleton of a dead animal; and may often be seen within the ribs of a cow or a horse, like a bird in a cage. Another species is the *Polyborus Novæ Zealandiæ*, which is exceedingly common in the Falkland Islands. These birds, in many respects, resemble in their habits the carranchas. They live on the flesh of dead animals, and on marine productions; and on the Ramizen rocks their whole sustenance must depend on the sea. They are extraordinarily tame and fearless, and haunt the neighbourhood of houses for offal. If a hunting-party kills an animal, a number soon collect and patiently await, standing on the ground on all sides. After eating, their uncovered claws are largely protruded, giving them a disgusting appearance. They readily attack wounded birds. A cormorant in this state, having taken to shore, was immediately seized on by several, and its death hastened by their blows. The Beagle was at the Falkland Islands only during the summer; but the officers of the Adventure, who were there in the winter, mention many extraordinary instances of the boldness and rapacity of these birds. They actually pounced on a dog that was lying fast asleep close by one of the party; and the sportsmen had difficulty in preventing the wounded geese from being carried off before their eyes. It is said that several together (in this respect resembling the carranchas) wait at the mouth of a rabbit-hole, and together seize on the animal when it comes out. They were constantly flying on board the vessel when in the harbour; and it was necessary to keep a good lookout to prevent the leather from being torn from the rigging, and the meat or game from the stern. These birds are very mischievous and inquisitive; they will pick up almost anything from the ground. A large black glazed hat was carried near a mile, as was a pair of the heavy balls used in catching cattle. Mr. Osbourne experienced, during the survey, a most severe loss, in their stealing a small Kater's compass, in a red morocco leather case, which was never recovered. These birds are, moreover, quarrelsome and very passionate, tearing up the grass with their bills from rage. They are not truly gregarious; they do not soar, and their flight is heavy and clumsy; on the ground they run extremely fast, very much like pheasants. They are noisy, uttering several harsh cries, one of which is like that of the English rook; hence the sealers always call them rooks. It is a curious circumstance that, when crying out, they throw their heads upwards and backwards, after the same manner as the carrancha. They build in the rocky cliffs of the sea-coasts, but only on the small adjoining islets, and not on the two main islands. This is a singular precaution in so tame and fearless a bird. The sealers say, that the flesh of these birds, when cooked, is quite white, and very good eating; but bold must the man be who attempts such a meal. —*Darwin's Journal of a Voyage Round the World.*



THE YEAR OF THE POETS.—No. XVI.

CLOUDS AND WINDS.

THE season when Autumn is sliding into Winter—the season of alternate sunshine and mist, of blue sky and cloud—has called forth some of the most beautiful imagery of our highest poets. What a charming ode is that of Shelley's 'To the wild West Wind'—

I.

"O, wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Posthume-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clamour o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill.
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere,
Destroyer and preserver, hear, oh, hear!"

II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of this aery surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might,

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst. Oh, hear!

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice pile in Baia's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intense day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers,
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves. Oh, hear!

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest hear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could 'be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip the skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too, like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone.
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive thy dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth;
And by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth,
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

The evening of piled-up clouds is a striking characteristic of the season. Who has described the fantastic forms of such a sky with the fidelity of Shakspeare?

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish:

A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,

A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,

A forked mountain, or blue promontory:

With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,

And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;

They are black Vesper's pageants.

Eros.

Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dissolves; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water."

SHAKESPEARE.

Coleridge looks upon "Cloudland" with a happier spirit than that of the fallen Antony.

"(1) it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,

Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,

To make the shifting clouds be what you please,

Or let the easily persuaded eyes

Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould

Of a friend's fancy; or, with he'd bent low,

And cheek afloat, see rivers flow of gold

"Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go

From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land!

On listening to the tale, with closed sight,

Like that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,

By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,

Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey

Rise to the swelling of the vocal sea."

COLERIDGE.

This, too, is the season of sea-storms. Our readers will be glad to make acquaintance with one of the most remarkable of our old quaint poets, who describes with a force which can only be the result of actual experience.

"The south and west winds join'd, and as they blew,
Waves like a rolling trench before them threw.
Sooner than you read this line did the gale,
Like shot, not fear'd till felt, our sails assail;
And what at first was call'd a gust, the same
Hath now a storm's, anon a tempest's name.
Jonas! I pity thee: and curse those men
Who, when the storm rag'd most, did wake thee then.
Sleep is pain's easiest slave, and doth fulfil
All offices of death, except to kill.

But when I wak'd, I saw that I saw not;
I and the sun, which should teach me, had forgot
East, west, day, night; and I could only say,
If the world had lasted now it had been day.
Thousands our noises were, yet we amongst all
Could none by his right name but thunder call.
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
Than if the sun had drunk the sea before.
Some cabin'd in their cabins lie, equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must die;
And as sin-burden'd souls from grave will creep
At the last day, some forth their cabins peep.
And tremblingly ask, what news? and do hear us,
As jealous husbands, what they would not know.
Some, sitting on the hatch, would even there,
With hideous gazing, to sea away Peer; &c.

There note how the ship's sickness, the most
Shak'd with an ague, and the bold and stout

With a salt dropsy clogg'd, and our tacklings
Snapping like too high stretched tiable strings,
And from our tatter'd sails rage drop down so
As from one hang'd in chains a year ago
Given our ordnance, plac'd for our defence,
Strive to break loose, and 'scape away from thence.
Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what 's the gain?
Heave into seas thrown we suck in again.
Hauling hath deaf'd our sailors: and if they
Knew how to bear, there 's none knows what to say.
Compar'd to these storms death is but a qualm,
• Hell somewhat lightsome, the Bermud' a calm.
Darkness, Light's eldest brother, his birthright
Claim'd o'er this world, and to heaven hath clus'd light.
All things are one, and that one none can be,
Since all forms uniform deformity
Doth cover; so that we, except God say
Another Fiat, shall have no more day:
So violent, yet long these furies be,
That though thine absence sterve me, I wish not thee."

DOWNS.

Clouds and storms pass away, and with them the thick-coming fancies that are held to be so prevalent in our changeable climate. An old poet has hallowed this sentiment by the feeling of devotion:

"The misty clouds that fall sometime
And overcast the skies,
Are like to troubles of our time,
Which do but dim our eyes.
But as such clouds are dried up quite,
When Phoebus shows his face,
So are sad fancies put to flight
When God doth guide by grace."

G. GASCOIGNE.



[Will o' the Wisp.]

FATHER THOMAS CONECTE.

Within these few years we have seen a preacher attract vast crowds to hear him declaim against a popular vice, and we have been told of the strange and unexpected results that have followed his preaching. What Father Mathew has been in our age, Father Thomas was in the fifteenth century. Great as has been the success of the Apostles of Temperance, and extraordinary as was the sensation he produced, in neither did he exceed him upon whom his contemporaries in like manner bestowed the title of an Apostle.

The similarity, however, ceases with the early part of their career: we may fairly conclude that there is no danger of our contemporary meeting with the tragical fate of his predecessor. The story of Father Thomas forms a curious episode in the history of his age, and, as it will not occupy much space, may be worth telling.

Of his early life little is related: he was by birth a Breton, in due time became a monk of the order of the Carmelites, and, when his fame began, belonged to the convent of that order at Rennes. His life was marked by religious austerity, he was learned, he was eloquent; no wonder therefore that he was looked upon as a prodigy. His sermons were adorned with all the graces of rhetoric, enforced by a remarkable fervour of manner; no wonder, therefore, that their success was far greater than those of any of his colleagues. He preached against the fashionable follies, and all cried out against them. His auditors not only listened to what he said, but did what he advised them—they praised the preacher and obeyed his precepts. Such success would arouse the ambition of the humblest, and Father Thomas was perhaps not proof against it; he saw that similar evils prevailed elsewhere, and he departed from his monastery resolved to amend them—and others also, for he began to look upon nothing as too great for him to accomplish. Like all men when success has inflated them, he overrated his capacity. Compared with the strength of the grand abuse he set his heart upon reforming, that against which Father Mathew directed his energy seems weakness itself, and his crusade a sober one. Men may give up drinking, but the other is ingrain, and no monk nor pope either can eradicate it. Father Conecte, says one almost his contemporary, "was the most persuasive preacher of his age," and he exerted all his powers of persuasion in this matter. He might as well have persuaded the grass not to grow. However, a monk may be forgiven such an error. But we have not stated what this grand scheme was. It was—as our readers have no doubt guessed, if they did not before know—to induce the female sex to abandon their love of fine clothing—to persuade them not to dress themselves absurdly, merely to be in the fashion! Such is the infatuation even clever men may yield to. Father Thomas did his best, and achieved some partial victories. There were also some other less important matters he saw amiss and laboured to set right, but for a while he kept them duly subordinate.

Leaving Rennes he proceeded through the cities of Flanders, preaching so admirably, and living so holily, as everywhere to produce the most extraordinary influence. Crowds everywhere flocked to his preaching; and as the churches were not large enough to contain the thousands who came to listen to him, the authorities in the several places caused platforms to be erected from which he might address them. These platforms were hung with the richest tapestries, and a band of priests attended to assist in the solemnities. Mass was performed by other members of his order before he delivered his discourse, and nothing was left that could impart dignity to the proceedings. People of all ranks and ages collected to hear him. There were ordinarily, says Argentre, fifteen or sixteen thousand persons assembled at his sermons, whom he caused to be ranged apart, the women on the one side and the men on the other, and to separate them the more effectually he had a cord stretched between them. At this time there prevailed among the ladies a head-dress of unusual height; it was constructed of gauze and other flimsy materials upon a framework of several stages, and often had ears or wings projecting from it. So lofty and large was it, that the wearers of this strange encumbrance were obliged to stoop low and shuffle sideways to pass through the

doorways of their houses. This prodigious ornament, which was called a *hennin*, particularly excited the ire of our reformer. In condemning the other extravagances of the sex he did not spare his denunciations, but it was against these *hennins* he launched his fiercest bolts. They fell, but it was with other blows than those of his thunder. When he found that all his eloquence failed to cause them to be cast off, he called in the aid of the boys who came to his sermons, promising them "certain days of pardon" on condition that they followed those who continued to wear the wicked gear. This they did with merry hearts, shouting as soon as they caught sight of one, "*au hennin, au hennin*," and flinging stones at them, or if possible pulling them off by force. Many were the tumults that arose in consequence, but as Conecte poured out a torrent of ridicule upon such ladies as ventured to his sermons in the obnoxious articles, and set his boys upon them, they soon ceased to wear them, at least in public, adopting the low cap worn by the nuns and persons of mean degree. This reformation did not last long however, for, says Monstielet, in a passage of a vivacity quite unusual in his tedious pages, "like the snail, which when we pass near it draws in its horns, and when we are no longer by puts them forth again, so did these ladies; and in a very short time after that the preacher had left their country they began again as before, and forgetting his doctrine, returned little by little to their old condition, raising their *hennins* as high, if not higher than they had ever been accustomed to carry them."

But we must not convey a wrong impression of our reformer. He was not a trifler. The abuses in dress were at this time very great, and they were attended by, and partly the result of, a fearful and general laxity of morals. Preachers, themselves men of holy lives and rigid habits, everywhere started up (as Barante notices) to denounce the prevailing evil. Of these Conecte was the most prominent, though for a while a Father Richard divided attention with him, and he was undoubtedly thoroughly in earnest; and his earnestness and eloquence impressed others. His auditors, aroused to an abhorrence of whatever had led them to evil, like the followers of the primitive apostles, brought the objects which had allured them, and burned them before the face of the preacher. Large fires were kindled in front of the platform from which he preached, and into these the luxurious cast their superfluous apparel, and gamblers their cards and their dice; while others abandoned house, and friends, and fortune to follow him. In the height of his celebrity he used to make his entry into the towns he visited upon a little mule, the bride of which men of highest rank sought as an honour to hold. The burghers of the towns and the noblemen came out to meet him, and surrounding him, accompanied him to his lodging with their heads uncovered, the common people following with loud shoutings. After his sermons he shut himself up and allowed none to hold intercourse with him, preserving apparently his habits of self-denial and mortification as much in the full tide of his greatness as in the time of his obscurity. He would receive no gifts for himself, accepting only of lodging and food, but for his church he held his hands open. His integrity appears unimpeachable, and his morals were never questioned. Had he confined his attacks to public luxury and immorality, it is probable he would not have been molested, but unfortunately for him he raised his voice against the offences of the clergy, and did not refrain from advising an alteration in the ceremonies and even in some of the minor tenets of the church.

The church was at this time in a disorganised state. Eugenius IV. was in the pontifical chair, and the Council of Basle was sitting almost in open enmity with

him. The council was most anxious to effect a reform in the discipline of the church, and remove the scandal caused by the vicious conduct of the clergy. The followers of Huss, irritated by the murder of their leader, were in open war, and had defeated the troops of the pope and his partisans. The true friends of the church sought earnestly to bring about a peace, and to remove the main causes of complaint by a reformation of all acknowledged abuses. Many leading prelates, especially in Germany and France, were zealous in their endeavours to this end. But Eugenius would listen to no terms; he had issued at the commencement of his pontificate a bull declaring that he would make no peace with Hussites, and calling upon all the faithful to assist him to "destroy them and exterminate them from the earth, so that the memory of them shall not remain in the ages to come." And his fiery and unscrupulous disposition made him carry out his promise as far as he was able. If he could not get Hussites he could get heretics, or those who were called so, and this charge sealed a man's fate.

Passing into Italy, Concetta at Mantua remodelled the discipline of the order of the Carmelites. His reformation met with much opposition, an English provincial especially signaling himself by his writings against Concetta. From Venice he went to Rome in company with the Venetian ambassadors, relying probably upon their protection, but it availed him little.

"He was lodged at St. Paul's, whence the pope ordered him to come before him, not," says Monstrelet, with great simplicity, "with any evil intentions toward him, but for him to preach, for he had heard much of his renown." Concetta, however, knew better what the pope wanted him for, though his knowledge was of small service to him. Upon his refusing to attend the pope, the same authority informs us that he was seized, after in vain attempting to escape through a window, and carried before his holiness, who handed him over to the officers of the Inquisition. He underwent their examination with firmness, refusing to retract his opinions—which appear to have been, that the clergy ought to be allowed to marry, and that they should be permitted to eat flesh; and that the excommunications of the pope were of no value in the sight of God: he was solemnly degraded as an obstinate heretic, and publicly burned in 1434. It was a punishment assuredly most undeserved; by all honest men it was looked upon with horror, and even Eugenius is said to have afterwards repented of what he had done.

ON HALOS.

A HALO is a circular band of faintly coloured light which is occasionally seen surrounding the disk of the sun or moon at a distance from it equal to twenty-two or twenty-three degrees, measured on a great circle passing through the luminary. The colours of the solar halo are such as are observed in the rainbow; but they are less bright, and they do not always in the halo follow the same order as in the bow. Generally the red is nearest the sun, the exterior of the band being a pale indigo or violet, and sometimes white; but occasionally the interior edge appears to be white, and beyond this, in succession, are green, yellow, and a pale red. The lunar halo in general appears to be white, but it is at times tinted with pale green or red. Often about either luminary the halo is double, consisting of two concentric circular bands, the exterior one being broader than the other, but its colours paler, and its distance from the luminary being twice as great as that of the interior band. Between either halo and the luminary the sky is frequently grey, on account of a thin veil of clouds which covers it, but sometimes its colour is a deep blue.

When a mist or a thin cloud is between the sun or moon and a spectator, there is frequently observed an ill-defined circle of coloured light immediately surrounding the disk of the luminary: this is called a corona; it sometimes appears when a halo is also seen, but it is more commonly observed without such accompaniment. The solar corona generally consists of three concentric bands variously coloured; and in one which was seen by Newton the colours of the three bands were successively, proceeding from the sun outwards, blue, white, and red; purple, blue, green, and pale red; pale blue and pale red. The semi-diameter of the exterior circumference was about six degrees. The coronæ are supposed to be produced by the refractions of light in the globules of water which are suspended in the atmosphere between the spectator and the luminary.

It may be observed in this place that images of the sun have been occasionally seen as if by reflexion from some cloud, the sun being near the horizon: these are called anthelia; and Mr. Swinton, from the top of a hill near Oxford, saw one which was for a short time as bright as the true sun and equal to it in magnitude. The cause of these phenomena is yet uncertain; but such an image may be produced when in the lower part of the atmosphere there exist innumerable prisms of ice with their axes in vertical positions and so situated that the rays of light falling on one side of each prism may enter the eye of the spectator after two refractions with one intermediate reflexion; or after two refractions with two intermediate reflexions. The index of refraction in ice being 1.31, and the prisms equilateral; it may be proved that, in the first case, the false sun will appear to be at a distance from the true sun equal to one hundred and forty-two degrees, in the latter at a distance equal to eighty-two degrees.

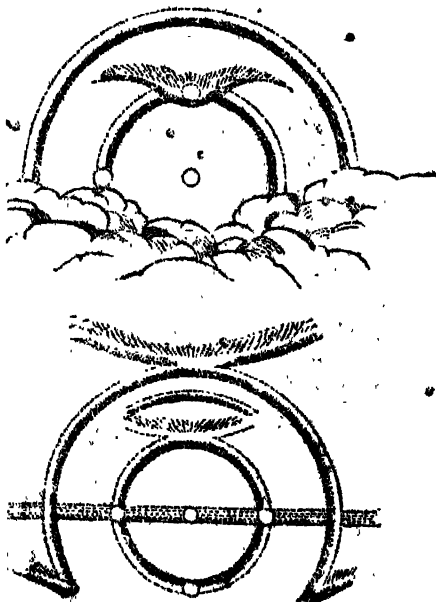
Halos are frequently accompanied by a horizontal ring or band of whitish light passing through the sun or moon, appearing to ascend as the luminary rises, and having its apparent semi-diameter equal to the zenith distance of the latter; and at times a similar band appears in the direction of a diameter perpendicular to the horizon. At the intersections of these bands with the halo (but in a few instances a little beyond such intersection) are sometimes seen images of the sun or moon, which are ill defined and less bright than the true disk of the celestial body: these, when the halo is formed about the sun, are called parhelia; and when about the moon, paraselenæ. Occasionally also segments of circles, or branches of curves of contrary flexure, proceed from these images of the sun or moon, so as to assume the appearance of wings or tails.

Many remarkable phenomena of this kind have at various times been observed: in the History of England, by Matthew Paris, there is a description of a halo which is stated to have been seen in the year 1233, on the borders of Herefordshire and Worcestershire: it is related that on each side of the halo was a semi-circle which intersected the halo in two places; and at the four intersections were as many false sons. In 1586 Rothman observed at Cassel, soon after sun-rise, a false sun above and one below the true sun, all being in one vertical line; and in 1629 Scheiner observed a remarkable halo at Rome. In 1660 Hevelius, at Danzig, observed a single halo, and in 1661 a double halo: the former was accompanied by two false suns at the extremities of a horizontal diameter, and another at the upper extremity of a vertical diameter; the two horizontal suns had tails trending away from the true sun: the latter halo was accompanied by three false suns like the other, and by several segmental bands of light, two of which had false suns at their places of intersection. In the last-mentioned year Hevelius observed also a halo with two paraselenæ and a double

corona about the body of the moon. Dr. Halley observed a halo with parhelia in 1702; and a very remarkable one was seen by Sir Henry Englefield at Richmond, in 1802 (*Journal of the Royal Institution*, vol. ii.). Besides these, many such phenomena have been observed in Europe, in the United States, and in Canada; and Captain (Sir E.) Parry observed and measured several during his voyages to the arctic regions.

The first of the subjoined figures is a representation of the phenomenon observed, as above mentioned, by Sir Henry Englefield. The sun being about fourteen degrees above the horizon, portions of two halos were seen, one at twenty-four degrees, and the other at forty-eight degrees from him; the interior portion was of a pale yellow, and a degree broad; and the other, which was about one degree and a half broad, was tinted with prismatic colours, the red being nearest to the sun. On the left-hand side of the interior ring, and in a line imagined to be parallel to the horizon, was a faint parhelia; and vertically above the sun, in the same ring, was a very remarkable parhelia, rather brighter than the true sun; it had a pearly appearance, was ill defined, and about two degrees broad. From each side of this image proceeded a bright curve of contrary flexure, being first convex, and then concave towards the sun. It extended nearly to the outer circle, and its lower side was tolerably defined; but the upper side melted, with streaks of light, into the sky: the parhelia with its curved prolongations is said to have had the appearance of a vast bird hovering over the sun.

* The second figure is a representation of a great double halo which was observed by Captain Parry: in this, a horizontal circle of light, at the intersections of which with the interior halo were parhelia, passed through the true sun; and there were segments of circles both at the upper extremities of the two halos and at the lower extremities of the exterior one, the latter being incomplete. The altitude of the true sun was about twenty-three degrees; and the radii of the two circles were, respectively, twenty-two and a half degrees and forty-five degrees. The lowest parhelia was very bright, but had no colours, while all the segments were strongly tinted with colour. Above the sun, at about twenty-six degrees from him, and between the two halos, was a small portion of a third halo, which appeared to be elliptical; and the space between the two segments was extremely brilliant, in consequence of strong reflexions of the sun's rays from the snow which floated in the atmosphere.



In the tropical regions coloured halos are frequent and brilliant; and near the equator Humboldt has observed small ones surrounding the planet Venus.

The explanation which has been given of the halo by Mariotte and Dr. Young is nearly as follows:—Between the spectator and the sun innumerable crystals of snow or ice, having the form of equilateral prisms, may exist in the air, in all possible positions: of these probably one half will be so situated as to be incapable of transmitting any refracted light to the eye, but vast numbers may have their transverse sections in planes nearly passing through the sun and spectator; and it will follow (the index of refraction in ice being about 1.31, and assuming the angles of incidence to be such that the incident and emergent rays may make equal angles with the surfaces) that the deviation of the refracted from the incident ray, at the eye of the observer, is about twenty-two degrees. Hence, the incident rays being considered as parallel to one another, there must appear to be formed a circle of light about the sun at a distance from the latter equal to that number of degrees. The semidiameter of the common halo is rather greater than this quantity; but the index of refraction in ice or snow is uncertain, and the angles of the prisms may, from partial meltings, be rather greater than sixty degrees.

Dr. Young supposes that the rays refracted from prisms so situated may fall on other prisms similarly situated, and may thus suffer two additional refractions at their surfaces; by which means the rays entering the eye of a spectator would form angles of twice the above quantity, or nearly forty-four degrees with the direct rays from the sun; and this may account for the exterior halo. Mr. Cavendish, however, suggested that the latter may be produced by the two refractions which a ray would undergo in passing through a face and one end of a prism; that is, through two surfaces which are at right angles to one another. Such refractions would cause the incident and emergent rays to make with one another an angle of about $45^{\circ} 44'$; and this is, nearly, the distance of the exterior halo from the sun. The red rays of light, being those which suffer the least refraction, come to the eye from the interior edges of the rings; and hence those edges generally appear of a red colour: the exterior parts should be blue, and they frequently are so; but considerable irregularities take place.

Immense numbers of very short prisms, or thin triangular plates, of ice will assume, in the air, vertical positions by the action of gravity; and Dr. Young conceives that horizontal rays from the sun falling on their flat surfaces may be reflected from thence to the eye of the observer, so as to produce the appearance of the horizontal circle, or band, of light which so frequently accompanies the halo. Plates of ice disposed so as to reflect the sun's light in a vertical plane may be the cause of the column which is sometimes seen to form a vertical diameter of a halo; and a similar explanation may be given of the bands forming oblique diameters such as, on one occasion, were observed by Captain Parry, when the halo had the appearance of a great wheel in the heavens, the sun being in its centre. The blending of the reflected rays above mentioned with the rays refracted from the sides of the prisms, at the places where the horizontal and vertical bands of light intersect the halo, is, apparently, the cause of the parhelia which are very generally observed in those parts of the halo; and, when the transverse sections of the refracting prisms deviate from a plane passing through the observer, towards the right or left, the axes being horizontal, there will be produced a curvilinear band of light, like a wing, inclining upwards on either side of a parhelia.



[The Vyverberg, with the Binnenhof.]

THE HAGUE.

THOUGH Amsterdam, from its size and importance, may be considered the commercial capital of the kingdom of Holland, as it is also of the province of North Holland, yet the Hague, from its being the residence of the king, of the foreign ambassadors, and the place of assembly of the states-general, may be considered the diplomatic and legislative capital, resembling in this respect, though in no other, Washington, the capital of the United States of America. It was originally only a hunting-seat of the counts of Holland, built first in 1250, and thence derives its name, in Dutch 'S Gravenhage, the Counts' Lodge, from which we have formed the Hague, and the French La Haye. It owes its rise entirely to the circumstance of its having become the seat of government, which it became in the sixteenth century, and in the seventeenth was the centre of the most important diplomatic negotiations during the reigns of George I. and Anne, but up to the end of the last century it only ranked as a village, though the largest in Europe, having a population of about 40,000 inhabitants. During the reign of Louis Bonaparte, however, it was elevated to the rank of a city, possesses a corporation, and returns members to the states-general, and has now a population of 56,000 souls.

The soil of Holland in general is below the level of the seas, and even of most of the rivers that pass through it. The whole country is a vast and imposing monument of the perseverance and energies of man. The water is everywhere confined by dams, formed with great ingenuity with clay and stones or wicker-work, and planted with rushes and trees, chiefly willows; and from the mud they deposit in the course of time in their beds, these water-courses (they cannot be called streams) are now elevated above the tops of the houses, and the keels of ships float on a level with the chimney-tops of the houses. The sea is said to be at high-water mark twenty-four feet above the lowest ground in the country, and in spring-tides sometimes as much as thirty feet. The Hague partakes of the general character, and though slightly elevated above the surrounding district, the water is even more sluggish than in most parts of Holland. Though within

three miles of the sea, the water does not flow into it directly, but by means of enormous windmills is in the first instance pumped up from the dunes or lower grounds into the Vyverberg pond, whence it slowly makes its way into the canals, proceeding with a feeble stream to the borders of the Meuse above Rotterdam, through the canal of Delft, where it is again pumped up, and discharged into that river.

Notwithstanding the drawbacks of its situation it is a splendid town; the public buildings stately, the streets broad and regular, well-paved with small bricks, traversed by canals, crossed by bridges, and lined with trees, and surrounded by a moat with drawbridges. The principal streets are the Voorhout, containing many fine hotels; the Prinsengracht, Kneuterdyk, and Noordeinde. A trifling rise in the ground, here dignified with the name of a hill, forms the site of the Vyverberg (the hill of the pond), which is a square or place, planted with trees in formal avenues on one side, which is the public promenade, and the pond on the other, into which, as we have already stated, the water of the lower ponds is discharged. Tame storks are seen parading about the fish-market, and a residence, something like a dog-kennel, has been built for them.

The Binnenhof (inner court), which stands on one side of this square, is an irregular building, of various dates. It formed originally the inner court of the palace of the counts, but the Gothic hall in the centre is the only remaining fragment of the old building, and is the most ancient structure in the Hague. It has a pointed roof, supported by a Gothic wooden framework, and is a handsome apartment: in it the state lottery is now drawn, or was within a few years. On a scaffold opposite the door the Pensionary Barneveldt was beheaded in 1618, at the age of seventy-two, and Prince Maurice is said to have witnessed the execution from an octagon tower overlooking the spot. The chambers of the states-general are situated in this building, and the public are admitted to the debates of the Second Chamber, but not to those of the First or Upper Chamber. The offices of several other departments of the Dutch government are also in this building.

Among the most remarkable public buildings may

be noticed the Maurits Huis, the old palace of Prince Maurice of Nassau, containing a good gallery of pictures, particularly rich in specimens of the Dutch and Flemish schools; in the Maurits Huis is also deposited the royal cabinet of curiosities, of which the Chinese and Japanese, the latter recently enriched by the splendid collections of Dr. Siebold, form a marked and peculiar feature, together with some historical relics, and which is open to the public from twelve till three daily; the Royal Library in the Voorhout, to which the public are admitted on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and which contains about a hundred thousand volumes, many of great curiosity, and a fine collection of medals; the Royal Palace in the Noordeinde, where the king gives public audience every Wednesday to every one who chooses to apply; but which is not remarkable either for its outward appearance or for anything it contains; and the Palace of the Prince of Orange, which is better, and contains many good pictures. There is also a theatre, a post-office, the latter of which is at the back of St. James's Church, a corn-market, and the town-hall. Among the churches, that of St. James and the New Church are the most worthy of notice; the Lutherans, Presbyterians, and other Dissenters have chapels, and the German and Lutheran Jews have each a large synagogue. The town has also an hospital for orphans, two hospitals for the relief of the poor, a house of correction for females, and many other public establishments of a useful nature.

Between the Bienehof and the Vyverberg is the Gevangenoort, or prison gate-house, in which Cornelius de Witt was confined on a charge of conspiracy against the Prince of Orange in 1672, and whence the infuriated mob dragged him and his brother John, who had been induced to visit him, and most inhumanly murdered them under circumstances of the greatest barbarity—literally tearing them to pieces. The house in which the elder De Witt lived, an humble dwelling, is within a few yards of this spot, in the Kneuterdyk. The town has never been distinguished for mercantile or manufacturing pursuits, though it has a foundry, porcelain-works, and several printing-offices, but possesses a very considerable retail trade, from the general opulence of a great part of its residents. It is situated about twelve miles north-east of Rotterdam, and about twenty-eight south-east of Amsterdam.

The environs are adorned with many handsome villas and beautiful gardens. About a mile north-east is the palace called the House in the Wood, or more commonly the Bosch, though this means only the wood itself. The palace is not large, but is splendidly furnished in the Chinese fashion, and has a good collection of pictures, and a considerable number of family portraits. The Bosch or wood is nearly two miles long, a fine forest chiefly of oaks, allowed to grow in their natural luxuriance, undeformed by the formal clipping here so generally prevalent, and the shade they are thus enabled to afford, the inequalities of the ground, of which advantage has been taken in a less formal manner than usual, and the fine sheets of water distributed about, combine to make this spot one of the most agreeable promenades to be found in the province.

In the immediate vicinity, towards Delft, is the village of Ryswyk, where the famous treaty was signed, and the spot where it took place is now marked by an obelisk. North-west of the town a superb avenue of trees, three miles in length, leads to Scheveningen, a fishing-village on the sea-shore, containing about three thousand inhabitants, but frequented also by the citizens of the Hague for its sea-bathing. The late Queen of Holland built a pavilion on the shore, a little to the right of the village, and the corporation of the Hague

have erected near it a bathing establishment uniting with it the accommodation of a coffee-house and an hotel; it is provided with warm baths, and furnishes bathing-machines on the shore for those who prefer cold bathing, all the charges being regulated by a tariff. Many persons of distinction, even crowned heads, from all parts of the Continent, take up their abode here during the season, while the indwellers of the Hague drive over, dine or breakfast, take a bath, and return. In approaching the village the sea is not visible till it is reached, in consequence of the sand-hills thrown up along the beach, and which extend from Dunkirk to the Texel; these are carefully planted with rushes and other plants, chiefly the *Arundo arenaria*, to bind them together, till they at length are enabled to sustain and support some species of trees. It is on one of these ridges that the bath-house is built, which is large and convenient, but the landward view over the waste of sand is extremely dreary. Omnibuses are constantly engaged in conveying passengers to and from the Hague.

Charles the Second embarked at Scheveningen for England at the Restoration; and the Prince of Orange landed here in 1813, when the downfall of Napoleon restored him to his country. The village formerly extended farther than at present in the direction of the sea, but an inundation, in 1570 swept this portion away; it also suffered in the storm of 1845. Fish is here in great perfection, and the costume of the fish-wives is peculiar and remarkable, with great poked bonnets. The fish is conveyed to the Hague in carts drawn by dogs, the owner taking the place of the fish on his return, "airing himself in a one-dog chaise," as is pleasantly said by the late William Beckford in his 'Tour in Holland.'

ON THE CONNECTION OF THE AGREEABLE AND THE BEAUTIFUL WITH THE USEFUL.

(From the German of Wieland.)

IN the writings of M. de Balzac, a now forgotten French author of the seventeenth century, more remarkable for his platitudes, conceits, and witticisms than for anything else, there is a passage in which the German critic and poet Wieland found much pleasure "in spite of its epigrammatic turn, on account of the simplicity and obvious truth of the closing image in which the thought is clothed." "We require," says Balzac, "books for recreation and delight, as well as for instruction and business. Those are pleasant, these useful, and the human mind needs both. The canonical law and Justinian's code are held in honour, and are paramount in the universities; but we do not on that account banish Homer and Virgil. We should cultivate the olive and the vine, without eradicating the rose and the myrtle."

"I nevertheless," says Wieland, "find in this passage two things on which to remark. The first is, that Balzac, the pedant, who views the favourites of the Muses and their works with turned-up nose, assumes too much when he reckons Homer and Virgil merely among the pleasing authors. Wiser antiquity thought very differently; and Horace maintains, with good reason, that more practical philosophy is to be learned from Homer than from Crantor and Chrysippus.

"It next appears to me, that generally it shows more of a trafficking than a philosophical mode of thinking, when we place the agreeable and the useful in opposition, and look at one, as compared with the other, with a sort of contempt.

"Supposing that the case assumed is where the agreeable offends against the laws of a healthy moral feeling, yet even then the useful, in so far as opposed to the agreeable and the beautiful, is enjoyed more

in common with the lowest animals; and if we love and prize what is useful to us in this sense, we do nothing more than what the ox and ass do also. The worth of this usefulness depends on its being more or less necessary. So far as a thing is necessary for the maintenance of the human species and civil society, so far it is certainly something good, but not *therefore* something excellent. We therefore desire the useful not for itself, but only on account of the advantages we draw from it. The beautiful, on the contrary, we love from an inward superiority of our nature over the merely animal nature; for among all animals man alone is gifted with a perception of order, beauty, and grace. Hence it comes that he is so much the more perfect, so much the more a man, the more extended and deep-seated is his love for the beautiful, and the more finely and certainly he is enabled by his feelings to discriminate the different degrees and sorts of beauty. Therefore it is also that the perception of the beautiful, in art as well as in manners and morals, distinguishes the social, developed, and civilized man from the savage and the barbarian; indeed, all art, without exception, and science itself, owe their worth almost entirely to this love of the beautiful and the perfect implanted in the breast of man. They would now be immeasurably below the height to which they have ascended in Europe, if they had been confined within the narrow boundaries of the necessary and the useful, in the common sense of the words.

"This restriction was what Socrates recommended;* and if he was ever wrong in any case, it was surely in this. Kepler and Newton have never have discovered the laws of the universe—the most beautiful system ever produced by thought from the human mind—if they, following his precept, had confined geometry merely to the measuring of fields, and astronomy to the merely necessary use of land and sea travellers and almanac-makers.

"Socrates exhorts the painter and the sculptor to unite the beautiful and the agreeable with the useful; as he encourages the pantomimic dancer to ennoble the pleasure that his art may be capable of giving, and to delight the heart at the same time with the senses. According to the same principle, he must desire every labourer who occupies himself about something necessary, to unite the useful as much as possible with the beautiful. But to allow no value for beauty, except where it is useful, is a confusion of ideas.

"Beauty and grace are undoubtedly united by nature itself with the useful: but they are not therefore desirable because they are useful; but because, from the nature of man, he enjoys a pure pleasure in their contemplation—a pleasure precisely similar to that which the contemplation of virtue gives; a necessity as imperative for man as a reasonable being, as food, clothing, and a habitation are for him as an animal.

"I say for him as an animal, because he has such in common with all or most other animals. But neither these animal wants nor the capability and desire to satisfy them make him a man. While he procures his food, builds himself a nest, takes to himself a mate, leads his young, fights with any other who would deprive him of his food or take possession of his nest; in all this he acts, so far as it is merely corporal, as an animal. Merely through the skill and manner in which, as a man, he performs all these animal-like acts (where not reduced to and retained in an animal state by external compulsory causes), does he distinguish and elevate himself above all other animals, and evince his human nature. For this animal that calls itself man, and this only, has an inborn feeling for beauty and

order, has a heart disposed to social communication, to compassion and sympathy, and to an infinite variety of pleasing and beautiful feelings; has a strong tendency to imitate and create, and labours incessantly to improve whatever it has invented or formed.

"All these peculiarities together separate him essentially from the other animals, render him their lord and master, place earth and ocean in his power, and lead him step by step so high through the nearly illimitable elevation of his capacity for art, that he is at length in a condition to remodel nature itself, and from the materials it affords him to create a new, and, for his peculiar purpose, a more perfectly adjusted world.

"The first thing in which man displays this superiority is in the refining and elevating all the wants, instincts, and functions which he has in common with the animal. The time which this may require does not signify. It is sufficient that he at length succeeds: that he no longer depends on mere chance for his maintenance, and the increased security of more abundant and better food leaves him leisure to think of improving the remaining requirements of his life. He invents one art after another; each one increases the security or the pleasure of his existence; and he thus ascends unceasingly from the absolutely necessary to the convenient, from the convenient to the beautiful.

"The natural society in which he is born, united to the necessity of guarding against the ill consequences of a wide dispersion of the human race, produces at length civil establishments and social modes of life.

"But even there he has scarcely provided for what is absolutely necessary, for the means of inward and outward security, than we see him occupied in a thousand ways in adorning his new condition. Little villages are imperceptibly transformed into great cities, the abodes of the arts and of commerce, and the points of union between the various nations of the earth. Man extends himself on all sides, and in every sense navigation and trade increase his social relations and occupations, and they multiply the wants and goods of life. Riches and pleasure refine every art, of which necessity and want were the parents. Leisure, love of fame, and public encouragement promote the growth of the sciences, which, by the light they shed upon every object of human life, become again rich sources of new advantages and enjoyments.

"But in the same degree that man adorns and improves his external condition, are his perceptions developed also for moral beauty. He renounces the rough and inhuman customs of the savage, learns to abhor all violent conduct towards his fellows, and accustoms himself to the rules of justice and equity. The various relations of the social state form and fix the notions of respectability and civility; and the desire of making himself agreeable to others, of obtaining their esteem, teaches him to suppress his passions, to conceal his faults, to assume his best appearance; and always to act in the most becoming manner. In a word, his manners improve with his condition.

"Through all these steps he elevates himself at length to the highest degree of perfection of which the mind is capable in the present life, to an enlarged idea of the whole of which he is a part, to the ideal of the beautiful and the good, to wisdom and virtue, and to the adoration of the inscrutable First Cause, the universal Father of all, to recognise and perform whose laws is at the same time his greatest privilege, his first duty, and his purest pleasure.

"All this we may at once call the advancement of human nature. And now may every one answer for himself the question—would man have made that advance if the inborn feeling for the beautiful and the becoming had remained in him inactive? Take it

* See the Seventh Chapter of the Third Book of Xenophon's *Memorabilia* of Socrates.

away, and all the effects of his formative power, all the memorials of his greatness, all the riches of nature and art in the possession of which he has placed himself, vanish; he sinks back into the merely animal rank of the stupid and insensible natives of Australia, and with him nature also sinks into barbarism and chaotic deformity.

"What are all the steps by which man advances himself by degrees towards perfection but refinements? refinements in his wants, modes of living, his clothing, dwelling, furniture? refinements of his mind and his heart, of his sentiments and his passions, of his language, morals, customs, and pleasures?"

"What an advance from the first hut to a palace of Palladio's! from the canoe of a Caribbean to a ship of the line! from the three rude idols, as the Boetians in the olden time represented their protecting goddesses, and the Graces of Praxiteles! from a village of the Hottentots or wild Indians to a city like London! from the ornaments of a female of New Zealand to the splendid dress of a Sultana! from the language of a native of Tahiti to that of a Homer, a Virgil, a Tasso, a Milton, and a Voltaire!"

"Through what innumerable degrees of refinement must man and his works have proceeded, before they had placed this almost immeasurable distance behind them!"

"The love of embellishment and refinement, and the dissatisfaction with a lower degree as soon as a higher has been recognised, are the true, only, and most simple motives by which man has advanced to what we see him. Every people who have become civilized are a proof of this principle; and if any such are to be found, who, without peculiar physical or moral hindrances, continue in the same state of unimproveability, or betray a complete want of impulse to improvement, we must needs consider them rather as a sort of human animals than as actually men of our race and species."

Antelope-hunting with the Leopard.—On these occasions the leopard is hoodwinked as the falcons are. As soon as the huntsman is near enough to the game the cap is taken off from the leopard, the leader strokes his hands several times over the eyes of the animal, and turns his head towards the antelope. Scarcely does the leopard perceive it, when he immediately springs forward; but, if he does not succeed in overtaking the antelope in two or three leaps, he desists and quietly lies down. His leader again takes him up into the cart and gives him some meat and water to strengthen him. The attempt is then renewed; but, if he fails a second time, he is quite discouraged, and is unfit for the chase for some days. The antelope possesses such elasticity, that it makes leaps of thirty to forty paces, and therefore easily escapes from the leopard, and hence it is indispensable to get as near the game as possible. But, if the leopard succeed in catching the antelope, he leaps upon its back, and clings to it with his paws; it falls down; he thrusts his fangs in the neck of his hapless victim and sucks the blood, and then quietly follows his leader.—*Von Orlich's Travels in India.*

The Ants of Brazil.—At Campinas I witnessed serious depredations from the ants; sometimes they insinuate themselves into the taipa walls, and destroy the entire side of a house by perforations. Anon they commence working in the soil, and extend their operations beneath the foundations of houses and undermine them. The people dig large pits in various places, with the intent of exterminating tribes of ants whose designs have been discovered. These insects, probably from their prevalence, and the irresistible character of their depredations, obtained at an early day the title of King of Brazil. In favour of their administration it should be said, that they sometimes do inestimable service, by cleansing a house or plantation of other species of vermin, passing along to the work before them, in well organized troops of millions. Nevertheless, their dominion and divine right have been disputed by means of fire and water, and nearly every other instrument of death; but notwithstanding the most unrelenting persecutions, they still abound and prosper. Mr. Southey states, on the authority of Manoel Felix, that some of

these insects, at one time, devoured the cloths of the altar in the convent of S. Antonio, at Maranhão, and also brought up into the church pieces of shrouds from the graves beneath its floor; whereupon the friars prosecuted them according to due form of ecclesiastical law. "What the sentence was in this case we are unable to learn. The historian informs us, however, that, having been convicted in a similar suit at the Franciscan convent at Avignon, the ants were not only excommunicated from the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church, but were sentenced by the friars "to the pain of removal, within three days, to a place assigned them in the centre of the earth." The canonical account gravely adds, that the ants obeyed, and carried away all their young, and all their stores!—*Kidder's Residence in Brazil.*

The Round Towers of Ireland.—These towers, then, are rotund, cylindrical structures, usually tapering upwards, and varying in height from fifty to perhaps one hundred and fifty feet; and in external circumference, at the base, from forty to sixty feet, or somewhat more. They have usually a circular projecting base, consisting of one, two, or three steps, or plinths, and are finished at the top by a conical roof of stone, which frequently, as there is every reason to believe, terminated with a cross formed with a single stone. The wall toward the base is never less than three feet in thickness, but is usually more, and occasionally five feet, being always in accordance with the general proportions of the building. In the interior they are divided into stories, varying in number from four to eight, as the height of the tower permitted, and usually about twelve feet in height. These stories are marked either by projecting belts of stone, set-offs or ledges, or holes in the wall to receive joists, on which rested the floors, which were almost always of wood. In the uppermost of these stories the wall is perforated by two, four, five, six, or eight apertures, but most usually four, which sometimes face the cardinal points, and sometimes not. The lowest story, or rather its place, is sometimes composed of solid masonry, and when not so, it has never any aperture to light it. In the second story the wall is usually perforated by the entrance doorway, which is generally from eight to thirty feet from the ground, and only large enough to admit a single person at a time. The intermediate stories are each lighted by a single aperture, placed variously, and usually of very small size, though in several instances that directly over the doorway is of a size little less than that of the doorway, and would appear to be intended as a second entrance. In their masonic construction they present a considerable variety; but the generality of them are built in that kind of careful masonry called sprawled rubble, in which small stone shaped by the hammer, in default of suitable stones at hand, are placed in every interstice of the larger stones, so that very little mortar appears to be intermixed in the body of the wall; and thus the outside of sprawled masonry, especially, presents an almost uninterrupted surface of stone, supplementary splinters being carefully inserted in the joints of the undried wall. Such, also, is the style of masonry of the most ancient churches; but it should be added that, in the interior of the walls of both, grouting is abundantly used. In some instances, however, the towers present a surface of ashlar masonry,—but rarely laid in courses perfectly regular,—both externally and internally, though more usually on the exterior only; and, in a few instances, the lower portion of the towers exhibit less of regularity than the upper parts. In their architectural features an equal diversity of style is observable; and of these the doorway is the most remarkable. When the tower is of rubble masonry, the doorways seldom present any decorations, and are either quadrangular, and covered with a lintel of a single stone of great size, or semicircular headed, either by the construction of a regular arch or the cutting of a single stone. There are, however, two instances of very richly decorated doorways in towers of this description, namely, those of Kildare and Tinalhoe. In the more regularly constructed towers the doorways are always arched semicircularly, and are usually ornamented with architraves, or bands, on their external faces. The upper apertures but very rarely present any decorations, and are most usually of a quadrangular form. They are, however, sometimes semicircular-headed, and still oftener present the triangular or straight-sided arch. I should further add, that in the construction of these apertures very frequent examples occur of that kind of masonry, consisting of long and short stones alternately, now generally considered by antiquaries as a characteristic of Saxon architecture in England.—*Petrie's Essay on the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland.*



CHAUCER'S
CANTERBURY TALES.

THE FRANKLIN'S TALE.

IN Armorica, that is called Bretagne, there was a knight who loved and did his best to serve a lady. Many a labour and great enterprise he performed before he could win her,

For she was one the fairest under sun,
and also of so high a kindred, that hardly durst this knight

Tell her his woe, his pain, and his distress.

But at the last, for his worthiness and his obedience, she took pity on him, and agreed to have him for her husband and lord. And in order to lead their lives in the greater bliss, he swore to her, as a knight, of his free will, that he would never take upon him any mastery over her, or be jealous of her, and that he would obey her,

and follow her will in all
As any lover to his lady shall;

Save that the name of sovereignty,
That would he have for shame of his degre.
She thanked him, and with full great humbléss,
She said, "Sir, since of your gentleness
Ye proff'ren me to have so large a reign,

I would to God that never betwixt us two no guilt of mine may make war or strife;

Sir, I will be your humble true wife—
Have here my truth—till that mine hearte breast."
Thus be they both in quiet and in rest.

Now friends must obey each other, if they will long hold company.

Love will not be constrain'd by mastery;
When mastery cometh, the god of Love anon
Beateth his wings, and farewell, he is gone.
Love is a thing, as any spirit, free.

* Burst.

And in this prosperity the knight goes home with his wife to his own country, not far from Penmark,* where his dwelling was, and there lives in bliss.

After a year or more had passed, the knight went to dwell for a time in England, to seek worship and honour in arms, for in such labours he put all his pleasures. And

Dorigen his wife,
That loveth her husband as her heart's life,

weepeth and sigheth on account of his absence.

She mourneth, waketh, waileth, fasteth, plaineth;
Desire of his presence her so distraineth,
That all this wide world she set at nought.
Her friendes which that knew her heavy thought,
Comforten her in all that e'er they may;
They preachen her, they tell her night and day
That causeless, she slay'th herself, alas!
And every comfort possible in this case
They do to her, with all their business,
All for to make her leave her heaviness.
By process, as ye knowen every one,
Men may so longe graven in a stone
Till some figure therein imprinted be:
So longe have they comforted her,

until she hath received the imprinting of their consolation, and her great sorrow began to assuage. Her friends then prayed her

To come and roamen in their company
Away to drive her darke fantasy;
And finally she granted that request,
For well she saw that it was for the best.

Her castle stood by the sea, and she often walked with her friends on the high banks, whence she saw many a barge and ship

Sailing their course where as them list to go.
But then was that a parcel of her woe;
For to herself full oft, "Alas!" said she,
"Is there no ship, of so many as I see,
Will bringen home my lord?"

Another time she would sit, and think, and cast her eyes downwards upon the black and grisly rocks, which made her heart so tremble for fear,

That on her feet she might her not sustene,[†]
Then would she sit adown upon the green,

and look piteously into the sea, saying with sighs, "Eternal God, that through thy governance leadeest this world; ye make, as men say, nothing in vain;

But, Lord! these grisly fiendly rockes black,
That seemen rather a foul confusion
Of work, than any fair creation
Of such a perfect wise God, and stable,
Why have ye wrought this work unseasonable?

See ye not, Lord, how it destroyeth mankind? A hundred thousand bodies have these rocks slain. Thou madest mankind like thine own image; how then may it be that ye make such means for its destruction? I know well that clerks say it is all for the best, though I do not know the causes. But may that God that made the wind to blow, keep my lord in safety: this is my conclusion; I leave all disputes to the clerks. I would to God that all these black rocks were sunk into hell for his sake.

These rockes slay mine hearte for the fear."

Her friends then lead her elsewhere,—by rivers, and wells, and other delectable places. And

They dance, and they play at chess and tables.

* On the western coast of Bretagne, between Brest and Port L'Orient.

† Sustain.

And one day, unto a garden that was near, having prepared all necessary provision,

They go and play them all the longe day,
And this was on the sixthe morrow of May,
Which May had painted with his softe showers,
This garden full of leavens and of flow'rs,
And craft of mannes hands so curiously
Arrayed had this garden treely,
That never was there garden of such prise*
But if it were the very Paradise.

And after dinner they began to dance, and to sing also; Dorigen only excepted;

For she ne saw him in the dance go,
That was her husband, and her love also.

Among others in this dance there was a squire fresher and jollier than the month of May itself;

He singeth, danceth, passing every man.

He was one of the best-looking men alive; also—

Young, strong, and virtuous, and rich, and wise,
And well-belov'd, and holden in great prise.

He was called Aurelias. And shortly to say the truth, he had loved Dorigen, unknown to her, for above two years and more,—

But never durst he tell her his grievance,
Withouten cap he drank all his pleasure.

He was in despair. He durst say nothing, except that in songs he would somewhat betray his sorrow, in general complaints:—

He said he loved, and was beloved nothing.

* Praise.

[To be continued.]

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

WHATEVER pursuit is but partially known to us, we are apt to undervalue. The mental power necessary to the mastery of it and the advantages arising from its study, seem to us small in amount and easily attainable. And so with the productions of those who have made themselves skilful in such pursuit; as we look upon them, we fancy that we could easily have done as much, if we had desired it, and we do not deem our ignorance a reason why we should not be capable of judging of what we see.

Landscape painting is one of those things that, to a hasty and superficial observer, seems to require less than the ordinary amount of ability and of study. It is commonly regarded as a mere matter of imitation, a sort of careful copying of what is seen in the fields or among the mountains, and all that is required is thought to be a little discernment in selecting the scene and some adroitness in representing it. Nor is it supposed that there can be much difficulty in judging of what is accomplished so easily. To have looked upon some of the finer scenery of nature, and to have occasionally visited a picture gallery, is thought to be enough to set up for a connoisseur,—an opinion so generally acquiesced in, that he must be a bold man who would dare to question the dictum of one who has travelled into Italy, and can recall the names of a few much-talked-of painters. But there may be this experience, and yet no real knowledge of art. For, in the first place, there is much more than a ready hand and quick eye necessary to make a true landscape-painter, and then something more than assurance is necessary to estimate his works aright. What are the requisites necessary, both to the painter and to the observer, it would require, to set forth fully, more space and a more prolonged investigation than we can afford, but we hope briefly to point out some of them, and to remove some few common misapprehensions.

The love of landscape appears to be a thoroughly and genuinely English characteristic. Not only do Englishmen penetrate every land where beautiful scenery is to be found, but purchase with readiness every description of landscape painting that is offered to them, and all classes gather around a truthful representation of almost any kind of scene when exhibited in a gallery. Yet it is quite certain to one who looks a little carefully at the subject, that a really good taste is at least as rare in this as in any other branch of art. A tolerably sure test of the general taste may be found in the pictures selected by the Art-Union prize-holders, who belong to all ranks, and are many of them individuals who would probably never else have purchased a picture. Whoever will look at the exhibition of these prizes will see that a goodly share of the pictures selected are landscapes; and that these are for the most part the gaudiest and most glaring that could have been chosen from the several galleries. Now, by casting the eye over the list of the prize-holders, it will be seen that many of them dwell in places where they must be familiar with some of the most beautiful scenery in our island; familiar, if they use their eyes, with all the unobtrusive graces and rich harmonies of nature; and yet they have selected pictures as opposed to the simplicity and grandeur of nature as glare and gaudiness can be. It is certain, therefore, that mere acquaintance with natural scenery, aided by a liking for it (which we may conceive there to be, from landscape being chosen in preference to figures on still-life), will not suffice to guide the uninitiated.

But these, if they be duly cherished, will go very far. If there be real love for natural scenery, it will require but careful observation and reflection to enjoy the faithful representation of it. That

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her,"

is most certain. Her favours are, however, not to be won by a negligent regard, but by patient devoted attention. Merely looking at a beautiful spot, or gazing vacantly over the ocean, or turning a listless eye upon the splendour of an autumnal sunset or a moonlit sky, will scarcely serve the purpose. The more recondite beauties of nature are only unfolded to him who by an earnest study shows that he deserves the reward. And besides some acquaintance with the works of nature, there must be also some knowledge of the productions of art. It is not, however, necessary that the student should have examined the whole range of art, or have run through Europe in order to become acquainted with the sublimities and beauties of nature. It is not how much we see, but how we see, that is of importance; as Johnson said of a traveller who had visited many places to small profit, "Some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage than others in the tour of Europe." It is much better that a few thoroughly good works of art should be well considered and rendered familiar, and that a few fine scenes should be observed under every condition of season and time, than that ever so many should be glanced at in a hurried manner.

Many and various qualifications are necessary in the artist who shall produce a really good landscape. There must be a fine eye for the harmonious combinations of forms, of colours, and of light and shadow, power of representation, and clearness of conception, with great manual dexterity, in order to work out his own ideas. But all this is not enough. These go little further than to make up that mechanical skill that is most necessary to the painter, as a means to the end, but must never be mistaken for the end itself. Manual dexterity is almost always overrated both by artists and connoisseurs: by the former,

because of the labour it has cost them to acquire; and by the latter, because of its affording a ready and tangible subject for criticism. And hence it is that we read and hear so much of the technicalities of *touch, tone, surface*, and the like. And hence many a young artist, as well as many an old critic, seems to imagine that it is in this mastery over his materials, and a rigid adherence to the established conventionalisms, that the summit of artistic excellence consists. But the conventionalisms of the painting-room will no more suffice to produce a true work of art than those of the gallery will to judge of one.

Manual dexterity has its value, and its presence in a picture is a proof that it is not the production of a bungler. The conventionalisms of art are also of value, and every true artist will yield due obedience to them; but we must be careful to guard ourselves against confounding the conventional rules by which artists have in any age been guided, with the great universal and unchangeable laws of nature. They may be true as far as they go, but they are only so far true; and the conventional usages of almost every school of art have become in the end the shackles of that school.

The real excellence of a landscape, as of any other work of fine art, consists in the mental power displayed in it, and is the result of an original and zealous study of nature. A fine landscape is not merely an imitation of details, or a representation of positive forms, a sort of topographical copy of a particular spot. Poetry is the essence of each of the fine arts, and when there is not poetry there is not true art. A genuine landscape is a poetic representation of a scene, not a mere servile copy of it—that is the work of a daguerreotype, not of an artist. But this poetic version is no less true than the other; there are not all the details, but there are all the leading and necessary features; there is the substantial truth, if there be not the literal. For poetry deals with reality: she embellishes, she idealizes it, but she does not distort or conceal it. Truth and beauty are poetry, and must not be separated. The true poetry of art is seen in the transfusion of the mind of the artist into his imitation of nature. And it must never be forgotten that a picture is to be regarded as a work of art, and art is something very different from nature. She sets before us not the same thing, but another. She does not repeat, but imitate. Her object is not to deceive, but to delight. The painter seeks by a careful selection and adjustment of the parts to produce a whole that shall most strongly convey to the spectator's mind the *sentiment* or *character* proper to the scene he has to portray; and this sentiment or character will depend very much for its development upon the mind of the artist. Different men, though equally sensitive to the beautiful in nature, will be very differently affected by the same scene; and will each bring out some peculiar phase of it, and this agreeably to his own character of mind and strength of genius. For, as a fine writer has well said, "It is the high test and proof of genius that a man render his subject interesting to others, not merely in a general way, but in the very same manner in which it interests himself." And this implies not genius merely, but originality; an imitator can never thus impart his own character to his subject.

For a picture to exhibit this poetic spirit, it is not necessary that the subject of it should be a poetic one: it may be found in every picture that has a definite purpose and effects it. The imaginative and inventive powers are often very little exercised upon such works as merely impart form and colour to what has been already described by the poet; while others which illustrate no passage of poetry, and tell no tale, yet fix the attention, and excite emotions of pleasure far beyond those of a more ambitious character.

Nor is it necessary that it should be a representation of the stern sublimities of nature. A simple pastoral may be as much a true work of art as the most splendid epic; and there may be as much of the spirit of poetry in a wild green landscape, made up of

"Hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; with pastoral farms
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,"

as in the grandest combinations of lakes and mountains and stormy skies, or the wide waste of waters.

(To be continued.)

Formation of Coal-fields.—That the ancient seams of coal were produced for the most part by terrestrial plants of all sizes, not drifted, but growing on the spot, is a theory more and more generally adopted in modern times, and the growth of what is called sponge in such a swamp and in such a climate as the Great Dismal, already covering so many square miles of a low level region bordering upon the sea, and capable of spreading itself indefinitely over the adjacent country, helps us greatly to conceive the manner in which the coal of the ancient carboniferous rocks may have been formed. The heat, perhaps, may not have been excessive when the coal-measures originated, but the entire absence of frost, with a warm and damp atmosphere, may have enabled tropical forms to flourish in latitudes far distant from the line. Huge swamps in a rainy climate, standing above the level of the surrounding firm land, and supporting a dense forest, may have spread far and wide, invading the plains, like some European peat-mosses when they burst; and the frequent submergence of these masses of vegetable matter beneath seas or estuaries, as often as the land sunk down during subterranean movements, may have given rise to the deposition of strata of mud, sand, or limestone, immediately upon the vegetable matter. The conversion of successive surfaces into dry land, where other swamps supporting trees may have formed, might give origin to a continued series of coal-measures of great thickness. In some kinds of coal, the vegetable texture is apparent throughout under the microscope; in others, it has only partially disappeared; but even in this coal the flattened trunks of trees of the genera *Lepidodendron*, *Sigillaria*, and others, converted into pure coal, are occasionally met with, and erect fossil trees are observed in the overlying strata, terminating downwards in seams of coal.—*Lyell's Travels in America.*

Wine-making in the North of Portugal.—When once the vintage has commenced, time is invaluable. The vineyards are crowded with persons, some plucking the sound grapes and filling large hampers with them, others separating the rotten or dry bunches, while the Gallegos are employed in carrying the baskets down the steep sides of the hills on their backs. The presses are stone tanks, raised high from the floor, about two or three feet deep, and from twenty to thirty square. A boy stands in the centre, and rakes the grapes as they are thrown in, so as to form an even surface. When full, twenty or thirty men with bare feet and legs jump in, and to the sound of guitars, pipes, fiddles, drums, and of their own voices, continue dancing, or rather treading, for forty or fifty hours, with six hours intervening between every eighteen, till the juice is completely expressed, and the skins perfectly bruised, so as to extract every particle of colour. It is found necessary to leave in the stalks, in order to impart that astringent quality so much admired in port wine, as well as to aid fermentation. After the men are withdrawn, the juice, the husks, the stalks, are allowed to ferment together from two to six days; the husks and stalks then rise to the top, and form a complete cake. By this means, the colour is still further extracted from the skins. It is a very critical time, much depending on the judgment and practice of the superintendent as to the right moment to draw off the liquor; for so active is the fermentation, that it may be, if allowed to remain too long in the press, completely spoiled. Nothing but long experience can enable a person to judge on this point, and many young merchants who have attempted to do so, have had cause to repent their interference with the farmer's business. The taste of the wine before drawn

off into the tuns is sweet, nauseous, and sickening; and it is of a dark muddy colour; so that one can with difficulty believe it can ever become the bright, sparkling, and astringent fluid it appears in the course of two or three years. The tuns, or vats into which the wine is drawn, are in a building on a lower spot than the one which contains the press, a channel leading from it to them. They contain frequently thirty pipes each. The period when the wine is thus drawn off is the time when the rich and generous qualities of the grapes are to be retained, or lost never to be restored. From the rich nature of the Douro grape, the fermentation once begun will not stop of its own accord (even when the wine is drawn off from the husks and stalks), till it has caused it to become a bitter liquid, almost if not entirely undrinkable and useless, and finally vinegar. To retain, therefore, those much prized qualities, it is absolutely necessary to add brandy at the very critical moment so difficult to decide, before that stage which produces the bitterness commences. Brandy always has been and always must be added to the richer and finer wines, or from their very nature they overwork themselves, and, exhausting their own strength, are destroyed. The grapes from which the rich luscious port wine is produced become, when hung up in the sun to dry, complete masses of sugar. This excessively saccharine matter, possessed only by these grapes growing in the positions most exposed to the sun's rays, gives that rich and fruity flavour of which the best port alone can boast. With the poorer and more watery grapes, the fermentation, not being so violent, will work itself out; and the little saccharine matter they contain completely disappearing, a dry light wine is the produce, which, though requiring brandy, requires less to preserve its good qualities, for the very reason that there are fewer good qualities to preserve. Such is the case with regard to the wines of Bordeaux. I do not mean to say that they do not possess good qualities, but that, being of a lighter nature than the best port, from the cooler climate or nature of the soil in which they are produced, the fermentation is not so violent nor do they exhaust themselves from their own strength. No brandy is therefore requisite, and that delicious liquor claret is the produce; a successful imitation of which it has been vainly attempted to produce in Portugal.—*Lusitanian Sketches, &c. by W. H. Kingston.*

Singular Propensity of a Cat.—The following curious anecdote has been forwarded to us by a correspondent, a gardener in Bedfordshire, to whom we have been before indebted for communications on natural history, derived, like the present, from his own observation:—"Through my garden runs a small stream of water, the sides of which, sloping four yards above the level of the river, are of grass, and kept neat by frequent mowing. This is a favourite spot for the slow-worm. In the month of May, 1843, our bailiff called my attention to my old cat, that was eating one of those worms. Frequently seeing her there, and knowing there were many of those reptiles on that spot, I have watched her actions. As soon as the sun has sufficient power to bring the slow-worm out, the old cat is there, ready to pounce upon it, not trusting to her claws alone, as if she had caught a mouse, but throwing her whole body upon it, and then begins to devour it. I have seen her eat four in one day; in the whole as many as forty or fifty: and no doubt a great many more that I have not seen. The first year she ate the head as well as the body. I know not whether there is any poison in the head, but the old cat was very ill for some time after. She became nothing but skin and bones; her eyes were covered with a white substance as if she was going blind, similar to what I have observed in cats when they have eaten poison. After the first year she left off eating the heads, and no ill effect is now produced. She appears to be very fond of this food, for it is wonderful to see what care and patience she takes to examine every foot of the bank where it is likely to be found. I do not think she can smell the reptile, but will begin at one part by looking over a certain portion of grass; if unsuccessful, she moves a little farther, and thus through the whole length of the garden. By her perseverance I believe she has destroyed most of those unwelcome tenants. I call them unwelcome, though I know they are useful for the many insects they destroy, because they are not pleasant companions on a frequented spot of a garden."



[The Tarentella.]

THE TARENTELLA.

COMPARED with this national dance of the Neapolitans, the liveliest and noisiest Roman Saltarello is but a dull and quiet affair. One must have had the evidence of one's own senses to be able to form any adequate notion of the furore with which it is danced by the real native Tarentella professors, and of the shrill music and screams by which it is accompanied. To the town of Resina, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, from that place of rest and entertainment on the mountain romantically called the "Hermitage," because the Boniface who dispenses the bread and cheese and olives and the Lachrymæ Christi usually wears a monkish dress and hood, must, we should think, be about three English miles in a straight line. Yet on a calm summer's day when the volcano was quiet, and such gentle breeze as there was blowing from the sea towards the mountain, and over the town which stands on the shore, we have distinctly heard the screaming and roaring of the voices of those that were dancing the Tarentella, or making music for those that were dancing it. Forsyth says, rather caustically, that the church processions of these people are enough to frighten a war-horse. At times they are so. But at all times this out-of-door Tarentella music is enough to terrify any horse that has not been accustomed to it. We once knew an English horse at Naples that would bolt at the first sound of a tambourine, and that never could be made to pass a Tarentella party without a hard struggle for it with his rider. Even when in his stable he would tremble all over if he heard a tambourine playing out in the street. The creature evidently knew that where a tambourine came first, there was likely to be a Tarentella and its choir close behind.

The dance is hardly ever performed except out of doors and in the open air. The parquet is the paved road or the roadside, or the lava-flagged streets of Naples; the canopy is the over-arching sky, and whether by day or by night, or as one bright, clear, unspotted blue, or with a moon almost as bright as a northern sun, where could so glorious a canopy be gotten?

One might fancy that the excessive heat of the climate would be against it; but, in their sport, the people do not seem to care for it. With the exception of the short and merry season of carnival, which falls

in the cool time of the year, dancing seems to be almost entirely a summer amusement with them. To do a Tarentella as it ought to be done requires room, and although the palaces of the nobility and gentry be large (in ninety cases out of a hundred far too large for their shrunken fortunes), the lodgings of the poor and humble, especially in Naples and in the neighbouring towns, are mostly very narrow. Now and then in walking through the poorer and more peopled part of Naples on a winter's night, the sounds of the Tarentella might be heard. But this was rare. With the first festa or Saint's day occurring in the spring time of the year the Tarentellari began to be seen and heard in the streets and roadsides, and they generally disappeared with the day of Ogni Santi or All Saints, early in the month of November; though at times we have seen them performing on the day of the Dead or All Souls, and dancing, in what seemed to us an unfeeling and heathenish fashion, from the public cemetery outside of the town where their relations and friends were interred, to their own dark abodes within the city. Our old Roman, clerical, and archæological friend, though bound as a priest to condemn some evident relics of Paganism, could find, on these occasions, fine scope for indulging in his classical comparisons, prototypes, and derivations. "The ancients," he would say, "tried to turn the valley of the shadow of Death into a pleasant place. Go to Pompeii, and you will find that the pleasantest and gayest street in it is the street of the Tombs, and that the tombs therein are carved with fruits and flowers, and all cheerful emblems. These Lazzaroni are only doing the same manner of thing in their way. They are dancing over the dead, and singing over the dead, and eating and drinking over the dead; and what are these sweet cakes, made, for the Day of the Dead, of meal and honey, but the type of the honey which the ancients put upon the tongue and lips of the dying?" "And are those pieces of money," said we, "that are rattling in the money-box near the porto the fee-pennies for Old Charon?" "Not quite that," said our archæologist, "but they are for the souls in purgatory; that money is spent in masses for the dead—for the repose and good of the relatives and friends of these dancers and feasters."

But the days on which to see the Tarentella dancing in its perfection, and to its greatest extent, are the

Festa della Madonna dell' Arco, or the feast of our Lady of the Ark, which occurs about the middle of summer, and the Festa della Madonna di Pie-di-Grotta, or the Feast of our Lady at the foot of the Grotto, which occurs in the month of September, when, in most years, the air has been somewhat cooled by the first heavy fall of autumnal rain. It was an article commonly inserted in the simple marriage-contracts of the poor Neapolitans and the peasantry of the Terra di Lavoro, that the husband should take his wife to one or both of these annual festivals, and on no account omit so to do unless child-bearing or sickness or some other calamity stood in the way. The shrine of the Madonna dell' Arco stands on the summit of a lofty mountain, a peak of the Apennines, between the towns of Salerno and Avellino, but much nearer to Avellino than to Salerno. On account of the distance (above twenty miles from Naples) the Festa is often an affair of two or even three days for those who go to it from the capital, and who are too poor to pay for carriage conveyance. But people flock thither from much greater distances—even from as far as the borders of Apulia, &c., on one side, and from the borders of Calabria on the other. All sorts of beasts of burden and all manner of vehicles are put in requisition. A day or two before the grand day, the hack gigs and coaches—the Canastre, Corriboli, Calceci, Salta-fosse, and every machine, however named, that has wheels—almost entirely disappear from the streets and piazze of Naples. They are all off to the Festa of the Madonna dell' Arco, and so crammed and loaded that it is marvellous they do not all break down—as not a few of them invariably do, before they get back. The vehicles, the horses, and asses are left at the foot of the mountain, or at a village above mid-way up; and the toilsome ascent is performed on foot, in the manner of a pilgrimage and penance.

While in the church, and in the presence of the unveiled miraculous effigies of the Virgin, the people are devout, silent, reverential, and very commonly in tears—in tears of adoration and tenderness; but as soon as the service is over, and the image has been worshipped, they bound from the church-door to an open level space, and begin dancing and singing with all their might, or they seat themselves among the trees on the green slopes of the mountain, and begin feasting and drinking, as if the end of the world were approaching, and their salvation depended upon their swallowing all the good things spread before them. Fires of charcoal or of wood are kindled among the trees for the cooking of maccheroni, the frying of meat and sausages, and other good things. There is lack neither of cold water nor of wine; for at a short space from the shrine there is a spring that wells out of a rock, and is as cold as ice; and if any party should have neglected to bring wine with them, there are speculators at hand from Monteforte, Avellino, Castel Cicala, Dendicane, or some other town or village, with goatskins well filled with the best wines that grow in the country; and as this wine is only about a penny English the bottle, even the poor man may take his fill of it upon such a grand occasion, or to do honour to our Lady of the Ark. Certain it is that all parties, men and women, drink very copiously of it. We once heard an enthusiastic and inventive French violinist talk of having heard at one time and place *quatre mille coups d'archet*, or four thousand fiddlers fiddling all of a row. We will not venture to say that there were so many mandolins on the esplanade in front of the shrine of the Madonna dell' Arco, but we may safely say that it would have puzzled a good accountant to make out the total number of mandolins, guitars, tambourines, castanets, and zampogne or bagpipes that were up there a-playing all together, or to

count all the different pairs that were Tarentella-ing to this wild and shrill music.

When the feasting and dancing were all over there, or when the different parties began to think of returning to their several homes, there seemed generally to be another short visit paid to the interior of the church and to the shrine, and, after that, the parties went their way down the steep and rough mountain paths, yet stopping to foot it to the instruments wherever there was a smooth space or an approach to it. We have seen a chain of these dancers (only with a link broken here and there) reaching from the church nearly to the foot of the mountain; and, however rough the road, nearly all these dancers were footing it without their shoes, and in many instances without their thick stockings, which the peasants rarely wear at all except on some great festa like this. As it is considered pious and meritorious to go soberly and sadly up the mountain, so it is deemed orthodox to come down jubilant and jolly, and for the young to dance the whole way, except where rocks and precipices say no.

The woods and copses about Avellino produce, in amazing abundance, a very delicious kind of hazel-nut. These nuts are ripe and in season at the time of this festival, and every party that goes to our Lady of the Ark considers it an essential part of the festa to buy and bring away as many of these nuts as can, by any possibility, be carried. The neighbourhood has also a celebrity for wooden trenchers, and very small hand-buckets made of the white poplar, out of which the poor people very commonly drink. These things, too, are purchased, and they are the more prized if they have been previously carried up to the top of the mountain and to the shrine of our Lady. The women tie some of the nuts round their necks like beads or rosaries, hang them to the loops or drops of their large ear-rings, and make green wreaths of the branches or twigs from which the nuts have been gathered, and wear them as coronals on their heads, or carry them in an equally classical manner in their right hands. The men garnish themselves with the little white hand-buckets, generally keeping one in the right hand, wherewith to salute their neighbours and friends as they meet them, by waving it over their heads, or by drumming on it with their knuckles. You will often see a donkey coming from our Lady of the Ark so loaded and covered with nuts, branches, twigs, and buckets, that you will scarcely be able to make out the species or genus, except by his salient ears and his hoofs.

As for the vehicles, whether they go upon four wheels or upon two, or whether they be large or small, they are covered all over with nuts and buckets. We used to think that this Madonna ought to be called our Lady of the Nuts, or our Lady of the Buckets; but we knew a Madonna delle Noci, or a nut Madonna, in another part of the kingdom, and perhaps the honour of the bucket was similarly pre-occupied. There was one method of disposing of the nuts which was pretty and graceful, and which helped to give variety and good processional effect to the groups as they went along, half dancing and half walking. A white wand, or just as frequently a straight sapling of hazel with the bark on it, about six or seven feet long, was hung at the upper end with nuts, strung together like rosaries, and under the nuts, stretched out a slight wooden frame, was a print, rudely engraved and coloured, of our Lady of the Ark with the infant in her arms. Occasionally this wand or pole terminated with a hoop, which was wreathed round with foliage and fruit, and in the centre of which hung the picture of the Madonna. Making allowance for the difference of the materials, and the different character of the emblem within the circle, this thing bore a

pretty close resemblance to that which we see in ancient sculpture illustrative of ovations, or triumphs, or sacrificial processions. The bearer of this trophy or standard was almost invariably a woman, and generally the tallest and the finest, in person and in dress, of the party. It was alternately carried erect like a banner or flag, and carried over the shoulder like a musket.

We have seen some sketches made in the country, or while the recollections were fresh and vivid, by Thomas Uwins, Esq., R.A., which conveyed a very good notion of parts of this great festival. Much of the picturesqueness and gracefulness of the groups was in them, but the grotesqueness, the broad humour, the dashing, glaring effects were altogether wanting; and they are to be painted only by one who shall unite in his single pencil the powers of Hogarth, Teniers, Wilkie, and Poussin, together with other qualities which exist in none of those masters, and which would hardly be produced by a union and intermingling of all their powers. A painter of genius and vivacity might make himself great by occupying this field, which has scarcely been trodden; but let no foreigner attempt it without a previous and thorough acquaintance with the manners and habits of thought of the people, and with the rich, expressive, and humorous dialect they talk. Our painters generally seem to take in ideas only by the eyes; and therefore it is that the soul of the subject is so commonly wanting.

[To be continued.]

Motion of Animals in taking their Prey.—We must not estimate the slow motions of animals by our own sensations. The motion of the bill of the swallow or the fly-catcher, in catching a fly, is so rapid, that we do not see it, but only hear the snap. On the contrary, how very different are the means given to the chameleon for obtaining his food! he lies more still than the dead leaf, his skin is like the bark of a tree, and takes the hue of surrounding objects. Whilst other animals have excitement conforming to their rapid motions, the shrivelled face of the chameleon hardly indicates life; the eyelids are scarcely parted; he protrudes his tongue with a motion so imperceptible towards the insect, that it is touched and caught more certainly than by the most lively action. Thus, various creatures living upon insects reach their prey by different means and instincts; rapidity of motion, which gives no time for escape, is bestowed on some, whilst others have a languid and slow movement that excites no alarm. The loris, a tardigrade animal, might be pitied too for the slowness of its motions, if they were not the very means bestowed upon it as necessary to its existence. It steals on its prey by night, and extends its arm to the bird on the branch, or the great moth, with a motion so imperceptibly slow, as to make sure of its object.—*Sir Charles Bell on the Mechanism of the Hand.*

Means of Economising Water in Rivers before the Introduction of Locks.—The first expedient which occurred was to thrust the boat as nearly as possible to the rapid, and having well fastened her, there to await an increase of water by rain; and this was sometimes assisted by a collection of boats, which by forming a kind of floating dam, deepened the water immediately above, and threw part of the rapid behind themselves. This simple expedient was still in practice at Sunbury, on the Thames, since the beginning of the present century; and elsewhere, the custom of building bridges almost always at fords to accommodate ancient roads of access, as well as to avoid the difficulty of founding piers in deep water, afforded opportunity for improvement in navigating the rapids formed by the shallow water or ford; for a stone bridge may be formed into a lock, or stoppage of the river, by means of transverse timbers from pier to pier, sustaining a series of boards called paddles, opposed to the strength of the current, as was heretofore seen on the same river Thames where it passes the city of Oxford at Friar Bacon's bridge, on the road to Abingdon. Such paddles are there in use to deepen the irregular river channels above that bridge: and the boat or

boats of very considerable tonnage thus find passage upwards or downwards, a single arch being occasionally cleared of its paddles to afford free passage through the bridge. In this sense of the word, the arches of old London Bridge were designated as locks, some of the widest of them being purposely closed up to low-water mark by sheet-piling, which (with the sterlings of framework filled with rubble-stones for protection of the piers) retained the river navigable for some hours to Richmond, at high-water sometimes quite to Kingston. The next degree of improvement was the introduction of modern locks, at first for distinction called pound-locks, wherein water was impounded for the reception of the boat; and these pound-locks, improved by modern accuracy, with side-walls and convenient sluices, have not only rendered the Thames and most of our other English rivers navigable, but by economizing the water requisite for the transit of boats shaped to the lock, have given rise and scope to canal navigation—that is, to water-carriage where no river or stream existed or does exist.—*Telford's Narrative.*

Tameness of Birds in the Galapagos Archipelago.—This disposition is common to all the terrestrial species, namely, to the mocking-thrushes, the finches, the wrens, tyrant fly-catchers, the dove, and carrion-buzzard. All of them often approached sufficiently near to be killed with a switch, and sometimes, as I myself tried, with a cap or hat. A gun is here almost superfluous; for with the muzzle I pushed a hawk off the branch of a tree. One day, whilst lying down, a mocking-thrush alighted on the edge of a pitcher, made of the shell of a tortoise, which I held in my hand, and began very quietly to sip the water; it allowed me to lift it from the ground whilst seated on the vessel; I often tried, and very nearly succeeded, in catching these birds by their legs. Formerly the birds appear to have been even tamer than at present. Cowley (in the year 1684) says, that the "turtle-doves were so tame, that they would often alight upon our hats and arms, so that we could take them alive: they not fearing man, until such time that some of our company did fire at them, whereby they were rendered more shy." Dampier also, in the same year, says "that a man in a morning's walk might kill six or seven dozen of these doves." At present, although certainly very tame, they do not alight on people's arms, nor do they suffer themselves to be killed in such large numbers. It is surprising that they have not become wilder; for these islands during the last one hundred and fifty years have been frequently visited by buccaners and whalers; and the sailors, wandering through the woods in search of tortoises, always take cruel delight in knocking down the little birds. These birds, although now still more persecuted, do not readily become wild: in Charles Island, which had then been colonized about six years, I saw a boy sitting by a well with a switch in his hand, with which he killed the doves and finches as they came to drink. He had already procured a little heap of them for his dinner; and he said that he had constantly been in the habit of waiting by this well for the same purpose. It would appear that the birds of this archipelago, not having as yet learnt that man is a more dangerous animal than the tortoise or the Amblyrhynchus, disregard him, in the same manner as in England shy birds, such as magpies, disregard the cows and horses grazing in our fields. The Falkland Islands offer a second instance of birds with a similar disposition. The extraordinary tameness of the little Opetiorhynchus has been remarked by Permy, Lesson, and other voyagers; it is not however peculiar to that bird, the Polyborus, snipe, upland and lowland goose, thrush, bunting, and even some true hawks, are all more or less tame. As the birds are so tame there, where foxes, hawks, and owls occur, we may infer that the absence of all rapacious animals at the Galapagos is not the cause of their tameness here. The upland geese at the Falklands show, by the precaution they take in building on the ialets, that they are aware of their danger from the foxes; but they are not by this rendered wild towards man. This tameness of the birds, especially of the water-fowl, is strongly contrasted with the habits of the same species in Tierra del Fuego, where for ages past they have been persecuted by the wild inhabitants. In the Falklands the sportsman may sometimes kill more of the upland geese in one day than he can carry home; whereas in Tierra del Fuego it is nearly as difficult to kill one as it is in England to shoot the common wild goose.—*Darwin's Journal of a Voyage round the World, in Murray's Home and Colonial Library.*



THE YEAR OF THE POETS.—No. XVII.

AUTUMNAL FIELD-SPORTS.

POETRY has little to do with the field-sports of the present day, except to express a truthful hatred of those selfish enjoyments which demoralize the whole agricultural population. The chase has lost its ancient feudal splendours; the battue is work for butchers' boys.

Yet we may find in the Poets many inspiring pictures of the field-sports of our forefathers; and we must never forget that, however these things have degenerated, the manly exercises of the old English gentlemen were fitted to nourish the bold spirit of the sturdy yeomen with whom they lived in honest fellowship. Shakspeare was unquestionably a keen sportsman, and has in many passages shown the nicest appreciation of what belonged to the excellence of horse and hound. He knew all the points of the horse, as may be seen in the noble description in the 'Venus and Adonis;' he delighted in hounds of the highest breed—

"So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed and dew-lapp'd, like Thessalian bulbs;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each."

The chase in his day was not a tremendous burst for an hour or two, whose breathless speed shuts out all sense of beauty in the sport. There was harmony in every sound of the ancient hunt—there was poetry in all its associations. Such lines as those which Hippolyta utters were not the fancies of a cloistered student:—

"I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With bounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder."

The solemn huntings of princes and great lords, where large assemblies were convened to chase the deer in spaces enclosed by nets, but where the cook and the butler were as necessary as the hunter, were described in stately verse by George Gascoigne: "The noble art of venerie" seems to have been an admirable excuse for ease and luxury "under the greenwood tree."

But the open hunting with the country squire's beagles was a more stirring matter. By daybreak was the bugle-sounded; and from the spacious offices of the Hall came forth the keepers, leading their slow-hounds for finding the game, and the foresters with their grey-hounds in leash. Many footmen are there in attendance with their quarter-staffs and hangers. Slowly ride forth the master and his friends. Neighbours join them on their way to the wood. There is merriment in their progress, for as they pass through the village, they stop before the door of the sluggard, who ought to have been on foot, singing, "Hunt's up to the day:—"

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Sing merrily we, the hunt is up;
The birds they sing,
The deer they sing:
Hey nonny, nonny-no:
The hounds they cry,
The hunters fly:
Hey trollo-lo, trollo-lo.
The hunt is up."

It is a cheering and inspiring tune—the *réveillée*—awakening like the "singing" of the lark, or the "lively din" of the cock. Sounds like these were heard, half a century after the youth of Shakspeare, by the student whose poetry scarcely descended to the common things which surrounded him; for it was not the outgushing of the heart over all life and nature; it was the reflection of his own individuality, and the echo of books—beautiful indeed, but not all-comprehensive:—

"Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some high hill,
Through the high wood echoing-shrill."

MILTON.

To the wood leads the chief huntsman. He has tracked the hart or doe to the cover on the previous night; and now the game is to be roused by man and dog. Some of the company may sing the fine old song, as old as the time of Henry VIII.:—

"Blow thy horn, hunter,
Blow thy horn on high.
In yonder wood there lieth a doe;
In faith she will not die.
Then blow thy horn, hunter,
Then blow thy horn, hunter,
Then blow thy horn, jolly hunter."

The hart is roused. The hounds have burst out in "musical confusion." Soho! is cried. The greyhounds are unleashed. And now rush horsemen and footmen over hill, through dingle. A mile or two of sharp running, and he is again in cover. Again the keepers beat the thicket with their staves. He is again in the open field. And so it is long before the *treble-shot* is sounded; and the great mystery of "wood-craft," the anatomy of the venison, is gone through with the nicest art, even to the cutting off a bone for the raven.

In Coleridge's 'Literary Remains,' the 'Venus and Adonis' is cited as furnishing a signal example of "that affectionate love of nature and natural objects, without which no man could have observed so steadily, or painted so truly and passionately, the very minutest beauties of the external world." The description of the hare-hunt is there given at length as a specimen of this power. A remarkable proof of the completeness as well as accuracy of Shakspeare's description lately presented itself to our mind, in running through a little volume, full of talent, published in 1825—'Essays and Sketches of Character, by the late Richard Ayton, Esq.' There is a paper on hunting, and especially on hare-hunting. He says—"I am not one of the perfect fox-hunters of these realms; but having been in the way of late of seeing a good deal of various modes of hunting, I would, for the benefit of the uninitiated, set down the results of my observations." In this matter he writes with a perfect unconsciousness that he is describing what any one has described before. But as accurate an observer *had* been before him:—

"She (the hare) generally returns to the beat from which she was put up, running, as all the world knows, in a circle, or something sometimes like it, we had better say, that we may keep on good terms with the mathematical. At starting, she tears away at her utmost speed for a mile or more, and distances the dogs half way; she then returns, diverging a little to the right or left, that she may not run into the mouths of her enemies—a necessity which accounts for what we call the circularity of her course. Her flight from home is direct and precipitate: but on her way back, when she has gained a little time for consideration and stratagem, she describes a curious labyrinth of short turnings and windings, as if to perplex the dogs by the intricacy of her track."

Compare this with Shakspeare:—

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles:
The many mazes through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes."

Mr. Ayton thus goes on:—

"The hounds, whom we left in full cry, continue their music without remission as long as they are faithful to the scent; as a summons, it should seem, like the seamen's cry, to pull together, or keep together, and it is a certain proof to themselves and their followers that they are in the right way. On the instant that they are at fault, or lose the scent, they are silent. . . . The weather, in its impression on the scent, is the great father of 'faults;' but they may arise from other accidents, even when the day is in every respect favourable. The intervention of ploughed land, on which the scent soon cools or evaporates, is at least perilous; but sheep-stains, recently left by a flock, are fatal: they cut off the scent irrecoverably—making a gap, as it were, in the clue; in which the dogs have not even a hint for their guidance."

Compare Shakspeare again:—

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometimes sorteth with a herd of deer;
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on feigns

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies."

One more extract from Mr. Ayton:—

"Suppose, then, after the usual rounds, that you see the hare at last (a sorry mark for so many foes) sorely beleaguered—looking dark and draggled—and limping heavily along—then stopping to listen—again tottering on a little—and again stopping; and at every step, and every pause, hearing the death-cry grow nearer and louder."

One more comparison, and we have exhausted Shakspeare's description:—

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by thany,
And being low, never reliev'd by any."

Here, then, be it observed, are not only the same objects, the same accidents, the same movement, in each description, but the very words employed to convey the scene to the mind are often the same in each. It would be easy to say that Mr. Ayton copied Shakspeare. We believe he did not. There is a sturdy ingenuousness about his writings which would have led him to notice the 'Venus and Adonis' if he had had it in his mind. Shakspeare and he had each looked minutely and practically upon the same scene; and the wonder is, not that Shakspeare was an accurate describer, but that in him the accurate is so thoroughly fused with the poetical, that it is one and the same life.

Shakspeare, in his earliest poem, could not forbear showing the deep sympathy for suffering which belongs to the real poet. "Poor Wat" makes us hate all sports which inflict pain upon the lower animals, making their agonies our amusements. Never was this holy feeling more earnestly displayed than in Wordsworth's 'Hart-leap Well;' which is "a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrig. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chace."

"Where is the throng, the tumult of the race?
The bugles that so joyfully were blown?
This chace it looks not like an earthly place;
Sir Walter and the hart are left alone.

The poor hart toils along the mountain side;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
Nor will I mention by what death he died;
But now the knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting then, he leaned against a thorn;
He had no follower, dog nor man, nor boy:
He neither crack'd his whip nor blew his horn,
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter lean'd,
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat,
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is year'd,
And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the hart was lying stretch'd;
His nostril touch'd a spring beneath a hill,
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetch'd
The waters of the spring were trembling yet.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,
(Never had living man such joyful lot!)
Sir Walter walk'd all round, north, south, and west,
And gazed, and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up the hill—(it was at least
Nine rods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found
Three several hoof-marks which the hunted beast
Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, 'Till now
Such sight was never seen by living eyes:
Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow
Down to the very fountain where he lies.' "

To commemorate the wondrous leap of the gallant
stag, Sir Walter raised three pillars where the turf was
grazed by the stag's hoofs, and he built a pleasure-
house, and planted a bower, and made a cup of stone
for the fountain.

* * * * *

"I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,
When one, who was in shepherd's garb attired,
Came up the hollow:—him did I accost,
And what this place might be I then inquired.

The shepherd stopp'd, and that same story told
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.
'A jolly place,' said he, 'in times of old!
But something ails it now; the spot is curs'd.

You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood—
Some say that they are beeches, others elms—
These were the bower: and here a mansion stood,
The finest palace of a hundred realms.

The arbour does its own condition tell;
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream;
But as to the great lodge! you might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone;
And often times, when all are fast asleep,
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

Some say that here a murder has been done,
And blood cries out for blood: but, for my part,
I've guess'd, when I've been sitting in the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy hart.

What thoughts must through the creature's brain have past!
Even from the topmost stone, upon the steep,
Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at this last;
O master! it has been a cruel leap.

For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race;
And in my simple mind we cannot tell
What cause the hart might have to love this place,
And come and make his deathbed near the well.

Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,
Lull'd by this fountain in the summer-tide;
This water was perhaps the first he drank
When he had wander'd from his mother's side.

In April here beneath the scented thorn
He heard the birds their morning carols sing.
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade;
The sun on drearier hollow never shone;
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees and stones, and fountain, all are gone."

'Grey-headed shepherd, thou hast spoken well;
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine:
This beast not unobserved by nature fell;
His death was mourn'd by sympathy divine.

The Being that is in the cloud and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

The Pleasure-house is dust:—behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom;
But Nature, in due course of time, once more
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be known;
But, at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals,
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

WORDSWORTH.

When the falcon chases the partridge, we see the
effect of natural instinct. We suppose the justification
of the Game Laws, which impede agricultural
improvement, waste the crops which should feed the
poor, and convert thousands of labourers into vagabonds
and felons, must rest upon the necessity for indulging
the same natural instinct by the high-born, the rich,
and the educated.



LANDSCAPE PAINTING.—No. II.

EVERY one who has visited a gallery of paintings by
the old masters, and a collection of works by living or
recently deceased painters, must have noticed the great
difference there is between their landscapes. And this
is perhaps most strikingly apparent in comparing the
landscapes of English painters with those of the great
Italian masters. Now in judging of each, it is import-
ant to bear in mind, that difference does not neces-
sarily imply inferiority; although it is a very common
error to account the one of little value because the
other seems of much. Some there are who can see no
excellence in a modern work, but as it repeats or
reflects an excellency in an ancient work; and one of
our greatest authorities on art has counselled the artist,
when setting about the composition of a picture, to con-
sider how one of the great men of old would have com-
posed it, and to endeavour to fashion his in a similar
manner. A most unsatisfactory mode, and one that will
assuredly prevent eminent success; since he who
moulds his thoughts after a pattern of another's devis-
ing, will never be himself an original; at best he
must be content with obtaining the praises of the
admirers of him he has chosen to imitate. He who
aims at the second prize is not likely to gain the first.
The other side of the mistake is less commonly dis-
played, but it is occasionally seen, and there is some
reason to apprehend that it will be more frequently
shown. Some able men have sprung up of late who
are zealously endeavouring to convince others that the
painters who have been for the last two hundred years
looked up to as the standard, were, in fact, but very
poor, feeble, inefficient creatures, not worthy to be

named alongside of our living geniuses. An author of this class, himself an excellent painter in his particular style, has undertaken to show how the landscapes of Claude might have been much better, and more effective, if he had only understood the latest rules of composition. He has accordingly altered and amended some of them in accordance with those rules, and has succeeded to his satisfaction. They display all the contrast, and variety, and effect he aimed at, but that sentiment which is the living spirit of all Claude's landscapes has escaped in the handling. So it must ever be when it is attempted to alter or remodel a genuine work of mind. The style of an artist, as of a poet, if he be not a mere imitator, is a part of himself, and cannot be changed without injury.

There is no need that we should confine our regard to any particular school of artists. Nor is it any proof of a sound judgment or a refined taste to do so. He who has arrived at the highest point of taste will assuredly have the widest range of sympathies; and in landscape where is the limit to excellence, when the whole external world of nature, in all its ever-varying aspects, lies open to the ken of the artist—ever ready to be wrought into new combinations as by his mental eye they shall be conceived? The student of art who does not seek to understand the characteristic principles of the leading painters of all schools, but sets up in his mind a particular ideal by which he tests them all, will certainly defraud himself of much enjoyment, and at last only obtain an imperfect conception of the true purpose and power of art.

Landscape painting, largely as it is now practised in England, is of comparatively recent date here. Portrait painting had been long patronized before landscape was even thought of. A high state of cultivation seems indeed almost necessary before landscape painting can be successfully practised or properly appreciated. We might apply to it what Bacon says of gardening: "A man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection." When landscapes became common in England, they were for a long time the most uncouth topographical views. In the days of Hogarth, and till Gainsborough taught a freer mode, the landscapes of the English painters were either extremely formal and tasteless, or of an affected, unnatural, and, as it was called, classic style. Nature was but seldom referred to, and never trusted. The painters most in vogue made up their pictures of scraps pilfered from the Italian masters, and whatever the place represented, the colour and manner of the picture were the same. Some of the painters of this eclectic school were men of talent, such, for instance, as Barret, and Smith, and Wright; but if they possessed any original power, they were careful never to exhibit it. That *abandon* so remarkable in the landscapes of some of the Dutch painters, and which makes them seem the product of a kind of instinct, we never catch a glimpse of in the frigid works of our countrymen. All was done by rule. We do not wonder at a youthful pupil of one of them asking if "a landscape *could* be made without a large tree in one corner, and a small one in the other."*

* But the portrait-painters were very little advanced in this respect. Hudson, the teacher of Reynolds, had but one position for all his male portraits—the hand in the waistcoat, and the hat under the arm. And an odd story is told of Reynolds at the outset of his career. Having to paint the likeness of a gentleman who insisted on his hat being placed where he was used to carry it—upon his head, Reynolds demurred at so unusual a demand, but his employer was resolute, and he was forced to comply. The portrait was painted accordingly with the hat on its wearer's head; but when the picture was sent home, there was disco-

This rigid adherence to a few conventional laws, which saved all expense of thought, lasted long after the introduction of a truer and a better feeling for nature. We have before us a costly and sumptuous work published in folio by the Boydells in 1794, in which are about eighty elaborate landscapes by a royal academician, every one of which has the foreground thrown into deep shadow, another favourite conventional usage, like that of the two trees, but even more invariably adhered to.

So long as men suffered their powers to be controlled by such fetters, or were content to avoid the labour of thought and of research by a mere feeble imitation of the works of their greater predecessors, it was impossible that art should be other than in a sickly state. It is to Gainsborough that the credit is due of a bold return to the study of nature. With him the love of landscape was a passion. He pursued it with ardour in his earliest youth; it was the business and the enjoyment of his life; and the last words he uttered had reference to it. Untrammelled by authority, he found a way for himself, and though his pictures fell far short of the highest excellence, they are all of them honest manly delineations of their several objects. Nothing can exceed the homely rustic grace of some of his earlier works; in his latter may be traced the influence of his academic associations. Wilson aimed higher than Gainsborough, and was to a certain extent successful, but his works are less original, and he is altogether less English in style and feeling.

The present race of landscape painters in England owe very much to the painters in water-colours of the last generation. The influence of the practice of water-colour painting, and especially of sketching in water-colours in the open air, has been very striking, and to it is unquestionably owing that broad day-light look so characteristic of the English school. What we mean may be seen in the landscapes of Stanfield, which may indeed be taken as the most perfect representatives of the English school; showing, along with a pretty close adherence to the conventions of the studio, the most exact and careful fidelity of imitation, the result of an original and devoted study of nature. If we were asked in what consisted the peculiar merits of our present school of landscape painters, we should say in the zealous yet independent study of nature, by which all of the best of them are marked. And such a number of devoted students must be corrective of each others' faults and misconceptions. The most diligent cannot search out all for himself. With all the assistance he can obtain, he will find that art is long and life short. But so many and so various as are the labourers here, we ought to reckon on the attainment of a very high degree of excellence. A school in which men of so great yet so different powers and mental characters as Turner and Constable, Roberts, Creswick, and Stanfield, are contemporaries, ought not to sink, as most schools have, into feebleness and lifeless imitation. We are fairly entitled to expect a painter who, availing himself of the accumulated experience of all these, shall surpass any one of them.

But we must break off. Our object in these desultory remarks has been to remind the reader that a landscape is not a mere camera-like representation of a scene, or a display of manual skill; but is a work of art, which addresses itself to the mind, as well as to the eye, and is to be valued in proportion to the mental power exhibited in its production; and that consequently the study of landscape deserves and will repay the labour that may be bestowed upon it. Nor need any one be discouraged from the study; for although at the outset

vered, to the amusement of all parties, another hat, in the old place, under the arm!

our knowledge of nature be not very extensive, nor our acquaintance with the principles of art very profound, yet by keeping our wants in remembrance, and not settling down on the modicum of knowledge we possess, but readily embracing all opportunities of enlarging our information and experience, we shall be continually making fresh acquisitions, and continually becoming more and more capable of enjoying and intelligently estimating some of the most beautiful of the productions of the human mind.

The Love of Natural Objects.—I do not know that any single class of objects in nature has acted so strongly upon my sense of the beautiful—or perhaps I should say of the sublime—as mountains. For to me

“High mountains were a feeding,”

from the time that I first gazed upon the “glory of the Gennadi mountains, as the sun cast his setting beams upon their tops, to that in which I caught the Titanic shadow of Etna in the horizon, or spent my days among the glaciers of the Caucasus, or wandered at the cloudy ring of Demavend, on misty day by day upon the dread magnificence of Ararat. An exquisitely keen perception of the beautiful in trees was of somewhat later development, as my native place, which I did not quit till I was about twenty years of age, being by the sea-side, was not favourable to the growth of oaks, and had nothing to boast of beyond a few rows of good elms. But, afterwards, the magnificent oaks and other trees of the interior called into full activity that perception of beauty in trees which afterwards ministered greatly to my enjoyment as I travelled among the endless fir-woods of northern Europe, and the magnificent plane-trees of Medina, and dwelt amidst the splendid palm-groves of the Tigris. Since then I have seldom enjoyed serenity of mind in any house from which a view of some tree or trees could not be commanded. Even in the environs of London—which are really beautifully wooded, whatever country folks may think to the contrary—I have managed to secure this object; and in my present country retreat, in a well-wooded district, and within reach of many fine old trees, my heart is fully satisfied. In all cases, my study has been chosen more with reference to this taste than to any other circumstance. In any house which it has been my lot to occupy, I have not sought or cared for the room that might be in itself the most convenient, but the one from the window of which my view might, with the least effort, rest upon trees, whenever the eyes were raised from the book I read, or from the paper on which I wrote. In all cases even the sickness of a tree has been pleasing to me; and the life of a tree—the waving of its body in the wind, or the vibration of its leaves and branches in the breeze—has been a positive enjoyment, a gentle excitement, under which I could have rested for hours. This strong feeling has enabled me to understand, better than I otherwise might, the curious and often beautiful superstitions and idolatries which were associated with trees in the ancient times; and I have understood, better than Elino, the class of associations which may have induced the Persian king to present the glorious plane near Nardis with costly gifts, and to deck it with the ornaments of a bride. It is by this keen perception of the seductions of grove-worship, that one is able to understand and illustrate the many cautions against it which the Holy Scriptures contain. Under the influence of such impressions, I find it very difficult by any effort of reason to control the regret and indignation with which I regard the destruction of a tree, especially if it be one of which I had any previous knowledge.—*The Lost Senses: Deafness.*

Agriculture of the Anglo-Saxons.—The chief occupation of the Anglo-Saxons was the rearing of cattle, for which nature seems to have especially designed the country. Both the hilly west and the flat eastern parts of England are particularly fitted for this purpose; while the north-western elevation of the straits appears to its slopes and plains the enlivening beams of the setting sun. The moist atmosphere of England sheds a blessing upon its surface, in the rich fertility of its fields, the vivid green of which constitutes a never-fading ornament. Every husbandman (goats) received, on being settled on the land of his lord, seven acres on his yard of land, two oxen, a cow, and six sheep. The cattle of the villeins was driven with that of the lord to graze on the common pasture. The milk, including that of the goat, was applied to various purposes besides that of making cheese. The fleece, which might not be shorn before midsummer, supplied clothing for winter, and also a

principal article of exportation, which the skillful artisans of the Netherlands and the Rhemish countries sent back to us in the form of woollen manufactures. Leather was used, not only for shoes and breeches, but also for gloves, which even those in the humblest class were in the habit of wearing. No branch of rural economy was more sedulously followed than the rearing of swine; which, in all parts where the old oak and beech woods were still undecayed, yielded to the swineherds a profitable occupation. Besides these swineherds, who attended to the herds of the lord (swe-dren), there was another class (gafol-swan); each of whom paid a yearly rent of ten swine and five pigs, reserving all above this number for himself; but was bound to keep a horse for the service of the lord. The rearing of bees was also a branch of industry. The condition of the bee-master (beo-geord) was, nearly similar to that of the swineherd; and, like him, he sometimes possessed a free property. Many houses were bred, every man being obliged to have two to his plough: hence it is not surprising that the prices of the north were soon able to transform themselves into cavalry, after their landing on the coast. Horses appear also to have been an article of exportation, from the law of Althelstan, by which it is forbidden to send them beyond sea. Agriculture seems to have been adequate to the wants of the people, as we find no mention either of the export or import of grain; and of famine, and its attendant, disease, less is recorded among the Anglo-Saxons than other contemporary nations. William of Rishers calls England a store-house of Ceres, from its great abundance of corn in the time of the last Edward. The law enjoined, that of all the larger landed possessions, the greater part should be kept in cultivation. The several kinds of grain, viz. rye, barley, wheat, and oats, were grown. The great cultivation of the last leads to the supposition, that, as in Scotland at the present day, it was made into cakes for food, whence its Anglo-Saxon name of “ata.”—*Laypenberg's History of England.*

Ceylonese Canoes.—The hull or body of the Ceylonese canoe is formed, like that of Robinson Crusoe's, out of the trunk of a single tree, wrought in its middle part into a perfectly smooth cylinder, but slightly flattened and turned up at both ends, which are made exactly alike. It is hollowed out in the usual way, but not out so much open at top as we see in other canoes, for considerably more than half of the outside part of the cylinder or barrel is left entire, with only a narrow slit, eight or ten inches wide, above. If such a vessel were placed in the water it would possess very little stability, even when not loaded with any weight on its upper edges. But there is built upon it a set of wooden upper works, in the shape of a long trough, extending from end to end; and the top-heaviness of this addition to the hull would instantly overturn the vessel, unless some device were applied to preserve its upright position. This purpose is accomplished by means of an out-rigger on one side, consisting of two curved poles, or slender but tough spars, laid across the canoe at right angles to its length, and extending to the distance of twelve, fifteen, or even twenty feet, where they join a small log of buoyant wood, about half as long as the canoe, and lying parallel to it, with both its ends turned up like the toe of a slipper, to prevent its dipping into the waves. The inner ends of these transverse poles are securely bound by thongs to the raised gunwales of the canoe. The out-rigger—which, it may be useful to bear in mind, is always kept to windward—acting by its weight at the end of so long a lever, prevents the vessel from turning over by the pressure of the sail; or, should the wind shift suddenly, so as to bring the sail a-back, the buoyancy of the floating log would prevent the canoe from upsetting on that side by retaining the out-rigger horizontal. So far the ordinary purpose of an out-rigger is answered; but there are other ingenious things about these most graceful of all boats which seem worthy of the attention of professional men. The mast, which is very taut, or lofty, supports a lug-sail of immense size, and is stepped exactly in midships, that is, at the same distance from both ends of the canoe. The yard, also, is slung precisely in the middle; and while the tack of the sail is made fast at one extremity of the hull, the opposite corner, or clew, to which the sheet is attached, hauls aft to the other end. Shrouds extend from the mast-head to the gunwale of the canoe; besides which, slender backstays are carried to the extremity of the out-rigger; and these ropes, by reason of their great spread, give such powerful support to the mast, though loaded with a prodigious sail, that a very slender spar is sufficient. If I am not mistaken, some of these canoes are fitted with two slender masts, between which the sail is triced up without a yard.—*Captain Basil Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels.*



[Utrecht, with the Cathedral.]

UTRECHT.

THE town of Utrecht is said to derive its name from the Latin *Tragectum ad Rhenum* (the ford on the Rhine), corrupted in monkish Latin into *Utra Tragectum*. It is the capital of the province of the same name, and is situated in 52° 7' N. lat., 5° 6' E. long., in a pleasant country, at the bifurcation of the branch of the Rhine called the Old Rhine, and the Vecht. The Rhine divides the city into two parts, and there are likewise two canals with thirty-six drawbridges. The position of the city is healthy, and free from the inconvenience of damp, so common in Holland, it being situated on a dry and rather elevated soil, with a descent towards the river. The approaches to the city are very beautiful, especially that from Amsterdam, which consists of a broad avenue bordered with rows of trees. "Both sides of the way," says Mr. Beckford, in his *'Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal,'* "are lined with the country-houses and gardens of opulent citizens, as fine as gilt statues and clipped hedges can make them. Their number is quite astonishing: from Amsterdam to Utrecht, full thirty miles [it is only twenty-five and a half], we beheld no other object than endless avenues and stiff parterres scrawled and flourished in patterns like the embroidery of an old maid's work-bag. Notwithstanding this formal taste, I could not help admiring the neatness and arrangement of every inclosure, enlivened by a profusion of flowers, and decked with arbours, beneath which a vast number of consequential personages were solacing themselves after the heat of the day. Each lusthuis we passed contained some comfortable party dozing over their pipes, or angling in the muddy fish-ponds below." This was written in 1780, but the author of the *'Family Tour through South Holland,'* &c., in 1831, describes it as retaining the same character. "It was quite amusing and delightful to pass so many neat houses, 'whimsically pretty,' as one of our countrymen calls the country dwellings of the Dutch, surrounded by their little gardens, walled in, as it were, within square enclosures of four green dykes, and as a necessary appendage as many ditches." The entrance, however, by

the canal is of a different character, for, as the town is approached, the narrow paved footway is so encroached upon by the houses, that the horse has to be unyoked from the treckschuyt, and its place is supplied, we hope only occasionally, by an old woman. The town stands high above the river, which has here rising banks, and the dwellers in the houses descend to it by ladders; and a remarkable peculiarity in a Dutch town, the cellars under the quays by the water-side are inhabitable, but many are used as storehouses and manufactories. The appearance of the city itself is antique, many of the houses being in the Gothic style. It was formerly strongly fortified, but the ramparts have been converted into public walks. There is a beautiful walk called the *Maalebann* (or Mall), above half a mile in length, planted with eight rows of lime-trees. It is one of the finest in Europe, and Louis XIV. expressly commanded it to be spared, when his army destroyed everything else; but in the *'Family Tour'* it is stated that it is not to be compared to that of Bushy Park, nor indeed to some others in England, as far as regards the beauty of the trees. It is, however, continued for a considerable distance out of the town, forming the road to Nimeguen.

The celebrated treaty of Utrecht, which was concluded here, was signed in the house of the British minister, now pulled down, while on its site the barracks called *Willemkasern* has been erected, a large building capable of accommodating two thousand men. The preliminary arrangements were made in a room still remaining of the old *stadhuis*. The present *stadhuis* is a handsome modern building. The Cathedral, a considerable part of which is in ruins, is worthy of notice on account of the tower, three hundred and eighty-eight feet high, from the summit of which there is a most extensive prospect, embracing twenty large and thirty small towns. The sexton, or koster, lives midway in the steeple, where his family have been born and reared, according to a statement in Murray's *'Handbook for Holland, Belgium, and Northern Germany.'* The nave of the Cathedral was destroyed by a storm in 1674, and a street has been formed on its site, as shown in the cut, between the tower and the choir,

which is still standing, and contains several tombs of the bishops of Utrecht, and also those of the Emperors Conrad II. and Henry V. The choir contains some fine specimens of clustered Gothic pillars, of great height and lightness; but the building suffered much from the zealots of the Reformation. There are besides seven Dutch Calvinist churches, one Lutheran, one Anglican, one French Calvinist, one Moravian, and three Roman Catholic churches. Utrecht is also the headquarters of the Jansenists, or followers of Jansenius, bishop of Ypres, a sect of dissenters from the Roman Catholic church, formerly of considerable importance, but who are now reduced to a very inconsiderable number, there being not more, it is said, than five thousand in all Holland, though they have here an archbishop and a chapter. In the Oude Gracht is still standing the house in which was born Pope Adrian VI., the tutor of Charles V., and which is now the residence of the governor. This town is also the seat of the Mint of Holland. The University, founded in 1634, enjoys considerable reputation, though it is not so celebrated as that of Leyden: it has five faculties, and is amply provided with all the necessary appendages, a botanic garden, observatory, &c. The students amount in number to about three hundred, and belong chiefly to the more wealthy classes. The city has many charitable institutions, a society of arts and sciences, a society of painters, and a Bible Society. The population is about 45,000: the inhabitants manufacture woollen-cloths, silk, lace, needles, and have some sugar-houses and bleaching-grounds.

At Zeist, about six miles from Utrecht, there is a colony of Moravians, whose establishment is remarkable for its order and neatness, and which is supported by the manufactures of the brothers and sisters; though Mr. Beckford gave a very disparaging account of it. "The chapel, a large house, late the habitation of Count Zinzendorf, and a range of apartments filled with the holy fraternity, are totally wrapped in dark groves, overgrown with weeds, amongst which some damsels were straggling, under the immediate protection of their pious brethren. Traversing the woods, we found ourselves in a large court, built round with brick edifices, the grass plats in a deplorable way, and one ragged goat their only inhabitant. . . . I left this poor animal to ruminate in solitude, and followed my guide into a series of shops furnished with gewgaws and trinkets, said to be manufactured by the female part of the society. Much cannot be boasted of their handy-works." Either Beckford did not see all, or they must have greatly improved their industrial processes to have maintained themselves so long, and to be now distinguished for "order and neatness."

Near Zeist also is a large mound or pyramid of earth, said to be one hundred and fifty feet high, which was erected in thirty-two days by the French army under Marmont on the occasion of Napoleon being elected emperor.

The surface of the province of Utrecht is, in the northern and western parts, and on the banks of the Rijk, level and low; and only towards the south-east, between Utrecht and Amersfort, are there some low hills, which slightly vary the monotonous appearance of the country. The soil in the low parts is rich and fertile; in the more elevated tracts sandy, with here and there some low thickets, extensive heaths, and peat-moors. It is watered by the Rhine and its branches, and by several canals. The climate is not so damp as that of the province of Holland; the air is pure and healthy, and there is good fresh water. The natural productions are the common domestic animals, poultry, fish, bees, corn, pulse, garden-fruit, culinary vegetables, flax, hemp, and tobacco. The manufactures are chiefly in the towns of Utrecht and Amers-

fort, and the Moravian settlement at Zeist: these are principally woollen, cotton, silk, linen; there are also breweries and distilleries. The exports are corn, cattle, swine, butter, cheese, some manufactured goods, bricks, and tiles.

THE TARENTELLA.

[Concluded from page 443.]

ON the return from the festa of Madonna dell' Arco, those who have determined to keep the great holiday *con tutto brio e somma galanteria* (with all spirit and perfect elegance) drive into the city of Naples with a mighty noise, and whether they live there or in the neighbouring towns and villages, as Portici, Resina, Torre del Greco, or Torre dell' Annunziata, or in any other town or village within ten or twelve miles of the capital, they drive through the principal streets, and show themselves on the grand promenade of the Chiaja and the Strada Nuova, the ordinary resort of the fashionable world, and the delight of all strangers or foreign visitors.

With their banners raised or with their little wooden buckets and their Avellino nuts shaking in the air, and singing and shouting to the cracking of the ear-strings, they dash down the grand street of Toledo, and through the Strada de Chiaja, or round by Santa Lucia and Chiatamone, till they come to the entrance of the Villa Reale, or public gardens, and the broad well-paved causeway which runs between the gardens and the sea, and a fine long row of lofty houses, which extends from the entrance of the gardens to the hill and grotto of Posilippo. On this broad, level, and well-paved road (paved, like all the streets of Naples, with great blocks of ancient lava cut from the flanks of Mount Vesuvius), the more adventurous and dashing sort always try the speed of their horses, racing against one another, and cutting in and out of the long and very disorderly line of canestri, coriboli, and calessi, in a manner fearful to behold. When we were new in the country, two things (where everything was a matter of wonder) particularly surprised us:—strong and spirited as their little black horses were, we could scarcely conceive how, after so long a journey, and with such a load behind them, they could possibly be kept at such a speed; and, seeing the confusion and that more than Jehu fury of driving, and the very evident state of intoxication of not a few of the drivers and passengers, we could not imagine how frequent and serious accidents did not occur. Yet afterwards, in the course of a good many years' experience, we hardly ever saw an accident that was at all serious. The truth is, those admirable little horses are very sure both of foot and eye, and are excellently in hand, and, although to an Englishman they seem to go awkwardly about it, the Neapolitans are first-rate whips.

When they have driven along the broad Chiaja, across Mergellina, and up the Strada Nuova or new road of Posilippo, having the tomb of Virgil on the vine-covered hills above their heads, and passing close by the little church which contains the ashes of the poet Sanazzaro and his marble tomb, they pull up their foam-covered horses at a Taverna, or house of entertainment, on the edge of a tufo cliff, just above the rocks, where, according to a local tradition, that wild fisherman-king or dictator Mas' Aniello threw off the chain of gold and the costly mantle the humble and conquered Spanish viceroy had given him, to plunge into the sea to cool his fevered brain and to sport once more with his familiar waves.

At the Taverna, wine, iced water, and other refreshments are not wanting. Those snake-shaped little cates which are glazed on the outside with baked sugar or with honey, and which are called terraglie, are

always at hand for those who have money to pay for them. Here, while some of the parties retain their vehicles in order to return through the city in splendour, others dismiss theirs, and begin the return homeward in dancing. Again in the calessi and corribelli flash through the Chiaja like meteors, though like very noisy ones, for the men, women, and children are all bawling, singing, or screaming, and the rapidity and seeming perilousness of the motion does not prevent their beating the tambourine; and the close clattering of the iron hoofs on the hard lava swells that hubbub of sound. Then down come the Tarentella dancers, dancing in pairs, the one after the other, in a continuous line of dance, or with only a few short links broken in it, or a few gaps or intervals between. Down they come by the gentle slope of Posillippo to that cool pleasant under-cliff place called Mergellina, and thence by a curve upon the broad straight Chiaja. In those not bad days, when old Ferdinand of the large nose (Ferdinando Nasone) was king, and when all popular sports and national usages were encouraged and promoted, instead of being discouraged, as we are told they now are, we have seen a chain or column of dancers have its head midway in the Chiaja and its rear or tail half a mile off at Mergellina. As in all these celebrations the sunny brightness of the climate, the purity and transparency of the atmosphere, and the gay warm colours which the peasants as well as their wives affect in their dress, greatly enhanced the beauty of the picture. It was very generally the custom of the women to take off their holiday shoes and intrust them to the keeping of a relation or friend before they began dancing. The practice of going barefooted was much commoner among them than ever we saw it in Scotland, however much may have been said and written about the lirting unshod lasses of the north. Occasionally the Neapolitan peasantry wore zoccoli, or wooden clogs, fastened over the instep by a strong leather strap, which sometimes reached to the toes. The zoccolo, in short, consisted of nothing but a thick wooden sole and this leather strap for the fore part of the foot. As it was not anyways fastened towards the heel, it made a rapping clacking noise in walking. This sound had found a place in the simple and rough amatory poetry of the country. We yet remember a few disjointed lines of a love-song, wherein the amorous swain sings to his mistress words in patois which may be thus freely translated:—

When I hear thy clogs
Upon the lava stone,
My heart goes rnt-tat-tat,
And flies to thee alone.
No instrument so sweet
As the wood beneath thy feet.

This may remind the reader of the good old song which the good wife of Scotland sings of her good man:—

"His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair."

But these zoccoli, among the more prosperous of the peasane, are thrown aside on the great festal days, and holiday shoes, frequently made of velvet, and embroidered with silk and silver or gold thread, are worn. Like the coral necklaces, and the gold rings, and the large pendent ear-rings, these holiday shoes are preserved with great care, are very seldom used, and are very commonly heir-looms, or articles of property carefully transmitted from one generation to another. The embroidered shoes on the feet of that young buxom matron may have been worn at some festa of the Madonna dell' Arco by her grandmother. Far too rich and rare are they to dance in; so she foots it to the Tarentella music in her strong linen thread

stockings, which she will probably dance through before she gets home. Far have many of these matrons and damsels to go, and they will dance the Tarentella, or take their turn in it, till their joyous journey is ended. As one pair grows weary, its place is supplied either from one of the flanks (which between them hedge in the dancers with a double line), or from the rear, where there usually march some ministering spirits with cool wine and iced water.

The music of the Tarentella is always one and the same; but the words, which are sung to the music and to the dance, vary *ad infinitum*. Most of these choral songs are very old; and but few of them have ever been preserved and transmitted by writing. They are all preserved by memory and transmitted orally. Many of them smack of great age; they are for the most part in the very rudest patois of the country, and primitively rough and straightforward in their style and expression; and yet not often gross. Of a very favourite one two lines ran in this homely vein:—

"Fegato fritto e baccalà!
In 'ocoppo 'na camera a pazzià."
With dried salt cod and liver-fry,
Up in a room to play sky-high.

Some few are pretty enough and in better Italian. Of this last class, the only one we can now recollect began in this fashion:—

"Sei bella, sei buona,
Sei tutt' amorosa,
Mi pari 'na sposa,
Io muoro per te.
Bellezza piu rara
Non biddi giammai,
Una donna piu cara
Piu bella di te."

Thou art good, thou art fair,
Thou art loving and free,
Thou seemest a bride,
I am dying for thee.

A beauty so rare
Ne'er saw I till now,
Or a woman so dear
Or so lovely as thou.

As the common people sing their accompaniment to the Tarentella dance, or their songs to the mandolina, screaming and mistaking an excess of noise for effect, there is certainly little music or melody in them; but, treated in a different manner, a fine melody may be brought out of some of them, in unison with that naïveté and simplicity which never fail to charm a good and natural taste. A lady of the highest rank and most ancient lineage, the Duchessa di —, who had too kind a heart and too clear a head to despise as vulgar everything that was popular or essentially of the people, could sing some of these old dance-songs and street-ditties in the most enchanting and touching manner. As for dancing the Tarentella, we most rarely saw any Neapolitan gentlefolks that could do it well; or that would even attempt to do it, it being considered "so very low." Of foreigners we never knew but two that could do their part in the dance to perfection: the one was a young artist of French family, who had been born and bred in the country; the other is Mr. Charles Matthews, who has lived but for a short time at Naples. But Mr. Matthews can sing the Tarentella song as well as he can dance the dance. His whole performance is a perfect truth. It is so natural and free, and full of life and brio, as to have nothing of the character of a mere imitation. As he sings, shouts, and dances, so do the youngest and best of the Tarentellari, in the land where the Tarentella is native to the soil.



[Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.]

THE TRADE IN CORN.

THE late William Cobbett entertained a pretty general contempt for that class of dealers who merely hand the produce of the land from one to another, and who do not by their industry change the state of the commodity which they buy and sell. No one would have been more active in putting in force the statutes of the sixteenth century against the "corn-badgers" or dealers, who were described as persons "seeking only to live easily and to leave their honest labour," and whose proceedings, it was asserted, were "very hurtful to the commonwealth of this realm, as well by enhancing the price of corn and grain, as also by the diminishing of good and necessary husbandmen." This useful class of men Cobbett would have sent to the plough. So recently as 1795 Lord Kenyon thundered from the bench, and denounced the "full vengeance of the law" against the corn-dealers. Slow as may be the progress of political knowledge, no considerable number of persons would now applaud such anathemas as these, which, at the time, were loudly re-echoed amongst all classes. In 1844 all the old acts respecting forestalling, regrating, and engrossing were abolished by 7 & 8 Vict. c. 24.

When England was almost exclusively an agricultural country the process of obtaining a loaf of bread was not a very simple one. The great number of towns in which markets were once held, and which contained only a very scanty population, show how general were the means of maintaining direct dealings between the producer and consumer. In these days, at least in London, a man neither buys wheat, nor deals with the miller, nor bakes his own bread, so complete is the subdivision of employments. But if the two millions of population now concentrated within a circle of eight miles round St. Paul's were dispersed over an extensive country, with a small number of towns of from two to ten thousand inhabitants scattered here and there, one or two containing more than that number, and the capital with perhaps fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants, the process of supplying the same amount of popula-

Preamble of 5 Eliz. c. 12.

tion with the staff of life would naturally be different. Producers and consumers would be brought more generally into contact with each other, and fewer intermediate dealers would be necessary. But, as it is, the immense supply of corn and grain which London requires for its own consumption, both for men and animals, is drawn from many thousand farms. Now, as it would be totally impossible for the farmers in every case to bring their corn to London, it can only reach us through the services of innumerable agents, whose useful operations were denounced by the statutes of the sixteenth century. Some of the corn-merchants of London turn over in a year capital amounting to nearly a million and a half sterling, and it is obvious that they cannot themselves attend all the markets from which the supply is in the first instance collected, and yet, unless it chiefly reached London in great bulks, the process of supplying it would be very expensive. They purchase of the merchants at some shipping port, and these again deal with others whose transactions are on a still smaller scale, and who buy directly of the grower. Nearly all the ports of England, Scotland, and Ireland contribute something to the supply of London. Each dealer watches within his own district the opportunities of profit to be made from supplying the scarcity of one part of the country out of the abundance of another. Dr. Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin, has clearly pointed out the value of such services:—"The apprehension, on the one hand, of not realizing all the profit he might, and, on the other hand, of having his goods left on his hands, either by his laying in too large a stock, or by his rivals underselling him—these, acting like antagonist muscles, regulate the extent of his dealings, and the prices at which he buys and sells. An abundant supply causes him to lower his prices, and thus enables the public to enjoy that abundance, while he is guided only by the apprehension of being undersold; and, on the other hand an actual or apprehended scarcity causes him to demand a higher price, or to keep back his goods in expectation of a rise. For doing this, corn-dealers in particular are exposed to odium, as if they were the cause of the scarcity; while in reality they are performing the important service of

husbanding the supply in proportion to the deficiency, and thus warding off the calamity of famine; in the same manner as the commander of a garrison or a ship regulates the allowances according to the stock and the time it is to last. But the dealers deserve neither censure for the scarcity which they are ignorantly supposed to produce, nor credit for the important public service which they in reality perform. They are merely occupied in gaining a fair livelihood."

The importation of foreign corn, which, in wheat alone, amounted to about nine million quarters in the four years from 1838 to 1842, involves a more extended chain of operations, which reaches from the counting-house of the London merchant to the growers in the heart of Central Europe, the cultivator in the Steppes of Southern Russia, the settler who has cleared a patch of land in the forests of Canada, and the American farmer on the Ohio. What ploughing, and sowing, and reaping—what threshing, winnowing, and measuring—before a single grain leaves the spot where it is produced, and how variously are all these processes conducted in the different countries which supply London. What chaffering in hundreds of markets before this supply gets out of the hands of the producer, in its first stage towards the all-devouring metropolis of England! How various are the modes of transport to the place of shipment, and how great are the contrasts they present: in one case the train of rude bullock-waggons crossing the Russian Steppes, in another the equally rude barge on the Vistula, with its cargo protected only by an exterior coating of sprouted corn impenetrable to the elements! In the months of July and August, 1841, there arrived in London 787 vessels from foreign parts laden with foreign corn, of which 306 were British and 481 foreign.

Kent and Essex were at one period almost the only counties from which London drew its supply of corn and grain; but before even the sixteenth century this was no longer the case. Stow remarked that London "maintaineth in flourishing estate the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Kent, and Sussex, which, as they lie in the face of our most puissant neighbour, so ought they, above others, to be considered as the greatest strength and riches; and these, it is well known, stand not so much on the benefit of their own soil as by the neighbourhood and nearness they have to London." The total importation of corn, grain, and seeds into London averages at the present time about three and a half million quarters, or about 28,000,000 bushels, annually, besides about 50,000 tons of flour and meal, the weight altogether being at least 530,000 tons. What a vast amount and variety of industry is involved in the creation of this large quantity of agricultural produce and in the preparation of it for consumption! Next to coal, the trade in corn gives the most extensive employment to shipping in the port of London of any other commodity.

Without the stimulus of self-interest the task of supplying London would be beyond the reach of human effort; and the operations of the "speculator" conduce, in the end, solely to the public advantage. The slightest interference with him is not unattended with danger; but the jealous spirit of the sixteenth century, if it were now possible to give effect to it, would once more place London at the risk of those serious dearths in the first necessary of life which were of frequent occurrence, and for which, in part, corn-dealers were ignorantly blamed.

We may notice here a few of the restrictions under which the corn-dealers were placed three centuries ago, and also one or two regulations which attempted to deal with the producers in the same spirit. In September, 1549, a proclamation was issued which

prohibited corn-dealers from having more than ten quarters in their possession at one time; and it directed justices of the peace to look into the barns, and so much as to them seemed superfluous was to be sold at a reasonable price, persons being appointed to attend in every market to see that this was done.* Two years afterwards the substance of the above proclamation was embodied in a statute which subjected persons buying corn to sell again to heavy penalties. Farmers buying corn for seed were required to sell an equal quantity of their corn in store. When wheat was under 6s. 8d. the quarter it might then be bought by dealers, but they were not to enhance the price or prevent the supply of the market. Corn "badgers," licensed by three justices of the peace, were permitted to buy in open fairs and markets for the supply of cities and towns. In 1562 there was another statute passed which affected them. They were to be householders, not less than thirty years of age, and either married or widowers, and the licence was to be only an annual one, to be granted by the magistrates in quarter-sessions. The dealers were also to give securities not to be guilty of engrossing or forestalling, and not to buy out of open market, except under an express licence. These restrictions could not well be maintained without leading to other artificial arrangements, some of which, so far as they relate to the corn-market of London, we shall briefly notice.

For upwards of two centuries the authorities of the City and the principal Livery Companies were accustomed constantly to provide a store of corn against seasons of scarcity, and when prices rose the city granaries were opened for the purpose of keeping them moderate. This was doing nothing more than individual dealers or speculators would have done. It is most probable that the practice of forming stores of corn commenced immediately after some severe dearth; and humanity forbade it to be hastily abandoned.

Sir Stephen Brown, in 1438, appears to have been one of the earliest, and most likely was the first, Mayor of London who established a public granary, for which he is eulogized both by Stow and Fuller. The latter says of him, that "during a great dearth in his mayoralty he charitably relieved the wants of the poor citizens, by sending ships at his own expense to Dantzic, which returned laden with rye, and which seasonable supply soon sufficed grain to reasonable rates." About the same period Sir Simon Eyre, another Lord Mayor, established a public granary at Lendenhall. Nearly a century afterwards (1521) a succeeding Mayor found the city granaries almost empty. "There were not," says Stow, "one hundred quarters of wheat in all the garners of the city, either within the liberties or near adjoining, through the which scarcity, when the carts of Stratford came laden with bread to the city (as they had been accustomed), there was such press about them, that one man was ready to destroy another, in striving to be served for their money: but this scarcity lasted not long; for the Mayor in short time made such provision of wheat, that the bakers both of London and Stratford were weary of taking it up, and were forced to take much more than they would, and for the rest the Mayor stowed it up in Lendenhall and other garners of the city. This Mayor also kept the market so well, that he would be at Lendenhall by four o'clock in the summer mornings, and from thence he went to other markets, to the great comfort of the citizens."

Occasional memoranda in the City records show the manner in which the City authorities applied their

* Turner's History of England, vol. i. p. 172.

† 5 & 6 Edw. VI. c. 14.

‡ 5 Eliz. c. 12.

stores of corn to reduce prices in the markets. In 1546 two aldermen were appointed weekly in rotation to purvey and to see that the markets were well supplied. In 1565 the bridgemaster is directed to put to sale in the markets every market-day four quarters of the City's wheat-meal at 3s. the bushel, and four bushels of maslin (a mixture of wheat and rye) at 2s. 6d. the bushel. A memorandum appears in the year 1573, instructing the Lord Mayor and Aldermen not to allow corn belonging to the City to be sold below the cost price, with all losses and charges added, nor lower than from 2d. to 4d. the bushel under the market-price, unless with the consent of the City companies, and taking an equal quantity of each company. In 1579 the companies were required to send into the market of Southwark fifteen quarters of meal per week, till they had disposed of all their old corn at the market-price; and a fresh stock was then to be provided. In 1580, on account of high prices, they were directed to take into the market at Queenhithe, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, eight quarters of wheat, well ground, and to retail it at 3s. the bushel, "and not more, at their peril." The Companies were called upon at two different periods in 1590 to purchase 18,000 quarters of corn. In 1617 they were ordered to supply the markets at 4d. the bushel under the market prices. Under such a system the operations of private traders would often be attended with great hazard, and this of itself would create the deficiency and the consequent high prices which the City authorities endeavoured to remedy.

The money to purchase corn and grain for the City granaries was raised by loans and contributions from the Mayor and Aldermen, from the City Companies, and sometimes from the citizens. The Companies were not, however, always in a complaisant humour, and often grumbled sorely when their money was not repaid. In 1573 the Common Council called upon them for a larger sum than usual for the purchase of wheat, urging the existence of present scarcity, and the necessity of preventing "extremities;" and they were threatened with the Queen's displeasure in case of refusal. The Companies complained that former loans were still unpaid; but the City pleaded that losses had been sustained from the bad quality of some of the wheat they had purchased, and offered to repay the Companies in two thousand quarters of good wheat from Sussex, and the same quantity from their last year's stores.

In 1577 it was resolved that the Companies should provide and keep their own stores, which were to be laid up at the Bridge-house, and to be subject to the control of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. Mr. Herbert says that the garners at the Bridge-house were divided into twelve parts, which were appropriated by lots to each of the great Companies. They took possession on the 4th of November; and two days afterwards were required to purchase their annual stock, amounting to 5000 quarters, at 28s. the quarter. The City had ten ovens at this place; six of large size, and the remainder one-half less. One of the Sheriffs left 200l. in 1516 towards building these ovens. In 1596 the Companies built granaries at their own halls. Two years before there was a prospect of scarcity, and, as there had been large importations of wheat and rye from abroad, Sir John Spencer, the Lord Mayor, obtained an order from the Queen's Council to compel the Companies to purchase some of this foreign supply, but about the same time Sir John Hawkins applied for the use of the City granaries and ovens at the Bridge for the navy. The Lord Mayor urged that, if this request were granted, the Companies would cease to make provision of corn, on the ground that they had no place for storing it; and, for greater security in

future, the Companies adopted the plan of keeping their stock at their respective halls.

Soon after the commencement of the seventeenth century, the difficulty of keeping up the ancient practice of providing a store of corn appears greatly to have increased. In 1630 the Companies were to forfeit 3s. to the poor for every bushel which they had neglected to provide according to their due proportion. In 1631, when ordered to buy wheat and rye from abroad, they refused; and in 1632 the Wardens of some of the Companies who had neglected to store their granaries were committed. With the Tudors had departed many of those restrictions which perhaps had some use in their day; but the greater freedom of trade no longer rendered it necessary for the authorities to supersede the transactions of private dealers. At length, when the system had become almost entirely exhausted and worn out, the Great Fire destroyed the granaries, mills, and ovens at the Bridge and in other parts of the City, and the custom of providing stores of corn was not again resumed.

In undertaking the task of regulating prices in the markets the City authorities were under the necessity of imposing restrictions and framing arbitrary regulations, which at once created the excuse for their interference, and increased the difficulty of doing so in a beneficial manner. The general internal commerce of the country was subject to a host of impediments. Thus at one time the Lord Mayor and Aldermen could not contract with a person at Harwich to purchase wheat for the City in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, without first obtaining a licence from the Lords of the Council. Licences were at the same time required to enable them to contract "with other discreet persons, who were to purchase corn in other parts of the realm where they thought best." In one year of scarcity (1586) the magistrates in the country round London attempted to keep the supply of corn for the consumption of their respective neighbourhoods, and hindered its being brought to London. Strype says that on this occasion the Lord Mayor applied for redress to Lord Burleigh, who was regarded as the City's patron. In 1554 the Lord Mayor wrote to the Lords of the Council to borrow a thousand quarters of wheat for victualling the City, and prayed that it might be exempted from the grasp of the purveyors. The Council agreed to lend the above quantity for three months. To carry out their plans fully, it was necessary for the City to pry narrowly into the operations of the bakers and others. In one year "straight commandment" was given to the bakers not to buy any meal but of the City's store at the Bridge-house, when the quantity which each of them was allowed to take, and the price, were fixed by the Lord Mayor. In 1546 there is an entry to the effect that Henry Hoke, brewer, is to have but 200 quarters of the wheat to be bought of the merchants of the Steel-yard, "albeit that they have sold him more, as they say." These merchants were at one period the sole importers of foreign corn, and in times of scarcity were not allowed to sell either to bakers or brewers without the City's licence. In 1600 no chandler or other person was to harbour in his house any corn but for his own spending, merchants importing corn excepted.

At the beginning of the last century the metropolitan corn-market was held at Bear Quay, in Thames-street; Queenhithe was the great market for flour and meal; and the White Horse Inn meal-market, near Holborn Bridge, is mentioned, and is doubtless the one alluded to by Strype as appointed to be held near the river Fleet. The present system of factorage in the corn-trade is stated to have existed only about one hundred and fifty years. The old Corn Exchange in Mark-lane was projected and opened in 1747, and

in 1623 a second Corn Exchange was opened. The two buildings adjoin each other, in Mark-lane. The metropolitan market for corn, grain, and seeds is now entirely confined to Mark-lane. The market-days are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, the first being by far the busiest day of the three; and the hours of business are from ten to three.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

THE FRANKLIN'S TALE—concluded.

Aurelius of his love for Dorigen made

many lays,
Songes, complaintes, roundels, virgylays,
How that he durste not his sorrow tell,
But languisheth as doth a fury in hell,

and in no other manner durst he betray his woe; except that sometimes at dances he looked on her face in the manner of a man asking favour, but she knew nothing of his intent. Nevertheless, as he was her neighbour, and a man of honour and worship, they fell into conversation, and then more and more Aurelius drew near unto his purpose. And when he saw an opportunity, he said unto her, "Madam, so that I thought it might gladden your heart, I would that the day Arviragus, your husband, went over sea, that I had gone to some place from whence I might never have returned. Madam, have pity upon my pain. With a word ye may slay or save me."

She gan to look upon Aurelius:
"Is this your will," quoth she, "and say ye thus?
Never erst," quoth she, "ne wist I what ye meant;
But now, Aurelie, I know your intent,
By thilke God that gave me soul and life,
Ne shall I never be an untrue wife
In word ne work; as far as I have wit
I will be his to whom that I am knit:
Take this for final answer as of me."
But after that in play thus saide she:
"Aurelie," quoth she, "by high God above,
Yet will I granten you to be your love,
Since I you see so piteously complain;
Looke, what day, that endeloug Bretagne
Ye remove all the rockes, stone by stone,
That they ne lettene ship ne boat to gone;
I say, when ye have made the coast so clean
Of rockes, that there n'is no stone yseen,
Then will I love you best of any men."

"Is there no other grace in you?" said Aurelius.
"No; by the Lord that made me," was her answer.
"Then," quoth he, "I must endure a horrible and sudden death;" and with that word he turned away.

Other friends then came who knew nothing of this, and the revel began anew; until all go home in mirth, the wretched Aurelius alone excepted. He goes with sorrowful heart to his home; he may not, he says, escape from death.

Him seemeth that he felt his heart cold.
Up to the heaven his handes gan be hold,
And on his knees bare he set him down,
And in his raving said his orison.

He thus prayed to the Sun

"Apollo, god and governor
Of every plante, herbe, tree, and flower,

cast thine eye of mercy on wretched Aurelius. Well I know, lord Phoebus, ye can the best (after my lady) help me. Ye know well that your blissful sister, Licia the bright, chief goddess and queen of the sea, maketh it her desire to follow you full busily, and so

* Hinder.

† Go.

does the sea as naturally desire to follow her. Do therefore, this miracle. Pray her to bring so great a flood that it shall rise at least five fathoms above the highest rock in Bretagne Armorica, and let the flood endure two years. Or, if she will not vouchsafe in this manner to grant my sovereign and dear lady to me,

Pray her to sinken every rock adown
Into her owen darke region
Under the ground, there* Pluto dwelleth in,
Or never more shall I my lady win.
Thy temple in Delphos will I barefoot seek;
Lord Plumbus, see the teares on my cheek,
And on my pain have some compassion;
And with this word, in sorrow he fell adown,
And longe time he lay forth in that trance.

His brother, who knew of his grief, caught him up and bore him to bed. And there in despair and torment leave I this woeful creature.

Arviragus, with health and great honour, comes home:

O blissful art thou now, thou Dorigen,

He loveth thee as his own heart's life

Nothing list him to be imaginative
If any wight had spoke, while he was out,
To her of love; he had of that no doubt.
He not attendeth to no such matters,
But danceth, justeth, and maketh merry cheer.

In languor, or furious torment, lay the wretched Aurelius for two years or more. No comfort had he, save of his brother, who was a clerk, and who wept and wailed in secret to see his condition. At last, this brother remembered that while he was at Orleans in France he saw a book of Natural Magic.

Anon for joy his hearte gan to dance;

and he said to himself, "My brother shall be healed immediately, for I am sure

that there be sciences

By which men maken divers apparences,
Such as these subtle tregetours play.
For oft at feastes have I heard well say
That tregetours, within a halle large
Have made come in a water and a barge,
And in the halle rowen up and down.
Sometime hath seemed come a grim leoun;
And sometimes flowre spring as in a mead;
Sometime a vine, and grapes white and red;
Sometime a castle all of lime and stone.

And when the tregetour pleases all vanish at once.

"And I conclude, if I might find in Orleans some one who understands this Natural Magic, he should make my brother have his love. For clerks may make it appear that all the black rocks of Bretagne have gone, and that ships come and go at the very edge of the shore; and then Dorigen must needs keep her promise, and my brother be healed of his woe." He goes to his brother's bedside, and gives him such comfort that he started up immediately, and the two go forth towards Orleans.

When they were come almost to the city, they met a young clerk roaming by himself, who greeted them in Latin, and said to them a wondrous thing:

"I know," quoth he, "the cause of your coming!"

and he told them all their intent. Aurelius alights from his horse, and goes home with the magician to his house, where they found themselves

well at ease,
There lacked no victualle that might them please.
So well-armyd house as there was one,
Aurelius in all his life saw never none.

* Where.

† Lion.

Before they went to supper, the magician showed them

Forests, parks full of wilde deer.
There saw he hartes with their hornes high,
The greatest that were ever seen with eye,
He saw of them a hundred slain with hounds,
And some with arrows bled of bitter wounds.
He saw, when voided were the wilde deer,
These falconers upon a fair rigere,
That with their hawkes have the heron slain.
Then saw he knightes jousting in a plain.
And after this he did him such pleasure
That he him showed his lady on a dance;
On which himselfe danced as him thought.
And when this master, that this magic wrought,
Saw it was time, he clapp'd his hands two,
And farewell,—

all the revel is gone!

After supper they fell into a treaty as to what sum should be the magician's reward for removing all the rocks of Bretagne. The magician swore he would not have less than a thousand pound.

Aurelius with blissful heart anon
Answered thus:—"Fit was a thousand pound!
This wide world, which that men say is round,
I would it give if I were lord of it."

Upon the morrow they departed for Bretagne. The time was

The colde frosty season of December.

The sun in his hot declination had

Shone as the burnished gold, with streamers bright,
But now in Capricorn adown he light,
Whereas he shone full pale, I dare well sayn.
The bitter frostes with the sleet and rain
Destroyed have the green in every yard.
Janus sits by the fire with double beard,
And drinketh of the bugle horn the wine.

Aurelius sheweth all possible cheer and reverence to his master, and prayeth him to be diligent—

To bringen him out of his paines smart;
Or, with a sword, that he would slit his heart.

And the subtle clerk hath such pity on him, that night and day he labours for the time when he may make such an appearance through astrology as that Dorigen and all other persons should say the rocks were-gone. And at last,

through his magic, for a day or tway
It seemed all the rockes were away.

Aurelius fell at the feet of his master in thankfulness, and then he went to the temple, where he knew he should see his lady, and with humble cheer and a heart full of dread he saluteth her—"My rightful lady, whom I most dread and love, and were loathest of all the world to displease, though of my death ye have no pity, break not your truth. Madam, ye know well what ye promised me. Not that I challenge aught of right of you, my sovereign lady, but of favour. Ye know well under what circumstances ye plighted me your truth to love me best;

I have so done as ye commanded me;
And if ye vouchsafes, ye may go see.
Do as you list; have your beheste in mind,
For quik or dead, right, there ye shall me find.

It now lieth with you to make me live or die—

But well I wot the rockes be away.
He taketh his leave, and she astonish'd stood,
In all her face was no drop of blood.

"Alas," quoth she, "that ever this should happen. I believed that such a marvel was impossible. It is

* Promise.

against the process of nature." And home she goeth in sorrow. She weeps and wails all day, she swoons,—but tells "no one the reason—for her husband Arviragus was absent. "Alas, Fortune," she exclaimed, I complain of thee, that thou has bound me unawares. I know of no succour—

Save only death, or elles dishonour,
One of these two beheveth me to choose."

And thus for a day or two she complained, purposing ever to die; but on the third night Arviragus came home,

And asked her why that she weep so sore,
And she gan weepen ever longer the more.

"Alas," quoth she, "that ever I was yborn;
Thus have I said," quoth she, "thus have I sworn:"

and so she told him all. With glad cheer the husband said, "Is there aught else, Dorigen?" "Nay, nay," quoth she; "God help me, this is too much." He then said,

"Ye shall your truthe holde, by my faith,
For God so willy have mercy on me,
I had well never sticked for to be
For very love which that I to you have,
But if ye should your truthe keep and save;
Truth is the highest thing that man may keep

But with this word he burst out immediately into a fit of grief, and said,

"I you forbid on pain of death,
That never while you lasteth life or breath
To no wight tell ye this misadventure;
As I may best, I will my woe endure."

And he then called for a squire and a maid, and said to them, "Go forth with Dorigen, and bring her to such a place."

Aurelius met her in the street, and saluteth her, and asketh her whither she goes:

"And she answered, half as she were mad,
"Unto the garden, as mine husband bad,
My truthe for to hold, alas! alas!"

Aurelius then began to wonder. In his heart he felt a great compassion for her, and for the worthy knight her husband. He began to consider the best on every side. At length he said in few words—

"Madame, say to your lord Arviragus,
That since I see the greates gentleness
Of him, and eke I see well your distress,
That him were liever have shame (and that were ruth),
Than ye to me should broken thus your truth,
I had well liever ever to suffer woe
Than to depart the love betwixt you two.

I release you, Madam, from every bond and surety. Have here my truth, that I shall never reprove you for broken promise. I take my leave—

As of the truest and the beste wife
That ever yet I knew in all my life.

Yet let every wife beware of her promises, remembering of Dorigen." She thanked him upon her knees, and hurried home to her husband, and told him all, and through his life afterwards

He cherisheth her as though she were a queen.

Aurelius, in great sorrow, now believes he must sell his heritage in order to pay the magician his thousand pounds, but having got together half that sum, he goes with it, and asketh grace. The magician hears his story, and forgives him the whole payment adding,

Thou hast ypaid me well for my victaille.

* Rather.

† Stabbed.



[Marinari sul Molo di Napoli ascoltando l'istoria di Rinaldo.—From Pinelli.]

THE CANTA-STORIA.

THE Molo of Naples is a strong, well-constructed stone pier, jutting far into the sea like Ramsgate pier, giving security to the harbour, and having at its extremity a goodly lighthouse. In the warm seasons of the year (that is to say, for nearly seven months out of the twelve) it is the favourite promenade and lounging place of the Neapolitan bourgeoisie and poorer classes of citizens, who are but too happy to escape from the hot pent-up air of their narrow and tortuous streets and lanes. On the Molo they can hear the cooling splash of the sea upon the rocks, and inhale the pure evening air. And, as if this were not pleasure and bliss enough, under that glorious sky, and with the fairest view upon earth spread before and around, hither resort singers and conjurers, mountebanks and improvisatori, men with learned pigs, and men with dogs that can tell fortunes, to afford amusement to the promenaders and loungers. The vividness of our impressions, which lays the whole scene before our eyes, makes us use the present tense when we ought rather to use the past. We are told that the busy and merry Molo has been almost ungarnished, of late years, of the men and things which made its merriment; and that a police far more ruthless than that which sometimes waged war in our streets against Punch, hath swept away Policinella, Canta-Storia, Claratano, pig and dog, together with every other object that used to raise a boisterous laugh. But we can only think of the Molo as it was in its pristine glory, and when, as Forsyth observed, it was an epitome of the town, exhibiting the most of its humours,—a theatre where any stranger might study, for nothing, the manners of the people. For mixed fun, it was assuredly the richest theatre in the world. With the very few strangers who thoroughly understood the rich Neapolitan patois, nothing in Naples could rival it, except the theatre of San Carlino, or the Little St. Charles, on the nights when the great living Policinella was in full force and playing in one of his best pieces, such as “The Ninety-nine Misfortunes of Punch,” or “Punch and the Man of Bisceglia.”

The Canta-Storia, literally the story-singer or history-singer, is one that sings some tale or romance in rhyme, in a sort of measured recitative style, to the accom-

paniment of a mandolina or guitar, which is played sometimes by himself and sometimes by an assistant. The greatest professor in this line that we knew—the man that was called *par excellence*, in their idiom, *lo cantastoria in 'coppoo Molo*, never played the instrument himself—being somewhat lamed and maimed, and needing the only arm and hand he could use for his gesticulations and explanations. He was a short, lean, wizened old man, with an enormous three-cornered hat on his head, and with nose and eyes like those of a hawk. For fluency of speech, and for smart and sharp repartee, it was a wondrous old creature. Some complained that his voice was cracked, and his singing not what it had been; but all confessed that for explaining a difficult passage, and making flowery poetry intelligible in plain prose, there was none like him. He ought to have been a commentator, for, in his own way, he could explain everything, allowing no obscurity or difficulty whatsoever to stand in his way, and never seeming to entertain a doubt as to the correctness of his illustrations. The only story-singer that rivalled his fame was a handsome well-made mariner with a clear and resonant voice; but though people, particularly the women, loved to listen to his singing and to his mandolina, they preferred going to the Elder for the commentaries and glosses.

The stories thus sung to the sailors and poor citizens of Naples were almost invariably about the battles and loves of their great national idol, the Crusading Rinaldo, as described by Tasso in his ‘Jerusalem Delivered.’ To have recited Tasso in his pure and exquisitely refined Italian would have been to throw away time and labour, as very few of the auditory would have understood it. But the old Canta-Storia had a Tasso of his own, all turned into Neapolitan language and rhyme—or rather he had a *rifacimento*, dressed up in his vernacular, of all the cantos and stanzas which referred to the exploits and adventures of the national hero, and from which were dismissed, as unworthy of any notice, the pious Godfrey, the hero of the Epic, the bold Tancred, and all the other Christian heroes of Tasso. The popular admiration for Rinaldo amounted to a passion, to an enthusiasm of the most unreflected and ardent kind. When the old minstrel would sing how the Christian hero with one cut of the sword or one thrust of the lance slew a

score of Pagani or put thousands upon thousands to the rout, there would be a shout of "Eli! viva Rinaldo nostro!—Long live our Rinaldo!" When the tone and story changed, which the sage old man in the three-cornered hat would represent the hero in some disastrous adventure exposed to the malice of witches and magicians, and beset by a host of cruel Pagani foes, tears would stand in the eyes of many of the listeners, or now and then drop from them, like large summer rain-drops, upon the hard flags which paved the Molo; and there would be a muttering of woe, as if a real and visible calamity had befallen some dear relative or friend—*Ah! povero Rinaldo! Aiutati Dio!*—*Ah! Sfighe maledette, Saraceni infanti, il Diavolo vi avrà tutti!*—*Ah! poor Rinaldo, may God help thee!* *Ah! cursed witches, infamous Saracens, the devil will have ye all.*

Not only these poor fellows appeared to have no doubt as to the real existence of Rinaldo, or the authenticity of the moving adventures they were listening to, but they also seemed to feel as though Rinaldo were still living and actually engaged in his dolorous misadventures—there! right before their eyes, yet where they could not reach him or give him help. We have seen the magic of the stage as exercised by Siddons and Kean; but we never saw people so carried out of themselves and the material existing world around them by those great actors and the spell of the greatest of poets whose characters and creations they were embodying, as we have seen the poor Neapolitans wrapt and transported by the rude verses monotonously chanted by that wizened old man in the three-cornered hat.

In those days, before the glories of the Molo had begun to depart, there were some sets of men, for the most part young, and mariners or fishermen, who were called *gli appassionati di Rinaldo*, or the impassioned or enthusiasts for that hero and darling.

Evening after evening, week after week, these fellows would gather round the *Canta-Storia*, and devour his strains with an avidity of appetite, and an earnestness of expression on every countenance, which proved how much they relished what he sang. Fine athletic fellows were some of them, and sun-browned the faces, long and black the hair, and black and flashing the eyes, of all of them. And there they gathered in groups round the old bard or minstrel, as the somewhat more refined Greeks may be supposed to have done round the itinerant Homer, some of them standing with their arms crossed on their almost bare chests, some sitting on the stones which capped the parapet of the pier, some on wooden stools, and some cross-legged on the pavement. In this fashion they would often stay from long before sunset of summer evening until well on to the midnight hour, listening over and over again to the same parts of the story; for the sage old man, like the professional story-tellers of Egypt and Turkey, never began and ended his tale on the same night, generally breaking off at some point where the narrative was most interesting, and telling his auditors that he should conclude his story on the morrow. This little ruse was calculated to ensure the attendance of those who had been interested to-night. But with the appassionati—with the real enthusiasts for Rinaldo—it was scarcely called for: they were sure to be to-morrow night where they were to-night. By the setting sun or by the broad moonlight the scene was eminently picturesque and poetical. On one side of the Mole, in the not over-sweet harbour, lay huddled together merchant ships and coast traffickers, emitting no very savoury smells; on the other side were the starch monotonous walls of the *Castello Nuovo*, the back of the royal palace, and the entrance to the arsenal; but behind rose the fine-shaped hills of St. Elmo and the Vomero, the one

crowned by a bold castle, the other by a magnificent monastery with a Moorsque-looking face; and behind and above these hills, and stretching far away, towered the heights of the *Camaldoli*, with another convent on their brow, and the heights of the *Arienella*, in whose white village, half hid among trees and tall-growing vines, was born *Salvator Rosa*, the fittest painter to paint the half-mad enthusiastic group. And then in front, or by turning a little on the Molo so as to vary the point of sight, the eye could rest upon the broad flank and forked summit of Mount *Vesuvius*, with smoke or fire issuing from the nearer of the two cones; upon the long white walls of *Castellamare*, and the sublime peak of Mount *St. Angelo* behind them; upon the old town of *Sorrento*, standing immediately over the sea; upon high and perpendicular cliffs of tufa; upon *Cape Campanella*, or the *Cape of Minerva*, behind which the *Parthenopean Syren* had her abode; upon the rocky and majestic *Isle of Caprea*, to sojourn in which *Tiberius* abandoned the imperial city of *Rome*; upon *Cape Misenum*, which hath borne, and bears, and ever shall bear, the name of the *Trumpeter of Aneas*, even as *Virgil* predicted in his melodious verse, for true poets are prophets, and the names hallowed by genius are no longer subject to decay and transmutation; upon the long glittering hills of *Posilippo*, where *Lucullus* built his palace of palaces and established his earthly paradise; and upon the grim dark-brown old castle, which the Norman conquerors of the south built upon a rock close in to the *Neapolitan shore* and the western walls of the city—the castle called *dell' Uovo*, or *Egg-castle*, from the shape of the rock on which it stands, and which it entirely covers. This is a rare scene, and overpoweringly rich in associations. There is not a hill, rock, islet, cape, or jutting promontory, but has its name in classical lore, or in modern song. *Sorrento*, which stands on the other side of the bay almost directly opposite the Molo, was the birthplace of *Tasso*, who first gave immortality to the *Rinaldo* the old minstrel sings about: it was at *Sorrento*, among green hills and shady valleys and glens wooded with the *ilex*, that the ardent poet passed the happy days of his childhood, which, if his biographers tell the truth, appear to have been almost the only happy days of his stormy existence; and it was to *Sorrento* and to the tenderness of a surviving sister that the poet fled, poor, lonely, and on foot, when sovereign princes and princes of the *Roman church* had forsaken him and persecuted him, and when terror and long suffering had well nigh made him in reality that maniac which his enemies, long before, had accused him of being, and under the dark imputation of which he had lain for long years in the dungeon of the ungrateful *Esti* at *Ferrara*.

The *Canta-Storia's* version of *Tasso's* great poem in the *Neapolitan dialect* was far from being so elegant or so close to the original as was the *Venetian version* which was at one time commonly sung by the *Gondolieri* of the *Queen of the Adriatic*. If much that *Tasso* wrote was omitted, much also was added by the *Canta-Storia* which the poet never wrote or dreamed of. These *Neapolitan interpolations* and *addenda* were extravagant to the utmost verge of extravagance, and not unfrequently grotesque in the eyes of those who knew the original and had a more cultivated taste than the mariners on the Molo. But to those poor fellows nothing could be finer, or grander, or in any sense better, than what they heard sung, or chanted in their own expressive dialect by the wizened old man, or by the handsome and gallant young man. The *Appassionati*, or enthusiasts, would have fought any man that had adventured to dispute the pre-eminence of *Rinaldo* over all the heroes of *Tasso's* epic, or rather over all the heroes that figured in the *Holy Wars* or in any other

war. This temper was once put to the test. A foreigner, familiar with their language and habits, began one evening to decry their idol-hero. Rinaldo, he said, was a stout and daring man, a very stout and daring man (*un guappo, un guappone*); but there had been men as brave as he, or braver, Tancred to wit, who was also their own countryman; and there had been wiser and better, and greater men, like the captain-general Godfrey. The faces of the enthusiasts blackened with rage, and their eyes shot flashes of fire. The stranger, apprehending mischief to himself, prudently dropped his odious comparisons, and said he had, but joked. "*Va bene lo scherzo*," said one of the group, "*ma, con Rinaldo nostro non si scherza*."—Jokes are very well, but there must be no joking with our Rinaldo. No honest Swiss ever stood up more boldly for the fame of William Tell, or fiery Scot for the glory of William Wallace or of the Bruce, than that tattered mariner would have done for the fabulous renown of Rinaldo.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

WHILE almost every one enjoys miscellaneous reading, who enjoys reading at all, it is almost as universally blamed as it is practised. Pleasant as it is admitted to be, it is commonly affirmed to be as hurtful as it is pleasant. Hence many who indulge in it do so with an uneasy feeling, and are half ashamed to acknowledge their weakness. Let us look for a minute or two at the matter. The question—Is miscellaneous reading an evil? is of some consequence, and will bear examining a little closely.

Readers are a wide-spread race, and are of many varieties. With the majority, perhaps, pleasure alone is the object sought after; with some, though it is not the only object, it is the principal one; some while they wish to derive pleasure seek to derive instruction also; and a few seek after instruction mainly or alone. But the last class is a small one. Fully to master any branch of literature or science requires the expenditure of a large amount of labour and of time. The high stages of scholarship are beyond the reach of all who cannot devote their life to the pursuit. For those who are pursuing learning as the business of life we are not writing; they soon find the necessity of determining within what limits their *serious* discursions must be confined; but even they, if they desire to avoid narrowness of vision and pedantry, will seek their safety in wide and various reading. In the outset of the career of any student, whatever tends to call off his thoughts from the main object of his pursuit, will undoubtedly be apt to unfit him for that patient earnest consideration of his work which is necessary to the full comprehension of it, the mastery of its difficulties, and the reception and enjoyment of its higher excellences. He who has some clear well-defined object in view will assuredly soonest attain it by fixing his thoughts strongly upon it. Mental energy is not to be preserved along with mental dissipation. Strength arises from concentration. Yet it is not by continuing to employ the powers of the mind on one study that mental strength is obtained, any more than by using one limb that the body is made strong. The goldbeater can throughout the day wield without fatigue a hammer that would speedily tire a man of far greater general strength. He is a better goldbeater, though not a stronger man; but it might happen that he should be a stronger man, yet, no worse goldbeater, if he, by exercise of the other limbs, had strengthened them also. Even to the mere student, therefore, exclusive reading does not seem likely to be beneficial, inasmuch as, although it might impart a partial power it appears

likely to prevent—as we know it does in reality, prevent—very enlarged and comprehensive power. Some there are, indeed, who pretend to a deeper wisdom than ordinary, who will predict all evil as the result, of any departure from the special course of reading, and who direct with an air of authority, a sort of total abstinence from whatever does not belong to the strictly defined routine. It matters not what the study may be, ought must be regarded outside of it. To a plain man unacquainted with the mystery it would seem indeed a very small matter to require so entire a devotion. But so it is; and whoever listens to the professor of the science or art, will find that it must be by such an undivided attention that the inner court of the temple must be gained. As Hogarth tells with something of an admiring wonder, that he "once heard an eminent dancing-master say that the minuet had been the study of his whole life, and that he had been indefatigable in the pursuit of its beauties, yet at last he could only say with Socrates, he knew nothing."

We are not, however, to settle for the student how far he may indulge in miscellaneous reading, but to consider the question of its utility with respect to the general reader. In the nature of things very few can read as students; busily engaged in the daily cares and toils of life, reading must be resorted to as a recreation, if resorted to at all. To suppose that those whose days are spent in one kind of labour, will spend their nights in labour of another kind, is a mistake. It is unreasonable to expect it, and unfair to require it. There have been some men who from some cause or other have done so, but they have been few and are always likely to be few. It is, in every view of the matter, better to read for pleasure than not to read at all. Pleasure itself, so as it be not noxious, is a good, and to be taken and enjoyed as such. The mind no more than the body can sustain a constant state of tension. From attempting to accomplish what is beyond the reach, failure results, and disappointment and despair often follow it. Whoever is familiar with literary institutions must have observed how often a particular study or course of reading is adopted, persevered in a little while, then abandoned; to be succeeded by another, which in its turn shares a similar fate, till at length a feeling of disgust is engendered that leads to the neglect of all intellectual pursuits, or at best to an indolent desultoriness, and similar cases are constantly seen in the private circle.

But then, on the other hand, to read, without aim or end, whatever chance or opportunity may throw in our way, is no less an evil. Indeed it is a greater. For indiscriminate reading is more enfeebling than misdirected reading—more corruptive of the natural taste, more injurious to the judgment. Such reading, however, may be more fitly called desultory than miscellaneous reading; and the proper question for us to consider is, whether miscellaneous reading is necessarily desultory. Now, we think it is not. To be everlastingly fluttering over the surface of things is of small profit, and affords only a very transient delight. Reading may be profitably used as a recreation, but not only as a recreation. In the one case it is a wholesome relaxation; in the other, mere dissipation. The reader who would be benefited by his reading must be something more than a passive recipient. Some labour on his part is necessary. He must not seek for ever to sail on

"Seas of milk, in ships of amber."
He must have an object beyond and above the mere occupation or gratification of the moment. And if reading be not merely at random, unconnected, desultory

tory; but if there be some reasonable purpose, and it be kept steadily in view, there need be little fear that general reading will be injurious. Reading should not be considered as a thing external to our daily life, or independent of it, but a part of, and adjusted to it. Then with some point in view, such as accords with our peculiarities of taste, position, and opportunities, we have a centre towards which information will gravitate from all sides.

Thus followed, miscellaneous reading will along with amusement bring instruction and improvement. He who can wholly devote his time and faculties to the cultivation of his intellect and the acquisition of knowledge can only hope to explore thoroughly some comparatively narrow territory; the rest he must be content to know but in part and cursorily. He who can devote but a small portion of time to those objects must be content with lesser things; his knowledge must of necessity be more confined or more superficial. Still for all there is an ever-widening prospect opened. Whatever be his position, as one of the most truly learned men of our time has said, "He has it yet in his power to know much, who will be content to remain in ignorance of more." Nor need any one be discouraged by the consideration of his limited opportunities. It is not the number of books we read that affords the test of our progress. The reading of many books does not necessarily, nor indeed commonly, make a wise man. The devourer of libraries—whether of the Minerva or of the Bodleian—of books of amusement or of learning—is seldom noted for the strength of his judgment. It is what we get from the books, not the books that are of importance. Erasmus said of some of the learned in his day, "These men, for all the parade of their learning and gravity, are more laden with books than wisdom."

The end of reading is not, in no case should be, merely amusement; nor is it merely the acquisition of information; but it is, as a whole—of course everything is not to be taken up with such a purpose, or indeed any purpose—the mere gratification of the passing moment, the pleasant trifling of a light spirit is sufficient in its season—but as a whole, and to which all reading should directly or indirectly tend, the end of reading is to make us wiser and better; to enlarge our knowledge, widen our sympathies, and to advance and ennoble our nature. Merely to take up with the ephemeral literature of the day will not do this. There is an unhealthiness, a onesidedness, an incompleteness, and a frivolous, unmanly tone about much of it, that cannot be otherwise than enervating and injurious to him who makes it his only or principal mental food. Along with the current literature there should be an intimate acquaintance maintained with some of the robust intellects of a former day, who have left us their noble works, and which will help us to acquire that maturity of mental taste that will lead our minds to reject spontaneously that which is noxious, or destroy its sting. If the judgment be cultivated, if there be some thoughtfulness of habit, miscellaneous reading will not leave in our memories a mere confusion of facts and opinions, a medley of useful and worthless things; but taking the great divisions of knowledge as our guide, what we read will separate itself into orderly groups—our faculties will be strengthened, our vision enlarged; and what we acquire will serve as a starting-point from whence to make further acquisitions.

Sturgeon Fishery at the Sefed-Rood.—The river is about seventy or eighty yards broad; and, at this season, runs quietly and smoothly between its clayey banks, which it does not appear open to overflow. The water, however, might rise three or four feet without this taking place. The number of Russians who

remain here permanently is but small, as the settlement does not consist of more than thirty huts, and half-a-dozen storehouses thatched with reeds. During the months of February, March, and April, however, which is the season for taking the sturgeon, a reinforcement of some three hundred men arrive from Astrachan to assist at the fishing. In the beginning of February they catch about 100, and towards the end of the month from 800 to 800 per day. In March the number increases from 800 to 2000; and during April they take between 3500 and 3800 a-day. The larger number, however, is only caught for about fifteen days previous to the rising of the river, when the ships depart with the produce. The few families which are left during the remainder of the year still continue to fish, though chiefly for their own consumption, taking from four to eight fish a-day. After the month of May, little or no roe is found in them. The superintendent of the fishery was very obliging, and explained to us the whole process of curing the roe and fish; and, as we expressed a desire to see the manner of fishing, he ordered out a boat, and we witnessed the capture of several. Across the river a long line is extended, to which, at intervals of about a foot and a half, are attached other lines two feet in length, each having a strong and slightly-barbed hook at its extremity. The weight of these sinks the rope below the surface of the water, but a number of sink or wooden floats support it, so that the hooks just touch the ground when the lines to which they are fixed are kept stretched. The sturgeon generally swims near the bottom; when passing through the lines he is pricked by a hook, upon which he makes a plunge, and is caught by two or three of those nearest to him: the more he struggles, the more inextricably he entangles himself. A couple of fishermen are stationed at the end of the line in a boat, and, on seeing the disturbance of the water, they haul hand over hand along the rope until they reach the fish; when one of them, striking a large hook into it, draws its head out of the water to the side of the boat, while his companion dispatches it with several blows of a heavy wooden mallet. The lines are placed across the river from its mouth to half a mile from the sea. In the early part of the season, one boat suffices for a line; but, when the catch becomes more abundant, each line employs two boats. Lines are likewise placed in the sea across the mouth of the river. The fish are taken as they ascend the stream to deposit their spawn. The method of curing is as follows:—The fish being split, the roe and the substance which forms the isinglass are taken out, and the body is carried to a separate storehouse, where it is salted, arranged in layers, and where it remains until shipped. The isinglass is prepared by being simply hung up to dry in the sun. The roe is cured for exportation by being immersed in a strong brine, where it remains for two hours, during which it is continually stirred. The mixture is then allowed to settle, when the roe, having risen to the surface, is taken out, and rubbed through a strong coarse sieve, to cleanse it from any fleshy or gummy matter which may have been cut accidentally from the fish. The roe is afterwards submitted to a strong pressure in small bags of matting, to get rid of the water. The process thus completed, the roe is stowed away in casks, under the name of caviare. The storehouse in which the dried fish were kept contained about 800, the whole produce of the fishery since the departure of the vessels in May last. We were informed that the number of fish taken in a tolerably good year amounted to about 125,000, which, in their salted state, sell at Astrachan for from three to five kurrans (shillings) per poot. About 250 poots of the isinglass are produced, fetching between thirty and thirty-five tomanas per poot. The caviare casks contain forty poots each, and the annual number amounts to 300 or 350. It is sold in Russia for about two tomanas per poot. When the caviare is intended for immediate use, it is merely washed clean, and steeped in salt and water for half an hour. There are three species of sturgeon, besides some other fish, from which the roe is taken to make caviare; but all the different kinds are mixed up in the same vat. The colour, before preparation, is precisely the same as it is afterwards, being generally of a greenish black; but there are some few fish that yield roe of a lighter hue, which is kept separate, for presents to great people, being esteemed on account of its rarity, but not for any peculiar flavour. The salt consumed here is brought in large blocks from the Turcoman coast, and is kept in a separate store, in which is a machine for crushing it.—*Holmes's Sketches on the Shores of the Caspian.*



CHAUCER'S
CANTERBURY TALES.

THE PARDONER'S TALE.

THREE rioters were seated in a tavern drinking, and as they sat they heard the clink of a bell that was carried before a corpse to the grave. Then one of them began to call his servant: "Go and ask," he said, "what corpse is this passing by?" "Sir," replied the boy, "he was an old companion of yours, and was slain suddenly this night. As he sat drinking upon a bench,

There came a pryvy thief men clepen Death,
That in this country all the people slay'th;
And with his spear he smote his heart a-two,
And went his way withouten wordes mo.
He hath a thousand slain this pestilence,
And, master, ere ye came in his presence
Me thinketh that it were full necessary
For to beware of such an adversary!
Be ready, for to meet him evermore,
Thus taughte me my dome."

"By Saint Mary," said the tavern-keeper, "the child saith truly; he hath slain this year, in a great village, about a mile hence,

Both man and woman, child, and hind, and page:
I trow his habitation must be there."

"Is it such peril to meet with him?" said the rioter;
"by God's arms, I shall seek him by street and stile.
Hearken, fellows, we three here be as one, let us help
each other, and we will slay this false traitor, Death.

He shall be slain, he that so many slay'th,
By Goddè's dignity, ere it be night."

And they plighted their truth to live and die by each other.

And up they start all drunken in this rage.

And forth they go towards the village. Many a grisly oath have they aworn,

Death shall be dead, if that we may him hent.*

They had scarce gone half a mile, when they met a poor man, who greeted them meekly, and said, "God preserve you in his sight!" The proudest of the

* Catch.

rioters answered, "What? churl, why art thou all wrapped up except thy face? Why livest thou so long in such great age?" The old man said, "Because I cannot find a man that will change his youth for my age. Death, alas! will not have my life. Thus walk I like a restless carter."

And on the ground, which is my mother's gate,
I knocke with my staff early and late,
And say to her, leav' mother, let me in.

But, sirs, it is not courteous of you to speak thus to an old man. I advise you to do no harm to the aged man, any more than ye would have men to do unto you when ye grow old, if that ye may live so long. God be with you. I must go whither my business calls me."

"Nay, old churl, by God, thou shalt not do so," said another of the gamsters. "Thou partest not so lightly. Thou spakest of the traitor Death: thou art his spy; tell me where he is, or thou shalt suffer,

By God, and by the holy sacrament,
For soothly thou art one of his assent,
To slay us younge folk, thou fals' choler."

"Now, sir," quoth he, "if it be so pleasant to you to find Death, turn up this crooked path, for, by my faith, I left him in that grove under a tree. There he will abide; he will not for your boast conceal himself.

See ye that oak? right there ye shall him find.
God save you, that bought again mankind,
And you amend."

The rioters ran until they came to the tree, where they found of gold florins enough, as they guessed, to fill eight bushels:

each of them as glad was of the sight,
For that the florins be so fair and bright,
That down they set them by the precious hoard.

The worst of them was the first to speak: "Brethren, take heed what I shall say. This treasure Fortune hath given us that we might spend our lives in mirth and jollity. Ifa! Who could have believed to-day that such favour should have fallen upon us? This treasure must not be conveyed to our houses by day, or men would say we were thieves, and hang us. It must be carried by night, as wisely and slyly as possible. Let us then cast lots; that one of us may run quickly to the town, and bring us bread and wine, and the other two shall guard the treasure. At night we will then bear it to such place as we shall all agree is the best." The lot fell upon the youngest, and he went immediately to the town. As soon as he was gone, one of the two

spake thus unto the other;

"Thou wottest well thou art my sworn brother,
Thy profit will I tell thee right anon.
Thou wott'st well that our fellow is agone
And he is gold, and that still great plenty.
That shall departed be among us three;
But nathless if I can shape it so
That it departed were among us two,
Hail it not done a friend's return to thee?"
That other answer'd, "I n'ot how that may be;
He wot well that the gold is with us tway:
What shall we do? What shall we to him say?"

"Shall it be in confidence?" said the first. "By my truth, I will not betray thee," was the answer.

"Now," quoth the first, "thou wott'st well we be tway,
And tway of us shall stronger be than one.
Look when that he is set, thou right anon
Arise, as though thou wouldst with him play,
And I shall give him through the sides tway.
While that thou strugglest with him as in game;
And with thy dagger look thou do the same;

And then shall all this gold departed be,
My deare friend between thee and me;
Then may we both our lusts all fulfill,
And play at dice right at our owen will."

And these two cursed men have agreed to do thus.

The youngest which that went to the town,
Fell off in heart, he rolleth up and down
The beauty of these florins new and bright:
"O Lord," quoth he, "if so were, that I might
Have all this treasure to myself alone,
There is no man that liveth under the throne
Of God, that shoulde live so merry as I."
And at the last the fiend, our enemy,
Put in his thought that he should poison buy,
With which he mighte slay his fellows tway.

And he goes to an apothecary, and asked him for poison to destroy rats. He said also there was a mole cat in his farm-yard that slew his capons. The apothecary said, "As truly as may God save me, thou shalt have a thing that if any living creature eat or drink but so much of it as is the bize of a corn of wheat, he shall die, and in less time than thou wilt go a mile: so strong and violent is the poison." This cursed man takes the poison in a box, and he goes into the next street, and borrowed of a man three large bottles, and poured the poison in two of them; the third he kept clear for his own drink; for he was determined to labour all night in carrying the gold away from the place. He then filled the three bottles with wine, and returned to his companions.

What needeth it the eof to sermon more?
For right as they had cast his death before,
Right so they have him slain, and that anon.
And when that this was done, thus spake that one,
"Now let us sit, and drink, and make us merry,
And afterward we will his body bury."

And with that word, he happened to take the bottle where the poison was, and he drank, and gave to his fellow to drink; and shortly they both perished.

[Thus did the Rioters find Death.]

FYNES MORYSON.—No. I.

TRAVELS of every description are in our day abundant. Beyond any other class of authors—novelists alone excepted—are travellers prolific. Scarcely a spot on earth, or a way by sea, is left untraversed or undescribed. To "travel without travelling," as old Purchas called it, by reading others' travels, would now be a labour far greater than a voyage on our own account round the world or to the north pole. It was not always so. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, in the well-known collections of Hakluyt and Purchas the English reader had within a moderate compass almost all the travellers' tales worth reading—and some that might without any great loss be left unread. There was little variety in these, although much novelty and many marvels. Our earlier travels were mostly records of the visits of ambassadors and others to the courts of barbarian princes—at the time they were published of great value and interest, though now they have been superseded by the descriptions of later travellers; or they were the accounts of voyages of discovery, which the perilous adventures and indomitable courage of the old seamen will always render attractive. Very few Englishmen had at that time related their European journeyings, and those not well. This is a matter of regret. To trace the progress of civilization by means of the advances of internal improvement, and the increase of domestic comforts in neighbouring states, is always interesting, and not without its use. At the close of the sixteenth century, travelling on the continent of Europe was no easy

thing—and least of all for an Englishman. To the discomforts of bad lodging, the perils of robbers by land and pirates by sea (if he attempted to coast from one place to another), common to travellers of all nations, there was the danger, peculiar to him, of apprehension by the officers of the Inquisition. Not many of our countrymen therefore did travel on the Continent then; there were some, however, who braved all dangers, and of these a very few have given us the memorials of their toils. We have, already, introduced one—that eccentric wanderer, Tom Coryat—to our readers; we now present to them another, his contemporary, but a very different personage.

The little that is known of Fynes Moryson, beyond what is contained in his *Itinerary*, may be told in a very few words. He was born of a good family in Lincolnshire, in 1566; matriculated as a student at Cambridge in 1580; received his M.A. degree in 1587; then, after due preparation, set out on his travels; returning from which, he went, in 1598, to Ireland as secretary to Mountjoy, the lord deputy, well known in the Irish history of that period; and died about 1614. His travels were not published till after his death; they appeared in 1617, under the title of an *Itinerary* containing his *Ten Years' Travels* through the dominions of Germany, Bohemia, Switzerland, Netherlands, Denmark, Poland, Italy, Turkey, France, England, Scotland, and Ireland. It is a huge folio of nine hundred pages, divided into three parts, of which the first contains the journal of his wanderings, noting down carefully the length of his stages and the duration of his stay in the various places, with a current statement of his travelling expenses, the second part "containeth the rebellion of Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, and the appeasing thereof," written also in form of a journal, as well as an account of the country; the third part consists of a discourse upon travelling and advice to travellers, a collection of the proverbs he had collected in the various countries he passed through, and a general description of the countries treated of in his Journal, with remarks on the dress and manners of the inhabitants. Few would turn to such a book without expecting to find both entertainment and information, and few would be disappointed. Yet it will not be supposed that it is like a modern book of travels. It is very formal, a little pedantic, and it must be owned, though amusement is readily picked out of it, altogether it is not a little dull. There is evidence enough in it that if he had simply recast his journals, we should have had a readable production; but his method was far more operative. The whole was first written in Latin, and "then translated into English, and that in divers copies, no man being able in the first copy to put so large a work in good fashion." In its present state the book is of a somewhat alarming bulk, being nearly as large, though not nearly so heavy, as the *Travels* of one in our own day, which, however, it would fairly and in every way have matched, had it been wrought out according to the original plan of its author, who intended to have "prefixed to it an abstract, he wrote for the purpose, of the history of the twelve dominions described, but he omitted it, not wishing to make his gate bigger than his city."

Moryson was an intelligent traveller. He retained many of the prejudices of his age and country, but on the whole was of a liberal and an equitable spirit. A fair-taking and keen observer, he does not willingly overlook anything. Without any of the airs of modern

science, and unacquainted with natural history, he passed unnoticed many things that form the staple of recent books, but he fixed his attention the more upon the manners of the people he visited: and fortunately that is what is now the main object for which we turn to the pages of an old traveller. Without further preface—lest we make our gate too big for our city—we will cull a few passages, endeavouring to select such as are illustrative of the state of the places he visited, or of his manner of taking notes.

Having been elected fellow of his college (Peter-House, Cambridge), proceeded M.A., and commenced the study of civil law, "then, as well for the ornament of this profession, as out of my innated desire to gain experience by travelling into foreign parts, upon the privilege of our statutes permitting two of the society to travel, I obtained licence to that purpose of the said master and fellows in the year 1589, being then full twenty-three years old." Before setting out, however, he "went to London, there to follow some studies fit to enable him in this course," which, together with some family circumstances, delayed his departure till 1591. In that year, "upon the 1st of May, I took ship at Leigh, distant from London twenty-eight miles by land and thirty-six by water, where Thames, in a large bed, is carried into the sea;" and after visiting almost every part of Europe, "upon Tuesday the 13th of May (after the old style), in the year 1595, early in the morning, we landed in England at Dover; and I paid a French crown for my passage in the ship (from Dieppe), and six English pence for my passage in a boat from the ship to that port of blessed England."

We shall not follow his wanderings, and it would be idle to give an outline of them over a track so well known. Tom Coryat boldly walked through Europe: but Moryson did not like walking; and on one occasion, when he was "persuaded to take a journey on foot," he loudly declares that he found it "unprofitable for his health and his purse," and vows never more to be so misled. This is his account of the journey: "After dinner, I took my journey (from Sebaftenhausen) on foot, and with more sighs than paces, came in four hours with much pain to the little city of Eglusaw; and, coming to the inn, they offered me meat, but I did nothing but so cry out for my bed as you would have said I was the eldest son of sloth. To be brief, they being slow to satisfy my desire, I flung myself on the feather-bed without sheets, and so at ease, snuggled on the old fashion with the cloth spread on the bed. . . . Next morning early, by twilight, we began our journey, having the gates opened for a little reward. You may think that I was fresh after my night's rest for a new journey, but I rose early only to be out of my pain. By nine of the clock in the morning we came to the fair city Zurich, which seemed fairer to me as the end of my tedious travel; presently I ran into my chamber, and, with like importunity as before, obtained my bed to be made. . . . neither Ceres nor Bacchus could for twenty hours draw me from my bed." This terrible morning's walk was, after all, according to his account, only "two miles which he went in six hours' space," but we suppose they were Swiss miles. But this is only a little playful exaggeration, and occurs at the outset of his travels; we find him afterwards undertaking some really laborious journeys on foot without any "affectations."

His usual mode of travelling was by coach, joining with any others he met with who were going in the same direction as himself. This, which appears to have been the only practicable method, was a tedious and not always a pleasant method. Take his description of his journey from Leipzig to Dresden as a specimen. "By good hap, and beyond my expectation, I light upon a coach going to Dresden. . . . Will you know

This part was reprinted as Dublin in 1805, in two volumes, octavo, under the title of *A History of Ireland from 1500 to 1603*; this is generally described as a distinct work, but it is a mere reprint of the second part of the *Itinerary*. The reprint is probably about from its being published without any indication of its being part of the larger work.

the companions of my journey? I was alone among a coach full of women, and those of the Elector's Duchesse's chamber, forsooth, which you would have said to have been of the blackguard. It was a comedy for me to hear their discourse; now declaiming against Calvinists, now brawling together, now mutually with tears bewailing their hard fortunes: and they fell into all these changes while the wind blew from one and the same quarter. Is anything lighter than woman? And lest they should want matter, sometimes they charged me to be a Calvinist, sometimes a Jew. . . . At eight o'clock in the night, the horses being spent, myself wearied, and only their tongues untired, we came to a village called Derwalden, where we should lodge. We entered a kind of barn, myself not without sighs. . . . No man returned salutation unto us: the women, my companions, drew out victuals they had brought to eat; I being fasting to that hour, with great fear and trembling of heart, expected that at least they would give me some raw bacon or dried puddings. But they thought nothing less. At last I desired an egg or two for my supper. The servant answered that the old woman was in bed, and that he knew not the mystery whether any eggs were in the house or no. If the comical poet's Satrio had been there he would have fallen into a swoon. To be brief, the women took compassion on me; and I, without blushing, was content to eat of free cost, and made them know that I was no Jew, for I made no religion to eat what was before me." His lodging was little better than his fare. Clean straw was provided for beds, and "the women, virgins, maids, and maid-servants, all of us lay in one room, and myself was lodged farthest from the stove, which they did not for any favour; though contrary to their wish I was glad of it. . . . On Saturday, the same day, I came to Dresden, from whence five passengers were newly gone for Prague, in a coach; but after three days' expectation I have found new consorts, and to-morrow I begin my journey to Bohemia."

Besides all this, it should be remembered, in order to understand the difficulties of continental travelling in those days, that he could not venture to travel as an Englishman, and was frequently obliged to disguise himself as a mediol to avoid the questions of the bands of regular robbers and of discharged soldiers every where strolling about. Moryson's skill in the languages enabled him to assume the habit of a foreigner with little risk of detection: so much so, that when he introduced himself to Cardinal Allen at Rome as an Englishman, a priest who was present followed him into the next room to express his surprise. "He was an Englishman, a priest of Calabria, who in my journey from Naples to Rome had been my consort by the way, at the table, and even in bed, whom I had often heard talking with the Italians of English affairs, but more modestly and honestly than any man would expect of a priest. He taking myself and one Master Warrington, an English gentleman, by the hands, with an astonished look, did congratulate with me, that I who had been his companion at bed and board, and whom he had taken rather for any countryman, was now become an Englishman."

Some of our countrymen, however, were not so successful in their imitation of the foreign manner. Moryson gives a somewhat ludicrous account of one he fell in with somewhere in the duchy of Milan. Wishing to go from Genoa to Milan, "which they account ninety miles," our author resolved to make the journey on foot in the character of a Dutch servant, "willingly exposing himself to that trouble, partly to spare his purse in the bottom, partly to pass more safely in his disguise through the duchy of Milan, subject to the Spaniards, who then had wars with the

English." At a village inn where he stayed one night, he found an English merchant, who, without being asked whence he came, professed himself to be a Dutchman. Upon this Moryson addressed him in the Dutch language, but the other confessed he could not understand it, "having been born upon the confines of France." When addressed in the French tongue, however, he was exactly at a loss, and his blunderings in the Italian, which he could use enough to spoil, soon showed Moryson what countryman he had to deal with, though of course he concealed his knowledge. "When upon supper being ended, he perceiving himself to have been thus pressed by a poor fellow sitting at the lower end of the table, took me for a spy, and feared I should betray him, and presently went into the stable, where he commanded his servant to saddle their horses, that they might ride all night towards Genoa. But I following him, and boldly speaking English to him, he was soon content to stay all night, and to take me in my homely apparel for his bed-fellow."

Magnitude of Tanks in India.—The word "Tank" suggests to most people the idea of a common cistern attached to a dwelling house, and filled with rain-water from pipes along the roof. The word "Pond," again, recalls images of muddy water, dragged post-horses, tank weeds, and a combined fleet of ducks and geese engaged in common warfare against frogs and worms. To call the tanks of Mysore by the name of lakes would be nearer the mark, for many of them well deserve that appellation. The Moata Talera, for example, or Rich Tank, near Seringapatam. I understand is nearly thirty miles in circumference. I never saw that particular sheet of water; but many of the artificial lakes which I did examine measured six, eight, and ten miles round; and so vast are their numbers, that I remember counting considerably more than a hundred at one view from the top of Nundydroog, nor do I believe that the least of these could have been less than two or three miles in circuit.—*Captain Basil Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels.*

Bathing in the Douro.—It is an amusing sight, and enlivened withal, to look at the rows of white tents, the beautiful girls and their elegant dresses, the crowds of spectators, each sheltered by a bright-coloured umbrella, and some thirty or forty ladies and gentlemen, fat and thin, tall and short, old and young, in the water together, dipping and spluttering, shouting and shrieking, as the white-crested wave rolls towards them—some attempting to swim, others, fearful of being carried out to sea, clinging to their attendants' arms, and endeavouring to make their escape to terra firma. Here an old woman bearing aloft a little cherub, independent of any costume, to dip it a due number of times—there a bathing-girl encouraging a stout old gentleman to venture into the water, after he has received the first souse on the head from the contents of a basin, to prevent his feeling the effect of the shock to his feet. Sometimes three or four young ladies will go in together, or a gentleman may be seen leading gallantly some fair one of his acquaintance: but everything is conducted with the strictest propriety and decorum; so that, however extraordinary the style may appear at first to the stranger, he soon becomes accustomed to it. The most amusing scenes have passed, never to recur, when the friar came down to bathe. Some years ago there was an extremely fat friar, who was ordered to take a certain number of baths at a certain hour in the morning, and it was the general custom to go down and see him perform the ceremony. He had four persons to attend him, six men who stood on the shore holding ropes attached to his waist (for he had, conscious of his own floating qualities, a most pious horror of being washed away), and four women who accompanied him into the water. When they got him there, with a proper solicitude for his health, they took good care to make him perform his ablutions thoroughly. While the men slackened the rope, they used to dip his head and duck him most unmercifully, pressing his head down with their hands; like the merry wives of Windsor putting Sir John Falstaff into the clothes-basket. He dared not resist, for they should leave him to his fate, and they would not let him, as he had taken the prebared number of dips—he spluttering, and crying, and praying, and swearing all the time.—*Kingdon's Lusitanian Sketches of the Pen and Pencil.*



THE BRITISH VALHALLA.

NO. XI.—THE WARS AND CONQUESTS
IN FRANCE



NEVER the royalty nor the people of England had ever wholly reconciled themselves to the loss of their dominions in France, which had been owing to the vices and follies of King John; nor had the French ever moderated their hostility to England. These two great neighbouring countries were, nearly always ready, or, if not ready, quite willing to rush into war with one another. There was nothing peculiar in this. In that warlike, boisterous period, all contiguous states were rivals and enemies, engaged in almost incessant hostilities. To states a neighbour meant a foe. It was not singly the ambitions and passions of the rulers of these

states that fed the hostile flames; the feelings, passions, antipathies, and supposed interests of the aristocracy and common people furnished fuel, and oftentimes first kindled the fire. Kings and other sovereign princes were quite as often driven into war by their subjects or vassals, as they were impelled towards it by their own wishes; and an unsatiated ruler was generally regarded with contempt, and could rarely secure himself on his own throne. Nor was this passion for war and aggression at all limited to countries under a monarchical form of government. The Italian republics and the other free states of the middle ages, in some of which the democratic principle was paramount or largely mixed, were not, in any degree, more peaceable or more friendly to their neighbours than were the European monarchies of the period. These Italian commonwealths were hardly ever at peace with one another. Their hostilities were waged with a fury, a blood-thirstiness, and vindictiveness, far exceeding

what was shown in the struggles of the great regal states; and the refining and humanizing influences of chivalry, properly speaking, flourished only in more northern climates, and never extended beyond the Alps.

This period of strife and violence is not to be taken as a happy or an enviable one, nor are its deeds and high achievements to be presented as objects of emulation and imitation to a more advanced, a more humane, and wiser age; but still it was a phase through which the great European society had to pass; and such portions of that society as shone brightest in it—the countries that most distinguished themselves by feats of arms, when arms alone gave distinction—may safely and honourably cherish the recollection of those old empires. In the temper of the present day there seems less reason to apprehend any revival of the headlong passion for war of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries than there is for apprehending a lukewarmness or indifference about our old, martial, national glories. A state of perfect peace is not to be expected in this world, any more than the perfection of human virtue and human happiness. Only an unimaginative perfectibilian who makes this earth his be-all and his end-all, and who never looks beyond it, can entertain the hazy dream that wars and strife will cease for ever among men. So long as men and nations are what they are, it behoves every people to cherish the military glory of their ancestors, and to keep up a bold and martial bearing. It is a common adage, that the best way to secure the blessings of peace is to be always ready for war. There is also a moral security in the past history of every great and warlike nation—(and no nation ever was or ever will be great that was not first warlike), there is a security in being able to show in the pages of history the efforts of which their country has been capable in all times, and the valour their predecessors have displayed on all occasions.

In the year 1328, being the second year of the reign of our Edward III., Charles IV. of France, brother of Isabella the queen-mother of England, departed this life. Charles had no children, but left Joan his queen enceinte. A regency was appointed and the crown was kept in abeyance; if Joan should be delivered of a son, then that infant was to be king; but in due time she gave birth to a daughter, and, by an ancient interpretation of a portion of the Salique law, and by the usages and precedents of many ages, it was held that no female could inherit the throne of France. The infant daughter of the late king was therefore set aside without debate or hesitation; and Philip of Valois, cousin-german to the deceased king, ascended the throne, taking the title of Philip VI. Our King Edward's mother, Isabella, with the state-lawyers of England and some foreign jurists, pretended from the first that Edward had a preferable right, in his descent from her (Isabella); but it was deemed unsafe to press it at the time; and when Philip of Valois demanded that the King of England should, in his quality of Duke of Aquitaine, go over to France and do homage to him, threatening to dispossess him of all the continental dominions that remained to England if he refused, the young King of England was obliged to comply, though he rendered the homage in vague terms, and entered his protest against the measure before his own council in England, whose national pride was hurt by the expected homage, and who advised Edward to enter into no protest. Putting aside the incapacity of females, Edward certainly was nearer in the French line of succession than Philip of Valois; he was grandson of Philip IV. by his daughter Isabella, whereas Philip was grandson to the father of that monarch, Philip III., by his youngest son Charles of Valois. But Philip traced through males, and Edward only through his

mother. The young English monarch, however, maintained that, although by the fundamental laws of France his mother, as a female, was herself excluded, he, as her son, was not. But Philip and all France insisted, on the contrary, that a mother could not transmit to her children any regal right of which she herself had never been possessed. And even if Edward had made out his principle, he would have proved a great deal too much, and would have excluded himself as well as Philip of Valois; for by that very principle the succession rested with the son of Joan, queen of Navarre, who was the daughter of Louis X., the eldest brother of Isabella. But such a principle was contrary to the maxims of every country in Europe, and repugnant alike to the practice as well in public as in private inheritances. The French, moreover, who ought to have been the only judges in this case, maintained it to be a fundamental law that no foreigner could reign in France, and contended that one of the capital objects of their Salique law was, to exclude from the throne the husbands and children of the daughters or princesses of France, who generally married foreigners.* The French were almost unanimous in their support of Philip of Valois. The peers of the kingdom had voted that the crown belonged to him; the Assembly of Paris had decreed the same thing; and the States General had confirmed their judgment: and not only the whole French nation, but all Europe, had recognised Philip. Edward himself, in the year 1331, repeated his homage to him in a more satisfactory manner than on the former occasion; and it was not until 1336 that he openly declared that the peers of France and the Assembly of Paris, and the States General of the kingdom had acted rather like villains and robbers than upright judges; and that he would no longer submit to their decision or recognise Philip as king. Edward, however, repeatedly offered to give up his own claims, if Philip would abandon the cause of the Scots patriots (who were bravely fighting the English for the preservation of their national independence), and restore some places he had forcibly seized in Gascony. Nay, the English king offered to contract both a family and a political alliance with the *de facto* French king. But Philip seems to have considered his claims to the French crown as too ridiculous to be worth any sacrifice of honour or breach of treaty with the Scots: and he was not captivated by Edward's proposal of intermarrying their children. The French king, who sadly miscalculated his strength, had not only given an asylum to David Bruce, but had begged to aid the Scots patriots with ships, arms, and money, thus making himself the ally of a power at war with Edward. Edward, on his side, had given shelter to Robert of Artois, who was descended from the royal stock of France, who had married King Philip's sister, and who was believed to have a strong party in France. On account of a disputed succession to the great fief of Artois, this Robert had been involved in a quarrel, that entailed disgrace on both parties, with his brother-in-law King Philip, who eventually had driven him into exile and hanged some of his adherents. Count Robert was a man of violent passions and desperate councils; his rage against the French king was boundless; and it is said that, before raising him up a formidable rival in the person of Edward of England, he had attempted Philip's life by spells and witchcraft, and by the surer agency of the assassin's dagger. He was also eloquent and persuasive, enterprising and brave; he was skilful alike in the cabinet and in the field; few princes of the time enjoying a higher military reputation. With such a guest, companion, and counsellor, it was next to impossible that the young and warlike Edward should

* Pictorial History of England.

long remain at peace with France. Yet it was King Philip who first threw down the gauntlet. He sent imperious letters and messages to the royal hero of England; he threatened to fall upon Guienne if he did not immediately dismiss from his court and country that rebel and firebrand Robert of Artois; and soon putting his menaces into execution, he marched troops into Guienne and there stormed and took some of Edward's castles. This roused the English lion. Forthwith Edward sent over a commission bearing date the 7th of October 1337, to the Earl of Brabant and others, to demand for him the crown of France as his hereditary and indisputable right. The nation went along with the king; the coming war with France was most popular with all classes of men; victory was predicted and confidently anticipated; and having obtained subsidies, tallages, and loans,—having seized the tin in Cornwall and Devonshire, and the wool of the year all over the kingdom,—having even pawned the jewels of the crown, and adopted almost every possible means of raising money wherewith to subsidize his allies on the continent, Edward sailed from the broad and pleasant Orwell in Suffolk, with a respectable fleet, and a fine but not large army, on the 15th of July, 1338. Four days after he landed at Antwerp, where he had secured himself a friendly reception. The Earl of Flanders, the nominal sovereign, was bound to his rival king Philip; but the earl had scarcely a shadow of political authority in the country, for the democratic party had recently triumphed over the aristocracy, and the inhabitants of the great trading and manufacturing cities had placed themselves under the government of James Van Artevelde, a brewer of Ghent, who had the art to rule that fierce democracy, and who was at this moment in possession of a more than sovereign authority in that rich and populous country. Under this remarkable brewer an end was put to internal dissensions; and industry, trade, and prosperity were wonderfully on the increase. The King of France was hated by the Flemings as the declared enemy of this state of things, and the avowed protector of the expelled or humbled nobles; and this hatred was augmented by the intermeddling spirit of the French aristocracy, who were constantly threatening that they would invade the Low Countries, hang the brewer, and restore the tarnished honour and the pristine power of the old, proud, and vindictive oligarchy. The Flemings also suspected Philip of a covert design to destroy their national independence, and annex their country to France; and thus, when Edward courted their plebeian alliance, they forgot some old grudges against the English, and engaged to assist heart and hand in their wars. Edward's other allies were the Emperor of Germany, the Dukes of Brabant and Gueldres, the Archbishop of Cologne, the Marquis of Juliers, the Counts of Hainault and Namur, the Lords of Fauquemont and Bacquen, and some others, who, for certain subsidies, engaged to furnish troops. Edward, however, soon found that little reliance was to be placed on such coalitions, where every power endeavoured to get as much English money as possible, and to do as little as might be for it. At the same time Philip of France allied himself with the Kings of Navarre and Bohemia, the Dukes of Austria, Brittany, and Lorraine, the Palatine of the Rhine, and with several of the inferior princes of Germany. On either side delays, obstructions, and disappointments occurred; the whole of this year, 1338, was passed in inactivity, and, after spending much money, all that Edward could procure from his allies was a promise to meet him next year in the month of July, and in a state of readiness. But it was the middle of September, 1339, ere the English king could take the field, and then only 15,000 men-at-arms followed him to the siege of Cambray. On the frontiers of

France the Counts of Namur and Hainault abandoned him. At St. Quentin the rest of his allies halted and refused to go any further. Upon this Edward found himself obliged to retreat to Ghent. About the middle of February, 1340, he returned to England, to obtain more money; and the parliament, still sharing in his passion for conquest, readily voted him immense supplies. Before he could return to Flanders, Edward was informed that Philip had collected a very numerous fleet in the harbour of Sluys, for the purpose of intercepting him on his voyage. The lords of his council advised him to tarry till more English ships could be collected and got ready; but he would not be detained so much as a day, and, on the 22nd of June, he set sail with such an English fleet as was prepared. On the following evening he came in sight of the enemy, who, on the morning of the 24th, drew out to the mouth of the harbour of Sluys, not seeming so much to offer battle, as to be sure of making an easy and great capture. As the English king saw their movement he exclaimed—"Ha! I have long desired to fight with the Frenchmen, and now I shall fight with some of them by the grace of God and St. George." And then the English king ranged all his ships in order of battle, placing the strongest foremost, and lining them well with his bowmen; and between two ships full of bowmen he placed one full of men-at-arms; and he also had a battalia in reserve, quite full of archers to reinforce the foremost line if there should be need of it. And in this reserve was a great swarm of countesses, baronesses, ladies of knights and citizens' wives, all coming over to visit the queen of England, who had remained at Ghent. These dames the king of England placed under the safeguard of three hundred brave men-at-arms and five hundred bowmen. And when the king of England and his marshals had arranged their order of battle and their ships very wisely, they made spread their sails and so rushed onward with both sun and wind at their backs.† The Normans, who were the main force of King Philip's fleet, clearly saw by his banners that the King of England was personally engaging; and they put their ships in good positions, for they were expert in matters of the sea, and good combatants; and they advanced the Christopher, that great ship which they had conquered the year before from the English, and this great ship, with a great provision of trumpets, and other martial instruments, went to meet King Edward. Then commenced the battle, and hard and fierce it was on both sides. Archers and arbalesters assailed one another furiously; stones were cast and arrows discharged from the decks; and then, fastening their ships together with grappling-irons, hooks, and chains, the men-at-arms fought hand to hand, with swords, and pikes, and battle-axes. There the Christopher (grand ship!) was retaken by the English, and all those on board of her were slain or captured. And then was there great shouting and noise; and stronger the English came on; and having in an instant covered the deck of the Christopher with their bowmen, they rushed upon the Genoese ships that were serving with the French, and that were all conquered. "This battle of which I am speaking to you," continues Froissart, "was very murderous and very horrible, for battles and assaults upon the sea are harder and more terrible than those on land, as no man can draw himself off, or flee; thus all must fight, and seek to sell his life dear, and attend the issue of the adventure, and show himself wherever he is needed, and give proof of all his hardihood and prowess. Very true is it that, on the side of King Philip, Messire Hugue Kyriel was good and bold, as were also Messires Babucliet and Barbe-

* Froissart.

† Id.

The battle and devastation lasted from the hour of prime even unto noon: and it fell to the English to endure great pain and trouble, for their enemies were as four to one; and all men of action and good men of the sea. There the English king with his own right hand proved himself a valorous knight (for he was in the flower of his youth), and so also did the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, Huntingdon, Northampton, and Gloucester, and the sire of Percy, and Messire Walter Manny and Messire Robert of Artois, and many other barons and chevaliers.*

This may be called the first of our great national victories. It was complete. Nearly the whole of the French fleet was taken; and Frenchmen, Normans, and Genoese were all captured, slain, or drowned. All that night, which was the eve of St. John the Baptist, the English king stayed upon the sea with his ships, which lay close before Sluys, making a great clamour and noise of trumpets and other manner of instruments. And when the morrow came, which was St. John's day, the king and all his people took port and land: and the king, setting out humbly on foot, with a great swarm of chivalry, went in his pilgrim state to the shrine of our lady of Ardenbourg; and there the king heard mass, and dined; and went the same day to Ghent, where the queen his wife was, who received him with great joy.*

His splendid victory, and, still more, the great sums of money he carried with him, brought Edward's allies trooping round his standard. Two hundred thousand men in all are said to have followed him to the French frontier; but again the mass of this incongruous host broke up without doing anything of note, and after challenging the French king to single combat, and spending nearly all his money, Edward was obliged to agree to an armistice.*

So long as Edward fought with foreign mercenaries, and from the side of Flanders, on which frontier France was exceedingly strong, he met with no success and made no impression upon the dominions of Philip; but now he was about to try the effect of the arms of his native English, events having opened to him a new road into France, and enabled him to change the seat of war, from the Flemish frontier and Picardy, to Normandy, Brittany, and Poitou, the real scenes of his military glory. It was another disputed succession that occasioned the renewal of the war. John III., duke of Brittany, died in 1341, leaving no issue. Of his two brothers, Guy and John de Montfort, Guy, the elder, had died some time before him, leaving only a daughter, Jane, surnamed *La Boiteuse* (or The Lame), who was married to Charles de Blois, nephew of the French king. A dispute arose between the uncle and the niece, each claiming the duchy by the laws of inheritance. The uncle, John de Montfort, was by far the more active and the more popular of these two competitors; his claim was recognised by the majority of the Breton bishops and nobles; he got possession of the treasures of the late duke his brother, he besieged and took Brest, Vannes, and other fortresses that held out for his niece, and then crossed over to England to solicit the co-operation of Edward, being well assured that Philip would protect his nephew Charles of Blois, the husband of *La Boiteuse*, and seek through his means to incorporate Brittany with France. Philip, who had not completed his warlike preparations, and who appears, at this moment, to have dreaded the return of Edward to this continent, assumed a tone of great moderation and justice, and offered, as suzerain, to judge impartially between the claims of the uncle and the niece, and to appoint a court of peers and other magistrates to try this great cause according to the ancient laws, usages, and constitution of Brittany.

* Froissart.

† Picot. Hist. Eng.

Quitting England, John de Montfort, the uncle, went boldly to Paris, whither the peers and magnates were summoned, being attended by four hundred Breton nobles and gentlemen. John soon found that the French king and peerage would give his cause no chance of a fair trial and examination, they being one and all predetermined to support his niece and rival, or rather her husband Charles of Blois; nor was he long in suspecting that a plot was on foot to deprive him either of his liberty or of his life. Leaving his parchments and most of his friends behind him, he fled from Paris in disguise. A few days after his flight, an award was pronounced by the Court of Peers in favour of his niece; and King Philip resolutely announced his intention of putting her in possession of the duchy by force of arms. Edward quite as resolutely declared that this should never be done so long as he was king of England and leader and captain of the bravest army in the world. Philip, however, was so far right that, by the old usages of Brittany, women had succeeded; but then the other party could assert and prove that this had only been the case in default of males, or when there was no near male blood relation of the deceased duke or earl. The people of Brittany were as unanimous in preferring the uncle to the niece as were the French people in preferring Philip to Edward.

After his escape from Paris, John de Montfort returned to London, and then and there did homage for his duchy to Edward as lawful king of France. At the same time Charles of Blois, the husband of Jane the Lame, did homage for the duchy to his uncle Philip, who furnished him with an army of six thousand men. To meet this army of invasion, John de Montfort hurried back to Brittany; and before King Edward could cross the seas or send him any assistance, he was taken prisoner by foul treachery, and sent to King Philip, who committed him to close confinement in the Tower of the Louvre. Charles of Blois then got possession of Nantes and other towns, and fondly flattered himself that the contest was over. But John de Montfort's wife was still in Brittany, and that beautiful and majestic woman had "the courage of a man and the heart of a lion."* With her infant son in her arms, she presented herself to the people, and implored their assistance for the only male issue of their ancient line of princes. Such an appeal from a young and beautiful woman made a deep impression on those susceptible and impassioned hearts of the ancient Celtic stock—a race as yet almost unmixed in the commoners and peasantry of Brittany. Swords flew up in the air, and like the Hungarians, who at a much later period vowed they would all die for their empress-queen, the Bretons swore that they would fight unto death for their lady-regent and her infant boy. As if expressly to refute the argumentations of her husband, who had pleaded before the court of peers at Paris that women were incapable of government because they could not do battle like men, the countess put her hand to the sword, put a steel casque on her fair head, and rode from castle to castle, from town to town, raising troops and commanding them in the field, like a hardy and well-skilled knight. When the French army of Charles of Blois pent her up and besieged her in the castle of Henneson, on the coast, she made good that castle in the most heroic manner, indignantly rejecting every proposition of surrender or for capitulation, and keeping up the fainting spirits of her people with confident assurances that English ships and troops would soon come to her relief. Mounted on her fleet war-horse, she made several sorties, breaking through and through the French beleaguering lines, and getting safely back at the dead of night with reinforcements for her garrison. At last a scarcity of provisions began to be felt within these

* Froissart.

well-defended walls. Day after day the anxious eyes of famishing men were cast seaward, and still no English fleet was seen. A timid or treacherous bishop, who had been shut up with her, renewed his dismal croaking, and was at length allowed to enter upon overtures for a capitulation. De Montfort's wife, however, entreated the lords of Brittany, for the love of God, to conclude nothing as yet, telling them she was sure she should receive great help from England before three more days passed. On the morrow, the garrison were completely disheartened by their long fast; the bishop again communicated with the enemy, and the French were coming up to take possession of the castle, when the countess, who was looking over the sea from a casement in the high tower, suddenly cried out "The English! the English! I see the succours coming." And it was indeed the English fleet, she saw appearing above the line of the horizon. It had been detained forty days by contrary winds, but now it came merrily over the waves with a press of sail. "The people of Hennebon crowded the seaward rampart to gladden and exult in the sight. Who talks of capitulation or surrender now? Back, ye French! Get ye hence, Charles of Blois! Remember the sea-fight of Sluys! Here is the English king's armament! And in brief space of time, the English ships, great and small, shot into the port, and landed a body of troops, under the conduct of Sir Walter Manny, who had fought at Sluys, and who was as brave a soldier and as perfect a knight as had ever fought in any battle. The fair countess received her deliverers with enthusiastic gratitude. For the lords and captains she dressed up chambers in the castle with fine tapestry, and she dined at table with them all. On the following day, after a good dinner, Sir Walter Manny said, "Sir, I have a great mind to go forth and break down this great battering engine of the French, that stands so near us, if any will follow me on that enterprise." Quoth Sir Hugh of Tregnier, "I will not fall thee in this first adventure." And so also said Sir Galeran. The knights armed, and the robust yeomen of England, who really did the business, took up their bows and arrows. Manny went quietly out by a postern-gate. His archers shot "so thick together," that the French in charge of the engine could not stand it; they fled in amaze, and the uncomfortable machine was destroyed. Then Manny rushed on the besiegers' tents and lodgings, set fire to them in many places, smiting and killing not a few; and, this being all done, he withdrew with his companions "fair and easily." The countess, who had watched the whole of the gallant sortie from the high tower, now descended, and came forth joyously, and kissed Sir Walter Manny and his comrades, one after the other, two or three times, like the brave lady that she was.

The very next morning the French raised the siege of Hennebon, and retired into Lower Brittany. They were speedily followed, and on the dismal field of Quimperle they were cut to pieces almost to a man by the English and the people of the country whom they had cruelly harassed. But in the course of a few months Charles of Blois reappeared before Hennebon, and began a fresh siege with a much more numerous French army. But the people in the town now cared little for the number of their besiegers, and they mocked them and scoffed at them from their walls, crying out, "Ye be not numerous enough yet; ye be not enough to take Hennebon! Go, and seek your companions who sleep in the fields of Quimperle!" Another brilliant sortie, headed by Sir Walter Manny, put an end to this second siege—the French retreating with disgrace and loss. The wife of De Montfort then went over to England to press for further reinforce-

* Froissart.

ments. King Edward furnished her with some English troops, which were placed under the command of Robert of Artois, and embarked in forty-six vessels, most of which were but small and weak. Between the island of Guernsey and the French coast, these ships encountered a French fleet of thirty-two tall ships, on board of which were a thousand men-at-arms, and three thousand Genoese crossbow-men. A fierce combat ensued, during which De Montfort's wife stood on the deck with a "stiff and sharp sword," and a coat of mail, fighting manfully. The battle was interrupted by the darkness of night and by a tremendous storm; but the English, whose object was to reach Brittany as soon as possible, after suffering some loss at sea, got safely into a little port between Hennebon and Vannes. Robert of Artois landed the troops and proceeded with the countess, to lay siege to Vannes, of which Charles of Blois had obtained possession. Vannes was carried by a night assault, and then the brave lady returned triumphantly to Hennebon. Soon after, Vannes was retaken by an immense host, led on by Olivier de Clisson, and De Beaumanoir. Robert of Artois, who had remained to defend the place, escaped through a postern; but he was sorely wounded, and obliged to return to London, where within a few weeks he finished his stormy career. Upon this King Edward determined to head the war in Brittany himself, with twelve thousand fighting men. After landing his troops and saluting the countess, the English king went to Vannes and established a siege there; he then proceeded to Rennes, and thence to Nantes, driving the French before him.

But King Philip not only reinforced his nephew Charles, but also sent his eldest son the Duke of Normandy to serve with him in Brittany. Edward retraced his steps to Vannes, which his captains had not been able to take during his absence. When the Duke of Normandy followed him with a far superior force, he intrenched himself in front of Vannes; and then the French formed an intrenched camp at a short distance from him. Here both parties lay inactive for several weeks, during which winter set in. The Duke of Normandy dreaded every day that Edward would be reinforced from England; and it appears that an English fleet was actually on the way. On the other hand, Edward dreaded that he should be left without provisions before his fleet could arrive. At this juncture, two Legates of the Pope arrived at the hostile camps, and, by their good offices, a truce was concluded for three years and eight months.

Rarely was a truce less observed. Instead of releasing John of Montfort, which he was bound to do by the treaty, Philip made his confinement still more rigorous, and answered the remonstrances of the Pope with a miserable quibble. The war was continued against the Bretons, who still fought gallantly under their young, fair, and fearless countess; and hostilities were carried on, both by sea and land, between the French and English. The people of both these nations were so exasperated against each other, that they seldom missed an opportunity of fighting, caring nothing for the armistice which their respective princes and rulers had sworn to. The popular prejudices and passions of the two people rendered any lasting peace impracticable, even if the two rival kings had honestly and earnestly wished for it. A savage and treacherous deed drew down a dreadful odium on King Philip, and roused the implacable enmity of many great and powerful French families. During a gay tournament he suddenly arrested Olivier de Clisson, Godfrey d'Ilarcourt, and twelve other lords and knights, and had their heads cut off in the midst of the Halls or market-place of Paris. Other nobles were treacherously seized and disposed of in the same

summary manner in Normandy and elsewhere. They were all said to have been engaged in a treasonable correspondence with England; but not one of these noblemen was brought to trial, or subjected to any kind of legal examination. They were *suspected*, inveigled, and seized; and as soon as they were seized they were beheaded. A cry of horror ran through the land. Philip was denounced as a tyrant and monster, and his nephew, Charles of Blois, was coupled with him. Such of the Breton nobles as had been induced to support Charles, instantly went over to the countess; other lords, fearing that they in their turn might be *suspected*, fled from the French court, and then really opened a correspondence with Edward, inviting him into France. Shortly after these events John de Montfort, who had lain three years a captive, and who had many times expected death, contrived to escape in the disguise of a pedlar. He came straight over to England, renewed his homage to Edward as King of France, and, having obtained some money and a few troops, he repaired to Hennebon. But the joy of his heroic wife was of short duration—for de Montfort sickened and died soon after his return, appointing by will the King of England guardian to his son. The interesting case of the young and beautiful and most brave widow, and of her innocent and helpless child, spread an interest over the whole war, and animated with romantic and generous feelings the English combatants in it. Next to St. George, the patron saint, no war-cry was so captivating and thrilling to the English as "The Countess! De Montfort's widow! Strike for the Countess!" And terrible were the blows they struck.

Charles of Blois, still intent upon conquest, returned into Brittany, and renewed the war with a more atrocious spirit than ever; but he had no chance of success. The people, who could not be exterminated, detested his name, fighting bravely against him, under the banners of their widowed countess, and the country remained an efficient ally of England. Whether Edward carried the war against Philip into Normandy or into Poitou, Brittany covered one of his flanks, and remained open to him as a place of retreat and protection in case of any serious reverse.

In the spring of 1345, Edward, still warmly seconded by his parliament, and animated by the feeling of his people, completed his preparations for a war on a grand scale. Troops were sent into Guienne, where the French had seized many towns, under the command of the king's brave cousin, the Earl of Derby, one of the heroes of Sluys. The earl felt like a thunderbolt among the French; beat them in a pitched battle near Auberoche; took many of their nobles prisoners, and drove them out of the country, leaving only a few fortresses in possession of Philip's garrisons. About the same time, King Edward went in person to Sluys to treat with the popular deputies of the free cities of Flanders. This interview, and the projects discussed at it, led to the death of James Von Artaveldt, who engaged to transfer the allegiance of those states to King Edward's infant son, and who was accused—very falsely—of having robbed the public treasury to furnish the English king with money. The rare brewer was murdered by a mob in his own city of Ghent. "Poor men first raised him, and wicked men killed him." Upon learning the death of his old and steady ally, Edward sailed back for England, filled with grief, indignation, and rage, and vowing vengeance against the turbulent and unsteady burghers. The free towns fell into great consternation; their prosperity depended on their trade, and their trade in a great measure depended on England. If King Edward should shut his ports to their manufactures, or, pro-

hibit the exportation of English wool, her trade must be well nigh ruined. Bruges, Ypres, Courtray, Oudenarde,—all the chief of the industrious towns except Ghent,—sent deputies to London to offer apologies to the English king, and to vow that they were guiltless of the murder of James Von Artaveldt. Edward waived his claim to the formal cession of the sovereignty of Flanders to his son, and contented himself with other advantages and promises, among which was one that the Flemings would, in the course of the following year, pour an army into the north-east of France, while the English attacked that kingdom from another quarter.

Accordingly, early in the summer of 1346 Edward collected a fine and admirably appointed army. It was composed entirely of English, Welsh, and Irish, not a single foreigner being admitted into its ranks. With these forces Edward landed on the coast of Normandy, near Cape la Hogue, about the middle of July. That province was almost defenceless, for the English attack had been expected to fall upon the south. In the latter direction the Duke of Normandy had fallen upon the gallant and accomplished Earl of Derby, and was endeavouring, with the flower of the French army, to drive the English out of Guienne. One of Edward's immediate objects was to create an alarm which should draw the Duke of Normandy out of that province, and, by crossing the Seine, to join his allies the Flemings, who had been true to their recent engagement, and had already reached the north-eastern French frontier. Having taken Carenton, St. Lo, Caen, and wasted the country, he advanced to the left bank of the Seine, intending to cross that river near Rouen. But when he got opposite that great town, he found that King Philip was there before him, that the bridge of boats was removed, and that a French army, far superior in number to his own, occupied the right bank of the river. The English then ascended the river towards Paris by the left bank, the French marching and manœuvring along the right, breaking down all the bridges, securing all the boats and rafts, and preventing their enemy from passing the river. Steadily pressing onward, Edward reached Poissy, within eight or nine miles of Paris. Here there was a good bridge across the Seine, but it had been partially destroyed by order of Philip, who was as anxious to keep his enemy on the left bank as Edward was to get to the right. The English marched from Poissy to St. Germain, which they burned to the ground; and by seizing some boats on the river they were enabled to do still further mischief. St. Cloud, Bourg-la-Reine, and Neuilly were reduced to ashes. Still, however, Edward's situation was critical; he was widely separated from his Flemish auxiliaries, and Philip was reinforced daily. Having again examined the bridge at Poissy, Edward struck his tents, and moved as if he would seriously attack Paris, and his van really penetrated to the suburbs of that capital. This movement obliged the French to march over to the opposite bank, to the relief of those suburbs. This was what Edward wanted; instantly he wheeled round, cleared the remains of the bridge of Poissy by means of his bowmen, repaired it, and crossed it to the right bank of the Seine with little loss. From the Seine he continued his way by forced marches towards the river Somme. King Philip now determined to prevent his crossing the Somme; by rapid movements he got to Amiens on that river, and sent detachments along the right bank to destroy the bridges, and guard every ford. The English attempted to pass at Pont St. Remi, at Long, at Pequigny, but failed at each place. Meanwhile, the French king, who had now 100,000 men under his banner, divided his force; and while one division was posted on the right bank to prevent the passage of the English, he marched

with the other along the left bank, to drive them towards the river and the sea. So close was Philip upon his enemy, that he entered Airaines, where Edward had slept, only two hours after his departure. That evening the English reached Oisement, near the coast, where they found themselves cooped up between the sea, the Somme, and the division of the French army which remained with Philip, and which was six times more numerous than their whole force. The marshals of the army were again sent to see whether they could discover any ford. They could find none. The English king then assembled all his prisoners, and promised liberty and a rich reward to any one of them that could show him where he, his army, and waggons might cross the Somme. Among these prisoners was a common country fellow named Gobin Agace, and this poor clown spoke up and said that there was a place a little lower down, called Blanche-Taque, or the White Spot, which was fordable at ebb of tide. "The King of England," says Froissart, "did not sleep much that night, but, rising at midnight, ordered his trumpets to sound." In a few minutes the baggage was all loaded, and everything got ready. At the peep of day the English army set out from the dark old town of Oisement, under the guidance of Gobin Agace. In brief time they came to the ford of Blanche-Taque; but Edward had the mortification to find not only that the tide was full, but that the opposite side of the river was lined with 12,000 Frenchmen. He was obliged to wait till the hour of "primes." This was an awful suspense, for every moment he expected Philip in his rear. The French king, however, did not come up, as he certainly might and ought to have done. At "primes" the river was reported to be fordable; and thereupon Edward commanded his marshals to dash into the water, "in the names of God and St. George." Instantly the most doughty, and the best mounted spurred into the river. Halfway across, while treading the rocky, slippery bed, they were met by the French cavalry of Sir Godeimar du Fay, and a fierce conflict took place in the water. When the English had overcome this opposition, they had to encounter another, for the French still occupied, in battle array and in great force, a narrow path which led from the ford up the sloping right bank of the river. Among others posted there was a strong body of Genoese cross-bowmen, who galled the English sorely; but Edward's archers came up and "shot so well together," that they forced all their opponents to give way. The ford and the path being thus cleared, Edward crossed over, and in the twinkling of an eye cleared the whole right bank of the river; and while part of his forces pursued Godeimar du Fay, the king escaped with the rest in the pleasant fields between Crotoy and Crecy. Philip now appeared on the opposite side of the ford, where Edward had so long waited; but he was too late—the tide was returning and covering the ford; and, after taking a few stragglers of the English army who had not crossed in time, he thought it prudent to return up the river, to cross it by the bridge of Abbeville. On the following day Edward's marshals rode to Crotoy, in the harbour of which they found many vessels laden with wines from Poitou, Saintonge, and La Rochelle.

Edward was now within a few days' march of the frontiers of Flanders, but nothing was seen or heard of his Flemish auxiliaries, who came to a halt at the very moment when they ought to have pressed their advance. He, however, resolved to move no farther step to meet them. When told that King Philip would still pursue him, he merely said—"We will go no farther; I have good reason to wait for him on this spot; I am now upon the lawful inheritance of my lady mother,—upon the lands of Ponthieu, which were

given to her as her marriage portion; and I am resolved to defend them against my adversary, Philip of Valois." As he had not the eighth part of the number of men that now followed Philip, his marshal selected an advantageous position on an eminence a little behind the village of Crecy. There the army set about brightening and repairing their armour; and the king gave a supper that evening to the earls and barons; and he made good cheer. Rising at early dawn, he and his son Edward, styled the black prince (from the hue of his favourite armour), heard mass together and communicated: the greater part of his people confessed, and put themselves in a comfortable state of mind. They had not been harassed for many hours; they had fared well; they had enjoyed a good night's rest, and were fresh and vigorous. After mass the king ordered the men to arm, and assembled each under his proper banner, on spots which had been carefully marked out during the preceding day. In the rear of his army he enclosed a large park, near a wood, in which he placed all his baggage-waggons and all his horses; for every one, man-at-arms as well as archer, was to fight that day's battle on foot. The first division of the army was under the command of his young son Edward, with whom were placed the Earls of Warwick and Oxford, Sir Godfrey d'Harcourt, Sir John Chandos, and other experienced captains: it consisted of about eight hundred men-at-arms, two thousand archers, and one thousand light infantry from the mountains of Wales. A little behind them, and rather on their flank, stood the second division, consisting of eight hundred men-at-arms and one thousand two hundred archers, who were commanded by the Earls of Northampton and Arundel, the Lords de Roos, Willoughby, and others. The third division stood in reserve on the top of the hill; it consisted of seven hundred men-at-arms and two thousand archers; and these the king proposed keeping under his own eye. The archers of each division formed in front, in the shape of a portcullis or harrow. When they were thus arranged, Edward, mounted on a small palfrey with a white wand in his hand, and a marshal on either side of him, rode gently from rank to rank, speaking to all his officers, exhorting them to defend his honour and his right; and he spoke so serenely and cheerfully that those who were discomforted were comforted on hearing him and looking into his confident countenance. This equanimity, this courageous serenity was one of the greatest advantages that Edward had over his rival, Philip was always too fast or too slow, always in a rage or perturbation; he lacked the one great quality of coolness, without which there is no great general. At the hour of three in the afternoon, Edward ordered that all his people should eat at their ease, and drink a drop of wine; and they all ate and drank very comfortably; and then they sat down in their ranks, on the green sward, with their helmets and bows before them, so that they might be the fresher when their enemies should arrive.

Philip had lost a whole day at Abbeville, waiting for reinforcements. But this morning he marched to give battle, breathing fury and vengeance. All his movements were precipitate, without plan or concert. When he came in sight of the well-ordered battalia of Edward, his men were tired, and his rear guard far behind. By the advice of a Bohemian captain, he agreed to put off the battle till the morrow. Two French officers forthwith rode, one along the van and the other towards the rear, crying out "Halt banners, in the name of God and St. Denis!" Those in front stopped, but those behind rode on, saying that they would not halt until they were as forward as the first. When the van felt the rear thus pressing on them they pushed still forward, and—her King Philip nor his

marshals could stop them; but on they marched without any order until they came near the English, when they stopped fast enough. Then the foremost ranks fell back at once in great disorder, which alarmed those in the rear. There was then room enough for those behind to pass in front, had they been willing so to do: "some did so, and some remained very shy." At the roads in the French rear were covered with common people, who were flourishing swords or staves in the air, and bawling out, "Kill! kill! Kill the English!" And with them were many great lords that were making a distant show of their prowess. "There is no man," says Froissart, "unless he had been present, that can imagine or truly record the confusion of that day, especially the bad management and disorder of the French, whose troops were innumerable." Now the king, dukes, earls, barons, and lords of France advanced each as he thought best. Philip was carried forward by the torrent, and, as soon as he came in sight of the English, his blood began to boil, and he cried out, "Order the Genoese forward, and begin the battle, in the name of God and St. Denis!" These Genoese were famous cross-bowmen: according to Froissart they were fifteen thousand strong. But they had marched that day six leagues on foot, completely armed and carrying their heavy cross-bows; and thus they were sore fatigued when they first caught a view of the English. They told the Constable of France that they were not in case to do any great exploit of battle that day. The Count d'Alençon, King Philip's brother, hearing this, said, "See what we get by employing these foreign rascals, who fail us in our hour of need." The susceptible Italians were not likely to forget the count's insulting language, but they nevertheless formed and led the van. The Genoese cross-bowmen were supported by the Count d'Alençon, with a numerous cavalry magnificently equipped. While these things were passing, a heavy rain fell, and there was loud thunder in the sky; and there was a fearful eclipse of the sun; and, before the rain and thunder, a great flight of crows, the heralds of the storm, had hovered in the air, screaming over both armies. About five in the afternoon, the weather cleared up and the sun shone forth in full splendour. His rays darted right in the eyes of the French, but the English had the sun at their backs. When the Genoese had made their approach, they set up a terrible shout to strike terror into the English; but the English yeomen remained motionless, not seeming to care at all for it. The Genoese sent up a second shout, and advanced, but still the English moved not: they shouted a third time, and, advancing still a little, began to discharge their cross-bows. Then the English moved, but it was one step forward; and they shot their arrows with such rapidity and vigour "that it seemed as if it snowed." These English arrows pierced shield and armour; the Genoese could not stand them. On seeing these auxiliaries waver and then fall back, the king of France cried out in a fury, "Kill me those scoundrels, for they stop our way without doing any good!" and at these words the French men-at-arms laid about them, killing and wounding the retreating Genoese. Wonderfully was the confusion increased hereby; and still the English yeomen kept shooting as vigorously as before into the midst of the crowd. Many of their arrows fell among D'Alençon's splendid cavalry, and, killing and wounding many, made the rest caper and fall among the retreating Genoese, "so that they could never rally or get up again." Having got free from the rabble rout, D'Alençon and the Count of Flanders skirted the English archers and fell upon the men-at-arms of Prince Edward's battalia, where they fought fiercely enough for some time. The second division of the

English moved to the support of the young prince. The king of France would have supported D'Alençon, but he could not penetrate a thick hedge of English archers that formed in his front. But without King Philip's aid, D'Alençon, with whom were fighting French, Germans, Bohemians, and Savoyards, seemed to all eyes to be more than a match for Prince Edward. At a moment when the conflict seemed doubtful, the Earl of Warwick sent Sir Thomas Norwich to request a reinforcement from the reserve. Edward, who had watched the battle from a windmill on the summit of the hill, and who did not put on his helmet the whole day, asked the knight whether his son were killed, or wounded, or thrown to the ground? The knight replied, "No, sire, please God, but he is hard beset." "Then," said the king, "return to those who sent you, and tell them that they shall have no help from me. Let the boy win his spurs, for I am resolved, if it please God, that this day be his, and that the honour of it be given all to him and to those to whose care I have intrusted him." So soon as Sir Thomas Norwich had reported this message, they were all greatly encouraged, and repented of having sent him. Soon after this, D'Alençon was killed, and his battalia scattered. The King of France made several brilliant charges; but he was repulsed each time with great loss; his horse was killed under him by an English arrow, and the best of his friends had fallen around. Night now set in, but not before Philip had lost the battle. John of Hainault, laid hold of Philip's bridle-rein, and led him away partly by force. At this moment the French king had not more than sixty men about him: if he had lingered on the field, he must have been made prisoner; but he soon fled with John of Hainault as fast as his wearied horse could carry him. The English soldiers made great fires, and lighted torches because of the great darkness of the night. And then King Edward came down from his post on the crest of the hill, and, in front of the whole army, took the Black Prince in his arms, kissed him, and said, "Sweet son! God give thee good perseverance! Thou art my true son, for loyally hast thou acquitted thyself this day, and worthy art thou of a crown!" Young Edward bowed very lowly, and, humbling himself, gave all the honour to the king, his father.*

* Froissart.



[The Passage of the Somme.]



THE YEAR OF THE POETS.

No XVIII

LII WINTER COME.

WINTER, like every other season, has its appropriate sentiments, but suited to the mood of the poet's mind. It suggests pictures of home comfort —

"Let Winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social joys repay
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And, when its sheet and sullen upon is o'er,
The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the faggots in his little hall,
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictur'd wall!"

CAMERON

Even its gloom has its inspiration of solemn musings, such as Burns has beautifully described —
'As I am what the men of the world, if they knew
such a man, would call a whimsical mortal, I have
various sources of pleasure and enjoyment, which are,
in a manner, peculiar to myself, or some here and

there such other out-of-the-way person. Such is the peculiar pleasure I take, in the season of winter, more than the rest of the year. This, I believe, may be partly owing to my misfortunes giving my mind a melancholy cast but there is something even in the

Mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep stretch'd o'er the buried earth,

which raises the mind to a serious solemnity, favourable to everything great and noble. There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion. My mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind' In one of these seasons, just after a train of misfortunes, I composed the following —

"The wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and ruin does blow;
Or the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snow:
While, tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars'rae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,
The joyless winter day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine!
Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil;
Here firm I rest, they must be best,
Because they are Thy will!
Then all I want (oh! do thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign."

BURNS.

Winter calls up the personifications of the painter-poet:—

"Lastly, came Winter clothed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill:
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to wield."

SPENSER.

Winter sets the poetical observer to his natural descriptions:—

"It was frosty winter season,
And fair Flora's wealth was season.*
Meads that erst with green were spread,
With choice flowers disparted,
Had tawny vells; cold had scanted
What the spring and nature planted.
Leafless boughs there might you see,
All, except fair Daphne's tree:
On their twigs no birds perch'd,
Warmer coverts now they search'd;
And by nature's surest reason,
Fram'd their voices to the season;
With their feeble tunes bewraying
How they grieved the spring's decaying.
Frosty winter thus had gloom'd
Each fair thing that summer bloom'd;
Fields were bare, and trees unclad,
Flowers wither'd, birds were sad:
When I saw a shepherd fold
Sheep in cote to slum the cold;
Himself sitting on the grass,
That with frost wither'd was,
Sighing deeply, thus gan say,
'Love is folly, when astray."

GREENE.

"The wrathful winter hast'ning on apace,
With blustering blasts had all ybar'd the tree;
And old Saturnus, with his frosty face,
With chilling cold had pierc'd the tender green;
The mantle's rent, wherein enwrapped been
The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,
The tapets torn, and every tree down blown.

The soil that erst so seemly was to seen,
Was all despoiled of her beauties' hue;
And spot fresh flowers (wherewith the summer's Queen
Had clad the earth) now boreas blasts down blew.
And small fowls flocking, in their song did rue
The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defac'd,
In woful wise bewail'd the summer past.

* Season, rare, uncommon.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery;
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold;
And dropping down the tears abundantly,
Each thing (methought) with weeping eye me told
The cruel season: bidding me withhold
Myself within, for I was gotten out
Into the fields, whereas I walk'd about."

SACKVILLE.

The modern bard moralizes on Winter in unrhymed lyrics:—

"Though now no more the musing ear
Delights to listen to the breeze,
That lingers o'er the green-wood shade,
I love thee, Winter! well.

Sweet are the harmonies of Spring,
Sweet is the Summer's evening gale,
And sweet the autumnal winds that shake
The many-colour'd grove.

And pleasant to the sober'd soul
The silence of the wintry scene,
When Nature shrouds herself, entranced
In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam
The wild heath sparkling on the sight;
Not undelightful now to pace
The forest's ample rounds,

And see the spangled branches shine
And mark the moss of many a hue
That varies the old tree's brown bark,
As o'er the grey stone spreads.

And mark the cluster'd berries bright
Amid the holly's gay green leaves;
The ivy round the leafless oak
That clasps its foliage close.

So Virtue, diffident of strength,
Clings to Religion's sterner aid,
And by Religion's aid upheld,
Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the spring,
Whose waters hid from summer sun
Have soothed the thirsty pilgrim's ear
With more than melody.

The green moss shines with icy glare;
The long grass bends its spear-like form;
And lovely is the silvery scene
When faint the sun-beams smile.

Reflection too may love the hour
When Nature, hid in Winter's grave,
No more expands the bursting bud,
Or bids the flowret bloom;

For Nature soon in Spring's best charms
Shall rise revived from Winter's grave,
Expand the bursting bud again,
And bid the flower re-bloom."

SOUTHEY.

The contrasts of Summer and Winter were never more harmoniously put than by the great master of metrical harmony:—

"It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
When the north wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon—and the stainless sky
Opens beyond them like eternity.
All things rejoiced beneath the sun, the weeds,
The river, and the corn-fields, and the reeds;
The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

It was a winter such as when birds die
In the deep forests; and the fishes lie
Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes

A wrinkled clod, as hard as brick; and when
Among their children, comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold :
Alas! then for the homeless beggar old!" SHELLEY.

Even the homely song of the Ayrshire ploughman,
engrafted upon an old melody, is beautiful and true :—

CHORUS.

"Up in the morning 's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

• Could blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill 's I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

• The birds sit chattering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but snugly;
And lang 's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Up in the morning, &c."

BURNS.

We shall have more lays of welcome to Winter;
these are the heralds of its approach.

NOTIONS OF PERSONAL BEAUTY IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

HAD we, like Don Cleofas, the corner of the cloak
of Asmodeus to catch hold of, and that pleasantest of
all guides to conduct us, it would be amusing and
no doubt instructive to take a turn over the four
quarters of the globe, and compare the actions and
sentiments of the various tribes who people it. We
will not venture to speculate upon how many mar-
vellous things we might see, nor how many grave and
useful reflections we might gather from such a com-
mentator upon them. Not the least diverting perhaps
of the subjects for comparison would be that placed at
the head of this article. From the zest with which the
worthy cicerone laid open the toilet of the Spanish
beauty to the eyes of his charge, we can suppose with
what zeal and discrimination he would execute the
more extended investigation. By his aid we might in
succession visit, in brief space of time, the pattern
bellies of all the people of the earth. But as we have
not such assistance, and as it would be a route too long
and wearisome to pursue by any of the ordinary modes
—moreover, as, owing to the time it would necessarily
occupy, we could not ensure anything like correctness,
since in the more civilized states notions of beauty
change almost with the seasons, and in uncivilized
countries they change also, though not so rapidly,—
we must under these circumstances content ourselves
with another method. Instead of setting up a number
of complete beauties for comparison, we must be satisfied
to compare their separate features.

Of course we shall confine our attention to the ladies.
They by consent (that of some wild Indian tribes alone
excepted) are the examples of beauty; and they
have always and everywhere endeavoured to mould
their person to some ideal standard, and for this pur-
pose have called in every contrivance that the most
acute invention could devise. It would be needless,
therefore, to encumber ourselves with the men even if
their charms deserved it—we shall find feminine
beauty more than enough for us. Nor is it difficult to
determine where to begin our inquiries.

What on earth is comparable to the face of a lovely
woman? We need not wait for a reply. All will
acknowledge that there is but one answer to such
a question, to whatever race they belong, or whatever
land they come from. What is a beautiful face how-
ever is another matter and one of a more debateable
character.

Even its general form is not a matter of argument,

but we shall pass that over to look at it in detail, not
staying to inquire whether the neat oval of the ancient
Greeks, the circle of the Esquimaux, or the broad flat
disk of the Chinese, be preferable. Indeed the prefer-
ableness of any is a question we choose not to enter
upon. We do not care to examine, and will not pre-
tend to decide in such doubtful matters. We shall
leave each to his taste. On this subject

"Each has a vision of his own,
And why should we undo it,"

even if we had the power? Old Homer in swelling
words dignifies the spouse of Jupiter with the title of
ox-eyed, but in the celestial empire of our times her
goddess-ship would take a very mean rank among the
beauties. There pig-eyed would be the more honour-
able title; and doubtless a translator who wished to
introduce the blind bard to the favour of his country-
men would so render it. If he did not, they would be
little surprised that the queen of the Gods should be
forced to borrow Venus's zone in order to render her-
self attractive in the eyes of her spouse. A Chinese
poet in singing the charms of his mistress would glory
to dwell upon

"Her round flat face and eyes of smallest size."

A Persian poet would celebrate "her eyes' soft lan-
guish," while the Scottish one would have "two
laughing e'en."

At the mention of lips, roses, cherries, rubies, and
all other pretty words of a like colour, come crowding
on the memory, and for their shape those dainty lines
of Suckling's come dancing forward—

"Her lips were red, and one was thin;
Compared with that hung next her chin
Some bee had stung it newly."

But they would not be relished in the southern hemi-
sphere. There the ladies stain their lips blue; as also
do some Arabian beauties. In Africa both the lips
must be thick and projecting, and in some parts their
loveliness is increased by constantly dragging down the
lower one in childhood, till at length it droops per-
manently; not to exhibit the roots of the teeth being
reckoned a deformity. Spenser calls the mouth "The
gate with pearls and rubies richly dight;" the pearls
these ladies would despise as much as the rubies, unless
they were black ones. Some too of the Indian tribes
stain their teeth black, others red; New Zealand ladies
also adopt the ebony hue, and like the damsels of some
parts of Polynesia file their teeth half-way down;
while the maidens of Japan put the finishing touch to
their dental adornings by neatly covering them with
gold leaf.

Of the nose we say little, yet it has been sometimes
said that the absence of it would spoil the prettiest
face; such is not however the opinion of African
ladies, who think it in its natural state too prominent
a feature to be graceful. They accordingly as care-
fully squeeze down the budding organ, as European
nurses are said to pinch it up, and so successful are
their endeavours that it requires a keen eye to discover
its presence in many a sable face. Hottentot maidens
pride themselves on flat noses, some New Zealanders
love invisible ones, Persians like them a little hooked,
and our Gallic neighbours are said to have a penchant
for *un nez retroussé*.

What shape of the forehead has found most admirers
it would not be easy to determine. Round, flat, small,
large, high, low, broad, and narrow have been at dif-
ferent times in request. The Greeks reckoned a high
one not beautiful. Montaigne says that his country-
women, to make theirs seem high, plucked out their
hairs from the upper part of it—a process that now-a-
days ladies who affect a lofty brow need not resort to—
thanks to Kalydor. Mexican ladies, on the other hand,

have used oils and 'balmis' to make the hair grow down on theirs. Among the wild races there is equal diversity on this point. An American tribe, the Osages, have a notion that a prominent and elevated forehead imparts a look of superiority; and to obtain it press in the back of the infant's head; so that by the time the bones are set all those ugly organs which phrenologists have placed in the hinder part of the skull are clean gone, pushed up into the forehead. Another tribe is of a directly opposite opinion. They think a prominent brow intolerable. The account of these, who rejoice in the name of the 'Flat-heads,' is so instructive that we must borrow it from Mr. Catlin's pages, especially as it will serve as a general sample of early training. The object being to press in both the front and back of the head, 'the child is taken in earliest infancy, while the bones of the head are soft and cartilaginous, and easily pressed into shape,'... and "placed upon its back on a board or thick plank, to which it is lashed, to a position from which it cannot escape, and the back of the head supported by a sort of pillow made of moss or rabbit-skins, with an inclined piece [of wood united to the back-board by a sort of hinge] resting on the forehead of the child; this is every day drawn down a little tighter, until it at length touches the nose thus forming a straight line from the crown of the head to the end of the nose." During the process the child is often not taken from this pleasant cradle for several weeks. The result is that in an adult "the skull at the top in profile will show a breadth of not more than an inch and a half or two inches; when in a front view it exhibits a great expansion on the sides making it at the top nearly the width of one and a half natural heads." But the brain, Mr. Catlin thinks, is nothing disparaged by being so strangely handled. There is yet another tribe (we forget, though, whether American or African, for several African tribes also improve the natural shape of the head) that admire square heads and flatten all the sides in a far more complex cradle than that of the Flat-heads or the Crows.

In the fifteenth century, by the Italians, eyebrows scarcely visible were esteemed a beauty, and the ladies used carefully to remove so much of theirs as only to leave a fine arch; this is the reason why the eyebrows in the pictures of the great Italian painters are so thin. They also used at the same time to pluck out the hairs of their foreheads—the St. Catherine of Raphael, and the Saints of Francia, in the National Gallery, will supply examples of this fashion. Georgian ladies have a very different fancy. They carefully cultivate their eyebrows to make them as large as possible, and to bring them to meet; as do also some other of the Eastern fan. Both the colour of the hair and the manner of wearing it are very differently regarded in different places. Flaxen, auburn, chestnut, and golden are, with black, the leading favourites in Europe. In Asia black alone is thought much of, except by one Indian tribe, who are said to look upon white as the loveliest; and as much pains are taken by them to change their black locks to white as are here taken to change white to raven. Hogarth thought that only flowing locks could be beautiful, and gives a reason for it:—"The most amiable form in itself is the flowing curl; and the many waving and contrasted turns of naturally intermingling locks ravish the eye with the pleasure of the pursuit, especially when they are in motion by a gentle breeze. The poet knows it as well as the painter, and has described

"The wanton ringlets waving in the wind."

And yet we know that a short time back no head of hair was thought desirable that was not glued flat to the cheeks. The Bushmana women, Mr. Burchell tells us,

"place their main reliance on their hair," and it would seem to be irresistible. Naturally it is woolly, but "by long-continued pains it is brought into innumerable threads of the size of thurtwine, which, hanging in equal quantity all round the head, have the appearance of being fastened at the upper ends to the centre of the crown; while their lower ends, being all of an even length, are never allowed to descend lower than the top of the ear. These threads, well powdered with *sibilo* (a shining metallic powder), which adheres to them by the assistance of grease, continue perfectly loose and separate from each other. The weight which they derive from the mineral keeps them always in a perpendicular position, and so exactly parallel, that the head seems to be covered rather with something artificial in the form of a cap, or small bonnet, than with anything naturally belonging to it." This is nothing, however, to the natural bonnets constructed by some other of the *far*, such, for instance, as those of Natal, who make up of buffalo-fat and other delicacies combined with their hair, a tall head-dress that is immovable after once completed: it is a long time preparing, but it lasts for life.

But after all it is the complexion that has most employed the resources of art, and that has everywhere been most regarded by the softer sex. We need say not a word of the ladies of Europe, or of their cosmetics and camelines, all as intalible as the washes of Vanillo Gonzales. Others use them also. The women of Georgia, we are told, have "faces so beautiful by nature, as the features testify, but they so case them in enamel, that not a trace of the original texture can be seen; and, what is worse, the surface is rendered so stiff, by its painted exterior, that not a line shows a particle of animation, excepting the eyes, which are large, dark, liquid, and of a mild lustre, rendered in the highest degree lovely by the shade of long black lashes, and the regularity of the arched eyebrow." As we have Sir R. Kerr Porter's work open, we may quote his account of the toilet of these Eastern belles. To get up their charms, he tells us, they spend "one whole day in each week at the bath; great part of which, however, is spared from the water to be spent in making up their faces, blackening their hair, eye-brows, and eye-lashes, so as to render only occasional repairs necessary during the ensuing week." The ladies of Persia make a similar use of the bath, often passing "seven or eight hours together in the carpeted saloon, telling stories, relating anecdotes, eating sweetmeats, sharing their Kahunas, and completing their beautiful forms into all the fancied perfections of the East; dyeing their hair and eye-brows, and curiously staining their bodies with a variety of fantastic devices, not unfrequently with the figures of trees, birds, and beasts, sun, moon, and stars." This fashion of decorating their persons is also prevalent among the lower orders in Bagdad, many of them "staining their bosoms with the figures of circles, half-moons, stars, &c., in a bluish stamp. In this barbaric embellishment, the poor damsel of Irak Arabi has one point of vanity resembling that of the ladies of Irak Ajem. The former frequently adds this frightful cadaverous hue to her lips; and, to complete the savage appearance, thrusts a ring through her right nostril, pendent with a flat button-like ornament set round with blue or red stones." The lilies and roses are rudely imitated or altogether slighted elsewhere. The Bushmen's brides "when desirous of exhibiting their beauty in its most attractive light, adorn themselves on the cheeks, the forehead, and the nose with streaks of red ochre mixed up with grease." Such were also the paintings of the maidens in the South Sea Islands and in Zealand—"red ochre fixed with shark-oil" serving them in the place of Chinese leaf;

but the young ladies have recently abandoned the practice. In some parts of Africa the red ochre is heightened by contrast with strong blue; while in others a plain coat of white clay is considered sufficient. In Greenland blue is the favourite tint, though yellow has its devotees.

Of the person we have left ourselves no room to speak. Taste in that varies equally. Here to be light as a fairy is considered the highest grace; in Russia "excessive corpulency is thought particularly charming. So that," Dr. Lyell tells us, "when the common people see such a figure waddling along under the burden of her pampered fat, they exclaim in admiration, 'How thick and beautiful she is! God be with her!'"

The Chinese ladies never suffer their feet to grow beyond some three or four inches long. Our ladies follow them in this taste at a respectful distance. The old Greeks did not at all care for little feet, as may be seen by their statues nor we believe do the modern Greeks. Dr. Wakh says that the women of the Isle of Milo, the ancient Melos, "consider thick legs as a beauty, and for that reason make them appear as clumsy as possible. . . . Some of their belles on gala days, envelop their feet in all the stockings they possess, till they put on ten or twelve pairs, drawn one over the other, and their legs appear as thick as their bodies."

We have been pointing out contrasts, we will con-

clude with a resemblance as curious as any of them. There is a certain unnameable article (the idea of which is said to have been taken from a natural protuberance of a handsome form in every civilized country in the world. The Greeks did not have it, and it is not consequently figured in their statues. Modern sculptors, who seldom venture beyond the Greeks, also omit it—but perhaps not prudently, for its absence is said to have caused a celebrated statue recently set up in the city, to be proclaimed by the ladies "decidedly ungraceful." But what is extraordinary is that this article is found in general use among the ladies of Axim on the African coast, as we learn from a very recent traveller. No lady he says is seen without them—"Old wrinkled grandams wear these beautiful anomalies, and little girls of eight years old display protuberances that might excite the envy of a Broadway belle [the author is an American]. Indeed, fashion may be said to have its perfect triumph and utmost refinement in this article; it being a positive fact, that some of the Axim girls wear merely the bustle, without so much as the shadow of a garment. Its native name is 'tarb koshe.'"

We have selected but a very small fraction of these peculiarities, but we have selected enough to show, as a famous philosopher says, that human nature is the same in every land,—it is only the modes of exhibiting the resemblance that differ.



[Verona, from the Adlon.]

VERONA.

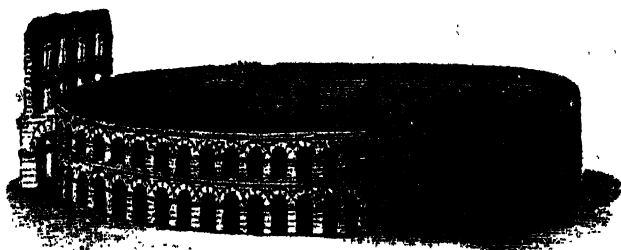
THE interest that attaches to Verona is due rather from the memory and remains of what it was, than to what it now is. The magnificent edifices, extending in time from the Romans to almost the present day, either entire or in ruins, and its memorials, Etruscan and Grecian, carrying it back to a still earlier date, lend to it a venerable charm that it could not command as the second city of the Venetian states with a population of not more than sixty thousand persons. Nor is the interest lessened by its having been adopted by

Shakspeare as the scene of action in two of his plays. "Verona, the city of Italy, where next to Rome, the antiquary most luxuriates," says Mr. Knight in his *Illustrations to Romeo and Juliet* (Pict. Shakspeare, Tragedies, vol. i. p. 24), "where, blended with the remains of theatres and amphitheatres, and triumphal arches, are the palaces of the factious nobles, and the tombs of the despotic princes of the Gothic ages, Verona so rich in the associations of real history has even a greater charm for those who would live in the poetry of the past.—"

Are these the distant turrets of Verona?
And shall I say where Juliet at the masque
Saw her lov'd Montague, and now sleeps by him?

So felt our tender, and graceful poet, Rogers. He adds, in a note, "The old palace of the Cappelletti, with its uncouth balcony and irregular windows, is still standing in a lane near the market-place; and what Englishman can behold it with indifference?" This feeling has become strongly implanted even in the town itself, and though the tradition is perhaps more than apocryphal, Lord Byron writes, "Of the truth of Juliet's story they (the Veronese) seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact—giving a date (1303) and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves."

To an Englishman perhaps the next most interesting object will be the amphitheatre. It is in excellent preservation, and was an oval of 506 by 404 feet, but the outer cincture is gone with the exception of four arches and their accessories; but the bank of concentric benches, the staircases, and the parts about the arena, are comparatively perfect. Both the outer and inner walls were pierced by seventy-two arches, and the length of the arena is two hundred and forty-two feet, with a width of one hundred and forty-six feet. We add a representation which will give a correct idea of its present appearance:



[Amphitheatre of Verona.]

Beckford, who visited it 1780, thus describes it:—"I traversed a gloomy arcade, and emerged alone into the arena. A smooth turf covers its surface, from which a spacious sweep of gradines rises to a majestic elevation. Four arches, with their single Doric ornaments, alone remain of the grand circular arcade which once crowned the highest seats of the amphitheatre; and, had it not been for Gothic violence, this part of the structure would have equally resisted the ravages of time. Nothing can be more exact than the preservation of the gradines; not a block has sunk from its place, and whatever trifling injuries they may have received have been carefully repaired. The two chief entrances, have been rebuilt with solidity, and closed by portals, no passage being permitted through the amphitheatre except at public shows and representations, sometimes still given in the arena." Goethe, who saw it in 1786, says it is built of red marble, and that "the lower arches, which abut on the great Piazza di Bra, are let out to artizans, and 'it looks pleasant to see these recesses again revived."

Another classical monument, the Arco de' Gavi, the sepulchre of an ancient family, with its handsome fluted column, was pulled down in 1805 in order to clear the approaches to the citadel. Its columns and capitals were still lying on the ground when Valéry saw them last. Pindemonte, the poet of Verona, has employed in his verse, the destruction of that ancient monument. The gate De' Bosari is said to have been built by the Emperor Gallienus. There are also some

pillars and other remains of an ancient gate called "Porta di Leone." The handsome modern gate called "Porta del Palio" is the work of San Micheli. Remains of an ancient theatre have been lately discovered.

Among the many remarkable buildings of Verona the most worthy of notice are, the splendid palace Canossa, built by San Micheli for Louis Canossa, bishop of Bayeux in Normandy, and papal nuncio in France and England; the palace called della Gran Guardia in the Piazza di Bra, the elegant palace Guasta Verza by San Micheli; the palace Bevilacqua, whose once rich museum has been dispersed—the finest of its ancient sculptures are now at Munich. Several galleries of paintings which existed at Verona have been likewise sold of late years. The palace Ridolfi has a curious representation of the cavalcade of Pope Clement VII. and Charles V. on the occasion of that emperor's coronation at Bologna. A fine engraving in eight sheets has been made of it, and published at Verona in 1830: "La Gran Cavalcata di Clemente VII. e Carlo V. della sala Ridolfi, dipinta da Brusasorci, incisa a contorno da Agostino Cornerio." The palace del Consiglio is built on the design of Sansovino, but its spacious hall was constructed by Frà Giocondo the commentator of Vitruvius. The custom-house is a noble building raised in the last century by Count Alessandro Pompei.

The churches of Verona are numerous, and many of them interesting for their monuments and paintings. The church of SS. Nazario e Celso is said to be of the seventh century; its monastery, now suppressed, had some curious paintings of that age. The subterraneous galleries in its neighbourhood were once used as catacombs. The church of S. Zenone dates from the ninth century: its bronze gates, and a statue of the saint and his tomb, and its curious emblems, arabesques, and figures, attest its antiquity. The cathedral of Verona, a Gothic building, said to be of the age of Charlemagne, with its façade covered with old sculpture of men and animals, contains the tomb of Pope Lucius III., who being driven away by the people of Rome, died at Verona in 1185; several valuable paintings, among others an Assumption by Titian, a monument erected by the citizens of Verona to their townsman the learned Bianchini, a sepulchral monument of the Roman times bearing the names of Julius Apollonius and his wife Attica Valeria, and other interesting objects. The church of S. Fermo has a fine mausoleum of the Turriani, a family which produced eminent physicians and anatomists in the fifteenth century. This monument has been stripped of its bronze ribs, which are now in the Louvre at Paris. In the same church is the monument of the Veronese chronicler Saraina, that of Piero and Luigi Alighieri, raised by their brother Francesco, the last male descendant of Dante in the sixteenth century, the monument of Francesco Calceolari, a botanist and the author of the 'Herbarium Baldum,' and other monuments of learned men, and also several very old paintings, one of which, by an unknown artist, is said to be anterior to the time of Cimabue. The church of Santa Maria della Scala contains the tomb of Scipione Maffei, the author of 'Verona Illustrata.' S. Giorgio Maggiore and S. Sebastiano are among the finest churches of Verona, and are rich with paintings by Brusasorci, l'Orbetto, Farinati, Dai Libri, and other artists.

The library of the Chapter of Verona is very ancient: it contains twelve thousand volumes and about five hundred and forty MSS., among which is a palimpsest of the Institutes of Gaius, discovered by Niebuhr. It was in the same library that Petrarch discovered, to his great joy, Cicero's Epistles 'ad familiares.' Se-

veral valuable private libraries, such as those of Sainbanti and Giannilippi, have been sold of late years.

The Teatro Filarmonico of Verona is a handsome structure; in the court and under the portico is Maffei's collection of Etruscan and other inscriptions, and of ancient bassi-relievi given by him to his native town. Maffei's bust is above the door of the theatre.

The sepulchral monuments of the Della Scala family, in the shape of pyramids surmounted by the equestrian statues of the various members of that family who were lords of Verona, are a remarkable object. The most splendid of these monuments however is not that of Can Grande, the friend and patron of Dante, but of one of his successors, Can Signerio, who murdered one of his brothers.

Verona is situated in 45° 25' N: lat. and 11° E. long., on the banks of the Adige, which divides the town into two parts, and at the foot of hills which are the lower offsets of the mountains of the Tyrol. The situation of Verona is pleasant and healthy; the town is substantially built, with long and tolerably wide streets, is surrounded by old walls flanked with towers, and retains much of the appearance of a town of the middle ages. The ramparts and bastions constructed by the architect and engineer San Micheli in the early part of the sixteenth century, were destroyed according to one of the conditions of the peace of Luneville in 1801, but parts of them which remain testify the great solidity and strength of the original construction.

Four bridges cross the Adige at Verona: that called Di Castelvecchio is remarkable for the width of the central arch.

Verona is a bishop's see, it has a lyceum, a "Collegio delle Fanciulle," or house of education for young women, a school of drawing and painting, an academy of agriculture and commerce, and a clerical seminary.

The general head-quarters of the Austrian army in Italy are fixed at Verona, a situation well suited for the purpose. Many families of the local nobility have their residence at Verona, and in the pleasant country-seats which are scattered among the neighbouring hills. It has produced in various ages men, and also women, distinguished for their learning. Isotta Nogarola, styled la Grande Isotta, a celebrated learned woman of the fifteenth century, resided at Azzano in the neighbourhood of Verona. Fracastoro, a physician, astronomer, naturalist, and poet, lived at Incaffi, near the banks of the lake of Garda. We cannot here give a full account of either the worthies of Verona, or of its history, but of the latter we may state briefly that it was a town of the Cenomani, according to some, or of the Veneti according to others. Livy (v. 35) says that the Cenomani Gauls occupied the country previously held by the Libui, in which were Brixia and Verona. Maffei maintains that Verona was never a town of the Cenomani, but was part of the Venetia. Under the empire it produced many distinguished men, such as Catullus, Pliny the elder, Vitruvius, and others. After the fall of the empire, it was one of the principal towns of the Longobards. It was afterwards taken by Charlemagne, and became subject to the new Western empire. In the twelfth century it was a free municipal town, and joined the Lombard league. In the following century it fell under the power of Ezzelino da Romano, after whose death Mastino della Scala, of an old family of Verona, was elected Podestà, about A.D. 1259. His descendants usurped the sovereign power, and created the dynasty of Della Scala or Scaligeri, which lasted above a century, until it was conquered by the Visconti, dukes of Milan, who became masters of Verona. After the death of Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, Verona

was seized by treachery by Francis of Carrara, lord of Padua; but in 1409, being besieged by the Venetians, the citizens gave themselves up to Venice by a convention which secured their municipal liberties, and since then Verona has formed part of the Venetian state.

FYNES MORYSON.—No. II.

We now proceed to give a few general notes made during his first journey. He carefully describes the various antiquities and edifices in every city, but as these are so familiar from later descriptions, we shall not cite any of his except where they show the changes that have occurred. The bridge mentioned in the following we suppose was placed near where is now the bridge of boats at Kehl; the safety of the passengers seems to have been little heeded:

"The bridge of Strasburg over the Rhine is more than a musket-shot from the city, on the east side thereof. The bridge is of wood and hath threescore five arches, each distant from the other twenty walking paces, and it is so narrow that a horseman can hardly pass by a cart, it lying open on both sides, and it is built of small pieces of timber laid across, which lie loose; so as one end being pressed with any weight the other is lifted up, with danger to fall into the water."

He does not indulge in picturesque descriptions, indeed the most beautiful scenery is generally passed unnoticed by him. When he goes "through high mountains and great woods" he mentions them only to speak of the laboriousness of the way, or to say whether there is "great store of corn" or not; even the Bay of Naples is "represented in a plan" and described by him without wasting one word on its beauty. In his notices of objects of art he does not shine, but then he is careful to disclaim any particular skill therein: "At Lubeck, myself beholding the Virgin's statue all of stone, did think it had been covered with a gown of white buffin, and that being altogether unskilful in the graving art, yet I much admired the workmanship." At Pisa, he saw the famous leaning tower, which he appears to have thought was so constructed intentionally—"by the great art of the workmen." He is always attentive however to works of art; and every place associated with a great name he carefully visits.

At Arquà he visited the tomb of Petrarch; and also his house, "where the owner of the house showed us some household stuff belonging to him, and the very skin of a cat he loved, which they have dried and still keep." He also saw his study, "a pleasant room, especially for the sweet prospect." At Verona he tasted the Rhetian wine, "much praised by Pliny, and preferred to the wine of Falernum by Virgil. It is of a red colour and sweet, and howsoever it seems thick, more fit to be eaten than drunk, yet it is of a most pleasant taste." He saw at Florence the tomb of Michael Angelo, "a most famous engraver, painter, and builder, of whom the Italians greatly boast, and withal tell much of his fantastic humours." One of which fantastic humours told our traveller being "an abominable one which the Romans of the better sort seriously tell of him, that he being to paint a crucifix for the pope, when he came to express the lively actions of the passion, hired a porter to be fastened upon a cross, and at that very time stabbed him with a penknife, and while he was dying made a rare piece of work for the art, but infamous for the murder."

He was also laudably anxious to see the living men of eminence, and among others managed to introduce himself, as a Frenchman, to Bellarmine at Rome; and on his return homewards he had an interview with Theodore Beza, of his account of whom we quote a part:

At Geneva he "had great contentment to speak and converse with the reverend Father Theodore Beza, who was of stature somewhat tall, and corpulent or big-boned, and had a long thick beard as white as snow. He had a grave senator's countenance, and was broad-faced, but not fat, and in general by his comely person, sweet affability and gravity, he would have extorted reverence from those that least loved him." Moryson relates a characteristic circumstance. They went together to the church, and our traveller having been accustomed in Italy to dip his fingers "towards the holy water (according to the manner of the papists, lest the omitting of so small a matter generally used, might make him suspected of his religion, and bring him into dangers of greater consequence)" did in passing the poor-box in the church porch touch it in like sort with his fingers, "mistaking it for the font of holy water." Whereupon Beza perceiving his error, took him by the hand, and gave him grave advice "hereafter to eschew these ill customs, which were so hardly forgotten."

We have spoken of the dangers of travelling at this time by sea as well as by land; Moryson, though he escaped pretty freely from them, had sufficient evidence of their reality. Wishing to go from Utrecht to Hamburg, he resolved to make the journey by sea, and engaged a place in a ship for the purpose. Fortunately it was prevented getting out of the Zuyder Zee by the wind suddenly falling; and before the wind became favourable, another ship that had succeeded in passing into the open sea, returned with its crew maltreated, and its freight rifled, having been chased and taken by a Dunkirk pirate, the commander of which expressed great wrath at his prize not being the ship in which Moryson was to have sailed, as he had received good information that it was richly laden. Again, in sailing from Lirigi to Genoa, the vessel struck upon the rocks, but our author and the crew managed to climb over them and escape in safety to a village about ten miles distant, where they stayed the night; "and the next morning early, before day-break, we went forward on foot, our consorts of Genoa often warning us to be silent for fear of thieves; and after we had gone six miles, we came by the breaking of the day to Genoa. By the way, we did see a village all ruined, and they told us that Turkish pirates, landing suddenly, had spoiled the same and burnt it; and had pulled down the churches and altars, and among other prisoners had taken away a most fair maiden from her bridegroom's side."

He gives a full and curious account of the German drinking customs, but we have not space to quote any. Of the baths of Baden and the customs there his narrative is similar to that of Coryat, though a little less naïve. The Poles he does not like, and gives a very unfavourable idea of their habits: after he has passed through their country into Moravia, at Speron, he remarks: "In this journey through Poland, and from Cracow to this place, we had here the first bed, having before lodged upon benches in a warm stove." At this time the nations of the Continent were generally before England in matters of refinement, but it is probable that in more substantial comfort we were even then in the first rank. Englishmen then ate with their fingers, and poor Tom Coryat got laughed at by his associates and nicknamed *furcifer* for using a fork at his meals on his return from Italy; and to escape such mockery Moryson thinks it necessary to advise the traveller returning home to conform to the practices of his country,—"laying aside the spoon and fork of Italy and the affected gestures of France, yea, even those manners which with good judgment he allows, if they be disagreeable to his countrymen: for we are not all born reformers of the world:" yet, as we said, in those

refinements which most tended to increase the comfort we were not less advanced than others. At Bologna he notices that in the "palaces of the gentlemen the windows were not glazed (which the Venetians brag to be proper to their city, as a thing to be wondered at), but they are covered with paper, whereof part is oiled over." At this time the houses of the English nobility were glazed. "One fashion pleased me beyond measure," he says at Naples; it was that of being carried in sedan-chairs. These vehicles, which he had never before seen, he gives a minute description of. Another thing however he saw in the same city with very different feelings: "In the market-place at Naples is a stone, upon which many play away their liberty at dice, the king's officers lending them money, which when they have lost and cannot repay, they are drawn into the galleys, for the Spaniards have slaves of both sexes." Rome he was obliged to hasten over for a sufficient reason; still he viewed "boldly, yet with as much haste as possible," the antiquities of Rome. The relics he only mentions "the chief of them by hearsay. It is not safe for him to inquire after relics that will not worship them." He left Rome sooner than he intended, for "Easter was now at hand, and the priests came to take our names in our lodging, and when we demanded the cause, they told us, that it was to no other end, but to know if any received not the Communion at that holy time, which, when we heard, we needed no spurs to make haste from Rome into the state of Florence."

At Florence he stayed a considerable time in order to perfect himself in the Italian language "in the place where it is spoken most purely." Of this city and its contents he gives a full description, from which we have already cited, and will only further borrow this pretty sample of a royal diversion:—

"The duke kept fierce wild beasts in a little round house, namely five lions, five wolves, three eagles, three tigers (of black and grey colour not unlike cats, but much greater), one wild cat (like a tiger), bears, leopards (spotted with white, black, and red, and used sometimes for hunting), an Indian mouse (with a head like our mice, but a long hairy tail, so fierce and big that it would easily kill one of our cats), and wild boars. And the keeper told us that the duke and duchess, with many gentlemen, came lately to behold them (sitting in a gallery round about the yard), at which time certain men were put into little frames of wood, running upon wheels, to provoke these beasts to anger; which, being let loose in the court yard, walked without offending one the other, and to this end these men had many fireworks, from the which the most fierce of them did run away, only the wild-boar rushed upon one of these frames wheeling towards him, and not only turned it over, but rent out a board with his tusk, so as all the company were afraid lest the man who lay therein should perish."

Moryson had no better feeling towards the poor Jews than was common in his day, and it is with no little indignation that he notices at Mantua that they are somewhat less persecuted than in most other cities. They are, he says, "so much favoured by the duke as they dwell not in any several part of the city, but where they list, and in the very market-place; neither are they forced (as in other parts of Italy) to wear yellow or red caps whereby they may be known, but only a little piece of yellow cloth on the left side of their cloaks, so as they can hardly be distinguished from Christians, especially in their shops, where they wear no cloaks. Such be the privileges which the Jews have gotten by bribing (especially in the duchy of Savoy) through the unsatiable avarice of our Christian princes."

[To be continued.]



CHAUCER'S
CANTEBURY TALES

THE NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE

A poor widow, somewhat bent from age, once dwelt
in a narrow cottage beside a grove that stood in a dell.
This widow, since the

day that she was last a wife,
In patience led a full simple life,
For little was her cattle and her rent
By ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~child~~ ^{her} ~~of~~ ^{of} such as God her sent
She found herself, and she her daughters two
Three large cows had she, and no mo
Three knes, and she a sheep that bighte M. H.
Full sooty was her bower, and eke her hall
In which she ate many a slender meal

She knew nothing of poignant sauces, nor dainty
morsels. Repetition never made her ill. Temperate
diet was all her physic - and exercise, and a satisfied
heart. The gout hindered her not from dancing. The
apoplexy injured not her head. Her board was served
with milk and brown bread, toasted bacon, and some-
times an egg or two.

She had a yard enclosed round, in which she had a

cock called Chanticleer, for crowing there was not his
equal through the land.

His comb was redder than the fair coral
Embossed as it were a castle wall
The bill was black, and as the jet it shone.

His legs and his toes were like azure, his nails whiter
than the lily, his colour of burnished gold.

This cock had under his government seven hens, his
sisters, and all wondrously like him in colour, of
which the finest was called fair Pertelote. She pos-
sessed the heart of Chanticleer. And

such a joy it was to hear them sing
When that the bright sunne 'gan to spring
In sweet accord, - "My life is laid in laud."

For at that time, I understand, birds and beasts both
could speak and sing.

One dawning, as Chanticleer was among his wives,
sitting on his perch with his fair Pertelote sitting next

to him, he began to groan, like a man sorely oppressed in his sleep. Pertelot said—

“Heartè dear,
What aileth you to groan in this mannère?
Ye be a very sleeper; fie, for shame.”

“Madam,” he said, “be not grieved; I was just now in such misfortune, that mine heart is still affrighted. I dreamed that I saw a beast in our yard, like a hound, and he would have seized my body, and have killed me. His colour was betwixt yellow and red, his tail tipped, his ears black, his snout small, and he had two glowing eyes.” “Away,” quoth Pertelot,

“Now have ye lost mine heart, and all my love;
I cannot love a coward, by my faith.

Alas! And can ye be afraid of dreams? God knows dreaming is nothing but vanity. Dreams are engendered of repletions and superabundant humours. Does not Caton, the wise man, say, I pay no heed to dreams? Take some laxative, and though there be no apothecary in the town I shall teach you two herbs to cure you.”

“Madam,” quoth he, “*grand mercy* of your love, but many a man, so may I thrive, of more authority than Caton ever was, says the reverse of all this. They have proved by experience that dreams be significant of joy and tribulation. One of the greatest authors writes thus:—

“Once two fellows went a pilgrimage, and came into a town, which was so full of people that they could not even find a cottage where they might lodge together, so they were obliged to part for the night. One of them did very well, the other was obliged to lodge with oxen in a stall. And it so happened that long before day-break the one who was in bed dreamed that his fellow called upon him and said, ‘Alas! I shall be murdered this night in the stall; help me brother, or I die. Hasten to me,’ he cried. The man started out of his sleep with fright, but when he had waked he thought it was all vain fancy, so he turned and went to sleep again. Twice he had thus dreamed, when, at the third time, he thought he saw his fellow come to him, and he cried, ‘Now am I slain—’

Behold my bloody woundès, deep and wide.
Arise up early, in the morrow tide,
And at the west gate of the town,” quoth he,
“A cartè full of dung there shalt thou see,
In which my body is hid.

Boldly arrest the cart. My gold caused my murder.”

“On the morrow, as soon as it was day, he went to his fellow’s inn, and began to call for him. ‘Sir,’ said the hostler, ‘your fellow is gone. He went out of the town at daybreak.’ Recollecting his dreams, this man now goes towards the west gate of the town, and there he found a dung-cart, and with a determined heart he began to cry out ‘Vengeance and justice for this felony! My fellow has been murdered in the night, and he now lies in the cart.

Harow! alas! here lieth my fellow slain!”

“And the people cast the cart to the ground, and in the middle of the dung they found the murdered man. And the carter and the hostler were tortured until they acknowledged their wickedness, and were both hanged. So, fair Pertelot, by such examples thou mayest learn that men should not be too reckless of dreams. And as to your laxatives, I love them not.

But let us speak of mirth, and stint all this,
Madame Pertelotè, so have I bliss,
Of one thing God hath sent me large grace:
For when I see the beauty of your face,
Ye be so scarlet red about your eyes,
It maketh all my dreacle for to dieu;

For all so siker* as *In principio*
Mulier est hominis confusio.
(Madame, the sentence of this Latin is,
Woman is mannes joy and mannes bliss.†)

“I am so full of joy and solace that I defy all dreams.”
The cock now roaneth up and down the yard:—

Him deigneth not to set his feet to ground;
He chucketh when he hath a corn yfound;
And to him runnen then his wives all.

One night a fox, full of sly iniquity, burst through the palings into the yard, and lay still in a bed of herbs, watching the time to fall on Chanticleer. “And it so happened that the cock cast his eye on the herbs, and held

The fox that lay full low;

Nothing ne list him theme for to crow,
But cried anon Cok! Cok!—and up he start
As man that was affrayed in his heart:
For naturally a beast desireth flee
From his contrary if he may it see,
Though he never erst had seen it with his eye.

This Chanticleer, whos he him gan espy,
He would have fled, but that the fox anon
Said, “Gentle Sir, alas! what would ye done?
Be ye afraid of me that am your friend?
Now certes I were worse than any fiend
If I to you would harm or villainy;
I nam not come your counsel to espy,
But truly the cause of my coming
Was only for to hearken how ye sing;
For truly ye have as merry a steven §
As any angel hath that is in heaven.

“My lord, your father, God bless his soul, and your mother also, have been in my house, to my great pleasure, and certes I would fain please you. And, to speak of singing, I never heard man so sing as did your father of a morning. Now, Sir, for charity sing; let me see if you can counterfeit your father.”

This Chanticleer his wingès gan to beat,
As man that could not his treason espy,
So was he ravish’d with his flattery.

He stood high on his toes, stretched out his neck, held close his eyes, and began to crow aloud; and the fox at once seized him by the throat, and bore him off on his back towards the wood. Such a lamentation was never made by the ladies in Ilion, when that city was won, and Pyrrhus had slain Priam, as was made by the hens when they beheld this spectacle. And certainly dame Pertelot shrieked louder than Asdrubal’s wife when her husband was killed, and Carthage burnt by the Romans, and she threw herself into the fire.

The simple widow and her two daughters heard the hens cry, and they run out,

And saw the fox toward the wood is gone,
And bare upon his back the cock away;
They crieden out Harow! and Wala wa!
Aha, the fox!

And they run after him, and many a man also with staves, and Col our dog, and Malkin with her distaff; there too

Ran cow and calf; and eke the very hoggès,
So feared were for barking of the dogges,

and for the shouting of the men and women, that they ran so that they thought their hearts would burst.

The geese, for fear, flown over the trees;
Out of the hive came the swarm of bees:
So hideous was the noise, ah *benedicite!*

* Certainly.

† The roguish cock, knowing the fair Pertelot’s want of a scholastic education, is enjoying a jest at the expense of her and her sex; the Latin means the reverse of what he tells her.

‡ Do.

§ Note.

that Jack Straw and his men never made half such a shrill clamour when they would kill a Fleming, as that day was made upon the fox.

The cock that lay on the fox's back now spake unto him in all his fear, "Sir, if I were as ye, I would turn against those proud churls, and say unto them,

"A very pestilence upon ye fall:
Now am I come unto the wood's side,
Maugre your head, the cock shall here abide,
I will him eat, in faith, and that anon."

The fox answered, "In faith I will do so:" and as he spake the word the cock suddenly brake from his mouth, and flew upon a high tree. When the fox saw he was gone, "Alas!" quoth he, "alas! Chanticleer, I have offended you, inasmuch as I made you afraid; but, Sir, I did it in no wicked intent: come down, and I shall tell you my meaning—God help me as I shall speak truth to you." "Nay," said Chanticleer, "let me be accursed if thou beguile me more than once. No more shalt thou, with thy flattery induce me to sing and to wink. For he that wilfully winketh when he should see, God will never allow to thrive."

"Nay," quoth the fox, "but God give him mischance
That is so indiscreet of governance
That jauglet when he should him hold his peace."

FYNES MORYSON.—No. III.

ON his homeward route Moryson adopted a bold plan, that of passing over the Alps alone. "When I came from Padua, I was not curious to find companions for this my long journey (to Geneva), as well because I hoped to find some by the way, as for that I now being used to converse with any Christian strangers, little cared to be solitary by the way: but deceived of this my hope to find company, I passed all alone, not so much as accompanied with a foot-man, over the high Alps, which I think very few have done besides myself." But the worst part of his journey was the last. He arrived safely at Geneva, but when he would have gone on from there to Paris, his friends tried to "persuade him from that journey, the peace being but just concluded (it was in the beginning of the reign of Henry IV., at the termination of his struggle with the party of the League), and the way full of disbanded soldiers." Moryson slighted this counsel, but he says he afterwards "found it good by Experience, *the mother of fools*," a relationship we have not elsewhere seen affirmed, but owing to which we suppose it is that that respectable matron is so careful, as she is proverbially said to be, in their instruction. However, our author was persuaded to dispose of his horse; the temptation of a good courser, he being assured, would be found irresistible by the marauders, and probably they would cut his throat as well as steal his horse. Accordingly he sold it at Metz for sixteen French crowns; and then set about fitting himself for his journey. He procured a cover for his smart suit, discoloured his hands and face, and made himself as much as possible like a Dutch servant; so that he says, "if you had seen his servile countenance, his eyes cast on the ground, his hands in his hose, and his modest silence, you would have taken him for a harmless young man." Then he "quilted his gold in his doublet," but that he might not be left quite destitute if he passed through the hands of the robbers, he took the sixteen crowns for which he had sold his horse and put them at the bottom of a wooden box, and covered them with a stinking ointment. For still further security he took six other crowns and wrapped them in cloth, upon which he wound threads of divers colours, wherein he stuck needles, "as if he had been so good a husband as to mend his own clothes," putting both in the pockets of

his hose as if they were things of no value. Having thus completed his personal equipment, he hired a poor man to serve him as guide to Chalons, and to carry his cloak and little stock of baggage. Their way was a toilsome one, and they suffered greatly from hunger and thirst, the country through which they passed being almost entirely desolated in the civil war. So bad was it, that his guide, when he came on the fourth or fifth day to some dirty water that had collected in the road ruts, lay down and drank it greedily. They went on, however, unmolested till the fifth day; when, as they had just got into France, and were within a few miles of Chalons, a dozen armed horse-men came up to him, and the leader demanded his name and country. Moryson told him he was the servant of a Dutch merchant, who was waiting for him at Chalons. The captain, looking upon a poor servant as too mean a prey for him, rode away, but by the time he reached the top of the hill Moryson saw him dispatch two of his men, who rode hastily up, and, presenting their carbines, threatened instant death if he resisted. To resist was useless, and therefore he quietly submitted. Having first taken the sword and cloak from his guide, they next lightened him "of the gold quilted within his doublet," taking the doublet as well, and then made a careful survey of what else he possessed. When they drew the box out of his hose, the ointment not pleasing their smell, they quickly flung it away, and the threads after it, without so much as borrowing a needle. After stripping off his doublet, they did not deign to take the cover, but thrusting a deep greasy French hat on his head, in exchange for his own, they rode off. On their departure Moryson carefully picked up his box and cloth, and felt almost merry that he had escaped so well. His guide, however, was not in so cheerful a mood; he had come a toilsome journey, and now seeing little hope of payment for his services, was inclined to be angry that his master treated the matter so lightly. When they reached the town, the guide at once led him to the meanest house in it, saying, when Moryson remonstrated with him, that "stately inns are not for men with never a penny in their pockets." On the other insisting, however, he led him to the best inn, "ceasing not to bewail their misery, and to recount the tragedy as if it had been the burning of Troy," till even the landlord became churlish for fear of his reckoning. Next morning the guide came to take his leave, and was about to depart without asking or expecting his money, and when Moryson put it in his hands, would scarce believe his senses, crying out like a mad man that he knew not how he should have one penny to pay with, unless he were a juggler, or an alchemist, or had a familiar spirit. Then confounded between wonder and joy, he began to triumph with the servants, and would not depart till he had drunk a quart of wine.* Moryson succeeded in borrowing money in Paris, and reached England without further adventure.

He only remained a few months at home; he "had an itching desire to see Jerusalem, the fountain of religion, and Constantinople, of old the seat of the Christian emperors, and now the seat of the Turkish Ottoman;" and finding that his brother Henry was about to proceed there, he resolved to accompany him. There was a singular custom prevalent at this time, of putting out a sum of money on undertaking a voyage, on condition of receiving on returning a sum larger than the original in proportion to the risk supposed to belong to the voyage; of course if the traveller did not live to return, the money deposited became the pro-

* Moryson dwells on this story with a natural fondness, expanding it through many folio pages; we have taken the liberty to recast it, using, as much as possible, his own words, as it seemed in so many ways worth repeating.

perty of him who had agreed to pay the larger amount. These speculations were called Adventures upon Return. Moryson gives a full account of them: his brother had placed out 400*l.* to be repaid 1200*l.* upon his return; and he had been persuaded himself at first to make a like venture, but he afterwards changed his mind, such undertakings having begun to fall into disrepute; he therefore only left 200*l.* among his immediate friends and kinsmen, to be repaid 450*l.* if he returned. The voyage was an unfortunate one; his brother died at Aleppo, and he scarcely escaped. We have not space to speak of this voyage: he gives a full and faithful description of all the holy monuments at Jerusalem, as shown him by the friars, "making conscience not to add or detract, but to use their own words," which he leaves his readers to receive with as much abatement as they please. As a return for their pains, these friars besought him to purchase relics which they brought to him, such as beads and crosses, "both made of the earth whereof Adam was formed."

Nor can we stay to give the smallest extract from his elaborate discourses on travelling, contained in the third part; or stop at the curious collection of national proverbs longer than to cull a French and an English sample. "For singing the Spaniards weep, the Italians sigh, the English bleat like a goat, the Germans bellow, the French sing." "We in England say, A traveller to Rome must have the back of an ass, the belly of a hog, and a conscience as broad as the king's highway." "The Londoners pronounce, Woe to him that chooses a horse in Smithfield, a servant in Paul's Church, or a wife out of Westminster."

His account of Ireland is valuable as an historical document, from the private official information open to him: his description of the country and the people sets before us a startling and most painful picture. But all this we must pass over, and we shall close our hasty notice with his account, perhaps the most exact and minute we have, of an English inn just two hundred and fifty years ago, first presenting, for the sake of comparison, his sketch of the inns at Augsburg, from which it appears that it was customary here as well as there to provide entertainments for the guests at dinner: England, it will be remembered, was then a musical country. "The diet of the inns of the city of Augsburg (seated in a most fertile soil) is very plentiful, both in meats and banquets, where each man paid for his dinner seven batzen (about eighteen-pence English). When we were at dinner a tumbler came in, and being admitted to show his cunning, he stood upon his head and drank a measure of wine, which seemed strange to the beholders." His English inn is much more elaborately drawn, and much more curious, from its points of difference, as well as of resemblance, with the better country inns now. "The world," he says, "affords not such inns as England hath, either for good and cheap entertainment, after the guest's own pleasure, or for humble attendance upon the passengers, yea, even in very poor villages. For as soon as a passenger comes to an inn, the servants run to him, and one takes his horse and walks him till he be cold, then rubs him, and gives him meat, yet I must say they are not much to be trusted in this last point, without the eye of the master, or his servant, to oversee them. Another servant gives the passenger his private chamber, and kindles his fire, the third pulls off his boots and makes them clean. Then the host or hostess visits him, and if he will eat with the host, or at a common table with others, his meat will cost him six-pence, or in some places but fourpence (yet this course is less honourable, and not used by gentlemen); but if he will eat in his chamber, he commands what meat he will, according to his appetite, and as much as he

thinks fit for him and his, yea, the kitchen is open to him to command the meat to be dressed as he best likes; and when he sits at table the host or hostess will accompany him, or if they have many guests, will at least visit him, taking it for courtesy to be bid sit down: while he eats, if he have company especially, he shall be offered music, which he may freely take or refuse; and if he be solitary, the musicians will give him the good day with music in the morning." It is the custom, and no way disgraceful, to set up part of supper for his breakfast. In the evening, or in the morning after breakfast (for the common sort use not to dine, but ride from breakfast to supper-time, yet coming early to the inn for better resting of their horses), he shall have a reckoning in writing, and; if it seem unreasonable, the host will satisfy him, either for the due price, or by abating part, especially if the servant deceive him any way, which one of experience will soon find." Then after remarking that the expense will be lessened by two or three travelling together, he adds, "Lastly, a man cannot more freely command at home in his own house, than he may do in his inn, and, at parting, if he give some few pence to the chamberlain and ostler, they wish him a happy journey."

Surinam Dinner-Party.—This day I was introduced to the etiquette of the Surinam dinner-parties. It was at the residence of M. de Veer, who sent his carriage for me. On my arrival I found a large party assembled; but Madame de Veer was the only lady present. I had the honour of sitting next her at table; but she could only speak Dutch, of which I knew but little; so our conversation was chiefly in short sentences or monosyllables. The dinner consisted of two courses; the first comprised of a variety of dishes, served up in French, Dutch, English, and West Indian fashion. After we had regaled on these to our hearts' content, I was surprised to see every one rise from table. The lady disappeared, and the gentlemen dispersed in different directions; some strolled into the gardens and enjoyed a cigar; others retired to the saloon to converse; whilst one or two lounged in the veranda. Some time having passed thus, a servant announced "qu'on est servi;" the hostess re-entered, took the arm of the gentleman who had previously taken her to the table, and resumed her place, each following her example. The second course was placed before us, the dessert being blended, decorated with the choicest flowers and fruits; the champagne sparkled, and the conversation became more animated. Madame did not again leave us till she led the way to the saloon for coffee or tea. Such was the etiquette observed at all the hospitable entertainments given to me, the only difference being that the ladies did not always retire, but remained chatting or walking with the gentlemen.—*Capadose's Sixteen Years in the West Indies.*

A Railway in America.—A few years ago it was a fatiguing tour of many weeks to reach the Falls of Niagara from Albany. We are now carried along at the rate of sixteen miles an hour on a railway of steel supported on piles, through large swamps covered with aquatic trees and shrubs, or through dense forests with occasional clearings, where orchards are planted by anticipation among the stumps, before they have even had time to grow up a log-house. The traveller views with surprise, in the midst of so much unoccupied land, one flourishing town after another, such as Utica, Syracuse, and Auburn. At Rochester, he admires the streets of large houses, inhabited by 20,000 souls, where the first settler built his log-cabin in the wilderness only twenty-five years ago. At one point our train stopped at a handsome newly-built station-house, and, on looking out at one window, we saw a group of Indians of the Oneida tribe, lately the owners of the broad lands around, but now humbly offering for sale a few trinkets, such as baskets ornamented with porcupine quills, moccasins of moose-deer skin, and boxes of birch-bark. At the other window stood a well-dressed waiter, handing ice and confectionary.—*Lyell's Travels in North America.*

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS, 1845.

ALTHOUGH there has been and is a great deal of building going on, the year 1845 has not brought with it any addition to the public structures of the metropolis. As far as works of that class are concerned, nothing has been done, or even begun, excepting one or two churches, nor do they distinguish themselves individually. With regard to one edifice, which was spoken of by us last year as being then just completed, the Royal Exchange, the marble statue of the Queen, by Lough, in the centre of the merchants' area, was uncovered on the 28th of October, the anniversary of the royal visit and inauguration of the building; and some of the open-work metal gates at the entrances have also been put up.

Freeman's Place is in a manner so connected with the Royal Exchange, to which it may be considered a sort of architectural satellite, that we proceed to notice it at once before we come to speak of other general improvements and alterations of the kind, more especially as it distinguishes itself from all the rest by having more the air of a single large edifice than of a mere piece of street architecture. This range of building, which immediately faces the east front of the Royal Exchange, and forms the opposite side of a wide paved avenue between the two buildings that is reserved for foot-passengers only, is in a style of noble simplicity that says much for the good taste and judgment of its architects, Messrs. E. T. Anson and Son. Equally free from the usual commonplace of ostentatious decoration—apt to run into the meretricious, and from baldness and insipidity—apt also to be mixed up with the former, it is at once sober and dignified—with neither too much nor too little of embellishment, but consistent throughout, and all of a piece. Not only is it a fine mass as far as mere size goes, but the importance so derived is well kept up and preserved by the character of the "fenestration," which is such as not to cut up the mass itself into littleness, as is too generally the case, owing to windows being put too closely together, which inevitably occasions an ordinary dwelling-house look to prevail in spite of every attempt to mask it by ornament; whereas this façade is exceedingly well-proportioned both as to the quantity of window opening as compared with the entire surface, and well-proportioned also in regard to mass (about one hundred and sixty feet by sixty high), wherefore the eye takes in the whole of it as a distinct architectural object. The character is Italian *astylar*, and the composition so exceedingly simple that the entire elevation may be perfectly well understood from, and better, because more distinctly shown here, by only two compartments of it (in all there are thirteen, or thirteen windows on a floor), there being no other variation throughout than as regards the middle window of the first floor, which differs somewhat in design from the rest, but hardly sufficiently to acquire decided distinction as a central feature. For simple grandeur of mass, and also for size, this range of building will bear comparison with the Excise Office in Broad Street, and while it is of sufficient extent for importance and dignity, it is not carried on to such length that continuity of design becomes monotony and wearisome repetition. One peculiarity—considering the style adopted, and what is not expressed in



Freeman's Place.

our drawing—is that of colour, the whole of the front above the ground-floor being of *red brick*, with stone dressings, and though of unusual kind, the effect is remarkably good. The choice of brick instead of any sort of *compo* was most judicious, because the former material will not require to be renovated from time to time; and equally judicious has been the preference of red to white brick, since the latter does not contrast sufficiently with stone, but has rather a dull and dingy look when brought into contact with it, whereas the other forms a decided ground that sets off and gives relief to the ornamental finishings. Instead of decreasing in ornaments upwards, as is usually done, the architect has given more than ordinary richness and importance to the upper part of the façade by the series of festoons between the attic or mezzanine-proportioned windows; which, together with the cornice (whose blocks we may observe are somewhat too heavy, and should have partaken more of the cantilever form), give no small degree of character to the whole. Freeman's Place is certainly a great architectural

acquisition to the city; and it is only to be hoped that as soon as opportunity shall occur, the building will be further carried out by a similar elevation towards Cornhill, to only to the extent of three or five windows in breadth, in order to give the appearance of depth.

Trafalgar Square—the subject of so much talk for a long while—has been at last completed, but it by no means answers previous expectation. The two fountains seem to have altogether disappointed the public; for not only have they been ridiculed by those who make mere ridicule pass for criticism, but have been spoken of seriously by those who profess to deal in sober criticism, as things of “intense ugliness,” which is rather too severe; since the insignificance of their appearance is at least an equal defect. Perhaps a single large fountain in the centre would have been preferable. A more striking architectural fault as regards the enclosure or square itself, is that the two side boundary walls, east and west, are made to slope according to the fall of the ground from north to south, though the enclosure itself is on a uniform level plane. Within the enclosure this produces a singularly disagreeable effect, for the tops of walls are not made to rise and fall like hedges, according to the inequalities of the ground; and if it was considered objectionable to carry those walls in a straight line from end to end, they might have been broken into two or more lengths, each length stopping against a pier or pedestal, whereby situations would have been provided for public statues, as opportunity for them might occur. The terrace itself is an improvement; it helps the façade of the National Gallery, in the view of it from the Nelson Column; but then the two pedestals for equestrian statues at its extremities are such colossal masses in comparison, that they cause both the Gallery and the portico of St. Martin’s to appear upon a diminished scale. Barry certainly here undertook a very ungrateful task, it being hardly possible to make anything satisfactory out of such an ill-arranged spot.

With regard to the new *Palace of Westminster*, it is not so much the structure itself as the decorations contemplated for its interior that cause it to be made a matter of present general interest. With regard to the building itself, no very great advance has been made during the twelvemonth with the external works, the completing the two “Houses,” and that part of the interior as expeditiously as possible, being of more pressing necessity, the Peers having complained of the delay. The new pile will be very much larger than was at first contemplated, should—as in all probability will be done—the architect’s present plan, as submitted to the Courts of Law and Equity Committee, and published in their Report, be carried out. According to that, he intends to inclose New Palace Yard entirely by a range of building on its north side, extending from the Clock Tower to the end of Bridge Street, and by another on the west side, along Margaret Street, as far as the south end of Westminster Hall; between which two new ranges of building the north-west angle will be cut off by a deep and spacious gateway leading into the quadrangle (260 by 170 feet) in front of the Hall. That this will be a very great improvement cannot be doubted, because that north-western portion of it will be the part of the exterior most completely exposed to view, both in consequence of the very wide open space on the west side between Great George Street and the Abbey (it being proposed to clear away St. Margaret’s Church), and because both the north and west fronts, with the gateway between them, will come prominently into view from the end of Parliament Street. There is, however, what strikes us as a defect, and one the more inexcusable—there being nothing to require its being done—which

is the want of parallelism between the two main divisions of the west side, of which the south one will face Old Palace Yard, and the north one enclose New Palace Yard, and form the side of Margaret Street. Yet, according to the plan published in the Report, this last is to be brought forward upon a line running obliquely to the other, and that not in order to carry it more parallel-wise to Westminster Hall, since the want of parallelism will be thereby increased. At present the edifice has scarcely begun to show itself at all on the land side, except just that part which will form the north side of New Palace Yard, or the intended quadrangle; and the Victoria Tower, which has been carried up as high as the crowns of the two large arches, south and west, forming the carriage-porch of the royal entrance. It seems that the Tower will not now be made use of in its upper part as a repository for records, but it is not said whether it will therefore be less lofty than was at first intended, or to what other purpose the upper floors of that elevated mass will be applied. Though the river front, which may also be considered the principal one, is erected, the public have no means of fairly judging from that of the unusual richness of the exterior, which does not there produce any effect in proportion to the prodigality of the embellishments and the elaborateness of execution, since that front can be inspected in detail only upon the terrace, which cannot be opened to the public, there being no access to it except through the building itself; nor can a sufficiently good general view of that front be obtained, except from the river. Beheld from the near end of the bridge it is too much foreshortened, and from the further one, or from the opposite shore, all its beauties of detail are completely lost. Not only is the site most unfortunately low—to remedy which the terrace ought to have been as lofty as that of Somerset Place—but the building itself also looks low and flat; but its appearance from a distance will of course be greatly improved when the various towers come to be erected, for besides some effect of loftiness they will produce sufficient diversity of outline.

[To be continued.]

DOMESTIC FISH-PONDS.

On paying an early morning visit to the market of Cologne a few months ago, we were surprised to notice the large quantities of fresh-water fish that were offered for sale. All the stands were furnished with fruit and vegetables: some of them included rye bread and sausages, but most of them had each two or three tubs of water crowded with fish of great beauty and in excellent condition, but panting and struggling painfully in that confined space. They were sold by weight, a sort of scale net being attached to a steel-yard, and the demand for them seemed general.

It was natural to suppose that the source of this supply was the noble river which washes the feet of this fine old city. On inquiry we were told that to a great extent it was so, but that in many parts of the continent the supply was obtained from private fish-ponds, where fish are regularly bred for the market, just as our farmers’ wives breed poultry, &c.

On further inquiry we became acquainted with the extent to which this rearing of *aquatic game* is carried on in Germany, France, the Netherlands, and Sweden. In these countries it is a regular source of profit to landed proprietors, and the management is well understood. Attempts have been made to introduce the system into Great Britain and Ireland, but they have hitherto failed. The fact is we are not a fish-eating people; there is a general prejudice against fish as a substitute for meat; it is regarded as a spare, insuffi-

cient diet: with all classes it is a luxury, not a necessary of life, and few persons with the means of procuring animal food would be content with a fish dinner once or twice a week. It may be doubted, however, whether the old custom of abstaining from meat at intervals might not secure many advantages both to body and mind in all persons, especially those engaged in sedentary pursuits. It is likely that the deficient supply of fish in many parts of the kingdom has prevented a general taste for it from being formed, and that if our markets were regularly stocked with fresh-water fish at reasonable prices, a steady demand would soon be created.* In Great Britain and Ireland there are many ponds and lakes, or waste places capable of being converted into such, which, if properly stocked and attended to, might add to the prosperity of the country by encouraging a new branch of industry and furnishing all classes with an additional supply of wholesome food.

The subject has not been altogether neglected in this country. In the year 1828 the Highland Society of Scotland offered a premium for an essay on the formation and management of fish-ponds, describing also the kinds of fish which might be advantageously cultivated together. The prize was awarded to Mr. William Whyte, whose essay is published in the Society's 'Transactions.' Two or three years ago Dr. Gotthelb Boccus published a pamphlet on the management of fresh-water fish in Germany with a view to making them a source of profit to landed proprietors. From these sources the following details are chiefly derived.*

As the first formation of fish-ponds is expensive if the proprietor has to excavate the ground, it is desirable to choose a natural hollow, to form an embankment where necessary, and to provide a feeder leading into it. If these ponds are not made entirely for profit, it will be well not to hide them from the view of the house, as sheets of water seen alternately when approaching a residence have a very elegant appearance. Their extent depends of course upon the quantity of fish proposed to be raised. If there is only one pond, it should not be of less extent than five or six acres; four times this area may be desirable, especially in marshy or wet soils, which often cannot be more advantageously employed; but it is better to construct a series of ponds, the first of three acres, the next four acres, and the largest five acres. For ornamental fish-ponds, as many as five should be formed, situated between two rising grounds and separated by embankments; three, however, is the usual number; the first of which should be slightly elevated, and so situated that it may receive the drainings of a village; or at any rate it should be near a farm, as all the refuse washings from such places supply food. The ponds should be separated by a distance of at least one hundred yards; more, if possible, as each can then have the refuse washings of the neighbourhood. The ponds should be connected by water courses, and protected by flood-gates of sufficient depth and descent to allow the whole of the water to pass off readily. If the supply of water is even and well regulated, the depth of each pond at the centre may vary from three to five feet; if the supply is not regular, the depth may be greater by about a foot. The sudden introduction of large quantities of fresh water is to be avoided, because its temperature is generally below that of the

pond, and it also stirs up the mud. The sides of the pond should shelve gradually for about six yards; this will encourage the growth of grass, in which a variety of insects, &c. will harbour and supply food to the fish. Another advantage of shelving sides is that if the shallows are protected by stakes, the pond is not so easily poached. A third advantage is the protection it offers to the brood, as will be noticed presently. About the sluice or flood-gate the water must be deeper for the reception of the fish when the pond is emptied for cleaning, &c. A sheet of water may sometimes be divided into two by a middle embankment to be raised about two feet below the general surface of the water when the pond is full, so as to allow a boat to pass over it: thus one-half can be emptied at a time and the fish transferred from one to the other at the time of cleaning.

Where there is only one pond it may be desirable to have several kinds of fish in it. Artificial bottoms must then be made, as different species of fish prefer different bottoms. Trout must have a gravelly bottom, and will not thrive without one; carp and tench are not so dependent on the nature of the soil, and are fond of weeds. Clay soils are not good, as they furnish no nutriment for the larvæ of insects, worms, &c., and consequently no food for the fish. Izaak Walton says, "It is observed that the best ponds to breed carps are those that be stony or sandy, and are warm and free from wind, and that are not deep, but have willow trees and grass on their sides, over which the water does sometimes flow:" and again, "such pools as be large and have most gravel, and shallows where fish may sport themselves, do afford fish of the finest taste: and note that in all pools it is best for fish to have some retiring place; as namely, hollow banks or shelves or roots of trees, to keep them from danger, and when they think fit, from the extreme heat of summer as also from the extremity of cold in winter. And note that if many trees be growing about your pond, the leaves thereof falling into the water, make it nauseous to the fish, and the fish to be so to the eater of it."

Small islands in convenient parts of the pond add to its beauty, and furnish retreats to swans, which are useful in keeping down weeds; but herons and such birds as feed on fish must not be admitted.

The ponds may be stocked from the nearest rivers, lochs, or ponds. If the fish are brought from a distance in casks, the water must be changed every six hours, and always kept in motion, particularly for trout. Trout are very apt to be bruised or hurt in taking them from other waters, and frequently die in the net. It has been recommended to stock a pond by collecting ripe spawn and carrying it among water mixed with grass and placing it speedily in the shallow and sandy parts of the pond.

The proper time for brooding the pond is about the end of October, or in open mild seasons early in November. Boccus recommends for every acre of water in extent, 200 brood carp, 20 brood tench, and 20 brood jack, all of one season's spawn. The successive ponds are to be stocked in like proportion, the second the year following the first, and the third again a year later, so that each pond then comes round in its turn to be fished. By this arrangement there will always be a superabundant quantity of brood in store to restock the stews, and sufficient left for sale.

• The jack or pike are introduced to check increase; for the carp are so prolific that if left to themselves they would overstock the pond in a single season. And the arrangement is not so cruel as would at first view be supposed. Carp and tench *slum* or *mud*, that is, bury themselves in the mud at the same period; they remain torpid during the winter months, and are thus secure from the attacks of the young jack, which

* The reader who desires further information may consult Fleming, 'Philosophy of Zoology,' vol. ii.; Weston, 'Repository of Arts,' new series; and the 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxxix. Something may be gathered from old Izaak Walton, chap. xx. See also the 'Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society for 1771,' page 310, and North's 'History of Esculent Fish,' London, 4to., 1794.

find plenty of food in the shape of worms and larvae; as spring advances, the carp and tench quit their winter lairs, but at the same time the jack become sickly as the spawning season approaches, and do not annoy the carp and tench; this brings them through April, when the jack spawn, and remain quiet till the wet season of July. In June the carp and tench spawn, and the jack then begins to feed on their spawn, and thus becomes useful in keeping down the brood. Finding an easy prey within his reach, he seldom if ever chases a carp of his own age, but by clearing the brood the stock finds sufficient food to live and thrive on.

It is remarkable that no fish of prey will ever attack the tench, and it has even been supposed that the tench acts medicinally on other fish. In Germany it is called the *doctor fish*, and Walton calls it the *physician of fishes*, for the pike especially; for the pike being either sick or hurt is cured by the touch of the tench. And it is observed that the tyrant pike will not be a wolf to his physician, but forbears to devour him though he be never so hungry. If there be any truth in the supposition, it may arise from the glutinous slimy quality of the skin of the tench; for it is certainly affirmed by many naturalists of repute, that when fish have been wounded by the fangs of an enemy, or struck by a hook, they have been frequently observed and taken in close company with tench. For this reason it is recommended that a proportion of them be placed in the ponds.

The tench and the carp thrive well together. Among the many varieties of carp Boccius recommends the English or round bodied carp, but most especially the *spiegel* or *mirror* carp, so called from the beautiful blue mottled scales along the sides, much larger than those of the rest of the body.

If the pond is not overstocked the carp will thrive and become so tame that they will rise to the surface at the sound of a bell to be fed. In August and September they will bask in the sun on the surface of the water, and sometimes roll about like porpoises. They will scarcely retreat at the approach of any one, and will become so fat that a ten pound fish will frequently have fat on his sides one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Brood carp of three years' growth generally weigh from three to four pounds; in six years from eight to ten pounds, and after that the increase is from one and a quarter to one and a half pounds every year until they arrive at a weight of thirty pounds, when it may be calculated that the fish is twenty years old. A ten-pound well-fed carp is a great delicacy; the flesh of a thirty pound fish is tough; indeed, when they greatly exceed ten pounds they are fit only for breeding. Boccius says that he has seen two carps taken out of a pond and weighed, the male weighing forty-three pounds Saxon, and the female forty-eight pounds; some years afterwards the same fish were weighed again, when the male was fifty-two pounds Saxon, and the female fifty-five pounds. A *spiegel* carp of sixteen years old has been known to weigh thirty-one and a half pounds English.

By overstocking the ponds, the fish become sickly, lean, and bony; and it is stated as a remarkable proof of the care required in this respect, that if the proper number of fish be stored, the weight in three years will prove equal to what it would have been had twice the number been put in; so that the small number actually produces the same weight as the larger from a given quantity of water.

With proper management the fish will scarcely require feeding, as the pond itself will furnish food. But if the fish seem unhealthy, or appear to want food, they may be fed with earth-worms, steeped grain, or ground

malt, peas, offals of poultry, insects, crumbs of bread steeped in ale, &c. The food should be given morning and evening at a stated time, and always at the same place in the pond. Some part of the margin of the pond may be covered with aquatic plants, for here vast quantities of the genera *Lacerta*, *Hirundo*, *Helix*, *Planaria*, &c. will be produced, forming delicious morsels for the fish. There are two weeds in particular which should be encouraged, namely, the *potamogeton natans*, or broad-leaved pond weed, sometimes called *tench weed*, and the *ranunculus aquatilis* or water crow-foot; on these weeds carp and tench spawn. In rainy seasons it is desirable to allow the ponds to fill to their utmost limits, as by this method food is brought from the adjacent grounds; and when the water is let off again a luxuriant and tender grass is produced at the borders peculiarly adapted for the food of carp. When the pond is too full the water should be let off by the sluice into the second pond, and so on to the third, and then be suffered to run to waste: by this method the water of all the ponds is freshened, and much food is secured by the fishes. Care must be taken in frosty weather to break the ice, or the fish will perish for want of air; it is recommended to drive pipes of metal or wood into the bottom of each pond; the upper end of the pipe rising above the water and a side opening being made under the water air will pass down and supply the pond when the rest of the surface is frozen.

The greatest enemies to the fish-pond are otters, herons, divers, and sticklebacks. The latter, though small and insignificant, do perhaps more harm than all the others. They breed and thrive in almost every place to a vast extent; and subsist chiefly by devouring the spawn of other fish as soon as it begins to be brought into life. Eels also do great mischief, and should on no account be admitted among other fish.

At certain seasons the ponds are fished by drawing off the greater part of the water and transferring the best of the fish into small stew-ponds situated near the dwelling-house or in the garden. They may be three in number, each about twelve feet by twenty-four feet, and here the fish may be kept until wanted for the table or for market.

Walton recommends that the pond be cleansed once in every three or four years by letting off the water and allowing it to lie dry during some months: this will kill water weeds and encourage the growth of grass; he even advises the sowing of oats in the bottom. Bushes and reeds should be pulled up, but the mud must not be removed. Enough water must be left in and about the sluice to preserve the fish necessary to re-stock the pond.

Such is a brief outline of the methods of construction and management of fish-ponds. Boccius says that in England the ponds being neglected, the fish are muddy, earthy, or weedy, and hence they are not esteemed; but if properly attended to the fish will not only prove fat, but of a far superior flavour to those taken from common and ill-regulated ponds and stews. He also insinuates that we have much to learn respecting the modes of cooking fresh-water fish. As soon as it is killed and cleaned out it should be well rubbed, within and without, with salt to extract the watery particles. It should be allowed to remain so for some time before it is cooked, when it should be well washed out with pure spring water, wiped thoroughly dry with a clean cloth, and afterwards cooked by one of the methods which he recommends in a series of twenty-three German recipes contained in an appendix to his valuable and interesting pamphlet.

* The Saxon weight is about seven per cent. greater than the English.



[Mummers.]

THE YEAR OF THE POETS.—No. XIX.

CHRISTMAS.

FROST at Christmas!—'Tis the Englishman's delight.
With a bright sun above and a crackling ground
below, the prospect of his holly-crowned fireside be-
comes doubly cheering. Let us introduce this sacred
and jocund season with a home-picture:—

"The frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owl's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! The thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
By its own moods interprets, everywhere
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

But O, how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering stranger! and as oft,
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear:
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt
Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams!
And so I brooded all the following morn,

Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mook study on my swimming book:
Save if the door half-opened, and I snatched
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
For still I hoped to see the stranger's face,
Townsmen, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My playmate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun thaw; whether the eve-drops fall,
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon."

Coleridge.

'The Winter Morning's Walk' and 'The Winter
Walk at Noon' of the poet of 'The Task' are known,
we should hope, to the greater number of our readers.
They are too long for quotation here; and they must
accept an out-door sketch by an inferior hand:—

"From sunward rocks the icicle's faint drop,
By lonely river side, is heard, at times,
To break the silence deep; for now the stream
Is mute, or faintly gurgles far below
Its frozen ceiling; silent stands the mill,
The wheel immovable, and shod with ice.
The babbling rivulet, at each little slope,
Flows scantily beneath a lucid veil,
And seems a pearly current liquefied;
While, at the shelvy side, in thousand shapes
Fantastical, the frostwork domes uprear
Their tiny fabrics, gorgeously superb
With ornaments beyond the reach of art
Here vestibules of state, and colonnades;
There Gothic castles, grottoes, heathen fanes,
Rise in review, and quickly disappear,
Or through some fairy palace saucy roves,
And studs, with ruby lamps, the fretted roof;
Or paints with every colour of the bow
Spotless parterres, all streaked with snow-white flowers;
Flowers that no archetype in Nature own;
Or spreads the spiky crystals into fields
Of bearded grain, rustling in autumn breeze."

GRANAME.

Our ancestors began their winter revels as early as the feast of Saint Martin, the 11th of November. Old Herrick is in his most joyous mood when he deals with these subjects:—

"It is the day of Martelmass,
Cups of ale should freely pass;
What though winter has begun
To push down the Summer sun,
To our fire we can betake,
And enjoy the crackling brake,
Never heeding Winter's face
On the day of Martelmass.
Some do the city now frequent,
Where costly shows and merriment
Do wear the vapourish evening out
With interlude and revelling rout;
Such as did pleasure England's queen,
When here her royal grace was seen;
Yet will they not this day let pass,
The merry day of Martelmass.
When the daily sports be done,
Round the market-cross they run,
Prentice lads, and gallant blades,
Dancing with their gamesome maids,
Till the beadle, stout and sour,
Shakes his bell, and calls the hour;
Then farewell lad and farewell lass
To the merry night of Martelmass.
Martelmass shall come again,
Spite of wind, and snow, and rain;
But many a strange thing must be done,
Many a cause be lost and won,
Many a tool must leave his pelf,
Many a worldling cheat himself,
And many a marvel come to pass,
Before return of Martelmass."

Another fine old poet, George Wither, shall sing a right English Christmas feasting song:—

"Lo! now is come our joyfull feast,
Let every man be jolly,
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Now, all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with bak'd meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas Pie,
And ever more be merry."

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labour;
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabor.

Rauk misers now do sparing chun;
Their hall of music soundeth;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things there aboundeth.
The country folk themselves advance;
For Crowdy mutton's come out of France:
And Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance,
And all the town be merry."

Herrick is sure not to be without a song when the old rites of hospitality are going forward:—

"Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts' desiring.
With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your pastries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a teending.
Drink now the stroug beer,
Cut the white loaf here,
The while the meat is a shredding;
For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums stand by,
To fill the paste that's a kneading."

But the Christmas of our ancestors was a time of solemn though cheerful thought. There was mummery and minstrelsy, but there was also earnest devotion. The very superstitions of the people were hallowed by their confiding belief:—

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planet strikes,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So gracious and so hallowed is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it."

SHAKESPEARE.

The Christmas carol was not then a thing to be mocked at. Read the following homely favourite of three centuries ago, and ask if there is not real poetical power in it—the power of earnest faith:—

"God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on
Christmas-day.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed morn;
The which his mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn.

O tidings, &c.

From God, our Heavenly Father,
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

O tidings, &c.

Fear not, then said the angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour,
Of virtue, power, and might,
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite.

O tidings, &c.

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In temple, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway
• This blessed babe to find.

O tidings, &c.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereas this infant lay,
They found him in a manger
Where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary kneeling
Unto the Lord did pray.

O tidings, &c.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas,
• All others doth deface.

O tidings, &c.

There is something in the old carol more heart-stirring than the subdued eloquence of one of our best of modern sacred poets:—

“Oh Saviour, whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below;
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe!

Incarnate Word! by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died!

If gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell;
Remind us of Thy manger bed
And lowly cottage cell!

If press'd by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
Oh may the Spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was Thine!

Through fickle fortune's various scene
From sin preserve us free!
Like us Thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with Thee.”

HENRY.

Carols belonged to the time of an earnest church, which celebrated Christmas with anthem, and hymn, and homily; which reckoned it devotion that there should be hospitality in every house; which delighted to see all the human family happy in common for one day; which rejoiced in full bowls for all corners; and tolerated even “the lord of misrule” as one of the general extravagances of a time when the true business of man was to be happy.



[Minstrels.]

THE CANTA-STORIA.

[Concluded from page 450.]

It was the custom of the old man with the three-cornered hat to stop at every two or three stanzas, in order to take breath, and then to answer any queries that might be put to him. His cool yet quick mode of performing the last-named office was inimitable. For example, he had been describing, or reciting in the poem, a blow given by Rinaldo to a grim Saracen, or to some enchanted tree, and the noise of the terrible blow was so loud that it had been heard, across continents and seas, in China.—“Where is this China?” says a mariner. “A good deal farther off than Capo di Chino,” responds the minstrel—the said Capo di Chino being a hill on the road towards Rome, and barely one mile from the suburbs of Naples. “But how far off is it?” rejoins the querist. “Not above a hundred thousand leagues,” replies the Canta-Storia. “E di grazia, and pray what sort of a beast is this griffin?” asks another. “A griffin,” says the old man, putting his index finger to his nose, “is—a griffin. That is good to say, it is a monster, half bird and half beast, with a touch of the reptile in it, having a dragon’s tail, a serpent’s tongue, and an eagle’s talons.”—“Is it very big?”—“About as big as the biggest of those ships in the harbour,” says our poetical naturalist.—“And are there many of them living now?”—This query, like many others, he evades with a very sapient look, and a “*non ci vogliono dimande*, such questions are unnecessary.”—“But why,” says a moralizing youth, “did that good Christian knight Rinaldo allow himself to be led astray and shut up in the enchanted palace by that beautiful wicked witch Armida?”—“*Figlio mio!* my son!, why dost thou run after Pasquariella, the washer-woman’s daughter, and go oftener to the taverna than to church and mass?—Why, because thou art duped by the Devil in the shape of a woman, and because the temptations of wine and maccheroni be too strong for thee.”—“What means the land of the rising sun?”—“Nothing more than this,” says the man in the three-cornered hat, “that it is a country so near to the sun, that when he gets up of a morning you might throw your red nightcap in his face, and hit him.”

Somewhat in this manner did the ancient sage resolve all questions. He was paid for his singing, his poetry, his comments and explanations, by voluntary donations, sometimes in the smallest coin of the realm, and sometimes in kind, as in wine, fruit, fish, maccheroni, or the like. The *appassionati* were, of course, the most liberal; but, now and then, his eyes were made to glisten by some curious traveller, who, in gratitude for the amusement he had received, would drop a piece of silver into an old hat that was generally placed before him on the ground.

He lived in a dark crooked lane near the Mercato, or great market-place, where Mas’ Aniello began his memorable rebellion by oversetting the taxed fruit-stalls, and by shouting that God sent the people of Naples plenty, though their wicked government made them perish of hunger. Wizen as the old Canta-Storia was, it was not from want of food, or of money to purchase it. We were told that when at home he fared sumptuously, eating maccheroni every day, and meat on the high church festivals; that he slept through most of the hot hours of summer, and rarely went abroad until the sun was nigh sinking in the west, and the evening breeze was rising. His life was certainly a happier one than that led by many professional poets and teachers of poetry (in Naples poetry was taught like music or drawing, or any other art or accomplishment, only the fees paid to the *maestro di poesia* were infinitely lower than what were usually paid to the poorest of dancing-masters or fencing-masters). A hungry, tattered set wore these

Neapolitan poets and poet-makers in our time! If they lived upon their genius, their genius was always promising them what she never gave:

"Come rimane estatico un villano
Quando il giocolator di porgli finge
Un francoscudo sulla vota mano,
E stringila, gli dice, ed el la stringe.
Poi l' apre, e più non trova la moneta,
—Così è rimasto il povero poeta!"

As gaping rustic at some country fair
Clenches his horny hand on subtle air
Thinking to hold a good bright shilling there.
Then, at the conjurer's bidding, opes his fist,
And finds within it neither coin nor grist,
—So fares poor poet in his money-kist.

We have known some of these Neapolitan poets write three odes for a dinner and sell a sonnet for a cup of coffee: but it was not often that their productions were such marketable commodities. In *gentee* society, the term *poet* meant a fellow without a shirt, and one that was very crazed and very hungry. Our friend on the Molo could every night close his palm upon something more substantial than empty air. But the flesh even of minstrels, rhapsodists, and bards is mortal—Homer himself died, though he left behind him that which can never perish; and one day our old Canta-Storia passed "*al numero de' più*," or "to the majority," as the Italians call the countless dead. He was said to have left a good many ducats behind him—a proof of his good management and of the liberality of his hearers. One great Pollicinella of San Carlino died, and was forthwith succeeded by another of equal excellence. It was not so with our great Canta-Storia: his place on the Molo was taken, not filled, by a fat, obese, dull, heavy-visaged man that went upon crutches and wore no three-cornered hat. His wit went upon crutches as well as his body, for it was very lame and slow. The enthusiasts of Rinaldo bemoaned the loss they had sustained; but the verses he had sung were still dear to them, and their passion for the fame of Rinaldo could not know abatement. Moreover there remained, for some time longer, the young Canta-Storia of the loud voice and the mandolina. When we left the country, eighteen years ago, the song of Rinaldo still formed one of the strongest attractions to the Molo.

Tasso is not the only classic and epic poet with whose text the Neapolitans have taken liberties. There is a version of the seven first books of the *Iliad* by a distinguished Neapolitan advocate and wit who flourished in the early part of the last century;† but this is printed and published *è un libro stampato e dato alla luce*—and is intended for the amusement and laughter of the educated and learned. Nobody, we believe, ever knew who it was that mixed his own Neapolitan feathers with the Tuscan plumage of Tasso, or who originally composed the story of Rinaldo as it was sung or chanted on the Molo. Certain it is that he was no mocker or scoffer; that he revered the subject he had in hand, and that, however laughable it may seem to the refined and critical, it was meant to be taken in sober seriousness by the poorer multitude. It is probable, however, that the composition had been altered and enlarged by many successive story-singers. We never saw it in print. Our old friend of the three-cornered hat, who, we fear, must be called the last genuine Canta-Storia, sometimes aided his memory by glancing at a very old or very greasy manuscript, which did not seem to have been written either in his days or in those of his father. We noticed more than once that he did not strictly adhere to this text,

* *Poesie Giocose* del Dottor Antonio Guadagnoli, d'Arezzo, Milano, 1846.

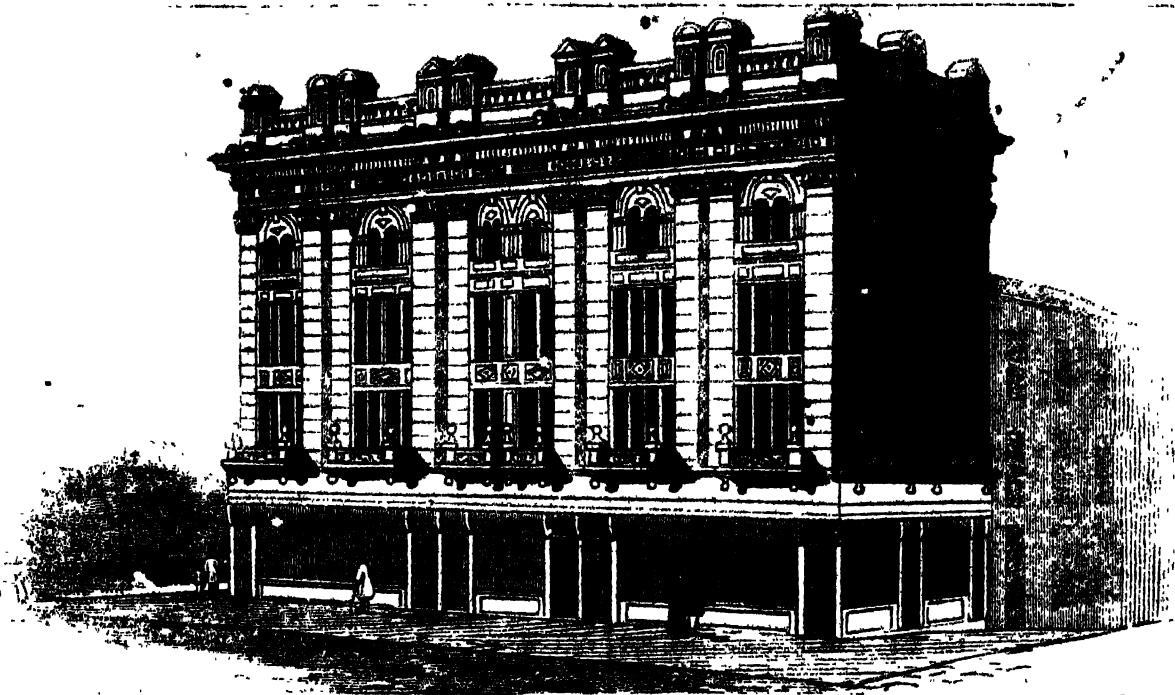
† *Varie Poesie* di Niccolò Capanni, primario Professore di Logica nella Regia Università di Napoli.

but altered and varied according to his whim, occasionally omitting whole stanzas which contained nothing about fighting or about witchcraft, and which therefore might be considered by the mariners as tame and insipid. Whatever he introduced was cadenced and rhymed. He was an improvisatore. Peace to the old rhapsodist's ashes! We have done more for his memory than any of his countrymen are now likely to do.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS, 1845.

[Continued from p. 485.]

We add, to our former notices in 1843, of the new *Hall* and *Library* of Lincoln's Inn, that they have not only been completed, but were formally "inaugurated," on the 30th October, to which ceremony her Majesty lent the honour of her presence, as she had done just a twelvemonth before to the similar one at the Royal Exchange; that it fully realises the most favourable expectations, one thing excepted, which is, that the entrance-gate and lodge do not at all correspond in nobleness of appearance with the building to which they are made accessories. Instead of being a gate-house, the former of them is merely an arched opening in the wall between two turreted piers, and, together with the lodge, it shows too much like a mere decoration, too affectingly pretty to be in keeping with the sober dignity of the Hall. The vestibule, which is entered by the benchers' or north porch upon the terrace, possesses considerable architectural character, the octagonal compartment in the centre of it being carried up over the pillars and arches so as to form an additional story or clerestory, on each of whose sides is a handsome window enriched with painted glass, while the ribs and bosses of its vaulted ceiling are relieved by gilding. In addition to that proceeding from this lantern, light is obtained here by the spandrels or triangular compartments of the ceiling cut off by the octagon being glazed, and the corresponding spaces on the floor are paved with thick slabs of glass, by which means light is obtained down into the sub-hall beneath the vestibule, which lower vestibule is on the ground-floor, or that level with the terrace. Besides the four spandrel skylights in the angles of the centre division of the plan, there are two others of ground-glass, viz., one in the ceiling of each of the end divisions of this entrance-hall, but they are by no means ornamental to it, or in accordance with the style of the architecture, for they have a blank look, and seem to require some kind of tracery to fill them up, if not some coloured glass also. Taken altogether, however, this vestibule is pleasingly striking in effect, without its effect being disproportioned to that of the other apartments. The Drawing-room and Council-room, which very nearly resemble each other, have little else remarkable in point of architecture than their chimney-pieces and bay-windows, except their wainscoted ceilings, which, though only of deal ~~wainscoted~~, have the appearance of being of a very superior kind of wood, great depth of hue and lustre being imparted to it by some novel process or preparation. When entered at its upper end from the vestibule, in which direction the great south window comes immediately into view, the Hall produces an imposing effect. It is incontestably the finest apartment of the kind in the metropolis after Westminster Hall, greatly superior to those of any of the other Inns of Court, or even to that of Christ's Hospital, although the latter is somewhat larger. Neither does it yield to any of the most celebrated Halls at the Universities, or if it does in one or two particulars, it is far more complete as a whole. The fine open timber roof (after the fashion of those of Westminster Hall and Christ Church College, Oxford) would of itself alone confer an air of



[New Buildings, Leicester Square.]

unusual magnificence on this spacious and lofty apartment, which magnificence is increased to splendour by the ends of the pendants being illuminated with colours and gilding, and from each of them hangs a chandelier similarly embellished. But the most striking effect as to colour is that which arises from the display of it in the windows, whose upper halves above their transoms are entirely filled in with heraldic emblazonments and devices, in such manner as to produce not only brilliancy but soberness also. The front of the gallery over the screen at the lower or south end is divided into five open arches, the piers between which form canopied tabernacle niches, in which will be placed six figures to be executed by Mr. Thomas, the chief carver at the Houses of Parliament. After such array of architecture as is exhibited in this Hall, it may be supposed that the Library must show itself to some disadvantage, and so perhaps it would do were the transition from the one to the other immediate; but as the Library is at the opposite end of the vestibule this last has again to be passed through before the Library can be reached, and on being entered it is far more likely greatly to surpass than at all to fall short of any previous idea or expectation. If less imposing for magnitude, it is, perhaps, even still more captivating, at any rate more original in character than the Hall itself. Though the timber roof may be called plain in comparison with that of the Hall, it is sufficiently ornamental, and the two semi-octagonal oriels at the east and west ends, which extend the entire length of the room in that direction, from 80 feet, as it would otherwise be, to 90 feet, are of far more beautiful design, and more finished up than are those of the Hall. Besides being enriched with some stained glass in the upper part of them, these windows are remarkable for the beautiful pattern of their glazing generally, which consists of small circular quarrels or panes and their interstices, and these being of embossed glass, a rich and sparkling effect of diapering is produced. On the north side of the room are eight other windows similarly glazed, viz., five in the gallery of the upper tier of book-cases, and three in the recesses between those below, the centre one of which is filled with the Royal Arms richly emblazoned, and this being immediately

facing the door from the vestibule forms a splendid object on first entering. In addition to its purely architectural merits, the fittings-up and furniture of this apartment give it an air of refined and luxurious comfort to which the Hall makes no pretence. From the library to the kitchen may seem a very abrupt transition, but the latter deserves mention: it is at the south end of the building, beneath the Hall, occupying the height both of the office basement within the raised terrace on which the structure stands, and of the upper basement or ground-floor level with the terrace. It is about 45 feet square by 20 high, and has a vaulted ceiling supported by massive pillars and arches similar to those of a crypt. Without entering it, a full view may be obtained of this kitchen from a window in a lobby on the upper basement floor adjoining the sub-hall beneath the vestibule.

Another architectural metamorphosis has been effected in the interior of the *Colosseum* in the Regent's Park. It is now converted into a peristylar rotunda, with twenty Ionic columns, and as many recesses for sculpture within the colonnade so formed, excepting that two of those spaces form the entrances (east and west) into this *Glyptotheca*, the title bestowed upon it, and which it well merits for a more beautifully-planned sculpture gallery does not exist. The columns, &c., are of white marble—at least have all the appearance of being so, they being executed in Keene's cement, a species of scagliola that imitates that material most deceptively. The mouldings of the capitals of the columns, and those of the entablature, are relieved by gilding; and the whole of the frieze, which is nearly 300 feet in circumference, is adorned with figures in bas-relief upon a greyish ground, copied from the Panathenaic friezes of the Parthenon. What gives this rotunda such a very peculiar character is, that the centre of it is occupied by a lofty cylindrical core, whose diameter is about one-third of that of the rotunda itself, exclusive of the space within the colonnades. Therefore, as the rotunda could not possibly be lighted from the centre, the dome itself is converted into a transparent roof, divided into twenty compartments by as many ribs springing from above the columns and arching till they meet the cylindrical mass in the centre; and the

compartments themselves are filled in with embossed glass.

Considerable activity has been shown in carrying out those new lines of streets which we intimated in our last volume, and although there is a good deal of very equivocal design in some of the fronts, and also far less variety than there might have been, improvement is manifested upon the whole. The most original and richest piece of design is undoubtedly that which forms the south side of New Coventry Street, to which, unfortunately, the opposite side does not correspond, which is the more to be regretted, because that opening from Coventry Street into Leicester Square is so short that it answers more to the character of an avenue, or *place*, than a street, therefore required strict architectural uniformity. Its shortness, however, is a great advantage, as regards the building represented in our view, for it now shows as a single façade and well-proportioned mass, which would not have been the case had it been more extended. It is besides of too ornate a style for general street architecture, though it comes in exceedingly well as a distinct object. Cranbourne Street, on the opposite side of the square, affords an excellent specimen of the other class just alluded to: the range of houses at the end next the square are marked by breadth and simplicity of design, with some novelty of treatment. The fenestration is such that the windows have space to display themselves, and they are all consistently decorated; whereas it frequently happens in houses of this class, that the windows of the upper floors are either left quite bare, or else by far too plain to be at all in keeping with the rest. The attempts at Elizabethan fronts in some parts of Holborn and New Oxford Street (for which some other name might have been chosen, as of Oxford Street there was quite enough before) are not so successful, for the style is one that will not bear to be pared down to tame and formal spruceness, as is there done. These streets are of course all trading ones, and the ground floors are occupied by shops: of a more aristocratic class is that which has been formed in continuation of Westbourne Terrace, Paddington, in a rather florid style of Italian; but though grandeur has evidently been aimed at, it is destroyed by the multiplicity of windows and number of

stories, a fault that is not at all lessened by the monotonous continuity of façade, the same design being carried on till it becomes wearisome, whereas there would have been not only more variety, but more grandeur also; had it been broken up into separate masses that might have passed for so many separate façades upon a large scale. It would seem that the object was to make one design serve for as many houses as it would answer to build, no matter to what length they might extend. Happily, such practice of working according to a pattern, which once set may be carried on *indefinitum*, has not been adopted for building upon the new Kensington Gardens Road at the back of the palace; for if no private mansions are erected within the town, some of the suburban villas which have been here built may fairly rank as mansions. They are both laid out, and finished up in a superior style, and some of them have campanile towers, which command an extensive prospect on all sides, more especially as the situation itself is so elevated that the basement stories are on a higher level than the tops of the houses in Belgrave Square. Although it is not distinguished by a belvedere tower, nor by portico or loggia of any kind, that one of these suburban mansions which is here shown is not a little remarkable, for it has in its general aspect quite as much or even more of the club-house than of the usual villa character, it being altogether in that *astylar* Italian palazzo mode which Barry introduced among us in the club-houses erected by him. In one respect, indeed, it differs from them, the ground-floor being made the principal one in the elevation, and the first floor being apparently intended only for chambers and other private rooms. The front of this mansion is of stone, and the architect, we understand, is Mr. Bankes, a pupil of Barry. One of the others is by Mr. Owen Jones, who has introduced into its ornamental details some that are borrowed from 'Alhambra' patterns, but of course with considerable modification. The terrace along the garden front of this residence has a tessellated pavement in different colours, the effect of which, as seen from the windows of the rooms which open upon it, is lively and pleasing. Some of the villas on the opposite or west side of the road are by Messrs. Wyatt and Brandon

Many new churches, both in town and country, have



[Villa, Kensington.

been erected during the year; but only the following require any particular description:—At Leeds, the first stone of a new church was laid September 14th, 1842, and the structure consecrated at the end of October, 1845, although not yet completed externally, that work being deferred till future opportunity, it having been deemed a worthier course to adopt a design which, though too costly to be carried entirely into effect in the first instance, may be fully accomplished by degrees, than to make choice of one that would not exceed the actual funds provided. The spire, which it is intended to carry up to the height of two hundred and eighty feet from the ground—a most prodigious altitude, considering the other dimensions of the edifice—is not yet begun. The style of architecture is that distinguished by the name of “Decorated English,” and the plan of the church is cruciform, though only in a slight degree, the transepts being shallow; but the chancel, which is divided from the nave by a very rich carved oaken screen, and within which are piscinas and sedilia, is unusually spacious—at least as to depth, its dimensions being forty-two feet by sixteen, while those of the nave do not exceed sixty by twenty. This last consists of five compartments or arches on each side, and a clerestory with as many windows over them. The rich painted glass of the windows (executed by Mr. O'Connor) adds very much to the effect of the whole interior; and the doors and pulpit are of massive oak. In short, all that has been done, has been done with a liberal and most praise-worthy regard to permanent excellence; and is, accordingly, highly creditable to the taste of its founder, the Hon. and Rev. Edward Bouverie Pusey, and its architect, Mr. J. M. Derick, of Oxford, whose design for the new Choristers' Schools at Magdalen College, in that University, is the one which was selected from those sent in at the competition. Mr. Derick has also lately built a small church at Manchester.

At Derby, the old church of St. Alkmund, which being just opposite the new Roman Catholic church or cathedral of St. Mary, on the other side of Bridge-gate Street, showed to considerable disadvantage when confronted with that work of Mr. Pugin's, was taken down at the beginning of 1844, and has since been rebuilt by Mr. H. J. Stevens, of Derby, both in a very superior style and upon a greatly enlarged scale to what it formerly was. It now possesses a very handsome pinnacled tower and enriched spire, which together rise to the height of 205 feet from the ground; the tower itself being 93 feet. The style, which is “Decorated,” is well carried out in all the details, both externally and internally. The entire length from east to west is 139 feet, and that of the nave 95 feet: the height of the latter to the ridge of the open timber roof being 51 feet. The other principal dimensions are, length of the chancel 26 feet, by 18 in width, or about a square and a half in depth; and the entire breadth of the interior, across naves and aisles, is 94 feet.

In the metropolis, a small French Protestant church or chapel, of which Mr. A. Poynter is the architect, has been built, though not yet opened for service, in what used to be Plumtree Street, but is now called Bloomsbury Street, just by New Oxford Street, the formation of which last, we may observe, has been the means of throwing open to public view, from what will be one of the main thoroughfares in town, the noble church of St. George's, Bloomsbury, which, taken altogether as an architectural object, surpasses every other of its time—despite the coxcomb criticism of Walpole. A church is also now building (by Mr. Hugh Smith) in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, the west front of which—the only part of the exterior

that will be visible—will be of a rather novel character, and all the more striking on account of the plainness and uniformity of the houses in that street. The style is Norman, but with more of foreign than of English physiognomy. In the upper part is a very large wheel-window, and the two towers will be surmounted by short *broach* spires.

[To be continued.]

• A GERMAN INN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(From the Colloquies of Erasmus)

As a companion-picture to that given in our last Number of an English Inn, we extract the following of one in Germany, slightly abridged from the Colloquies of Erasmus, as translated by Bailey. The speakers are Bertulph and William.

Bert.—I can't tell whether the method of entertaining be the same everywhere, but I'll tell you what I saw there. Nobody bids a guest welcome, lest he should seem to court his guests to come to him, for that they look upon to be sordid and mean, and not becoming the German gravity. When you have called a good while at the gate, at length one puts his head out of the stove (*stube*) window (for they commonly live in stoves till Midsummer) like a tortoise from under his shell; him you must ask if you can have any lodging there; if he does not say no, you may take it for granted that there is room for you; when you ask where the stable is, he points to it; there you may curry your horse as you please yourself, for there is no servant will put a hand to it. If it be a noted inn, there is a servant shows you the stable, and a place for your horse, but inconvenient enough, for they keep the best places for those that shall come afterwards, especially for noblemen. If you find fault with anything, they tell you presently, if you don't like it, find another inn. In their cities they allow hay, but very unwillingly and sparingly, and that is almost as dear as oats. When you have taken care of your horse, you come whole into the stove, boots, baggage, dirt and all, for that is the common room for all comers. *Will.*—In France they appoint you a separate chamber, where you may change your clothes, clean and warm yourself, or take rest if you have a mind to it. *Bert.*—There's nothing of that here. In the stove you pull off your boots, put on your shoes, and if you will change your shirt, hang up your wet clothes near the stove iron, and get near it to dry yourself. There's water provided for you to wash your hands, if you will; but as for the cleanness of it, it is for the most part such that you will want another water to wash that off. If you come in at four o'clock in the afternoon, you must not go to supper till nine, and sometimes not till ten. They never make anything ready till they see all their company together, that one trouble may serve for all. So that oftentimes there come altogether into the same stove eighty or ninety footmen, horsemen, merchants, mariners, waggoners, husbandmen, children, women, sick and sound. There one combs his head, another wipes off his sweat, another cleans his spatterdashes or boots, another belches garlick; and, in short, there is as great a confusion of tongues and persons as there was at the building of the Tower of Babel; and if they see anybody of another country, who by his habit looks like a man of quality, they all stare at him so wistfully as if he were a strange animal brought out of Africa. And when they are set at table, and he behind them, they will be still looking back at him, and be staring him in the face, till they have forgot their suppers. In the meantime 'tis a crime for you to call for anything. When it is grown pretty late, and they don't expect any more guests, out comes an old grey-bearded servant,

with his hair cut short, and a crabbed look, and a slovenly dress; he, having cast his eyes about, counts, to himself, how many there are in the stove. The more he sees there, the more fire he makes in the stove, although it be at a time when the very heat of the sun would be troublesome, and this with them is accounted a principal part of good entertainment, to make them all sweat till they drop again. If any one who is not used to the steam shall presume to open the window never so little that he be not stifled, presently they cry out to shut it again. If you answer you are not able to bear it, you'll presently hear, get you another inn then. By and by in comes our bearded Ganymede again, and lays on the table as many napkins as there are guests, not damask ones, but such as you would take to have been made out of old sails. There are at least eight guests allotted to every table; now, those that know the way of the country take their places, every one as he pleases, for there is no difference between poor or rich, between the master and servant. After they are all placed, out comes the sour-looking Ganymede again, and counts his company over again; by and by he comes in again, and brings every man a wooden dish, and a spoon of the same silver, and then a glass, and then a little after he brings bread, which the guests may chip every one for themselves at leisure, while the porridge is boiling, for sometimes they sit thus for near an hour. *Will.*—Do none of the guests call for meat in the meantime. *Bert.*—None who know the way of the country. At last the wine is set upon the table; good God! how far from being tasteless; so thin and sharp that sophisters ought to drink no other. And if any of the guests should privately offer a piece of money to get a little better wine somewhere else, at first they'll say nothing to you, but give you a look as if they were going to murder you; and if you press it further they answer you, there have been so many counts and marquises that have lodged here, and none of them ever found fault with this wine, if you don't like it get you another inn. They account only the noblemen of their own nation to be men, and wherever you come, they are showing you their arms. By this time comes a morsel to pacify a barking stomach, and by and by follow the dishes in great pomp; commonly the first has sippets of bread in flesh broth, or if it be a fish day, in a soup of pulse. After that comes in another soup, and then a service of butcher's meat, that has been twice boiled, or salt meats warmed again, and then pulse again; and by and by something of more solid food, until their stomachs being pretty well staid, they bring roast meat or stewed fish, which is not to be at all contemned, but this they are sparing of, and take it away again quickly. This is the manner they order the entertainment, as comedians do, who intermingle dances among their scenes, so do they their chops and soups by turns, but they take care that the last act shall be the best. And it would be a heinous offence if, in the meantime, anybody should say, take away this dish, there's nobody eats; you must sit your time appointed, which I think they measure by the hour glass. At length, out comes that bearded fellow, or the landlord himself, in a habit but little differing from his servant's, and asks how cheer you, and by and by some better wine is brought; and they like those best that drink most, though he that drinks most pays no more than he that drinks least. There are some of them that drink twice as much wine as they pay for their ordinary. But before I leave this entertainment—it is wonderful what a noise and chattering there is, when once they come to be warm with wine. In short it deafens a man. They oftentimes bring in a mixture of mimicks, which these people very much delight in, though they are a detestable sort of men, there is such a singing, prating, bawling, jumping and

knocking, that you would think the stove were falling upon your head, and that one man can't hear another speak. And this they think is a pleasant way of living, and there you must sit, in spite of your heart, till near midnight. A length the cheese is taken away, which scarcely pleases them, except it be rotten, and full of maggots. Then the old bearded fellow comes again with a trencher, and a many circles and semi-circles drawn upon it with chalk, this he lays down upon the table, with a grim countenance, and without speaking, you would say he was some Charon; they that understand the meaning of this lay down their money one after another, till the trencher is filled. Having taken notice of those who lay down, he reckons it up himself, and if all is paid he gives you a nod. *Will.*—This is a frank sort of men. *Bert.*—If any one is weary with his journey, and desires to go to bed as soon as he has supped, he is bid to stay till the rest go too. Then every one is shown to his chamber, and truly it is nothing else but a chamber, there is only a bed there, and nothing else that you can either make use of, or steal. *Will.*—Are things very clean there? *Bert.*—As clean as they were at the table; sheets washed perhaps six months ago. *Will.*—What becomes of your horses all this while? *Bert.*—They are treated after the manner that the men are. *Will.*—But is there the same treatment everywhere? *Bert.*—It is a little more civil in some places, and worse in others, than I have told you; but in general it is thus.

Memory and Gratitude of the Horse.—A curious circumstance came under the personal notice of Colonel Hamilton Smith, at once proving both the memory and attachment of the horse. The colonel had a charger in his possession for two years, which he left with the army, but which was brought back and sold in London. About three years afterwards the colonel chanced to travel up to town, and at a relay, on getting out of the mail, the off-wheel horse attracted his attention; on going near to examine it with more care he found the animal recognising him, and testifying its satisfaction by rubbing its head against him, and making every moment a little stamp with its forefeet, to the surprise of the coachman, who asked if the horse was not an old acquaintance. It was,—it was his own old charger.—A lady, remarkable for benevolence to the brute creation, observed from her garden gate one day a miserable horse, with the shoulder raw and bleeding, attempting to graze on an open spot adjacent: having, by means of some bread, coaxed the poor animal to the gate, she then managed, with some assistance, to cover the wound with adhesive plaster spread on a piece of soft leather. The man to whom the animal belonged (one of those ignorant and careless beings who are indifferent to the sufferings of any but themselves) shortly afterwards led the horse away. The next day, however, the horse made his appearance again at the gate, over which he put his head and gently neighed. On looking at him it was found that the plaster was removed, either by the animal's master or by the rubbing of the ill-made collar in which he worked. The plaster was renewed. The third day he appeared again, requiring the same attention, which he solicited in a similar manner. After this the plaster was allowed to remain, and the horse recovered; but ever after, whenever it saw its benefactress, it would immediately approach her, and by voice and action testify its sense of her kindness and notice. This anecdote, for the truth of which we can personally testify, proves how sensible the horse is of humane treatment, and how grateful for benefits bestowed. Considerate treatment and every care are due to an animal from whose services man derives such important benefits; but too often does man forget that he has a duty to perform, not only towards his fellow-man, but towards those domestic animals which Providence has intrusted to him for his welfare.—*The Horse, in Knight's Weekly Volume.*



CHAUCER'S
CANTERBURY TALES.

THE CANON'S YEOMAN'S TALE.

IN London there was a priest, a secular, unto whom the false Canon, my master, came upon a day, and brought him to lend him a certain quantity of gold. "Lend me a mark, but for three days," he said, "and at my day, if thou find me false, hang me up by the neck." The priest lent the mark gladly, and the Canon thanked him and went away, and at the time appointed the Canon repaid the priest, who was wondrously glad. "Certainly," said he, "it nothing troubles me to lend a mark a noble, or two or three, who will not break his day: such a one I can never refuse." "What!" quoth the Canon, "shall I be untrue? There never was man ill repaid for lending me gold and silver. And Sir," quoth he, "now, in confidence, since ye have been so good to me, and showed such great gentleness, I will show you

How I can worken in philosophy.

Take good heed, ye shall see well with your eyes that I will perform a master-stroke before I go."

"Yea?" quoth the priest, "Yea, Sir, and will ye so? Marry thereof, I pray you heartily."

"At your commandement, Sir, truly,"
Quoth the Canon, "and elles God forbid."

Nought knew the priest with whom he dealt.

"Sir," quoth the Canon, "let your yeoman go for quicksilver; let him buy two or three ounces:

And when he cometh, as faste shall ye see
A wondrous thing, which ye never saw ere this."

The priest sent his servant for the quicksilver, and gave the three ounces to the Canon:

And he them laide fair and well adown,
And bade the servant coales for to bring,
That he anon might go to his working.

The coals were fetched, and the Canon took out a crucible from his bosom and showed to the priest. "This instrument," said he, "take in thine hand, and then put in it an ounce of quicksilver, and here begin

In the name of Christ to wax a philosopher.
There be full few which that I woulde proffer
To shewen them thus much of my sciënce;
For here shall ye see by experience

That this quicksilver I will mortify
Right in your sight anon withouten lie,
And make it as good silver and as fine
As there is any in your purse or mine,
Or elsewhere; and make it malleable,
And elles holdeth me false and unable
Amongst folk for ever to appear.
I have a powder here, that cost me dear,
Shall make all good, for it is cause of all
My coming.*

Send away your man, and shut the door,

That no man usespies
While that we work in this philosophy."

All was so done, and they go to their labours.

The priest, at the Canon's bidding, set the crucible on the fire, which he blew, and made himself very busy.

The Canon threw a powder into the crucible, I know not what made of, whether of chalk or of glass, or something else quite worthless, to deceive the priest, and he bade him hasten to lay the coals above the crucible. "For," said he, "in token I love thee, thine own two hands shall do all."

"*Grand mercy!*" quoth the priest, and was full glad. And while he was busy the false Canon took out of his bosom a piece of charcoal made of beech, in which there was a secret hole containing an ounce of silver-filings; and he said, "Friend, ye do amiss; this fire is not laid as it should be, but I shall soon amend it."

Now let me meddle therewith but a while,
For of you have I pity by Saint Gile;
Ye be right hot, I see well how ye sweat;
Have here a cloth, and wipe away the wet."

And while the priest wiped his face, the Canon laid the charcoal on the middle of the crucible, and blew well after, until the coals burnt fast. "Now give me drink," quoth the Canon; "all shall be well."

Sitte we down, and let us merry make."

And when the Alchemist saw his time he said, "Rise up, Sir priest, go forth and bring a chalk-stone, that I may make it of the shape of an ingot; and bring with you a pan of water. And that ye shall have no wrong conceit of me in your absence, I will go and return with you again." And this was the way the Canon shaped the ingot:—He privily took out of his sleeve a piece of silver, and made his ingot the same length and breadth, and then replaced the silver in his sleeve. The ingot was next put in the water. "Now," says he to the Canon,

"Look what that there is; put in thine hand and grope,
Thou shalt there finde silver, as I hope."

The priest put in his hand, and took up a piece of fine silver. "God's blessing have ye, Sir Canon," said the priest; "if ye vouchsafe to teach me this noble craft I will be yours in all that ever I may."

"Yet," quoth the Canon, "I will again try, that ye may take heed and be expert, and another day in my absence, when you are in need, essay this craft. Let us take another ounce of quicksilver." The priest does all that he can, and fast blows the fire while the Canon stirred it above the crucible with a stick, in the bottom end of which there was another ounce of silver filings, and the end was stopped with wax, and as that melted the silver fell into the crucible. And so the priest was beguiled once more.

He was so glad that I can not express
In no maniere his mirth and his gladness;
And to the Canon he proffered eftsoon
Body and goods. "Yea," quoth the Canon, "soon,

* Skill—knowledge.

Though poor I be, crafty * thou shalt me find:
I warn thee well; yet is there more behind.

Is there any copper here in the house?" "Yea, Sir," said the priest, "I believe there is." And some copper was obtained; and the Canon weighed out an ounce and put into the crucible,

And cast in powder, and made the priest to blow,
And in his working for to stoopen low.

And all was but a trick. The Canon, as I told you before, had a piece of silver in his sleeve all the while; he now slyly dropped it in the bottom of the pan, and with wondrous sleight took up the copper and hid it. Then presently the priest took out the silver.

"Now," said the Canon, "let us go with these three pieces to some goldsmith, and learn if they be good." The goldsmith assayed them, and they were just as they ought to be. And as to this besotted priest,

Who was gladder than he?

Was never bird gladder against the day;
No nightingale in the season of May.
Was never none, that liste better to sing;
Ne lady lustier in carolling;
Or for to speak of love and womanhede,
Ne knight in armes done † a hardy deed,
To standen in grace of his lady dear,
Then had this priest this craft for to lere.‡

And he said to the Canon, "For the love of God, tell me what shall this receipt cost? Tell me now."

"By our lady," quoth this Canon, "it is dear;
I warn you well, that save I and a frere,
In Engleland there can no man it make."

"No matter," quoth he. "Now, Sir, for God's sake tell me, I beseech you, what I shall pay."

"Y wis," quoth he, "it is full dear, I say.
Sir, at one word, if that you list it have,
Ye shall pay forty pound, so God me save."

And but for the friendly act ye did to me, ye should pay more." The priest fetched the forty pounds, and gave them to the Canon, who said, "Sir priest, I trust to have no loss of my craft. I would keep it close. As ye love me, be secret;

For if men knewen all my subtilty,
By G— they woulde have so great envý
To me, because of my philosophy,
I should be dead."

"God forbid," said the priest. The Canon went his way, and the priest never more saw him. And when the priest tried the receipt,—

Farewell, it nould not be.

* Skilful, in the ostensible meaning of the word: the other meaning needs no explanation.

† Who has done.

‡ Learn.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS, 1845.

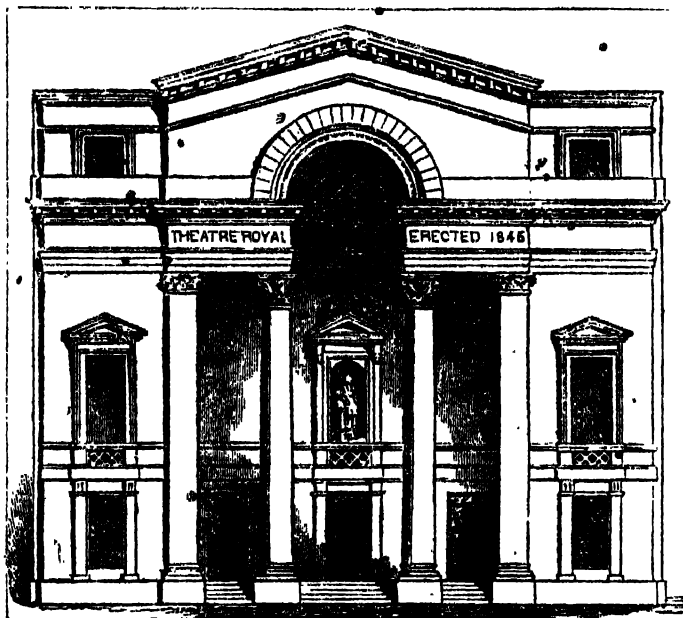
[Continued from p. 495.]

At Manchester there have been many new erections, and among others a theatre. Opportunities for the display of talent in buildings of this class, and it is one requiring peculiar talent, and study of a special kind, are of comparatively rare occurrence. The site of the present building, of which the first stone was laid on the 2nd of December, 1844, has the advantage of being a completely insulated one, between Peter, South, Museum, and Windmill Streets, the façade being towards the first, and the rear towards the last of them. The whole would be a regular parallelogram of sixty-nine by one hundred and seventy-one feet, were it not that the side towards Museum Street is longer than the one towards South Street by twenty-nine feet,

making the entire length there two hundred feet. Messrs. Irwin and Chester, of Manchester, were the architects employed; the design of the edifice proceeding chiefly, if not entirely, from the latter gentleman. Externally, architectural character is confined to the façade in Peter Street, but is in a better and more noble taste than that of any theatre of its size in the metropolis.

Small as it is, the accompanying elevation will convey a clearer idea of the composition than a verbal

description alone. The front consists simply of a *di-style in antis* of the Corinthian order, or a loggia of three open intercolumns, between a compartment of a single window in breadth on each side of it; and being recessed within the general line of the building, such loggia not only affords more shelter, but does not cut up and encumber the general mass so much as a projecting tetrastyle upon the same scale would do, within the same space of frontage. There is besides a good deal of character, and also of breadth and repose, owing



[Theatre, Manchester.]

to the interior of the loggia not being either crowded up or disfigured by any mean features, the only one above the doors being a large and handsomely decorated niche, in which will be placed a full-length statue of Shakspeare.—The arch over the centre intercolumn, too, not only gives greater loftiness to that space and throws some variety into the composition, but is sufficiently well motived; for as it was necessary to carry up the centre of the attic higher than the rest (which is done by giving that part a pediment or gable outline, with raking cornices), the arch relieves the heaviness that would attend that mass rising up immediately over the void in the lower part of the front. The whole of this façade is executed in stone (from Darley Dale, Derbyshire), and though rather soberly decorated, it is consistently fitted up throughout. The interior of the "House" does not fall far short in size of the larger metropolitan theatres; the principal dimensions being, width of the curtain, or stage-opening, thirty-three feet, from curtain to back of pit fifty-four feet, width across pit forty feet, or including the side-boxes, fifty-five feet, and the height from the floor of the pit to the ceiling forty-eight feet. One peculiarity is, that instead of being divided into separate boxes, both the dress-circle and the one over it form a continued gallery or balcony, to which there are nine doors from the corridor; and, instead of benches, the dress circle has three hundred chairs, each of which is numbered. The decorations of the proscenium and rest of the house are exceedingly tasteful, and even splendid, but to describe them would occupy more space than can here be afforded. The principal saloon is a handsome apartment, with four Corinthian columns, above whose entablature the ceiling is arched and coffered over the middle of the room. The house is calculated to hold two thousand one hundred and forty-seven persons (or

2500.); but on the night of the first opening (Sept. 29, 1845) there were no fewer than two thousand four hundred and sixty-eight persons before the curtain.

Among other recently erected buildings at Manchester is one that differs altogether from the preceding, both as to purpose and style, namely, the Commercial Schools, erected at the expense of the Manchester Church Education Society. Although small, the front is a pleasing specimen of collegiate Gothic, and well adapted to street architecture in that style. The general facing is not of ashlar, but of small undressed *pierre-points*, and the quoins, mouldings, and other ornamental parts, of tooled stone, which diversity of surface produces an exceedingly good effect. The principal school-room, fifty-six by forty-two, occupies the whole of the top-floor of the building, and has an open timber roof. The architects were Messrs. Holden, of Manchester, who have also, lately erected several other buildings in that town, including the Palatine Hotel, which last is rather a large pile of the Italian *palazzo* character.* One structure which, it may be anticipated, will prove an architectural ornament to the town, is that which has been begun, nearly opposite the Town Hall, for the Manchester Branch Bank of England, by Mr. Cockerell, the present architect to the Bank of England. But though begun, the building is not sufficiently advanced to allow any idea of the design to be formed. Near Manchester, Worsley Hall, the seat of Lord Francis Egerton, has been completed, or nearly so, by Mr. E. Blore, in the later Elizabethan style.

The rapid increase of Birkenhead having rendered the former market insufficient for the population, instead of enlarging it, the magistrates resolved to erect another, in connection with a building for the transaction of town business, and for police and other purposes. It is situated between Hamilton, Albion, Market,

and Oliver Streets; and from each of the two first there are two entrances, and from the others one entrance into the market, making six altogether. The interior of the market is four hundred and thirty by one hundred and thirty feet, and its roof is supported by forty-six cast-iron columns twenty-five feet high. At the intersections of the avenues from the entrances are two fountains, which are kept constantly playing. In the front building, which is of stone, is a public room for meetings, &c., measuring seventy-two by seventy-four feet, and divided by columns into three compartments, each of which is lighted by a handsome cast-iron dome skylight.

The building begun at Ipswich, in October, 1843, for a Custom-house and Excise-office, and now, it seems, denominated the Hall of Commerce, was completed and opened for business last July. The design is by Mr. J. M. Clark, and the building, which is insulated, extends one hundred and twenty-five feet on its north and south sides, by a depth of forty-four. The south or principal elevation, fronting the quay, consists of a rusticated basement, and a single floor over it, and the centre of it is occupied by a bold Tuscan tetrastyle portico, which order is well applied here, as its characteristic width of intercolumniation adapts it better than any other for so sparing a number of columns. For one raised upon a basement, this portico shows itself to unusual advantage, owing to that portion of the basement upon which it stands being nearly solid, without other aperture than a small door placed within a very large semicircular recess or niche, whose arch springs almost from the level of the ground, thereby resembling that of a bridge. The effect of this, and of the flights of steps spreading out on each side, is particularly good; but the expression of solidity thus obtained for the lower part of the structure is greatly impaired by the triple openings at the angles of the basement.

Though upon a moderate scale, and also low in its proportions, the façade of the Corn Exchange, at Colchester, is a very pleasing composition, marked by good taste, and by that discretion which, accommodating itself to circumstances, attempts no more than can be suitably accomplished. The front, which is of stone, is in three divisions, each of the end ones forming a slightly projecting break, formed by two pilasters, between which is an arch enclosing a niche, with a figure in relief; and the centre one is in Ionic *distyle in antis*, not, however, forming a loggia, the columns being merely detached from the wall behind them, in which are three arches (answering in number to the intercolumns) which afford a view into the interior, through their open-work iron gates; and as the building is lighted entirely from above, the background so produced has an unusual and pleasing effect. The end compartments are finished by solid attic, and the centre by a double blocking-course immediately in front, forming a break over the middle intercolumn, which serves as a pedestal for a group of figures. The interior, which is seventy-eight feet by forty-seven, is lighted by nineteen skylights along the sides of the hall, and a clerestory lantern over the centre of it. The architects are Messrs. Raphael and J. A. Brandon, the former of whom was joint architect with Mr. E. Blore, of the Town Hall, also at Colchester, which, had we been made acquainted with it at the time, would have been noticed in our volume for 1844, it having been completed in the previous year. Now, we can merely say that its façade consists of a Roman Doric order in six pilasters, raised on a low basement, and comprising two floors, which, though included within the same order, are markedly distinguished from each other, being divided by an intermediate entablature, and the windows of the lower one being arched and set within arches on a rusticated surface, and those of the upper one having both pilasters and pediments.



[Corn Exchange, Manchester.]



THE
BRITISH VALHALLA.

NO. XII.—THE WARS AND CONQUESTS
IN FRANCE.



ON the 31st of August, five days after the great battle of Crecy, King Edward sat down before Calais, and began his famous siege of that strong place. This siege lasted well nigh a year, and was enlivened by many brilliant feats of arms. These pages of old Froissart have already furnished the subject for more than one fine picture. But the high-minded and merciful queen, begging, on her knees, for the lives of the six noble burgesses of the conquered city, must not be omitted in our Valhalla.*

Edward the Black Prince, who, as a boy, had gained the renown of a great warrior on the field of Crecy,

completed his glory by the battle of Poitiers and the brilliant campaign beyond the Pyrenees. The great affair of Poitiers, like nearly all these battles, was decided by the stout English infantry—by the yeomen who served as archers in the army. The overthrow of the French was even more signal than it had been at Crecy. It is a battle full of pictures, the capture of the French king, John, being one of the finest. John, personally brave, led up a division on foot, and fought desperately, in the thickest of the fight with his battle-axe; and when nearly all other men had bitten the dust, or had forsaken him to save their own lives, his youngest son, Philip, a youth of sixteen years, stayed and fought by his side. The French king received two wounds in the face, and was beaten to the ground; but he rose and still strove to defend himself; while the English and Gascons pressed upon him, crying "Surrender, or you are a dead man!" They would have killed the brave king, but a young knight from St. Omer, named Sir Denis, burst through the crowd, and

* These exquisite passages, from Froissart's Chronicle, will be found in vol. i. of the present Series of our Magazine.

said unto the king, in good French. "Sire, surrender!" The king, who found himself in desperate case, slid unto Sir Denis, "To whom shall I surrender? Where is my cousin, the Prince of Wales?"—"Sire, he is not here," replied the knight from St. Omer, "but surrender to me, and I will conduct you to him." "But who are you?" said the king. He answered, "Denis de Morbecque, a knight of Artois; but I serve the King of England, because I cannot belong to France, having forfeited all I had there." King John then gave Sir Denis his right-hand glove, and said, "I surrender to you." There was much crowding and struggling round about the king, for every one was eager to say—"I took him." At last John was removed out of a situation of great peril by the Earl Warwick and the Lord Cobham, who came up, saluted him with profound respect, took him out of the hands of the English and Gascon soldiery, who were furiously quarreling with one another about the great prize, and honourably conducted him, and his youngest son, Philip, to the presence of the Black Prince. Edward received his illustrious captive with the greatest modesty and respect, treating him with all the courtesy of the most refined and perfect chivalry. He invited him to supper, waited on him at table, as his superior in age and dignity, soothed his grief, and praised his valour.

In the spring of the following year the Black Prince returned in triumph to England, taking King John, Prince Philip, and a host of illustrious prisoners with him. Their entrance into London, on a fine day in the month of May, was magnificent. The King of France was mounted on a cream-coloured charger richly caparisoned; the Prince of Wales rode by his side, as his page, on a small black palfrey. They were received, says old Stow, "with great honour of the citizens, and so conveyed to the king's palace at Westminster, where the king, sitting in his estate in Westminster-hall, received them, and after conveyed the French king to a lodging, where he lay a season: and after the said French king was lodged in the Savoy (which then was a pleasant place, belonging to the Duke of Lancaster)."

Stow notices a change in the fashion of wearing hair among Englishmen, which ought not to be forgotten by the painter of this period. He says, "After this taking of King John of France, Englishmen (which before were bearded, and the hair of their head short-rounded) then used long hair on their heads, and their beards to be shaven.*"

The next great wars and conquests of the English in France are those of Henry V., the conqueror of Azincourt. When Henry had been little more than a year upon the throne, he was prompted by his own love of war, by the spirit of the English people, and by the wretched condition of the French, to demand the crown of France, as the representative of Isabella, the wife of the second Edward, in whose right Edward III. had founded his pretensions. But Henry's claims were even more absurd than Edward's; for, supposing the claims of Edward to have been admissible, the right to the crown of France would then rest not with Henry, but with Edward Mortimer, the Earl of March. Henry's project of conquest, however, was warmly encouraged by the church, and by both houses of Parliament. At a council, which met at Westminster, on the 16th of April, 1415, Henry announced his firm purpose of making a voyage, in his own proper person, to recover his dominions in France. Both bishops and lay-lords enthusiastically applauded this resolution, and assured him of their hearty co-operation. Some attempts at negotiation were made by France, to avert the coming storm, but they did not emanate from any established government; for nothing was reigning in

* General Chronicle of England.

that unhappy country but anarchy, crime, and confusion among all classes. At Winchester, as Henry was on his way to Southampton to embark, he was met by the Archbishop of Bourges, who had been despatched by the Duke of Berri, in the vain hope of preventing, for a short time, the threatened danger. But Henry told this prelate that the crown of France was his right, and that he would win it by the sword. The Archbishop, who was a brave man, replied, that his master, King Charles, had made the most liberal offers, not out of fear, but from his compassion and love of peace. "If thou makest thy attempt," he continued, "he will call upon the blessed Virgin and all the saints, and then, with their aid, and the support of faithful subjects and allies, thou wilt be driven into the sea, or thou wilt be taken captive or slain." "We shall see," replied the king; and, dismissing the archbishop with many rich presents, he continued his way to Southampton. The sudden intelligence of a conspiracy against his life checked his progress, however, and he was detained in England for some time. At last Henry embarked and set sail from Southampton. His fleet amounted to twelve or fourteen hundred sail of vessels, from twenty to three hundred tons burthen; his army to six thousand five hundred horse, and about twenty-four thousand foot, of all kinds. On the 13th of August, he anchored in the mouth of the Seine, three miles from Harfleur, a very strong fortress on the left bank of that river. On the following day he began to land troops and stores. He was never interrupted, although the operation took up three whole days; and the place of debarkation presented many difficulties. A proclamation was issued forbidding, under pain of death, all excesses against the peaceful inhabitants; and it is remarked, by contemporary (French as well as English) historians, that Henry enforced the uniform good treatment of the people of the districts through which he afterwards passed; and that, too, even when his own army were suffering the greatest privations. On the 17th he laid siege to Harfleur, which was very strongly garrisoned.

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!"*

The loss sustained by Henry's army was very great, not so much from the sword, or the awkward artillery of those times, as from a frightful dysentery, brought on by the damp and unwholesome situation of the place. He lost many of his great captains, and the men died by hundreds. But the garrison, despairing of relief, and suffering dreadfully from the same dysentery, capitulated after a siege of thirty-six days. The sick and wounded were then shipped for England, and Henry remained a few days in the captured town.

With the small force which now remained to the King of England it seemed madness to undertake any great enterprise. It is said that a council of war recommended that he should re-embark; but Henry scorned the notion of returning to England with no honour gained, save the taking of a single town. "No," said he, "we must first see, by God's help, a little more of this good land of France; which is all our own." With the reductions made by the siege, by sickness, and by leaving a garrison at Harfleur, the army did not exceed nine thousand men. They were drawn out and prepared to march through the hostile provinces of Normandy, Picardy, and Artois to Calais. The march began on the 6th of October, when a great force under the king and Dauphin were at Rouen, and another, under the Constable of France, in Picardy, whither troops were pouring in all directions. Henry met with no great resistance in his passage through Normandy. On the 12th he reached the memorable

* Henry V. No painter will think of treating this part of our Valhalla without seeking for inspiration in Shakespeare.

ford of Blanche-Taque, where he hoped to pass like Edward III.; but the French, taught by experience, had resolved to defend the line of the Somme, and had fortified both banks, by driving strong palisades across the ford, and placing archers behind them. Henry made several attempts to force a passage at other points, but he was foiled; every ford was fortified, and columns of horse and foot manœuvred on the right bank, keeping in line with him as he moved up the left. A good part of his army began to feel dispirited; but at last, on the morning of the 19th, Henry had the good fortune to find a ford between Betencourt and Voyenne, which had not been staked by the people of St. Quentin. He dashed across the ford, the vanguard firmly established itself on the right bank, and then the rest of the army and the baggage got across with safety. At this the French Constable, much disheartened, fell back upon St. Pol, in Artois. King Henry quietly followed, by the same road. His small force was still more reduced by sickness, while that of the French kept increasing every day, and in a short time the whole of the royal army of France was in Artois. "They sent," says Stow, "three heralds to the King of England, to give understanding that he should not escape without battle;" unto whom the king answered, "All things be done at the pleasure of God. I will keep the right way towards Calais; if our adversaries do attempt to disturb us in our journey, we think they shall not do it without their own great danger and peril." And Henry was as good as his word; he went straight on, never going out of his way, nor moving faster nor slower than he had intended. On the 24th he crossed the deep river of Ternois, and soon after came in sight of part of the enemy. He expected an attack and formed in order of battle; but the columns he saw withdrew to Azincourt. Henry then marched on to Maisonnelles, a large village, only a few bow-shots from the enemy's outposts. Provisions were brought in, the men refreshed themselves, and had some rest. When the moon rose, officers were sent out to ascertain the position of the French. All night long the English played upon their trumpets, and other martial instruments, so that the whole neighbourhood was filled with the sound of their music. Although they were very tired, and cold, and hungry, they kept up a cheerful spirit; but many of them confessed their sins, took the sacrament, and made their wills.

The night was passed in a very different manner by the French army. They were very confident and very boisterous. The Constable of France struck the royal banner into the ground on the Calais road; and the other princes, knights, and barons planted their banners around it with loud acclamations. The Constable ordered them to pass the night every troop near its own standard. It was rainy and cold, but they lit large fires all along their line; and, as they warmed themselves, the soldiers passed the wine-cup round, made great boastings, and calculated the proper ransoms of the king and great barons of England, whom they made quite sure of taking prisoners on the morrow. The pages and valets of the army rode about looking for hay and straw to lay on the damp ground; horses slipped and floundered about in the clayey soil: and there was a continual movement and noise, and a very evident want of discipline: horsemen were heard afar off calling to one another, but by some awkward chance there were no musical instruments to enliven their hearts. It was remarked that very few of their horses neighed during the night, which, adds Monstrelet, was considered as a very bad omen. But there were some who were not quite so confident of the result. The Duke of Berri, who had fought at Poitiers a sixty years ago, and who remembered how certain the French had then been of victory, opposed the plan of giving battle altogether, and prevented the project

of placing Charles in person at the head of his forces. "It is better," said the old man, "to lose the battle than the king and the battle."

At the dawn of the morning, "after prayers and supplications of the king, his priests and people, done with great devotion," Henry placed his men in battle array. He formed them into three divisions and two wings; but the divisions stood so close together that they appeared as one. The archers were placed in advance of the men-at-arms in the form of a wedge.

Thin was their battalia compared to that of the enemy,—

"O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!

Possess them not with fear! Take from them now

The sense of reckoning the opposed numbers!"

"The night before," says old Stow, "by the advice and counsel (as it is said) of the Duke of York, the king had given commandment through his host, that every man should purvey him a stake sharp at both ends, which the Englishmen fixed in the ground before them in the field, to defend them from the oppression of horsemen." These stakes formed together an excellent rampart, in the nature of *cheveux de frise*, and they could be moved and fixed again in case of a change of position. The upper end of the stakes, which projected against the enemy, was tipped with iron: this was a new precaution and had never been used in war before by Christians. Henry had given orders that the baggage, the priests, the tents, and horses—for this fight, like Crecy and Poitiers, was to be fought on foot—should be placed in the rear. When these dispositions were made Henry mounted a small grey horse and rode along the lines. The brave and cheerful aspect of Henry's countenance on that morning, his martial bearing and his kingly costume, as they are described by our old chroniclers, afford a fine study for the painter. He wore "on his head a bright helmet, whereupon was set a crown of gold, replete with pearl and precious stones, marvellous rich;" and on his surcoat the arms of England and of France were embroidered. But what struck the English more than the gold and sparkling gems was the bright lively blue eye of the hero, whose countenance, like that of Edward the Third on the like occasion, was serenely cheerful. As he rode from rank to rank, he said a few inspiring words to each. He told them that he had made up his mind to conquer or to die there—that England should never have to pay a ransom for him. He told the archers that the French had sworn an oath to cut off the three fingers of their right hand to unfit them for their craft; and he reminded them of the atrocities committed at Soissons, where two hundred brave Englishmen (prisoners of war) had been hanged like dogs. "We have not come," said the heroic king, "into our kingdom of France like mortal enemies; we have not burnt towns and villages; we have not outraged women and maidens like our adversaries at Soissons. They are full of sin and have no fear of God." As the king passed by one of the divisions, he heard a brave officer, Walter Hungerford, expressing a wish that some of the gallant knights and stout archers who were living in idleness in merry England could be present on the field.*

* This circumstance is not forgotten by Shakspeare, but in the play it is not Walter Hungerford, but Westmoreland who gives expression to the wish—

"O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England
Who do no work to-day!"

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?

My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:

If we are marked to die, we are enough

To do our country loss; and if to live,

The fewer men the greater share of honour."

"No!" cried King Henry, "I would not have a single man more. If God gives us the victory, the fewer we are, the more honour; and if we lose, the less will be the loss to our country. But we will not lose; fight as you were wont to do, and before night the pride of our numberless enemies shall be humbled to the dust." The disparity of numbers was indeed appalling; the French, at the most moderate calculation being as six to one.

"God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds."

But they had gained little from experience. Their leaders had crowded the immense host in fields between two woods, where there was not room to deploy or to manœuvre with any facility. They could hardly have chosen a worse position. The rain had made some of the fields impassable to horses bearing the weight of men in heavy armour. This, which was so great a difficulty to the French and which made their cavalry almost useless, presented no obstacle at all to the English foot, who were lightly accoutred, and could plant their stakes the easier into the ground from its softness.

A close parallel has been drawn between the battles of Crecy and Azincourt; but in some respects they were different. The French, warned and tutored it may be by the old Duke of Burgundy, did not begin the action, but waited to be attacked, every man sitting down on the ground near to his own banner. King Henry had calculated on the sure and inextricable confusion of the first movement of so great a force on such close and difficult ground; and he patiently awaited their attack. During this time he distributed a little food and some wine among his men, who sat down on the ground and quietly ate their breakfasts; even as their forefathers had done on the field of Crecy. While the small but compact force of Henry was governed by one master will, the loose large multitude of the French was distracted by the conflicting opinions of many and presumptuous men. The Constable by right of his office was commander-in-chief; but there were with him many princes and others, and the Duke of Orleans, the Count of Nevers, and a host of young gentlemen who had just put on their knightly spurs, and had never earned them; and these were either impatient of the Constable's control or held contrary opinions to him, while the young and untried knights were all anxious to begin the battle and wanted to charge the English at once without any preconcerted plan. But the more cautious Constable, it appears, would fain have waited the arrival of fresh reinforcements under the Marshal de Logny and the Duke of Brittany, who were on their march and expected in the course of a day or two. It seemed disgraceful, with such odds, to wait for more, but the Constable prevailed. As the morning wore away the Constable sent Messire Gukhard Dauphin and the Sire de Helly to the English camp, with an offer of a free passage to Henry, if he would, on his part, restore Harfleur, together with all the prisoners he had made, and give up his pretensions to the throne of France. But Henry, undismayed by the large force before him, was as bold now as he had been in his own capital, and would only treat upon the same conditions. If he had allowed himself to be amused by the Constable with these negotiations a day or two longer, his army would have been starved outright. Seeing then that the French had no intention to come to him, he determined to go to them. He threw out two detachments, — the one to lie in ambush on the left flank of the French, the other to the rear, where, when the battle began, they were to set fire to a barn and house belonging to the priory of St. George at Hesdin, and so create an alarm. These manœuvres were executed; and the two detachments, both composed of archers, got to the

posts appointed and lay in wait without being perceived by the enemy.

This "marvellous, fierce, and cruel battle" abounds in striking and stirring pictures; the first onset of the English is, perhaps, one of the most striking of them all.

It was towards the hour of noon when Henry gave the brief but cheering order—"Banners Advance!" And then the venerable Sir Thomas Erpingham, the commander of the archers, a knight grown grey with age and honour, threw his truncheon into the air, exclaiming—"Now strike!" The distance between the two armies was less than a quarter of a mile. The English came on in gallant array, until the foremost were within bow-shot of the French. Then the archers stuck their stakes in the ground before them, and set up a tremendous shout. Their loud huzzas were instantly echoed by the men that lay concealed on the left flank of the French, who, the next minute, were assailed by a tremendous shower of arrows both in front and flank. The French had few bowmen or none at all, for that weapon was considered unworthy of knightly hands, and the princes had insolently rejected the service of the burghers and other plebeians, holding that France ought to be defended only by men of gentle blood. Messire Clignet, of Brabant, thought that he could break the English archers with the lance, and he charged with twelve hundred horse, crying "Mountjoye! St. Denis!" But the ground was soft and slippery; the flight of arrows that met them right in the face was terrific. Some were slain; some rolled horse and horseman on the field; others turned their horses' heads; and of the whole twelve hundred, not above seven score followed their chiefs up to the English front, where the archers, instead of wearing steel armour, had even thrown aside their leathern jackets that they might have a freer use of their nervous arms. But between the defence of the sharp stakes, and the incessant flight of their arrows, very few of the French lances reached those open breasts. Such of the knights as stood their ground, stooped their heads as the arrows went through their vizors; confused and blinded, they scarcely knew what they were doing. They lost the command of their horses which, wounded in many places, became mad with pain, and galloped back, joining the other fugitives, and breaking the first division of the French army. Three horses only penetrated beyond the stakes, and they were instantly slain. The confusion of the French was now very great. Everywhere within reach of the arrows the French horse were capering about, or rushing wildly through the lines doing mischief to their own army and causing the wildest uproar. Columns got mixed; the words of command were disregarded; and while the timid stole to the rear, the brave all rushed forward to the van, crowding the division that was over-crowded before in that narrow space. More than once they were so huddled together that they had not room to couch their lances. Meanwhile the English, removing their stakes, came on with still more tremendous "bruit and noise;" the French made a slight retrograde movement, and then, so badly had the ground been chosen, they got into some newly ploughed corn-fields, where their horses sunk almost to their saddle-girths, stuck fast, or rolled over with their riders. Seeing that the van-guard was thoroughly disordered, the English archers left their stakes, which they did not use again, and, slinging their bows behind them, rushed into the thickest of the mêlée, with their bill-hooks and hatchets. There, they themselves being almost without clothing, and many of them both bare-footed and bare-headed, the English archers laid about them with their bare sinewy arms, and hit fearful knocks against the steel-clad knights of France. The Constable, and many of the most illustrious of the

French knights were presently killed by these despised plebeians, who, without any assistance from the chivalry of England, dispersed the whole body. Then the second division opened to receive the sad remnants of the first—a movement attended with fresh disorder. At this moment Duke Anthony of Brabant, who had just arrived on the field, but who, in his impatient haste, had left his reinforcements behind him, headed a fresh charge of horse, but he was instantly slain by the English, who kept advancing and destroying all that opposed them. The second division of the French, however, closed up and kept its ground, though the weight of their armour made them sink knee-deep in the mire. Henry now brought up his men-at-arms, and calling in his brave English bowmen he formed them again into good order. These lightly equipped troops found little inconvenience from the nature of the soil; they had the free use of their limbs; they were as fresh as when they first came into the battle. They gave another loud huzza as the king led them on to a fresh charge. It was now that the real battle took place, and that Henry's life was repeatedly put in the greatest peril. His brother, the Duke of Clarence, was wounded and knocked down, and would have been killed or made prisoner, if Henry had not placed himself by his fallen brother's side and beaten off the assailants. Soon after, a band of eighteen knights, bearing the banner of the Lord of Croy, who had bound themselves by an oath to take or kill the King of England, made a furious charge upon him. One of these knights struck the king with his mace or battle-axe, and the blow was so violent that Henry staggered and fell on his knees; but his brave men instantly closed round him, and killed every one of the eighteen knights. The Duke of Alençon then forced his way up to the English royal standard. With a blow of his battle-axe he beat the Duke of York to the ground; and when Henry stood forth to defend his relative, he hit him over the head and knocked off part of the gold crown which he wore on his helmet. But this was the last blow that Alençon ever struck: the English closed upon him; and, seeing his danger, he cried out to the king, "I surrender to you—I am the Duke of Alençon." Henry held out his hand. It was too late—the Duke was slain. His fall finished the battle, for his followers fled in dismay; and the third division of the French army, which had never drawn sword, and which was in itself more than double the number of the whole English force, fell back, and galloped from the field. Up to this point the English had not embarrassed themselves with prisoners, but they now took them in heaps. An immense number were thus secured, when Henry heard a terrible noise in his rear, where the priests of his army were sitting on horseback among the baggage, and he soon saw a hostile force drawn out in that direction. At the same time the retreating third division of the French seemed to rally and raise their banners afresh. But it was a false alarm. The body in the rear were only some five or six hundred peasants who had entered Maisonnelles and had fallen upon the baggage in the hope of obtaining plunder and driving off some of the English horses; and what appeared a rallying in front was only a momentary halt, for the third division were presently galloping off the field harder than ever. As soon as Henry discovered his mistake he gave orders to stop the carnage and to look after the wounded. Then, attended by his principal barons, he rode over the field, and sent out the heralds, as usual, to examine the coats of arms of the knights and princes that had fallen. This was a mournful task; for sixteen hundred brave Englishmen lay upon the field, among whom were the Earl of Suffolk and the Duke of York. In their death Shakspeare has pre-

sented us with a most touching picture. Henry asks if the duke lives, saying,

—"Thrice within this hour

I saw him down; thrice up again and fighting,
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was."

Exeter replies—

"In which array (brave soldier!) doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled o'er,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud,—'Tarry, my cousin Suffolk.
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!'—
Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says,—'Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.'
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so, espoused to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love."

But much greater and much more frightful was the loss on the side of the French: "never had so many and such noble men fallen in one battle." In all there perished on the field eight thousand gentlemen, knights, or squires, including one hundred and twenty great lords that had each a banner of his own. The whole chivalry of France was cropped. Seven near relations of King Charles—Brabant, Nevers, the Duke of Bar and his two brothers, the Constable d'Albret, and Alençon—were all slain. Among the most distinguished prisoners, who were far less numerous than the dead of the same class, were the Duke of Orleans, the Count of Richemont, the Marshal Boucicault, the Duke of Bourbon, the Counts of Eu and Vendome, and the Lords of Harcourt and Craon.

While his people were occupied in stripping the dead, Henry called to him the herald of the King of France, the king-at-arms, who was named Mountjoye, and with him several other heralds, both English and French, and he said unto them, "We have not made this slaughter, but the Almighty, as we believe, for the sins of France." And after this he asked them to whom the honour of the victory was due? Mountjoye replied, "To the King of England; to him ought victory to be given, and not to the King of France." Then Henry asked the name of the castle that he saw pretty near to him. They answered that it was called Azincourt. "Then," quoth Henry, "since all battles ought to be named after the nearest castle, let this battle bear henceforward and lastingly the name of the battle of Azincourt." *

The Duke of Orleans, who had been dragged out wounded from among the dead, was sorely discomfited at the sudden turn affairs had taken. Henry went up to console him: "How fare you, my cousin?" said he; "and why do you refuse to eat and drink?" The duke answered that he was determined to fast. "Not so,—make good cheer," said the king mildly; "if God hath given me the grace to win this victory, I acknowledge that it is through no merits of mine own. I believe that God hath willed that the French should be punished; and if what I have heard be true, no wonder at it; for they tell me that never were seen such a disorder, such a licence of wickedness, such debauchery, such bad vices as now reign in France. It is pitiful and horrible to hear it all, and certes the wrath of the Lord must have been awakened!" And

* Monstrelet

in truth Henry could hardly have spoken worse of France at this time, than it spoke for itself.

On the next morning, when the English left Maisonnelles, the King and the Duke of Orleans rode side by side, conversing in a friendly manner. The army passed over the field of battle. They stripped some of the bodies, and when they were gone some of the neighbouring peasantry came to the scene of horror to do the same frightful work. But the Count of Charolais, afterwards Philip the Good, eldest son of the Duke of Burgundy, was at the castle of Aire, not far from the field of battle, in which he had been prevented from joining by the strict orders of his father; and when he heard the doleful news he was inconsolable, and refused to take any nourishment. But he sent the Bailiff of Aire and the Abbot of Ruisseauville to superintend the burial of the French, while he himself attended the funeral of his two uncles the Dukes of Brabant and Nevers. The abbot and the bailiff bought twenty-five roods of land, and on this land three immense deep pits were dug, and five thousand eight hundred men were cast into them. Then the Bishop of Guines went down, sprinkled holy water upon the ground, and blest this vast sepulchre of the aristocracy of France. Many hundreds, who had friends living near, were buried with more decency in the neighbouring churches, or carried to their own castles.

The English conquerors marched slowly on to Calais, for they were heavy laden with the weight of their spoil. When they got there Henry called a council of war. Sickness still prevailed in his skeleton of an army; disease and want raged in all the near provinces of France. He had not only saved his honour, but had gained the greatest military glory: he wanted men, he wanted money. All these considerations pointed homeward, and it was determined that he should forthwith return to England.

"Then," says honest John Stow, "with all vigilance

the navy was prepared, and by the king's commandment the lords and great estates of the prisoners of France, to a great number, were brought into that ship wherein the king was determined to pass the sea. At this their passage the sea was marvellously boisterous and rough, insomuch that two of the English ships perished in the floods, by reason whereof the French prisoners were so encumbered and vexed that the day of their passage seemed to them no less bitter and terrible than that day wherein they were taken at Azincourt; nor they could not marvel enough how the king should have so great strength so easily to resist and endure the rage and boisterousness of the sea, without accombrance and disease of his stomach!"

The people of England were literally mad with joy and triumph. At Dover they rushed into the sea to meet him, and carried him ashore on their shoulders. Everywhere on his way noblemen, priests, and people came forth to welcome him; and on his entrance into London, the mayor, with the aldermen and crafts, to the number of four hundred, riding in red, with hoods red and white, met him at Blackheath, coming from Eltham, and so conducted him in triumph through the city, where the gates and streets were garnished and hung with precious cloths of arras, and where the people got drunk on something more than joy, for the conduits through the city ran none other than good and sweet wines, and that abundantly. There were many towers and stages in the streets, richly adorned, and upon the height of them sat small children singing praises and lauds unto God; for King Henry would have no ditties made in honour of his victory, but ascribed it wholly unto God. Loud were the plaudits of the people in honour of Henry; and during his whole reign there was scarcely a complaint made against him or his ministers—nothing beyond a faint expression of regret that his wars in France should keep him so long away from his loving subjects.



[Field of Azincourt.]

END OF VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

'THE PENNY MAGAZINE' has now been in the course of publication for fourteen years; and *during the whole period the duties of Editor have been discharged by Mr. KNIGHT, "under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."* The time has arrived when that "superintendence" has merged in the individual responsibility of the Editor.

Of the unexampled popularity of 'The Penny Magazine' it is unnecessary here to speak. It has especially had the distinction of being the first to diffuse, throughout the community, a source of enjoyment formerly inaccessible except to the rich; it has made the productions of Art cheap. The literature of 'The Penny Magazine' has invariably maintained its ruling character,—that of dealing with general subjects in a grave and earnest tone. It has avoided, rather than sought, the topics of the day. It has been a safe Miscellany, in which all classes might find much information and some amusement.

The circulation of 'The Penny Magazine' is very large; its reputation is unimpaired. But fourteen volumes having been completed in accordance with the original intention of the work, which was to combine miscellaneous information with extensive pictorial embellishment, circumstances now point to the necessity of some essential modification of plan. Left to his individual responsibility in the conduct of the work, the Editor deems it his public duty to take a new position, to enable him to carry out his views of what should *now* be the character of a widely circulated and eminently cheap Miscellany. Such a Periodical Work may command as high and as various literary talent as the most lofty of its contemporaries; and the best talents and acquirements may now be fitly employed in the service of the people, instead of addressing themselves only to readers of wealth and leisure. 'KNIGHT'S PENNY MAGAZINE' IS INTENDED TO BE FOR THE PEOPLE OF 1846 WHAT 'THE PENNY MAGAZINE OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE' WAS FOR THE PEOPLE OF 1832.

Without any change in the objects for which 'The Penny Magazine' was established—"to enlarge the range of observation, to add to the store of facts, to awaken the reason, and to lead the imagination into agreeable and innocent trains of thought,"—A NEW PENNY MAGAZINE may be able to do much which its predecessor has, from the nature of its plan, of necessity left undone. *Essentially a continuation of 'The Penny Magazine' under the same Editorship,* expecting the continued support of the constant friends of that Miscellany,—it seeks a more extensive circulation by aiming at a wider range and a more varied character. IT WILL HENCEFORTH BE CHIEFLY A MAGAZINE OF READING. Woodcuts will no longer continue to be the prominent feature of the work; but will be frequently used as necessary illustrations and as specimens of Art. As compared with 'The Penny Magazine,' the work now announced will be printed on a larger sheet, but a smaller page; it will consist of sixteen pages instead of eight; and will contain a much greater amount of Reading. It will be printed in the best style, in a very clear type; and the form being that of a HANDSOME PORTABLE BOOK, it will bind in convenient Volumes four times a year, so as to constitute an important addition to a 'Library for all Readers.'

This change of plan will allow not only increased variety, but general expansion. *The articles will for the most part be longer,* permitting more scope to individual writers. The connexion with AUTHORS OF EMINENCE will be diligently sought, in the endeavour to unite the highest excellence with the lowest price,—a combination of which no reasonable man now doubts the practicality. To the one great object of diffusing useful knowledge will be added the constant desire to make that knowledge interesting. The intention not to disregard some topics of the day will be subjected to the duty of treating such topics with reference to a permanent utility. Important subjects of information will have their place in company with amusing narrative, real or fictitious. Light sketches of manners may freely range with sober essays on permanent morals; and the highest obligations of sacred duty may be enforced in a cheerful spirit. Old books, our most precious legacies, may be analyzed and quoted, and the novelties of literature, foreign as well as English, are exhibited with honest praise or considerate blame. Yet the means of enjoyment within the reach of all, by the cultivation of innocent and unexpensive pleasures,—love and study of nature, horticulture, music, a taste for art,—will be pointed out and enlarged upon as some counterbalance to the inequalities of society, the great practical objects of social improvement, which require the aid of governments and associations to accomplish, will be earnestly advocated. With reference to public discussions it is scarcely necessary for the Editor to declare that he will avoid, as carefully as ever, all party or polemic discussion; at the same time not shrinking from the examination of opinions which he thinks delusive and mischievous. An earnest desire for the advancement of the great body of the people in knowledge and virtue, and before in power and happiness, without violent changes in the constitution of society, may be as efficient for as the tawdry sentimentality which holds all the high few to be oppressive, and the sickly exclusiveness which waves all the humble many to be dangerous.

Weekly Numbers	One Penny.
Monthly Parts (with a Supplement)	Sixpence.
Quarterly Volumes	Eighteenpence.

KNIGHT'S WEEKLY VOLUME

Now comprises a valuable ORIGINAL LIBRARY in itself, having reached EIGHTY VOLUMES. It affords an opportunity for the selection of works of permanent value and interest at the cheapest rate.

Each Volume, sewed, 1s.; in Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Elegantly Bound, 2s. 6d.

Amongst the more important *Copyright Works* are the following, which are complete in themselves:—

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE AND LEARNING IN ENGLAND, with	Vols.
Specimens of the Principal Writers. By G. L. CRAIK, M.A.	6
BRITISH MANUFACTURES. By G. DEAN	6
THE CHINESE. A General Description of China and its Inhabitants, with the Supplementary	
Volume of Sketches in China. By SIR JOHN FRANCIS DAVIS, Governor of Hong-Kong	4
HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF STATESMEN WHO FLOURISHED IN THE TIME OF	
GEORGE III. By HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, F.R.S., &c., &c.	6
THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES; illustrated by Anecdotes	3
THE HISTORY OF BRITISH COMMERCE, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES. By G. L.	
CRAIK, M.A.	3
PALEY'S NATURAL THEOLOGY, with an Introductory Discourse by LORD BROUGHAM, and Illus-	
trative Notes by LORD BROUGHAM and SIR CHARLES BELL. Containing, also, Dissertations,	
and a Treatise on Animal Mechanics, by Sir C. BELL, 4 vols. Lord BROUGHAM's Dialogues on	
Instinct, 1 vol.	5
SPENSER AND HIS POETRY. By G. L. CRAIK, M.A.	3
LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE, with Scenes illustrating each Tale	2
INSECT ARCHITECTURE AND BIRD ARCHITECTURE. By JAMES RENNIE, A.M.	3
THE LOST SENSES—DEAFNESS AND BLINDNESS. By JOHN KITTO, D.D.	2
A BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY. By G. H. LEWES	2
THE ELEPHANT, THE HORSE, AND THE DOG	3
THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN EGYPT; Letters from Cairo, during a Residence there in 1842, 3, and 4.	
By Mrs. POOLE	2
MEMOIRS OF THE EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS, and of the Progress of Painting from Cimabue to Bassano. By Mrs. JAMESON	2
RAMBLES BY RIVERS,—the Avon, the Duddon, the Lea, the Dove, &c. By JAMES THORNE	2
CIVIL WARS OF ROME. Select Lives from Plutarch, newly translated by Professor LONG	2
TASSO'S RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM. By EDWARD FAIRFAX: reprinted from the original folio	
in 1600; with Glossary and Lives of Tasso and Fairfax	2
OLD ENGLAND NOVELETS.—The Camp of Refuge.—The Dutch in the Medway.—A Legend of	
Reading Abbey	

The Single Volumes are as follow:—

WILLIAM CAXTON. A Biography. By CHARLES KNIGHT.
THE LIFE OF SIR THOMAS GRESHAM.
MIND AMONG THE SPINDLES. A Selection from the Lowell Offering
FEATS ON THE FIORD. By Miss MARTINEAU.
A VOLUME OF VARIETIES. By the Editor.
PICTURES OF ENGLISH LIFE, from Chaucer.
MEMOIRS OF A WORKING MAN.
CURIOSITIES OF PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By W. WITTICH.
ARABIAN TALES AND ANECDOTES.
RACINE AND THE FRENCH CLASSICAL DRAMA. By Madame BLAZ DE BURY.
THE CID. A Short Chronicle founded on the Early Poetry of Spain. By G. DENNIS.
CAPITAL AND LABOUR, including the Results of Machinery. By CHARLES KNIGHT.

CHARLES KNIGHT and CO., 22, LUDGATE STREET.

